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Patricia Potter

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ST. NICHOLAS

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RADIO—THE NEW ALADDIN'S LAMP

By CHRISTINE FREDERICK

RADIO, that 's it! And everybody 's doing it, too, mostly boys and girls who can easily pick out of the air not only despatches on a championship golf or tennis contest, but stories, songs, lectures, and music by the hour! For to-day the world is just beginning to glimpse the possibilities of a new and wonderful invention called the radiophone, which, without doubt, is even more marvelous than the telephone, the aëroplane, the submarine, or any other of the seven wonders of the modern world.

RADIO IN OTHER COUNTRIES AND IN OURS

EVERYBODY knows the important part radio, or wireless, played in the recent war. Even before that, there were hundreds of radio amateurs—boys and young men who operated their own small sets for amusement and instruction. When the war began they jumped in and helped the Government a great deal in this emergency, and also pushed the new invention with their discoveries and experiments. Indeed, I am sure that readers of ST. NICHOLAS will be glad to know that the chief reason why America leads the world to-day in radio progress is just because Uncle Sam is a wise old person and allows the radio amateurs to remain unmolested by hampering government restrictions. Almost one boy out of every twenty-five is rigging up an aërial on his roof, stringing antennæ between his house and the neighbors', and finding out many new and wonderful things about this peculiar electric phenomenon we call radio.

But in other countries it is different. In England, for example, the laws against the radio amateur are so strict that there is scarcely any use buying or making an outfit. In France, the boy "wireless fan" must do everything under the bed—if he lets a single ether whisper get into the air, why there 'll be a government policeman in his room in a jiffy, for the French army owns the air! And in Germany it 's the Government that controls the air, and woe to the boy who tries to "put it over on" the Government by operating a set—travelers recently returned say there is not a wireless amateur in all Germany.

Be thankful, then, that the United States is the land of the wireless amateur. You will surely be interested in this recent welcome news from Herbert Hoover, the secretary of commerce, for, as you know, radio and its activities are controlled by the department of commerce. Mr. Hoover has made a ruling very much in favor of the radio fan. Part of this decision reads as follows:

"In certain countries the Government has prohibited the use of receiving instruments except upon payment of a fee. . . . I believe that we ought to allow any one to put in receiving-stations who wishes to do so. It is my belief . . . that it will be possible to accommodate the most proper

demands of broadcasting and at the same time to protect that precious thing—the American small boy, to whom so much of this rapid expansion of interest in radio is due."

HERBERT HOOVER,
Secretary of Commerce.

AMATEUR OPERATOR USES PROFESSIONAL CODE

A SERIOUS accident has just happened to a steamship off the Atlantic Coast, and New York wants to tell the ship's owners, who are in Chicago, about the catastrophe. So they send the news by wireless. A professional operator transmits the message, while another professional in Chicago receives it. But here in Beanville, there is a boy amateur who "listens in" (and he is only one of many thousands doing the same thing) and learns the news also. What excitement! What a "scoop"! The amateur operator, with his own small set in his own home, is doing exactly what the professional does in an office. The amateur does n't "play" or "make believe"—he is really taking right out of the air a code radio message.

RADIO INSTRUCTION MAKES CONCENTRATION EASY

Some boys may hesitate about taking up radio, because they think that learning code is difficult. It is n't! For it is simpler and easier to learn the Continental Radio Code, used in all radio telegraphic communication, than it is the alphabet of a foreign language. The fact that the radio amateur knows the professional code has enabled him to save lives and assist the public in many ways. The alphabet and numerals of this code are given in a chart supplied by the U. S. Department of Commerce. Fifteen minutes of study a day for a period of a month will give the average person sufficient knowledge of the code to enable him to read most of the amateur signals. A buzzer practice-set may be obtained for about two dollars.

EVERY AMATEUR HIS OWN SHERLOCK HOLMES

NOT only should the owner of a radio set be constantly watching for some new kink or discovery, but he can regard himself as a sort of self-appointed *Sherlock Holmes* of the air! Do you know that it was an amateur who ran down the secret messages that the Germans were transmitting from the Sayville Station, Long Island? Just before and during the war, this station, operated by a German company, was corresponding with Nauen, the big wireless station just out of Berlin. No one could understand what was being transmitted or sent, as it sounded only like the buzzing of a gigantic bumblebee. But there was a certain amateur over in New Jersey who discovered that every night at 11 P.M. the Sayville Station called this German station—P O Z. He listened and listened, and finally had the bright idea of recording these radio signals on a wax phonograph-record! And when these cylinders were revolved slowly, to transcribe them, what more astonishing than that the "buzz" resolved itself into distinguishable code sig-

nals! And thus a radio amateur furnished to the Government the evidence which made it shut down and take over the Sayville Station.

Another clever trick of an amateur was his part in the capture of bank-robbers. In a small town in Pennsylvania, recently, the heavy pay-roll was being made up, when a car with five men drew up before the bank. "No funny business," they said to the cashier, "we want that money." So they forced the employees into a vault, and, grabbing up $24,000, sprinted to their machine. Just at this moment a sophomore at Carnegie Tech. came around the corner of the bank and arrived in time to see the speeding auto and note its number.

Rushing back to his home-made radio set, he sent out an emergency call. Another amateur in Pittsburgh picked up the message and in his own car drove to the police-station and notified the police of the robbery and the number of the bandits' automobile. The police instantly jumped into their own car and were able to overtake the bandits' car and open fire on them, recovering all the money. Who says that the days of Captain Kidd or of *Diamond Dick* are gone forever? If you know the code and are a persistent amateur, you will be able to decipher the meaning of the hodgepodge, numbers, names, and words which reach you through the air by means of radio telegraphy. Crooks employ radio to signal vessels, especially those carrying contraband liquor; police employ it to overtake them—and the radio fan can eavesdrop on both!

THE RADIOPHONE KEEPS THE YOUNG INVALID HAPPY

WHAT IS "BROADCASTING"?

ANOTHER form of radio communication in which no knowledge of a code is necessary has recently been developed under the term "broadcasting." And it has been the popularization of the broadcasting idea which has caused increased interest in radio, until now it is almost as universal a form of entertainment and instruction as the phonograph. Powerful sending-stations have been erected (generally by a big electric company or commercial organization) all over the country, totaling almost three hundred in number and daily sending out programs of varied interest and appeal. To-day the alphabetical symbols W J Z, or K D K A, or W G Y are as familiar to you as the name of a city, and are similarly located on a broadcasting map.

Who has not listened in to Newark—W J Z—when it broadcasted one of its daily programs? Boys and girls both, as well as Dad and Mother look forward to the features they hear out of the air. Famous opera stars send their voices over air spaces thousands of miles in extent; news which you would not read until the next morning's paper reaches you the previous night; noted lecturers speak on subjects of special interest; while the tiny tots are not forgotten, but are remembered by the *Man in the Moon* and others, who tell them fairy stories that they love to hear.

DANCING OUTDOORS TO MAGIC WIRELESS MUSIC

In this way the radio receiving-set in the home gives enjoyment not only to the boy or girl who operates it, but to the entire family, even to Grandmother. Radio is the one new game of the younger set in which the old folks want to join, and many a boy can give hours of pleasure to those who are shut in by age or infirmity or illness by "tuning in" to some special station for their enjoyment. Indeed, the old-time "Children's Hour" is giving place to the "Radio Hour," when Billy turns the magic knob, adjusts the pointers, and bids the genie in the black box come forth and provide an entertainment of song and story.

Truly, the radio is the new *Aladdin's* lamp, for by merely rubbing it, there comes forth news of sports, news of the day, reports of Scout activities, weather-reports, and even standard time as set from the Arlington Observatory. Broadcasting via radio has already proved a service to the community. Although only in its first stages, there is every reason to think that the broadcasting idea is too big to be devoted exclusively to music and amusement features and that very soon it will be a recognized means of education. Lessons by wireless? Impossible! But even now the way is being shown.

HOW RADIO IS BEING USED IN SCHOOLS

WOULD N'T you just like to throw away your Latin grammar, your algebra, and text-books and learn readin', writin', and 'rithmetic and everything by radio? Some schools are already teaching to the tune of the radio, and classes sit with receivers over their ears while a teacher in a distant room, or even in a

GETTING THE NEWS WHILE ON AN AUTOMOBILE TRIP

different building or city, conducts the lesson. The Central High School in Washington, District of Columbia, was one of the first to establish these unique classes, and other schools are rapidly following suit. Colleges, too, have seen the chance to give a new kind of "correspondence course," or extension lectures, to the many hundreds who must stay at home, but who nevertheless can listen in to lectures on science, languages, history, or economics.

A NEW CAMPING STUNT—TOASTING MARSHMALLOWS TO MUSIC

Tufts College, Massachusetts, was the first college in the world to plan and put into successful operation a course of college radiophone lectures on popular subjects. Already it has broadcasted several series, including talks on engineering, architecture, bridge-building, etc., and it is planning others. As Mr. D. M. Cheney, the director, says: "We see possibilities of astonishing developments ahead. We hope that the time may come when 'credit' may be given to the students who take the radiophone courses. Some day, the boy or girl on the remotest ranch, the sailor at sea, the working boy who can not afford time or money for higher education—some day all these will be enabled to receive the best thought directly from the best minds by means of this magic radiophone. 'Education and culture for every one' is the slogan of this new science."

The advantages of radio instruction are many. It makes concentration easy, because it does away with the usual distractions attendant on looking at and listening to the instructor, and permits the pupil to focus his entire attention on the lesson and note-taking. It also makes possible the best instruction for a very large group, and adds the emphasis and intimacy of the personal word to the usual advantages of home correspondence courses. Going away to college may not be necessary in a few years to the boy or girl with a radio receiving-set!

RADIO CLUBS ARE THE LATEST HOBBY

SCATTERED throughout the country everywhere is an increasing number of radio clubs for both boys and girls. The members of these meet and compare notes and listen to the talks of experts on how to make, install, and operate radio-sets. Often the manual-

training department of the high school takes charge of the work. Some radio enthusiasts organize under names like "The Broadcast Radio Club," or "The Society of Amateur Scientists," and such clubs do much to keep

A BOY IN CAMP WITH HIS BEST CHUMS—DAD AND RADIO

up interest and stimulate enthusiasm. Even girls have clubs of their own, if they are "radio fans," and start code classes so that the members may increase their speed. Some of the swiftest "operators," let me tell you, are girls!

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A NEW CHUM?

ALMOST everybody wants a chum,—it may be a dog, or a monkey, or a pet coon,—but a new chum that is now in great demand is the radiophone. You can take it with you wherever you go, especially on your outdoor hikes, when you stay at beach or camp, or even when the family takes a motor-ride. Camping is not complete these days unless you take little "Ralphy Radio" with you. He 's willing to be put up anywhere, tells jolly stories, sings rollicking songs, and is simply a winner around the camp-fire!

Rainy days or winter evenings won't seem dull and lonely if you have Ralphy Radio to talk to you. There 's something always exciting and mysterious about operating a radio set. Perhaps that 's its chief fascination. You never know exactly what to expect! Radio seems to have all of the suspense of landing a big fish or of trying to photograph a shy wild animal in its natural haunts. Yes, radio is a real "sport," because the results always have an element of uncertainty—you don't know absolutely what you 're going to catch! You plan to tune in to Pittsburgh, K D K A—but hark! what is that strange music behind the Pittsburgh voice? Can it be W G Y at Schenectady? No, the voice says it is speaking from Anacosta; and where in the world is that? The more distant and more doubtful, the more delight and fun in landing your man or your station! And after trying to catch one station or message, you never feel satisfied until you have caught another! And how proudly you go around saying: "I heard Chicago last night—would you believe it?"

A radio receiving-set or station is not com-

plicated to install and not expensive. Indeed, many of the sets made by young boys cost but a couple of dollars for materials which may often be rescued from the junk heap or family tool-chest. Or there are on the market all the necessary parts, which may be purchased individually by the amateur who wishes to experiment with various types of instruments and hook-ups. This is by far the better scheme, as a much wider knowledge of the apparatus, its action, and peculiarities is gained by the person who assembles and experiments with his own set. But there are also handsome cabinets to be bought, complete and ready to install, which give a great deal of pleasure to the entire family. Whether home-made or bought, radio receiving-sets are divided into two classes, based on the kind of "detector"—we have either a "crystal set" or a "vacuum-tube set," each with specific characteristics.

The difference between these two types of sets, broadly speaking, is the distance over which each enables radio signals, news, and music to be heard. The small crystal set can seldom be relied upon to receive a distance farther than 25 miles, and usually not more than 15 miles. The large vacuum-tube set, on the other hand, enables the operator to listen in for 75 to 150 miles or more. Indeed, it is the invention of this marvelous vacuum-tube which has so greatly furthered the whole development of radio. For it is a most sensitive instrument, similar to an electric lamp, which gives louder, clearer signals in the receivers and causes greater vibration in the head-pieces, thus making the message, whether music or words or signals, as plain as if spoken by a person in the same room.

Many ingenious and novel sets have been made and exhibited. One of these was a receiving set in the form of a tie-pin, another in a ring, even in a shoe-buckle! At a recent radio show, a boy displayed a set less than one inch square which appeared like a dice, and yet it enabled its owner to hear all the music and news of the day. Another boy used the ribs of an umbrella as an aërial. Many radio fans install antennæ on their motor-cycles; and in New Jersey, there was a boys' parade where the group that attracted the most attention was three scouts on bicycles. The two boys at the end carried short antennæ-poles fastened upright to their bicycle frames, and between these the wires were strung. In the center the middle boy had ear-phones on his head, and thus listened in while bicycling. Many sets are installed in suitcases for greater convenience while traveling, or hiking. The radio fan knows no limits to the invention of new styles of sets.

Just as a few years ago the invention and popularization of the automobile created a demand for hundreds of trained mechanics and chauffeurs, so to-day the radiophone is opening up a large and interesting field of new employment for boys and young men. Many are making money installing sets for

THE NEW CHILDREN'S HOUR WITH THE RADIO GENIE PERFORMING

their neighbors; others may establish radio departments in local hardware or electrical stores or act as clerks; many publications, too, are anxious for photos showing new hook-ups and novel uses of the new invention. Boys with a camera have a fine chance to make money in this way.

The young man or boy who takes up radio as a hobby acquires a valuable education along specialized lines. If he follows the subject with genuine interest, in a reasonably short time he can acquire the ability to send and receive messages as well as a professional. Then later, there are many positions waiting for just this type of alert young trained operator, either on ships, in the broadcasting stations, or the commercial receiving stations now operating in many cities. Many publications have regular radio departments and are glad to get radio news for them. As salesmen for radio outfits, there is also an increasingly wide field.

In fact, it looks as if radio is the most popular, talked-about and worth-while invention of the century. Are we going to talk to London just as we now talk to Chicago? Are we going to put a nickel in the slot and be able to draw out five cents' worth of "canned" wireless music? Are we going to "plug in," as we now do an electric fan or a vacuum cleaner, and by means of "wired wireless" listen to the features broadcasted by the community electric-light company? Are we going to receive a wireless message from Mars? Are we going to have radio-controlled traffic as we now have radio-controlled battleships?

Who knows? Perhaps if you are one of the army of live radio fans, you will be able to find out!

SAID THE BIRDS, ONE WINTER'S DAY

By ELEANORE MYERS JEWETT

SAID a saucy chickadee, one winter's day,
To a crow who chanced to flap across his way:
"You 're a stupid sort of bird.
All you know is just one word.
Now *I* always seem to have a lot to say!"

Said the crow, "If you were half as big as I,
You would let a world of foolishness go by.
What 's a dozen 'dee-dee-dees'
To the dignity and ease
Of my solemn, cawing flight across the sky?"

Said a junco to a nuthatch: "How d 'ye do?
Don't you think the season 's past for wearing blue?
People say, who ought to know,
Gray above and white below
Is correct when winter skies are in our view."

Said the nuthatch to the junco: "I declare!
You are standing in the snow! *I* would n't dare—
I should have such chilly feet!
And I find it much more neat
To walk up and down a tree-trunk anywhere."

Then an owl, though he was sleepy as could be,
Pricked his pointed ears and listened from a tree.
"Oh, what silly words to waste!
Every creature to his taste—
But *all* birds are really foolish—except *me!*

THE NEW NECKLACE—FROM A PAINTING BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET

LAST summer, in Switzerland, I visited again one of my favorite castles in all Europe, the castle of Chillon. Even if you have not seen it, I am sure you have read about it, for it has been immortalized in Lord Byron's famous poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon." It is small wonder that Lord Byron fell under the spell of the ancient gray structure, situated so picturesquely on a tiny island in the clear blue waters of the Lake of Geneva. As I wandered through the majestic halls and damp, gloomy dungeons, I, too, pictured all the life and power that dwelt within them in former times, when Chillon was the stronghold of the noble house of Savoy. As you know, the story Lord Byron has revivified in his stirring poem is that of the great liberator, Bonivard, who languished for six years in the subterranean dungeon, but who at last was freed, and his beloved country of Berne, also. But it was another story I recalled as I sat on a stone step in the inner court, a story dating much earlier, yet quite as romantic and equally worthy of Lord Byron's inspired pen, but left unnoticed for so many years, that it is surely high time it is recorded, lest it pass into oblivion.

Brushing aside the cobwebs and dust of nearly six hundred years, let us follow the story of the child Amédée, whose home was the castle of Chillon, and whose life is a chronicle of keen adventure.

To be quite exact, Amédée was born in the winter of the year 1334, the only son of Count Aimo of Savoy and his beautiful consort, the Countess Clementine. Those were troublous times, when a man's glory was measured by his conquests, and war and strife were almost continual; and Amédée, though he took after his mother's family and was delicate and spirituelle, had been nursed from his earliest recollection on the stories of battle and the brave traditions of his illustrious family.

The fair-skinned, golden-haired child, with the dark, dreamy eyes, sat for hours at the knee of Father Raphaelo, the old family chaplain, or sometimes, indeed, on a low settle beside his father, and heard repeated the stories of the prowess of his great-grandfather and his grandfather, Amadeus the Fourth and the Fifth, for whom he had been named, and whose glorious conquests had added to the domains of the house of Savoy.

"And it is in their footsteps that thou shalt follow, little Amédée," he had been told, "so that the lands of Savoy may grow broader and mightier, and the name of Amadeus ring out even to the great ocean."

He would look at his mother at such times, and kiss her pale cheeks and trembling lips in an instinctive, childish effort to comfort her. She was very gentle, his lovely mother Clementine, and, to her, battle and conquest meant pain and bloodshed and terror. She would clasp the child as though to protect him, and hold him close to her heart, and her imagination would picture the dangers he must encounter when he would be grown and go out into the world to lead the cruel life of men. A little of her

anguish and fear crept into the heart of the child also, and he would assure her he had no desire for fame and battle, but would remain with her always, to stroke her little white hands and caress the golden plaits of her hair. No doubt it was because of this that Amédée's cousins, and his father sometimes, also, feared that the boy was a coward, and nicknamed him, the "Warrior of the Green Twig."

"If thou wilt sit in the courtyard of the castle, and wave thy little green twig," his cousins would shout derisively, "then thy enemies will tear thy lands asunder and kill thee with the sword!"

Little Amédée would run to his mother and tell her of their taunts, and she would smooth away his worries and lead him to happier thoughts. And so he grew in time to be nine years old.

That was the year that his uncle Conrad came for a long visit to the castle of Chillon. He was a handsome young man of twenty, was Conrad of Montferrat, tall and slim like his sister Clementine, though dark-complexioned, while she was fair. Amédée fell readily under the spell of this clever Italian uncle, who possessed so many elegant accomplishments and was so unlike the coarser, sturdier members of his father's branch of the family. In the quiet, moonlight evenings of summer, when the large open court of the old castle was bathed with soft silver light, Conrad would sit, strumming rhythmically on his guitar, and singing the melodious ballads of his native land. And the child Amadeus would draw closer and closer, and give himself up to the spell of enchantment.

Count Aimo and his nephews, however, felt no great admiration for this visitor at the castle. They offered him every courtesy, for that was an age when hospitality was a noble art, but when Conrad was not present, they intimated their contempt for a grown man whose slender white fingers had never grasped a lance and whose wits were never matched against an adversary, but were content to spend themselves in the invention of pretty ditties to fair ladies. Little Amadeus felt the angry blood rush to his head as they spoke, and he burst out in childish defense of his handsome uncle, but his father only smiled and said:

"Thou art too young Amédée. Thou hast not yet learned that life is not a love-ballad, nor this earth a land of dreams."

In the autumn Count Aimo fell ill. He was leeched and poulticed, and all manner of herbs were administered, but with scant effect. There was only one hope left him—he must make a pilgrimage to Rome. Sorrowfully, his lady Clementine and little Amadeus helped him make his preparations for the difficult, tedious journey on horseback, over rough mountain roads, and through unfriendly provinces. Twenty sturdy young followers, his nephews among them, polished their swords and mended their armor, for they were to accompany their stricken liege, and knew full well the hazards of the open road. When the count had been lifted to his powerful gray war-horse, he held out his hand to his brother-in-law.

"I leave my lady and my son in your care, Conrad. You must protect them and my people and my lands. And pray that I may come back healed and strong.

"Do not weep, my Clementine. The lady of a brave knight must cultivate a resolute heart.

"And you, my little Amédée, God bless and keep you! Play your happy games, but remember, there will some day be a man's work for you to do, and when that day dawns, you should be waiting and ready!"

And so the count rode out across the drawbridge and turned down the road, the only road in those days that led from France through the mountains into Italy; and his proud standards and the bright trappings of his followers floated in the wind. Amadeus climbed to the topmost turret of the southeast wing of the castle and watched the retreating figures on their prancing chargers as they grew smaller and smaller in the distance and at last were lost to view.

It was his favorite playground, that southeast turret, where the lake birds nested and from where the mountain-peaks could be counted, tier upon tier, until they seemed to melt into the purple-gray of the clouds. And it was from this vantage-point that Amadeus spied the troop of horsemen coming along the road.

It was the third day after his father's departure, and the child felt lonely and a little uneasy. We all know the feeling, I am sure, for we all have experienced the sense of security in a father's and mother's protection, and the disturbing effect of the absence of either. Little Amédée had no concrete idea of the cause of his disquietude, but unconsciously he sought this high turret, from which he could look so far toward the south, and perhaps behold the snowy moun-

tain-peaks at the base of which his father's followers might even then be wending their difficult way.

It was a flash of light far down the road, as glaring as when a mirror reflects a ray of the sun, that made Amédée rub his eyes and peer intently into the distance. Soon he could discern horsemen, many of them, advancing upon the road. His little heart leaped with exultation. Was his father returning so soon? But it sank again when he saw how many moving figures there were —perhaps ten times the little handful that had ridden out with Count Aimo a few days before. The child hurried excitedly down the narrow stairway.

"Uncle Conrad! Uncle Conrad!" he called loudly, "don't you see them coming?"

"See whom?" inquired Uncle Conrad, rather annoyed to be interrupted in his game of dominoes with Father Raphaelo.

"Strange soldiers are coming up the road, many, many of them! Oh, Uncle Conrad, my father is not here, and I am afraid!"

The pale Italian face turned a shade paler as Conrad rose. Father Raphaelo put his hand upon the young man's arm.

"Let the child call the men together, and give them the order to guard the turrets," he suggested.

Conrad nodded impatiently and went to look out upon the road.

The old man grasped the shoulders of the nine-year-old child, and looked straight into his eyes. He knew a great deal about the world, and could judge men wisely.

"Think of thy brave father, little Amédée," he whispered, "and thy gentle mother."

And suddenly, into the terrified little heart, there crept a strange feeling of strength. He thought of his father's last words at parting, "When that day dawns, you should be waiting and ready!" Then off ran little Amadeus, through the long corridors and courts, calling to the men and servants, and gathering the defenders of his fortress home.

At the foot of a stairway he came upon his mother, weeping and wringing her hands.

"My boy! My little Amédée!" she cried. "Come with me! I have been searching for you, in and out of the passageways. There is great excitement and rushing about and clanking of armor and shouting and ominous noises. I can feel in the air that there is danger. Come with me, my little one; in the subterranean vaults we shall be safe."

But Amadeus broke away from her.

"Go thou into the vaults, my mother. Thy son, and my brave father's also, hath cast aside his little green twig!"

When he returned to his uncle and the old chaplain they were peering through a narrow slit in the stone masonry at the horde of strangers swarming upon the road.

"Such a fuss, and all for nothing!" said Conrad, bursting into a nervous, mirthless laugh. "I can see their standards plainly now. They are the men from Chieri, neighbors and friends of the house of Montferrat. Lower the drawbridge, you stupid knaves, and bid them enter. We shall have guests at Chillon to-night!"

But the voice of a child piped up quick and clear.

"No, no, my uncle! Let them not enter! My eyes must be sharper than yours, for they see a hundred swords gleaming in the sun upon the road, and surely it is not so that friends would come to seek shelter for the night!"

And as he spoke, an arrow glanced by their little window and broke itself against the stone wall of the turret.

Father Raphaelo raised his arm solemnly.

"Bow thy head, Conrad of Montferrat, for great is thy shame. Thou art found to be not only a coward, but a traitor also, than which there is nothing more despicable. Lock him in his chamber, loyal Savoyards, and place a guard to watch him. The honor and safety of Count Aimo's possessions are more secure in the hands of a little child and an old man than in those of his treacherous brother-in-law."

So Father Raphaelo, with the help of little Amédée, directed the defense of the castle, which was now under siege. The deep moat surrounding their tiny island, and the impregnable structure in which they lived, formed their chief protection. But so few men did they have, to fight off the assaults of the enemy (Count Aimo having taken with him twenty picked retainers), that they could never have launched an attack themselves had not Amadeus undertaken to raise help and supplies by means of a perilous adventure.

With only one faithful old servant, the child slipped into a small boat from the lakeside of the castle in the dead of night, and let himself be paddled carefully, noiselessly across the dark waters to the little village of Villeneuve, at the upper angle of the lake. Here lived many gallant Savoyards, and here also was stationed a flotilla of galleys, formidable sea-craft in those ancient times.

The sight of the golden-haired boy, come to acquaint them of the plight of the beleaguered castle, roused the men to instant action, and soon the lake hummed with the rhythmical splash of a hundred oars. And when the turrets were once more filled with armed and trained fighters, the men of Chieri were sorely harassed.

The captain of the galleys, who had fought with Count Aimo in many battles, despatched a messenger at once to overtake his liege and make known to him the danger threatening his home. And since Count Aimo's grave illness had greatly retarded his progress, the messenger came upon him after only three days' hard riding.

Without a moment's hesitation, the count wheeled his steed about and commanded his men to travel with haste back to the castle. He rode with all possible speed, but it was several days before he reached there. The brave Savoyards had greatly reduced the ranks of their Chieri assailants, however, so that, when the latter beheld a fresh detachment advancing to attack them from the rear, they fled in a precipitous and hopeless rout.

You can readily picture the relief and satisfaction of Count Aimo, whose anxiety upon that homeward journey had been so great; and the joy and pride of the inmates of the castle, also, for they had vanquished a foe that greatly outnumbered them.

And when the good count heard how bravely Amadeus had acquitted himself, and how naturally he had stepped into the place of the leader, when the treachery of Conrad had been disclosed, it is small wonder that the tears of exultation stood in his eyes, for he knew his son was worthy of his illustrious lineage.

"Thou has learned a noble lesson, my Amédée," he said. "Now I need worry for thee no longer. He who has a brave heart is prepared for life's struggles."

And Father Raphaelo answered for the child, and his words were words of wisdom:

"Our little Amadeus has found that a brave heart is born in the time of need, and the hour of danger is the hour of courage."

As for Conrad of Montferrat, though the lovely Clementine pleaded for leniency toward him, the chronicles show that he was imprisoned in the deep dungeon for many months, and was then sent home, disgraced and repentant.

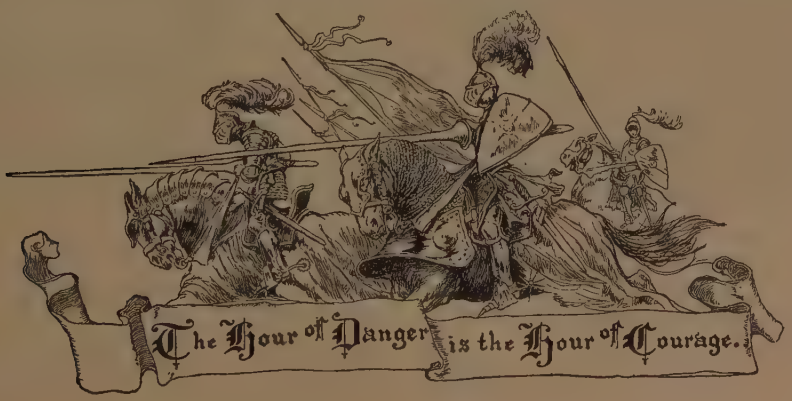
It is a sad fact that Count Aimo died in the early winter, for his fast failing strength had prevented his attempting once more the pilgrimage to Rome. So Amadeus became nominal ruler at the tender age of nine years.

And when he was grown and proclaimed Amadeus the Sixth of Savoy, he led his valiant followers through many glorious battles, and conquered lands and peoples far and near. Naturally enough, the first of these conquests was of Chieri, in the year 1347; and soon after, he subdued Savigliano. He also became ruler of Gex and Faussigny, and later led a crusade against the Turks and delivered Gallipoli from their cruel yoke. So you see, he was really a very great hero—in fact, the greatest in the history of Savoy.

He was called "Amadeus, the Green Knight," for that was his favorite color at tournaments, and was chosen by him in memory of the taunts of his cousins when he was a child, for he never forgot that he had been nicknamed the Warrior of the Green Twig. In like manner, he chose for his motto, to be embroidered on his standards, the words of Father Raphaelo:

The Hour of Danger is the Hour of Courage.

And these words have been passed down through the centuries to form a popular proverb for the French people to this day.



THE MASTODON

By ANNIE H. KNIGHT

SOME time ago, when visiting the workrooms of the American Museum of Natural History, I was surprised to see one of the men in the laboratory enveloped from shoulders to feet in a big cook's apron, standing before a dish-pan, scrubbing away upon some enormous vertebræ which belonged to the skeleton of a mastodon, an extinct fossil elephant. They were being washed free from the preservative coating of shellac and varnish. The skull and feet were near by. None of the bones had become in the least petrified, although they had lain in the ground many hundreds of years.

In the upper jaw were sockets for two large tusks. These were much longer and heavier than those of a modern elephant, being about ten feet in length and nine inches in diameter at the base. The early ancestors of this animal had tusks in the lower jaw as well as in the upper, but gradually, from age to age, these diminished in size, until they have disappeared entirely in living elephants.

The specimen just described is the famous "Warren Mastodon," the most perfect skeleton of its kind ever found. It had been purchased by Dr. Warren, a physician who lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, who owned a small museum, and some time after his death, it became the property of the American Museum of Natural History.

The remains of this great creature were found near Newburgh, New York, in 1845. During a drought, the morass, which had been its burial-place for so many centuries, became dry, and, in digging there, a few feet below the surface of the ground the spade struck what was at first thought to be a rock. Soon, however, the almost complete skeleton was discovered, and in such a position as to warrant the belief that the animal had been mired and perished while endeavoring to make its escape.

A mass of twigs and small branches lying close under the ribs and in the region of the stomach was noticed. These were collected, and when examined later by an expert, proved to be the partially digested fragments of pine-trees, apparently the food upon which these creatures subsisted.

The nearest living relatives of the mastodon are the elephants of modern times; and while he somewhat resembles his African kinsman in the form of the head, his legs are shorter and his body is even more heavily built. His tusks are larger, thicker, and more curved than the elephant's, although less so than those of his contemporary, the mammoth. In a general way, he was a much longer and heavier animal than either of these relatives, and his feet were larger and more widely spread. His height, however, was not proportionately greater, the Warren specimen standing nine feet, five inches at the shoulder. The teeth—and herein lies the great dissimilarity to the elephant, whose molars are flat, and consist of a succession of ridges—are much like the grinding, or molar, teeth of a human being, enormously exaggerated.

Numerous remains of the mastodon are found in various parts of the world, often in bogs, and sometimes in caves into which the bones have been washed by streams. In the caves are also found the bones of a large bear, which probably fed upon the young mastodons, and may have been killed, in turn, by the adult—although the bear would probably never have presumed to attack a full-grown animal, for he could easily have been shaken off, struck by the enormously heavy trunk, or, possibly, stamped to death beneath the huge feet, or crushed by being rolled upon in that way.

The hairy covering of the mastodon consisted of a long, thick coat of hair, and fur of a dark reddish-brown in color, to judge from the few specimens of hair which have been found. This woolly covering was necessary, owing to the severity of the winters in the regions inhabited by this creature. The ears, too, were very much smaller and less developed than those of a modern elephant —in order, no doubt, to prevent them from freezing.

Although the mastodon lived a very long time ago, he must also have inhabited the earth until quite recently, possibly five hundred years ago, for there have been found stones, unearthed from Indian burial-grounds in various parts of the country, containing engraved outlines of the mastodon. These were made by prehistoric Indians, who undoubtedly must have seen the living creature, otherwise it would be difficult to understand

THE MASTODON—A RESTORATION BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT

how they could have been able to draw them.

It is a matter of pure speculation as to why the mastodon became extinct. As the food upon which it lived is abundant to-day, its extinction may have been caused by being constantly preyed upon by the fierce carnivorous animals which inhabited the regions through which it roamed.

A CONTINENTAL DOLLAR

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "The Luck of Denewood," etc.

CHAPTER I

JUNE, 1777

IT was old Hesper's baying that wakened me, and there was a menace in the hound's mournful cry that set my heart to doubling its beat. I sprang from my bed and, running to the window, looked forth anxiously.

The night was dark and hot and still. There was no moon, and the stars, albeit faintly visible, were half hidden by a haze that rose from the parched ground. Athwart the driveway, fronting the wide entrance to the house, lay a broad patch of light that streamed forth from the casement of father's study on the first floor. I was surprised that the candles still burned there, having the feeling that I had been abed many hours; but at that moment the tall clock in the hallway began to strike and I counted only nine ere it was silent.

Hard upon the final stroke, three horsemen came to a stop below, and, at the same instant, Father stepped out upon the portico to welcome them. There was a whispered murmur of greeting pitched in so low a key that I could not hear the words, a clatter of accoutrements as the three dismounted, and then I saw two gentlemen in Continental uniforms pass with my father across the square patch of light and disappear into the house. Dimly outlined, the three horses stood with lowered heads, and in front of them, a trooper who, I doubted not, had been left to guard them.

For a space I looked out into the night, wondering who these visitors might be. The momentary glimpse I had of them showed one of the bigness of my father, so that, save for the uniform he wore, I should scarce have been able to tell them apart in the gloom. The second bore his more youthful figure erect and soldierly, but lacked nigh a hand's-breadth of the height of the other two. Of their features I could see naught, yet was I certain they were strangers.

Now this fact puzzled me, for it was evident that the visit was expected. Why then, I asked myself, had no word of their coming been given to me? To be sure I was but a girl of fifteen years, nevertheless it was not my father's way to keep aught from me, since I stood to him somewhat in the place of my mother, who had died ere I could remember her. Upon my shoulders were the responsibilities of the household, and I was expected to maintain the open-handed hospitality in which we Abbotts of New Jersey took a pardonable pride. Neither friend nor stranger came to Springhill who was not made welcome with an offer of the best our larder contained.

With this duty we owed all visitors foremost in my thoughts, I was soon dressed and in the kitchen, busy with the preparation of a tray of food and drink to fortify our guests ere they took to the road again, or ready to prepare their sleeping-quarters if so be they were minded to pass the night. In ordinary circumstances I should have roused Susan, our black waiting-maid; but, seeing that there was somewhat of secrecy in this matter, I resolved to attend to it myself. Indeed it did occur to me that, mayhap, I should have been wise to go back to my bed and forget that aught had occurred to disturb my slumbers; but past experience had taught me that soldiers were ever hungry; and though I confess that my curiosity was sharpened, it was, in truth, not wholly curiosity that set my fingers busy with the edibles.

I had noted a distinguished bearing in the taller of our visitors, and that stirred me to take extra pains in the preparation of a fitting collation; but the war had wrought such sad havoc in our stores that I had but a limited choice. Nevertheless, besides white bread and fresh butter, there was cold meat a plenty, little cakes of my own baking, and sound wine of good vintage which, together with sundry knickknacks, would make up a meal of which I need not be ashamed.

I was intent upon my task and had picked up a lighted candle, meaning to go into the buttery for a knife to cut the bread, when the sharp click of a lifted latch startled me. The sound came from a door at my back, which gave directly into the drying-yard, and for an instant I stood transfixed. There was no particular reason for me to be affrighted. It might easily be one of the black servants, who, seeing a light in the kitchen, had come to investigate the cause of it. Nor was I a timid girl, ready to be set trembling by a

shadow; yet, for some unexplainable reason, this sudden click of the latch held me breathless for the time, and I waited immovable to hear the intruder enter.

But nothing happened. No further sound broke the silence, inside or out. I stood motionless for what seemed a long time, then, in a sort of panic, turned to confront a vaguely suspected spy, but the door was tight shut. No one had come in and I began to doubt that I had heard the latch lift, when, of a sudden, my eyes furnished sure proof that my ears had not deceived me. The latch was still lifted! There was some one, or something, on the other side. As I watched, the door silently began to swing inward, and my heart gave a great thump.

"THE LATCH WAS STILL LIFTED! THERE WAS SOME ONE, OR SOMETHING, ON THE OTHER SIDE"

From where I stood the door panels were between me and whatever was outside, and gradually the crack widened to twelve inches or more. I held my breath, seized by a nameless terror, and waited for—I knew not what to happen. The candle in my hand flickered, sending deep, pointed shadows to join those in the somber corners of the wide room.

Then I became aware of a hand clutching the edge of the door, and slowly, very slowly, a shock of red hair appeared from behind it at a height of nigh four feet from the floor. I gazed spellbound, and presently discerned a pair of twinkling blue eyes that rounded in surprise as they met mine. An instant later the head and hand had disappeared, the door was shut again, and for a moment I was fain to wonder if imagination had not played a trick upon me. Save for the click of the latch, there had been no sound. The entire incident had not consumed thirty seconds, and there I stood, my mouth agape, half bewildered at the strangeness of the incident, and scarce knowing whether or not to cry out for some one to catch this mysterious visitor.

But I held my peace, for suddenly my eye fell upon a square of white paper lying on the floor just inside the door. Here, at least, was plain evidence that my senses had not befooled me, and swiftly I crossed and, picking it up, held it to the light. A line of printed words showed on the clean surface and I read as follows:

"There is danger on the Gloucester road to-night.
"E. P. U."

That was all. There was no address. The other side was blank and there was naught to show from whence it came. The initials

E. P. U. held no meaning for me, nor was I much impressed by the purport of the message. That there might be danger on the Gloucester road seemed not to touch me at all, and after a moment's puzzling I laid the warning upon the cupboard shelf with a shrug of indifference. I should, when chance served, speak to Father about it; but meanwhile, I had duties to perform, and, hastening to get the knife from the buttery, I busied myself at my task and was soon ready. I picked up the tray, which was nigh beyond my strength for heaviness, and with it sought the room in which our guests were met.

I found the door of Father's study shut, and was, perforce, obliged to set down my burden on the small table in the hall in order to knock for an entrance. A low murmur of voices reached my ears as I lifted my hand, but this stopped instantly when my knuckles struck the panel.

"Who is it?" There was a note of surprise in Father's voice as he asked the question.

"'T is Patty, with a tray," I answered, and after a momentary silence he bade me enter.

I raised the latch and, taking up the tray, pushed open the door and went in. Yet on the threshold I hesitated an instant. Facing me was a man of my father's age who looked at me with so gentle and kindly a smile that I smiled back. His dress proclaimed him an officer in our army, and I judged by the gold epaulettes he wore that he held high rank, although I knew little of such things.

"He 's a nice old gentleman and I 'm sure he likes dogs," was my thought; and, with that comical reflection, I went forward and set down my burden beside the lights.

The gentlemen rose and my father introduced me to this visitor.

"Patty," he said, "'t is his Excellency, General Washington."

I turned and curtsied to hide my blushes, for, at the mention of that name, I was seized with a fit of confusion and the blood rushed to my cheeks. I felt much mortified to think that, even to myself, I had commented lightly upon so important a personage.

But the gentleman soon put me at my ease.

"I vow I 'm right glad to see you, Mistress Patty," he cried heartily. "Doubly glad, seeing that you bring us food, for I have not broken my fast since noon and have been riding hard ever since. Come, Travers," he went on, speaking to a young officer who moved out of the shadows near the window, "I doubt not you 'll be pleased to greet our hostess. 'T is Lieutenant John Travers, my dear," he continued, addressing me. "I brought him with me to show the way."

I curtsied to Mr. Travers, of whom I had heard, and he spoke me fair, with a frank boyishness that pleased me mightily; but I was greatly embarrassed in that I must play hostess to his Excellency. So, with scarce a word, I busied myself to appease the hunger of our guests.

General Washington and his aide talked lightly between their mouthfuls, and greatly pleased me with their compliments upon the fare. Then Mr. Travers spoke of his cousins, Polly and Betty, who lived on the other side of the Haddonfield road some ten miles away, and asked me if I knew them.

"Oh yes, a little," I answered, "but they are so—so—" I stopped, fearing to hurt his feelings, seeing that what was in my mind to say was by no means complimentary to his relatives.

"So—so—Toryish?" he questioned, his eyes sparkling, and I could not help but nod. "You 're right, Miss Patty. They 're silly children, who think of naught but parties and fallals. But they are now at a place where there is little to sharpen their vanity."

"Are they not at home?" I asked in surprise.

"Nay, they left the Jerseys last winter, fearing Hessians, and since have been at my house in Germantown." He laughed quietly to himself, as he added, "There is one at Denewood who is little like to tolerate their Tory whims."

I asked him if he knew my brother Val who served in Mr. Washington's army, and was pleased to learn that he did.

"Is he well?" I questioned, for I had received no news for a long time.

"He 's as right as a trivet, Miss Patty," Mr. Travers replied. "I doubt not he would have come upon this errand with his Excellency, had he not been off on special duty."

"I hope you will give him news of us, sir," I said, "and bid him write. He is ever tardy with his pen."

Mr. Travers promised to do as I begged and we talked further, General Washington putting in a word now and then, while Mr. Travers was so polite as to place Denewood, his home, at my disposal if ever I found myself in that neighborhood; but I had grown aware that all this time my father had sat, with deep-wrinkled brow, wrapped in thought, and this troubled me, for it was not my

father's way to remain glum before guests. His behavior set me to reflecting that there must be more in this visit than showed upon the surface. The very fact that Mr. Washington was there should have warned me that his errand was not like to be a trivial one, although it was no new thing to have people of importance in the colonies at Springhill. Governor Livingston came there frequently, as did also his sons. Dr. Franklin and Father had been close friends for many years, and, in my earliest recollections, his was a familiar figure. Mr. Henry of Virginia and General Schuyler of New York had visited us on more than one occasion; so, although his Excellency became the most eminent man in America, he was at that time of no greater importance than others whom I had met frequently in our own house.

Moreover, Father was deep in the American cause and had given both in money and provisions all that he could spare and still keep our household, with its many dependent servants, clothed and fed. Indeed, we had all gladly made sacrifices to further the Revolution and stood ready to aid again in any manner possible.

So Father's strange humor struck me with surprise, and I could not help but puzzle over the reason for it. But I was not to be left long in doubt.

"Mr. Abbott," his Excellency began presently, "I regret that circumstances force me to beg you for a decision in the matter of which we were speaking. But my time is limited and I must be upon my way either to Philadelphia or back to my headquarters, depending upon your answer."

Father seemed to rouse himself with an effort and the room was very still ere he spoke.

"Your Excellency," he said at last, "I need not, I think, defend myself against a charge of indifference to the patriot cause, and I am deeply sensible of the trust you have shown in selecting me for so important a task; but I fear I can not undertake the mission you propose."

I was gazing straight at Father as he talked, and so solemn and serious was the tone in which he spoke that I realized that some weighty judgment hung in the balance. As he finished, Mr. Travers turned with a swift gesture which seemed to show disappointment. But Mr. Washington nodded his head slowly up and down as if he guessed what was passing in Father's thoughts. And when he spoke, there was no hint of aught but kindliness and consideration.

"I am not greatly surprised at your answer, Mr. Abbott," he said, with deliberation. "And yet I am not one to give up easily that upon which I have set my heart. Your refusal is not a personal matter?"

"In truth, it is not of myself I am thinking, your Excellency," Father replied.

"Of that I am well assured," General Washington continued; "therefore I conclude that your decision is based upon consideration for some one else—for Mistress Patty, here, if I mistake not."

"You have hit the nail on the head," Father answered. "I owe much to my country, which I am ready and anxious to serve; but I also have a duty to my daughter."

"But, Father," I broke in, "what is it? I would not keep you from aught that would serve General Washington."

"'T is not a question for you to decide, Patty," he replied.

"Of that I am not so sure," Mr. Washington remarked with a smile. "I think, Mr. Abbott," he went on more soberly, "that you may perchance exaggerate the difficulties. Surely there is some one with whom you can trust Mistress Patty?"

These words could have but one meaning, and I turned a startled glance to General Washington.

"Is it that you wish Father to go away?" I asked.

"Yes, to France," he answered. "I have somewhat to say to Dr. Franklin, who is in Paris, and, seeing that I can not go myself, I want your father to say it for me. 'T is of extremest importance, and I am put to it to find one who can be spared here and yet has the substance and understanding to make plain to Dr. Franklin what our exact condition is. Moreover, the affair must be kept most secret, and there are very few whom I can trust whose absence would not cause comment."

Mr. Washington spoke in so earnest a tone that I could not help but be impressed with the importance he attached to this mission. And of a surety, Father must not be held back on my account, though there was a tug at my heart when I understood that he would cross the ocean and that many weeks would pass ere I could know of so much as his safe arrival. The separation would be no easy thing to bear, for circumstances had wrought a bond between us not quite usual between father and daughter. Rather was he like an elder brother to Val and me, one in whom we could confide without restraint,

and with whom we discussed all that had to do with our daily lives. It would be no light sacrifice to urge him to go; yet I knew that his own inclinations set in the way of his duty to his country, and I were no patriot were I to do aught to hold him back.

"Father," I said, crossing the room to where he sat, "I think you must do as General Washington asks. You need not worry about me." He shook his head stubbornly. "Nay, Father, but you must go," I insisted. "I shall be quite safe, and Wilkinson will be here to care for Springhill." I thought to hearten him by naming our overseer.

"I do not trust the man," Father answered, to my vast surprise.

"Not trust him?" I questioned. "Surely he is a most honest man, and—"

"'T is not his honesty I doubt," Father interrupted, "but he itches to be fighting. He longs to join the army. Nor should I in conscience hold him back. And were he to go, you would be left alone with naught but a retinue of black servants, who, when need arose, would be worse than useless."

"But what is there to fear?" I asked.

"Hessians!" He snapped out the word that filled us all with dread. "They overran the Jerseys last year, and I doubt if even his Excellency will guarantee that they will not do the like again."

"Nay, I can not undertake any such guarantee," said General Washington. "In truth, I think it more than probable they will try to cross the Jerseys at no distant date."

"Exactly!" Father exclaimed. "I can not be censured for refusing to leave my daughter at the mercy of King George's mercenaries."

"But is there not an alternative, sir?" the general asked. "Am I mistaken in seeming to recollect that you have a sister in Philadelphia, Mr. Abbott?"

"I have," father replied shortly, "but Patty would scarce care to go there."

Now this was true enough. My Aunt Augusta Roberts maintained a vastly fashionable establishment in the city, and a simple country girl, such as I, could not look with any special pleasure on becoming a member of her household. Nor was that all. The Roberts were Toryish folk who boasted of their loyalty to King George and said our revolution was but an uprising of common people who had naught at stake. Father was quite right when he thought I should not like to go there; but here was no time for my likes or dislikes. I was ready to do more than that if need arose.

"Indeed, Father," I told him, with all the earnestness I could command, "I can go to Aunt Augusta if it will ease your anxiety at leaving me."

"Nay!" exclaimed Father, with great positiveness. "I know your Aunt Augusta better than you do, my child, and I am not minded to place you under obligation to her."

There was that in Father's manner which made me certain that further argument would be useless, and for a moment or two no one spoke. Then, as if he, too, had arrived at a similar conclusion, General Washington rose briskly to his feet.

"'T is a regret to me, Mr. Abbott," he said; then, turning to his aid, "Travers, we must on to Philadelphia by the Gloucester road without delay. See to—"

Completely forgetting my manners, I interrupted him abruptly.

"Oh, your Excellency!" I cried. "You can't go to Philadelphia to-night. There is danger on the Gloucester road!"

CHAPTER II

HIS EXCELLENCY INSISTS

WITHOUT waiting to note the effect of my words, I ran out of the room to fetch the strange warning that had been so mysteriously delivered. General Washington's mention of the Gloucester road had reminded me of it, and now its explanation seemed plain enough. It had been meant not for us, but for our distinguished visitor, and its importance could hardly be exaggerated. Any danger that might threaten his Excellency was more than a danger to an individual. Were aught to happen to our commander-in-chief, the cause of liberty in America would be seriously jeopardized. It needed no lengthy consideration to reach that conclusion.

I was back in the study in a moment, a little breathless with my haste and anxiety. Without a word, I handed the paper to Mr. Washington, and he read the message at a glance.

"How came you by this, Mistress?" he asked.

I explained to him as briefly as I might, and, indeed, there was little to tell. At the end he shook his head and laughed softly to himself.

"'T is the third time such a warning hath reached me," he remarked musingly; and then, for the benefit of Mr. Travers and Fa-

ther, he read aloud, " 'There is danger on the Gloucester road to-night. E. P. U.' "

"Another Tory plot!" Mr. Travers burst out angrily. "I would that Lieutenant Allan McLane were here with his troop to search that same Gloucester road."

"ON THE THRESHOLD I HESITATED A MOMENT"

"Is this message to be taken seriously?" Father asked, frankly incredulous.

"I hold it is. Aye, without a doubt it is to be taken seriously," came Mr. Washington's calm reply. "As I said, this is the third such I have received. The first brought word of a plot against my life, and so accurate was the information that a man was hanged in consequence. The other warned me of General Howe's proposed attack on our position at Middle Brook. It gave us two days to prepare, and the enemy found us so ready that they decided not to fight. Yes, Mr. Abbott, the message is to be taken quite seriously."

"It must come from one wise in the councils of the British," Father murmured, half to himself. "Does your Excellency know what the letters E. P. U. signify?"

"Nay, I have no notion as to that, unless it be that they are the initials of a name," General Washington answered. "The previous warnings appeared still more mysteriously than this. One was found on Mr. Hamilton's desk. The other, on my own bed. How they came there we never discovered, although discreet inquiries were made. At headquarters we were forced to confess ourselves puzzled."

"Mistress Patty saw the man, your Excellency!" cried Mr. Travers, rather excitedly. "What was he like?" he questioned, turning to me.

"That I know not, save that he had red hair and blue eyes," I answered. "Also he seemed short," I added as an afterthought.

"How could you measure him?" Father asked.

"From the place where his head appeared around the door," I explained. "It was scarce above that," I went on, holding out my hand somewhat above my waist.

"That would scarce signify aught," said Mr. Washington. "The man might be full tall, and but chanced to stoop as he peered into the room."

"I would that you had called out!" Mr. Travers exclaimed. "I should like to have caught the fellow and put an end to his mysteries."

"And at the same time put an end to his

warnings?" his Excellency protested. "That would scarce serve our purpose. Nay, whoever the man is, he does well to conceal his identity. His risk is increased with each person who knows him, be they friend or foe."

"And I warrant he takes no small risk in these undertakings," Father remarked.

"Of that there is no doubt," the general agreed. "He must be close to the secret councils of the British."

"And as close to ours, seeing that he knew you were coming here to-night, your Excellency," Mr. Travers suggested. "Scarce half a dozen people knew of it, including Mr. Abbott and his daughter."

"Nay, I knew naught of it until after your arrival," I put in.

"I did not even inform Patty of the visit, respecting your wish to keep the matter secret," Father said, addressing the general.

"Then this mysterious stranger must have information of what goes on at headquarters," Mr. Travers declared.

"That is by no means proved," Mr. Washington replied. "There are those in Philadelphia who knew of my projected visit to that city. That I should go by the Gloucester road was a reasonable conjecture. Had this information reached the Tories from our headquarters, they would have known also that I was coming here, in which case they would scarce have waited until I reached the Gloucester road. Do you not agree, Mr. Abbott?"

"But, your Excellency, the message was delivered here," Mr. Travers cut in before Father could reply.

"To be sure," Mr. Washington answered, with a smile. "If the warning was to be of any avail, it must reach us before the danger threatened. I doubt not our good friend was on the watch and saw us turn in here. He need not have had previous knowledge of our intentions to stop on our way to Philadelphia."

"It seems evident to me that this unknown patriot obtains his information from British sources, and uses it for our benefit," Father concluded.

"I have not the least doubt of that," Mr. Washington returned emphatically. "And that being so, it will do us no good to pry into the secret of his identity. That much settled, it only remains for us to say good-by, Mr. Abbott, and take our way to Philadelphia by the shortest possible route."

He held out his hand to Father.

"Nay, your Excellency!" exclaimed Father, drawing back, "The shortest route is by the Gloucester road. You can not go that way after this warning. It would be madness!"

"Nevertheless, I am forced to run the risk." His Excellency spoke with grave determination. "It is essential that I secure a gentleman whom I can trust to carry my message to Dr. Franklin. Failing you, sir, I have no alternative but to seek a representative in Philadelphia."

"Is the matter so urgent?" I cried. "Surely a day or two can make no great difference."

"It is of the extremest urgency, Mistress Patty. It must be determined to-night. Mr. Travers has a vessel sailing on the early morning tide. Lord Howe's fleet is in New York Bay preparing to set out. We may find the Delaware blocked any day now."

"But your Excellency!" Mr. Travers burst out, "naught else can be so important as your safety. A dozen of these pesky Tories might capture us and have you at South Amboy ere daylight. Wait here, and let me go for an escort."

I have since thought that General Washington was more than usually patient with Mr. Travers, for I learned later that it was not his custom to parley with his aides. And it has occurred to me that his patience was prompted by a desire he still entertained to have Father undertake the mission and that he saw in this controversy a chance to win his way and so was willing that the risk should not be minimized. Perchance I did his Excellency an injustice by such thoughts, but, whatever may have been in his mind, he showed only an inflexible determination to brave whatever dangers lurked upon the way, and replied persistently to both Mr. Travers and to Father that the importance of securing some one to represent him in France was so great that he must on to Philadelphia, no matter what the menace.

"Gentlemen," he said, finally, "an open treaty with France and a loan of money to support our army are so essential to our cause that I hold no hazard too great to win a speedy granting of our needs. Dr. Franklin must be warned of our extremity, and, to that end, I am determined to start an envoy on the way to him this very night."

"Your Excellency," I said, after the moment's silence which greeted this statement, "is there naught can keep you from the Gloucester road to-night?"

He paused an instant before replying, looking at me with grave and gentle eyes.

"Mistress Patty," he said, "there are times when circumstances make it impossible for us to follow the promptings of our hearts, and, no matter how much suffering we may inflict, we must not stay our hands if the cause for which we fight is to be won. There is but one way to prevent my attempting to reach Philadelphia to-night."

I took his meaning without further words and turned to Father.

"You must go to France!" I declared.

He nodded, knowing, as I did, that nothing else would alter the general's determination. Indeed, he understood better than I the importance of this mission to France and the necessity of winning the people of that country to our side; so that he had a greater appreciation of the reasons underlying Mr. Washington's stubborn insistence. But it was enough for me to realize that to risk the general's capture was not to be thought of.

"You *must* go, Father," I repeated. "Do not worry about me."

And he no longer opposed me.

Once the decision was made, no time was lost in preparation. At Mr. Washington's suggestion, for fear some news of the expedition might leak out, the servants were not called, and I prepared Father's traveling-bags while he had a final conference with his Excellency. When I returned to the study, Mr. Travers was explaining where his vessel, the *Saucy Sally*, would be found, and I heard mention of a Captain Timmons who was in charge of her. I saw his Excellency give Father a set of papers, with the warning that it would be ill fortune should they fall into the hands of the British.

"I 'll see to it that no hostile eye reads them," Father answered, and then went off to saddle Bess, his favorite riding-horse, and, in all too few minutes, he was back, ready for the journey.

Then it was that my heart suddenly misgave me and great tears welled up into my eyes. Luckily, we were out of doors and none could see me, but my voice must have betrayed what I was feeling, for Mr. Washington said some kind words, which I have heedlessly forgotten, and Mr. Travers again reminded me that at his house in Germantown I should always find a welcome.

"Go to your Aunt Augusta, my dear," Father told me at last. "I shall feel more comfortable, knowing you are with her."

"Yes, Father," was all that I could answer.

He kissed me once more, and a moment or so later he, with the others, had disappeared into the night. They were to separate at the cross-roads, the general to ride north, while Father went on alone to Philadelphia.

I stood a moment or two listening to the thud of hoof-beats on the dry road. Then I went back into the house, locking the casement behind me. I felt very lonely and had a desire to be off to my room, where I could let my tears fall freely. Many things might happen before I saw Father again, and—

I was stooping over one of the candles to blow it out, when the sound of a distant musket-shot brought me upstanding with a jerk. At the same moment Hesper lifted his voice in a mournful warning that chilled my heart.

(To be continued)

APPRECIATION

By A. M. CAHILL

So many blessings round me are,
As 'neath the scented pines I lie:
The singing birds in branches near,
The drowsing lull of insects queer,
The lowly cow-bells tinkling clear—
And Betty.

The shimmering seas with wavelets set,
The circling gulls, the fisher's net,
The dipping sails in silhouette—
And Betty.

A smiling sky above me spread,
A soothing sweetness 'neath my head,
A haunting rustle at each tread—
And Betty.

And so I ponder o'er and o'er
These great good things that come to me:
The calming peace of mind at rest,
The glowing sense of all that 's best,
The loving gift of being blest
With Betty.

BOOKS THAT GATHER NO DUST

By GEORGE F. THOMSON

THE history of the rolling stone that gathered no moss is quite familiar to all, but the story of the traveling books that gather no dust has not been so often told. And perhaps, in connection with the interest aroused by the fourth annual Children's Book Week, which is to be observed from November 12 to 18, a résumé of the extension work done by some libraries may be interesting.

It can be taken for granted that ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are book-lovers. Their enthusiasm for their magazine indicates an interest in general literature, and one can safely say that thousands and thousands of them are daily browsing around among library-stacks, looking for just the right morsel to tickle the reading-palate. One of the most interesting pictures accompanying this article is that of a rainy-day crowd (we take

EAGER YOUNG AMERICANS READING IN THE BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY

it that the weather was wet, for the curly-headed boy in the immediate foreground is wearing a pair of rubber boots) in the Brooklyn Public Library. And this photograph could be duplicated in New York, Boston, Chicago, or almost any other city on almost any day of the week. The public library, its branches, and its deposit-stations in the schools bring books to the elbow of the city boy or girl. All either is obliged to do, ordinarily, is to reach out for the desired volume. Books do not grow on trees, but they are about as easy to obtain as mellow apples from the lower branches of a Grimes Golden.

Much has been written, and a great deal more said, about the improvement of conditions in rural districts. The Government blazed the way in 1896 with the rural free delivery, and carried the catalogue of the mail-order houses to the uttermost parts of the United States. For about a generation these thick books, profusely illustrated with bee-keepers' supplies, overalls, farm machinery, and a thousand other articles, were the encyclopedias, the style-sheets, and the latest novel for the farmer and his family. The telephone, the automobile, and now the radio

—all very familiar agencies—each has done its "bit" to bring the country districts into closer contact with the city; but the work of the traveling book-wagon and the organization of county libraries, with free delivery through outlying stations by parcel post and by auto, is of a far-reaching effect and usefulness not so generally appreciated.

A LINE-UP FOR GOOD LITERATURE IN EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

Washington County, Maryland, which has Hagerstown as its chief city, organized a county library in 1900. This part of Maryland lies between the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains on the east and south and the Cumberland Mountains on the west. Hagerstown is reached by several railroads, turnpikes, and trolleys, yet in the hill regions, there are many out-of-the-way farms and hamlets; and from the beginning of the library work an effort was made to serve these people, who could not often come to the city for a much coveted book.

Miss Mary L. Titcomb, the Hagerstown librarian, says that at first seventy-five deposit-stations were created over the county, some in country stores, some in creameries, others at toll-gates, post-offices, and even in private homes. Fifty to sixty books, covering a wide range of subjects, were sent from the central library, and these books were exchanged every two or three months. Many of these stations, being far removed from trolley or railroad, were reached with boxes of books delivered by horse and wagon. This gave Miss Titcomb the idea that a wagon, fitted with book-shelves and laden with a wide assortment of books, going over the mountain-roads to the homes of the people, would be a splendid way of taking the library to them. This plan was worked out, and routes were laid that laced well over the county, particular care being taken to include the less frequented roads. In 1910, the wagon and horse gave way to a motor-truck, fitted with a specially constructed top containing shelf-room for three hundred books, and space inside for four deposit-station cases. One of the assistants from the library went along with the driver, so that families had the advantage of a professional person with whom to discuss the books and assist in the selections—besides talking with one conversant with the news of the day. Great liberty has been allowed these rural borrowers, each family taking out as many books as it wished, up to twenty or thirty, since in spring they must choose the books for the summer, and in autumn those for winter reading.

A new and larger truck, with capacity for five hundred books, displaced the old one in 1915, and it is now making its rounds in charge of Miss Nellie C. Chrissinger, the assistant librarian. In answer to a question about the kind of books which the wagon distributes to the boys and girls of the district, she says that she thinks their tastes and desires run in about the same groove as those of the city child, but that the average boy and girl on the farm does not have the long hours for reading and days of playtime that usually fall to the lot of town youngsters. Very early in life, the girls are taught to save

FARM BOYS AND GIRLS CHOOSE BOOKS FROM THE COUNTY LIBRARY WAGON

Mother all the steps possible, to care for younger brothers and sisters, gather eggs, feed the poultry, wash dishes, and frequently help with the cooking. Assuming so early a share of household responsibility, books on cooking and household management are eagerly sought and often prove a real help.

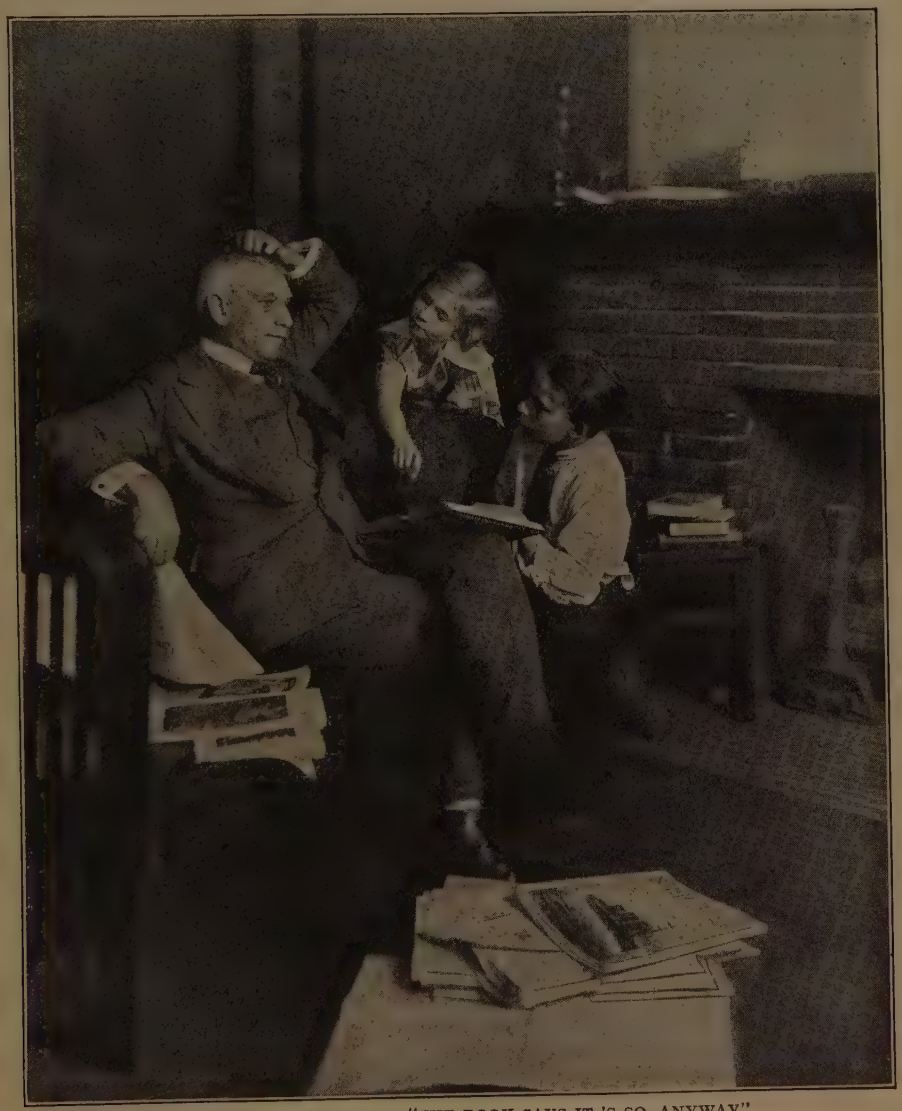
The boys, she says, love to ride horses as soon as they can hold on, and they help their fathers with chores of all kinds. It is not many years before a boy can manage a plow or a harrow by himself, and then he is usually kept out of school as long as there is work to be done in the fields. Domestic and farm help is difficult to obtain, even at high wages, so that much of the burden frequently falls upon the children. But there are rainy days, and winter ones too, that do not demand much out-of-door labor, and it is then that the books from the traveling library, which would not be in the house had not the librarian put them there, bring real enjoyment. As James Russell Lowell said, "The better part of every man's education is that which he gives himself," so it is fortunate that these boys and girls are able to supplement their brief schooling with library-lent books.

Having faced the practical side of life at so young an age, it is not strange to hear that fairy-tales, with all their wonderland of beauty and imagination, appeal to these children. Indian tales and stories of the Revolution are much in demand among the boys, as are books dealing with the romance of engineering, such as the construction of the Panama Canal, the building of great bridges, dams, subways, and lighthouses. Girls like the stories written especially for them, and verse is called for by the younger ones, the taste for real poetry growing steadily with the girls' love for beauty and rhythm. Also books on crocheting and sewing are in demand, for the girls want to make their own clothes and create things outside the commonplace and homely household articles.

Indiana, progressive in politics and in many other lines, has several county libraries and at least three book-wagons. One operates out of Elkhart, serving patrons in Concord township, which is adjacent to the city. Miss Ella F. Corwin, the librarian, says that their wagon, *Pegasus*, serves two hundred and eighty-seven families and last year distributed 10,622 books, a third of which went into the hands of boys and girls. In addition, 4518 books were distributed from deposit-stations maintained in the schools, so it is easy to see that Elkhart children are keeping thoroughly posted. *Peggy*, (as the wagon is affectionately nicknamed) visits these homes once every fortnight, a record marred only twice—once by cold weather and once by bad roads during the spring thaw.

Hibbing, Minnesota, known as the richest village in the world, because of the wealth

of copper ore deposited there, has a book-automobile which makes a daily trip through the township, distributing on the average 190 books. This is a most complete wagon of its kind, and from the photograph, a reproduction of which accompanies this article, you may see for yourself that it is big and roomy. The machine is lined with inside shelves, filled with as many as a thousand books. There is also a librarian's desk, and six people may be accommodated inside the "library" at one time. The car generates its own light and some heat, but a coal stove is installed for midwinter trips, since the thermometer gets down to around forty below zero. The librarian and his patrons, representing about fourteen different nationalities, are thus able to select and exchange books in home-like comfort. When the drifts of snow pile high, the car travels the main roads, and deliveries to schools and homes off the beaten track are then made by children with their sleds.



A POSER FOR GRANDPA: "THE BOOK SAYS IT 'S SO, ANYWAY"

New Jersey has a county farm-demonstrator and a county home-economics demonstrator, and both of these state officials carry books with them in their machines and distribute them to the families they visit.

In Sussex County, Delaware, there is a librarian, Miss Hopkins, who has been dis-

tributing books, first by horse and buggy and now by car, for nine years. Speaking of her work, she says: "Every trip confirms my faith in the book-wagon. It preaches no sermon, but its books silently and delightfully influence character and make people think. Let me drive a book-wagon, and I care not who makes the laws of the State!"

Evanston, Illinois, well and favorably known for its beautiful location on the shores of Lake Michigan and for its educational institutions, is the exception in the book-wagon service. Its patrons are all townspeople, whereas these other traveling libraries which we have been describing serve a rural population. Three years ago this last summer, Miss Ida F. Wright, the head of the Evanston Public Library, started *The Pied Piper*, with its lure for the children, on its rounds, for the purpose of serving a section of Evanston, lying to the west of the lake-shore district, not reached by the usual means of transportation. In this large district are many foreign-born families, the fathers working in truck-gardens or the steel-mills. During the winter months the children, and their parents too, are served by branch libraries in the schools, and in every school there are mothers' clubs, enlisting the interest of these women in American ways and methods. During the summer, however, no books were available without a long journey to the central library, and few cared to make the trip after a hard day in the mills or the fields. As a result, there was a slump in the Americanization of this district, and on the reopening of school, there was usually a noticeable foreign accent in the speech of many of the boys and girls.

To carry on the work of the library more effectively, this book-wagon route was started. The wagon, or automobile, was purchased by subscription among various clubs, and it was fitted with shelves by the carpenters' union, painted by the painters' union, and the signs were made by the sign-makers' union. It was truly a community project.

The first few trips were effective only as advertising the service. Some of the people were timid about applying for books and signing applications; but it was not long before they were watching and waiting eagerly. Miss Wright says that as the wagon drives up to a street corner the children immediate-

THE HIBBING, MINNESOTA, TRAVELING LIBRARY WHICH SERVES FOURTEEN NATIONALITIES

ly vanish, only to return a moment or two later with their books and with all the other youngsters of the neighborhood. "Jenny, what are you going to take?" "John, was yours good?" "All right, I 'll take yours. You 'd better take mine—it 's a peach." Such is the rapid-fire conversation, and books are received and given out again at the rate of one every minute and a half.

HALTING "PEGASUS" IN HIS TOUR OF ELKHART TO CHOOSE AND EXCHANGE BOOKS

If rain delays the book-wagon, telephone calls are frequent at the main library; and if a child misses the weekly trip, it is a heart-breaking event in its life.

The wagon carries 450 books, two hundred and twenty-five on each side, one being for adult readers, the other for boys and girls.

To stimulate reading during the summer vacation among the Evanston school-children, Miss Edith C. Moon, who is the liaison officer correlating the work between the schools and the library, asked the boys and girls in the various grades to recommend the books which they liked best, so that their friends could tell whether they wished to read them. The result was highly interesting, and books mentioned a certain number of times were included in printed lists, together with the most concise comments made upon them. "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" were the favorites of all groups, with Louisa M. Alcott's books running a close second. "Robin Hood," Mary Mapes Dodge's "Hans Brinker," "Captains Courageous," "The Last of the Mohicans," Augusta H. Seaman's "The Sapphire Signet," "Jataka Tales," retold by Ellen C. Babbitt, and "Understood Betsy," by Dorothy Canfield, appear on a majority of the lists.

With our Children's Book Weeks, book-wagons, authors writing over time, and publishers taxing their presses to the limit, there is little excuse for a boy or girl to waste an idle hour in wondering what to do. Within my own recollection, which does not run back so very far, things have changed for the better in books. In our town in Missouri we had no library, and the chief depository for books was in a drug-store. I once ordered twenty-five books at one fell swoop, with money which I had earned, and I well recall the reception which greeted this huge package when I reached home. My father was sure I should ruin my eyes and neglect my studies, but a promise of moderation in reading them paved their way to my book-shelves. You may be sure they acquired no dust before they were thoroughly thumbed and read and passed on to other friends of like taste.

"A book can hardly have a better recommendation than that it has appeared as a serial in St. Nicholas."
—CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

SOME OF THE PATRONS OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD LIBRARY

A NEIGHBORHOOD LIBRARY

By PAUL H. RUESS

HAVE you ever longed to have a paying business of your own? And are you interested in books? Then start a neighborhood library, and you will be surprised by the results as was the boy about whom I am going to tell.

This boy worked at the public library after school and on Saturdays, and so quite naturally his thoughts turned toward a library of his own. Owning about fifty books, a number of popular magazines, and a small playhouse in his back yard, he opened up his modest little library. The circulation at first was limited to the children of his immediate neighborhood. But very soon his fame as a librarian spread, and although he is still in his first year, he has about seventy-five steady patrons, several of whom are grown-ups. Each one of these borrow from one to six books every week, and, at the rate of one cent for a book, quite a few pennies find their way into the cash-drawer.

The library was still very young when the boy found that he would be unequal to the task of conducting the business alone, so he secured the services of his chum, and later took him into partnership. Then again, finding their supply of books too small to take care of the swelling demand, arrangements were made with the public library to take all their discarded volumes at one cent a pound. These books often needed considerable repairing, and this took a good deal of time. But they now have over a thousand books on their shelves, and several hundred back numbers of magazines, as well as the few to which they regularly subscribe.

To stimulate interest and increase their business, the boys have a book-reading contest each month. The customer reading the most books is given his or her choice of any

book in the library. Standings are posted on the bulletin-board from time to time, along with titles of any new books received or unusual happenings.

Library hours are arranged so as not to conflict with school and to allow one or the other of the young librarians to be on the job. The boys have a typewriter with which they make all their cards and book-marks. This is convenient, but not indispensable if one can print a fairly readable hand. Records are accurately kept of receipts and expenditures and the names of the customers are on file, in the same way as at the public library.

When a youngster wishes to borrow books for the first time, he pays five cents and is given two white library-cards. The card he is to use first is printed on ordinary paper, made out the same as the regular library-cards. For every book one borrows on this or any later card, it costs one cent for each two weeks, with a fine of two cents a day for all books overdue. Each card has space for recording twenty-eight books on each side, or fifty-six books to the card, and the reader is not allowed to take this card from the library, but it is kept on file there.

When this card is filled, the reader is given the other card, which is made of regular cardboard stock, and he is allowed to take this with him when he borrows a book. This is considered quite an honor among the smaller children, so they strive to get their first card filled as quickly as possible. After the second card is filled, the reader is given a blue card and is known as a "Blue-card Member." This is no small achievement, as one must have read a hundred and twelve books before he can obtain this.

After this, comes a card blue on one side and white on the other. All the cards, by the way, cost the reader five cents each, except the first two, which cost five cents for the two.

This system of colored cards can be carried out indefinitely, and the librarian can tell at a glance, just by the color of his card and the number on his present card, exactly how many books a reader has drawn. The main idea is, however, to make each succeeding card more attractive and so to encourage reading, especially among the little folks, who look upon the ownership of one of the prettier colored cards as a wonderful accomplishment.

A TRAVELING LIBRARY IN FAIRYLAND

NOVEMBER

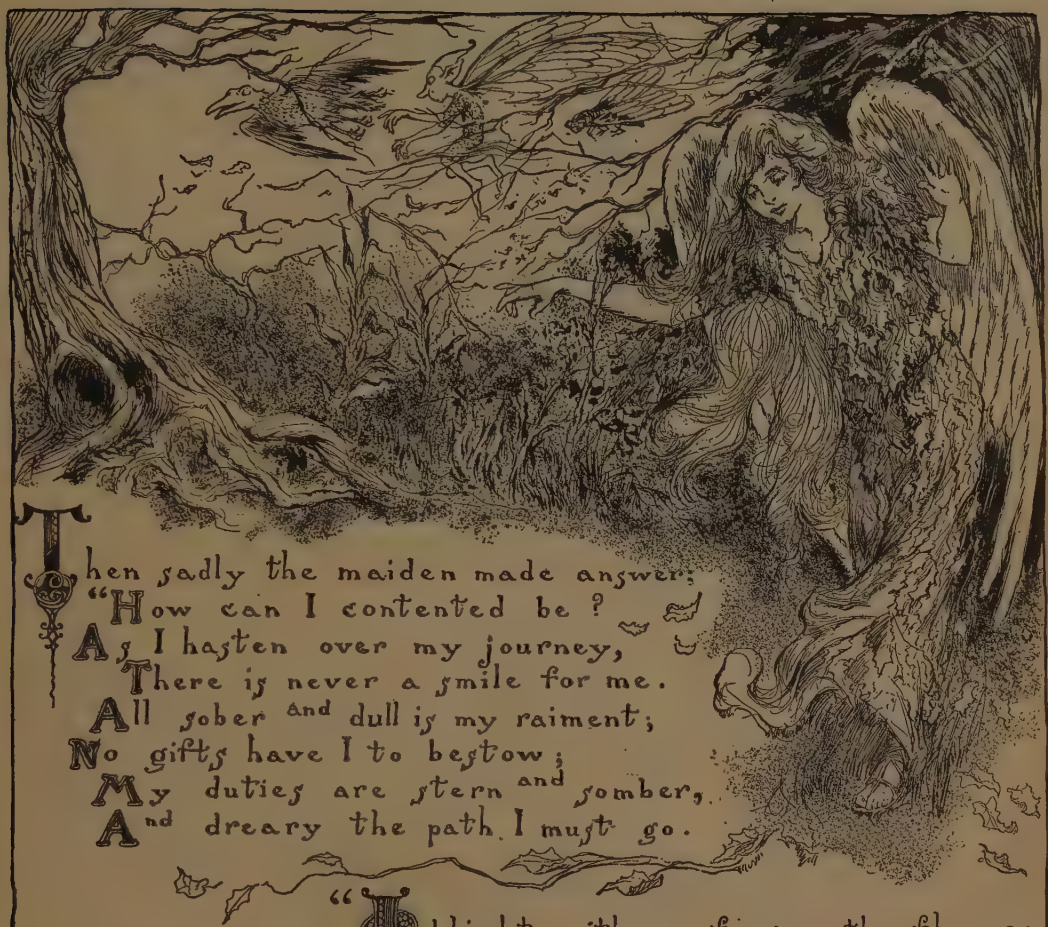
By Grace Strickler Dawson

Part I

FAR in the frozen Northland,
Where the glittering icebergs sleep
And the vast expanse of the snow-fields
Lies silent and white and deep,
Becurtained with purple storm-clouds,
Bejeweled with frost and rime,
Mysterious, glistening, splendid,
There stands the Castle of Time.

Here dwells a wise old monarch,
Whose regal powers extend
O'er the years that circle swiftly
Without beginning or end.
To each of his twelve fair daughters
He grants for a month the right
To reign over all the earth-folk
With sovereign wisdom and might.

Long, long ago, one morning
The king from his royal seat
Beheld the maiden November
A suppliant at his feet.
Gently he raised her, bending
Down from the lofty throne,
And questioned the cause of her weeping
In a father's tenderest tone.



Then sadly the maiden made answer:
"How can I contented be?
As I hasten over my journey,
There is never a smile for me.
All sober and dull is my raiment;
No gifts have I to bestow;
My duties are stern and somber,
And dreary the path I must go.

"I blight with my fingers the flowers,
And tear the last scarlet leaves down;
I drive the reluctant birds southward,
And hide the blue sky with a frown.
I grudge not the glory of summer,
Nor covet the winter's warm cheer,
But I long for my own share of blessings,
To mortals that I may be dear."

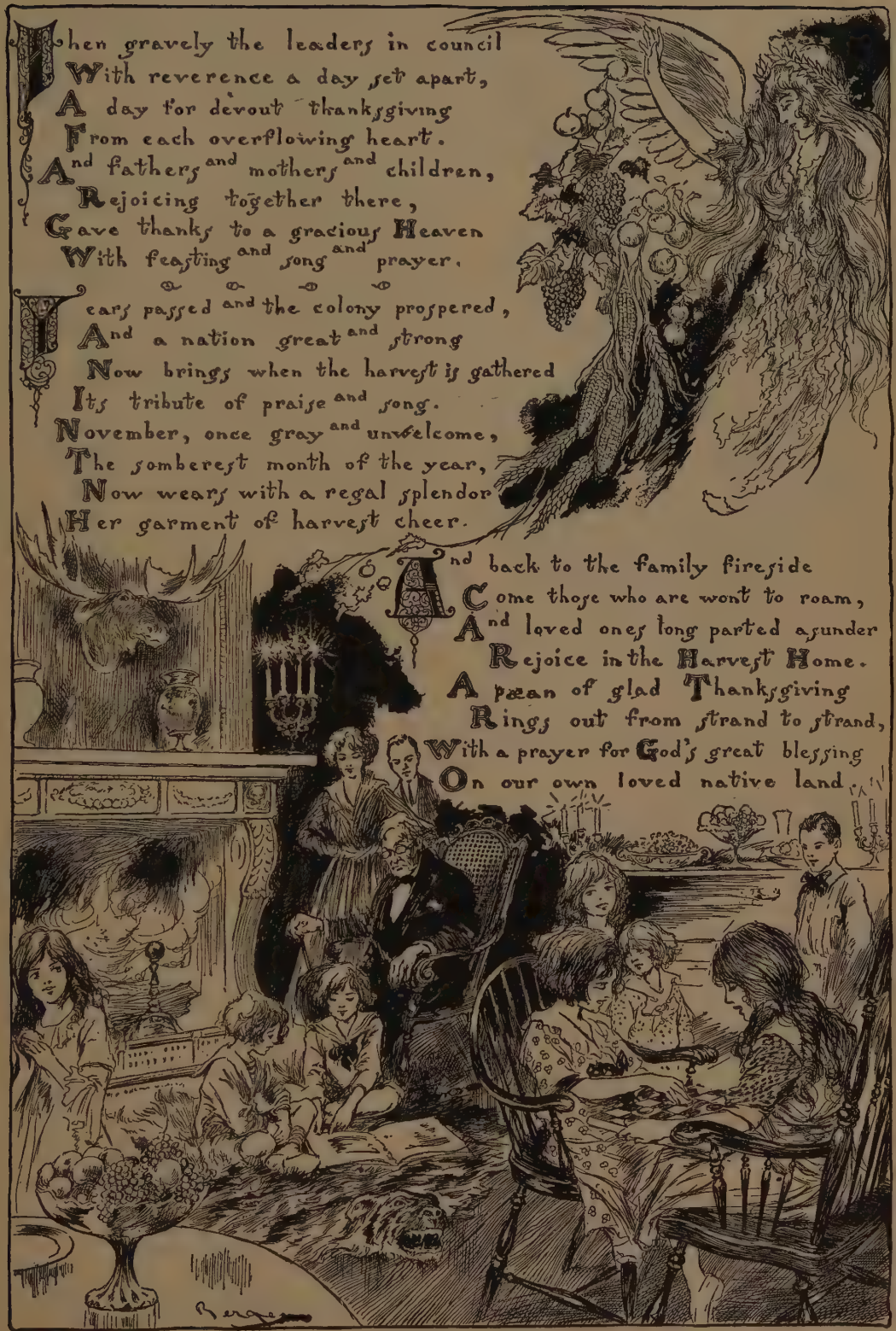
The old king listened in silence,
And mused for a little space,
His keen eyes searching the future;
Then a smile illumined his face.
"Be happy, my little November,
For you there is joy in store -
A joy as great as your sisters';
Have patience a little while more."

Part II

A brave little fleet sailed westward,
By a crew of heroes manned,
Traversing a stormy ocean,
They sought for a new home-land.
They dropped their anchor at Plymouth,
And uttered a fervent prayer
That this be the end of their searching,
This country new and fair.

Sadly they suffered that winter,
Those Pilgrims devoted and true,
But lo! when the Spring came smiling,
Their courage awoke anew.
So busily then they labored,
Through the days of April and May,
That the little homes stood builded
And grain-fields ripening lay.

The sun and the rains of summer
And the new lands fertile soil
Bestowed with a lavish abundance
Reward for their eager toil.
And when, at last, on the threshold
November appeared once more,
They had reaped a golden harvest,
A rich and bounteous store.



When gravely the leaders in council
With reverence a day set apart,
A day for devout thanksgiving
From each overflowing heart.
And fathers and mothers and children,
Rejoicing together there,
Gave thanks to a gracious Heaven
With feasting and song and prayer.

Years passed and the colony prospered,
And a nation great and strong
Now brings when the harvest is gathered
Its tribute of praise and song.
November, once gray and unwelcome,
The somberest month of the year,
Now wears with a regal splendor
Her garment of harvest cheer.

And back to the family fireside
Come those who are wont to roam,
And loved ones long parted asunder
Rejoice in the Harvest Home.
A pæan of glad Thanksgiving
Rings out from strand to strand,
With a prayer for God's great blessing
On our own loved native land.

"KATCHOO!!"

By R. A. DICKSON

BANG! followed by the noise of jingling, broken glass and rapid moving about, all came from the general direction of the kitchen.

"Goodness gracious!" cried Mrs. Hallam, jumping from her chair excitedly. "What 's happened now?"

Before she could get very far, the cause of the excitement burst in from the kitchen. Mr. Hallam lowered his newspaper and gazed from his wife to his son.

Kenneth was whole. There was no blood on his countenance, but a large black streak on his cheek accented its pallor.

"I was scared, Mother, when it happened," he cried, running up and putting his hands on his mother's shoulders, "but there 's no harm done, and nothing damaged but my test-tube. Y' ought to see that cork go flying to the ceiling, though!"

"What were you doing, Ken?" asked his sister Edna.

"Oh! mixing up some $KClO_3$ with ground glass," said Kenneth, who was proud of his chemical formulas and had regained enough of his composure to air one.

"What 's that kay-see-ell-o-three?" asked Edna.

"Potassium chlorate, and it 's ticklish stuff to handle. Have to be careful not to slap it or stamp on it, or it will explode."

"Kenneth, my dear," said his mother, drawing his arms around her neck, "I do wish you would stop playing with chemicals. Some day you 'll blow us all up."

"Now, Mother, you know I seldom play with explosives, and there 's really no harm in the sulphuric and nitric acids that I do play with if I know how to handle them, and I do know how. Remember that dress I dyed for you the other day? The color would not stay in it if it had n't been for the iron sulphate and the cream of tartar that the goods was mordanted with. You just wait and see!"

"Yes! yes!" sighed Mrs. Hallam, helplessly, "you do good things, sometimes, but my heart went up in my throat when I heard that explosion. Promise me—"

Kenneth broke loose from his mother's embrace.

"Don't let her make me promise to stop, Dad," he appealed to his father.

"I 'm out of it," said he, "but whatever you do, don't do it in the kitchen. Go back now and clean up the mess you 've made, and don't bring any more of that potassium chlorate into the house."

Soon a very subdued young man took his place with the family around the library table. He picked up his "Compendium of Recipes for making Chemical Concoctions," and was soon lost in a description of how to make a rose-orange perfume.

"There 's been another bank robbery," said Mr. Hallam, from his paper. "Cashier was shot, but not fatally injured. Two men did the job and got away in an automobile."

"They always do," said Edna. "I wonder why it is that there is never any one around who can stop them."

"Would you," jibed Kenneth, "with them holding you up with automatics?"

"Of course, I could n't stop such people, even if they did n't have automatics, what-

ever they are," said Edna; "but the banks ought to have some way by which to stop them."

"How could a bank do it any more than you?"

"Oh! you know what I mean—the bank officials ought to find some way."

"You can rest assured," Mr. Hallam broke in, "that the bank officials lie awake nights trying to devise means; but bank officials, as a rule, are financiers and not mechanics, so the hold-up men continue to walk in and carry off all the cash in sight."

"I read something the other day," said Mrs. Hallam, "about revolving doors and putting the robbers inside."

"Oh! that was a scheme for stopping the doors when the thief was just where he could n't get out," Kenneth was proud to explain, "and holding him there till the police came. You know we 've got such doors at our bank. In a certain position you can't get in or out, but we can't hold any one in 'em."

"Well, you be careful, Kenneth," continued his mother. "Don't throw your life away for any amount of cash. The bank is insured against burglary, so if any man comes in and orders you to put up your hands, you put them up."

"Why, Mother! Would n't you want me to protect my employer's property if I could?"

"Yes, if you could! But when a man orders you to do something at the point of a pistol, you can't do anything else, can you?"

"Sometimes."

"Well, you be very, very careful."

"Oh! we won't have anything like that in our little bank. We never have more than fifteen or twenty thousand dollars on hand at one time, and hold-ups won't risk twenty years in prison for that."

"Some might," said Edna.

"This robbery, in the paper, was for just eighteen thousand," said Mr. Hallam.

"You think up some chemical scheme to stop them, Ken," said Edna.

"Not to-night," he answered; "I 'm going to bed."

The next morning, as he was starting off to business, Kenneth's mother cautioned him again.

"If you see any stranger coming up to your window, Ken, you be ready to do as he says."

"All right, Mumsey," laughed Kenneth.

He arrived at the bank in fine spirits. He went through the usual preliminaries of getting started on the day's work, and, on his way to his cage with the cash-box, stopped a moment at the bookkeeper's desk.

"Did you read about the bank robbery in Pinewell yesterday?" asked Mr. Snow, while Kenneth was fishing out his key.

"Dad was reading it," he answered.

"Knew that guy," said Snow.

"Who? the hold-up?"

"No, you idjit, the cashier, the fellow who was shot. I 've seen his name on checks right in this bank."

"Hope none of 'em come after our cash. I 'm not taking much out these days." Kenneth opened the door of his cage and picked up his cash-box. "I 'll go to the vault oftener. If they do come, they won't get more than a couple of hundred."

"Couple o' hundred! They 'll line everybody up in the bank and make some one open the vault. They 'll clean that out, then put all the people in and shut it. That 's the way those fellows manipulate."

Mr. Sanborn, the president of the bank, passed through on his way to his private office, just as Kenneth set his cash-box on his money-counter. Soon after, both he and Mr. Snow received a summons from the president. They entered the office stiffly and stood awkwardly before the polished oak desk, Snow nervously trying to wipe some ink from his forefinger.

"Mr. Snow," began Mr. Sanborn, "and you too, Hallam, pay strict attention to what I am going to say."

"Yes, sir," answered both at once.

"Bank robberies are very frequent these days."

"Yes, sir."

"They seem to be getting close to our neighborhood."

"Yes, sir."

"There was one in Pinewell yesterday."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Sanborn picked up a paper-cutter and emphasized his next statement with taps on his palm. "Pinewell is not twenty-two miles from here," he pointed the paper-cutter right down at his desk.

"Yes, sir." Both Hallam and Snow looked as though they expected to go right out into the bank and tackle a gang of robbers.

"I want you men to take such precautions as you can to reduce any possible loss to a minimum," Mr. Sanborn continued emphatically; "and in case we are held up and robbed, I do not want you to risk your lives by

putting up a fight after you 're covered. This bank carries all the burglary insurance it can get. It is of no use to refuse doing what a fellow orders you to do at the point of a gun. I 'm frank to say that if I were so ordered, I 'd put up my hands quickly enough."

"Yes, sir," said Snow, resignedly.

"Yes, sir," said Hallam, disgustedly. Hallam was only twenty and had no family responsibilities. Snow was forty-four, with a wife and two children.

Mr. Sanborn divined what was in Kenneth's mind.

"It 's of no use, Hallam," said the kind-hearted president. "I 'd hate to lose my customers' money, but I 'd hate more to lose my bookkeeper or my paying-teller or both. You mind what I 'm telling you. Keep as little money in the cage as you can get along with, and do not try to put up any scrap if any one comes up with a big gun and orders you to deliver the cash. 'A live paying-teller is better than a dead hero' should be your motto."

"The boy 's been keeping as little money as possible in the cage for a month, Mr. Sanborn," said Snow.

"Fine!" exclaimed the president. "Are you keeping the vault closed and locked except when it is absolutely necessary to open it?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. That is all I expect from you men. I wish there was some way of keeping all strangers outside, or of keeping the sheriff in the lobby all the time, but I can not do either."

"We 'll take all precautions, Mr. Sanborn," said Snow. "I don't want to leave my wife a widow. She could n't live on my insurance nowadays."

"That 's all," said Mr. Sanborn, who did not want the interview to drift into a question of salaries. "I 'm not expecting a hold-up, of course, but I just wanted to warn you men that you 're not expected to lay down your lives in the service of this bank."

When Kenneth got back to his cage, he saw Lucy Kendee standing outside. She was stenographer and general secretary for the owner of the hardware store.

"Hello, Lucy," he greeted her, "needing money so early in the morning? What 's the matter with the customers? Have n't they got any?"

"Yes, Mr. Smarty, they have!" replied Lucy. "I came over to get some change for our biggest customer, who has just bought twenty-eight dollars' worth. Can this little one-horse bank change a fifty?"

"You bet!" cried Kenneth, enthusiastically, reaching for the money. "Change it in a second." He took it through the wicket. "From your hands to mine"—a pause. "What are you waiting for? The transaction 's completed."

"It is not," said Lucy; "I want my money's worth."

"Oh, you do. How will you have it?"

"Tens, fives, ones, anything you 've got."

"Pennies?"

"No! no pennies. Nothing smaller than nickels."

Kenneth pushed up his wicket again, and, reaching through, began putting into Lucy's hands tens, fives, and ones till they both counted forty-nine dollars. Next he reached to the money-changer and loosed two half-dollars into his left hand. One, he immediately transferred to his right and handed to Lucy.

"Forty-nine fifty," said she.

Then the other one was also transferred to his right hand and held out for her to take, but even as she reached for it, it disappeared.

Lucy looked down and shook her clothes.

"Where 'd it go?" she asked, puzzled. "I did n't hear it fall."

"Don't see how you missed it," said Kenneth, still holding his hand out. The half-dollar lay on his palm.

"Oh!" laughed Lucy, "I thought it dropped."

Again she started to take it and again it disappeared. Kenneth, to all appearances, had not batted an eye.

"Kenneth!" fussed Lucy, getting vexed; "you did it that time—I know you did. Now what did you do with it? I 'm in a hurry. Mr. Framer is waiting for his money."

"Oh, all right, then! Don't be hard on poor little me," said Kenneth, turning his hand over.

There, held between first and fourth finger, hidden from the front by second and third, was the missing half-dollar. Lucy reached for it and a third time it disappeared, but reappeared on Kenneth's palm so quickly that Lucy had no time to remonstrate.

"You win this time, Lucy. Take it. The hand is quicker than the eye, that 's all."

"I knew all the time that you were up to some of your sleight-of-hand tricks," said Lucy, as she tucked the half-dollar into her bag. "I 'd like to stay and see some more if I had time."

Things were quiet for half an hour after Lucy's departure. Only an occasional cus-

"THE END CAME SUDDENLY—'E-E-JZHE-HO-O-O'"

tomer came to Kenneth's wicket. He amused himself between times by practising the trick of the disappearing half-dollar and others in his repertoire.

Just before noon, Mr. Bennett, a local farmer, came in to cash a check.

"Howdy, Hallam," said he, shoving his check under the wicket. "How 's business?"

"Fine, Mr. Bennett; how 's crops?" returned Kenneth, turning the check over to scan the indorsement. He looked up at Mr. Bennett as he laid the check on the counter and opened the money-drawer.

"So—" said Mr. Bennett, and suddenly his eyes became fixed; he gradually raised his chin, at the same time opening his mouth, and groping, as if for support, at the edge of the counter outside the wicket. Finally, with his head way back and his eyes completely closed, the end came suddenly. "*E-jzhe-ho-o-o!!!*—so," he finished, grabbed out his handkerchief, and sneezed again.

"I dass n't sneeze at home," he went on facetiously; "the only thing on the farm that don't jump when I sneeze is the tin Lizzie."

Hallam cashed the check, and Mr. Bennett departed. Kenneth was evidently very much excited as he turned to Mr. Snow, as soon as Mr. Bennett was out of sight.

"Did you see Mr. Bennett sneeze?" he asked.

"Yes; and more 'n that, I heard 'im!" answered Snow, sarcastically.

Hallam ignored the sarcasm.

"Honest, did you *see* him?" he insisted. "I want to know, it 's important."

"Yes, I saw him."

"Did you notice how long it took him to get ready?"

"It was n't any longer 'n most people take."

"Are you sure?"

"Certainly I 'm sure. Don't I know what it 's like to feel a sneeze coming?"

"Well, Mr. Bennett's sneeze gave me the beginning of an idea, it did. You make me think it will work."

With this statement, Kenneth went home to lunch, so Snow did not have an opportunity to ask any of the questions that their conversation had raised in his mind. All the afternoon Kenneth was very busy.

That evening he consulted his beloved "Compendium of Recipes for making Chemical Concoctions," and made copious notes.

During the lunch-hour next day, he spent some time at the drug-store, purchasing small quantities of aromatic herbs, spices, and one or two other things, and he also paid a visit to the hardware store.

"Now what in the world is all that?" his mother asked, gazing, with horror in her eyes, at the half-dozen or so of small packages that Kenneth was taking out of his pockets and piling on the kitchen table as soon as he got home from the bank that day.

"Nothing explosive, Mumsey," he reassured her. "This is orris-root, this is white hellebore, this is essence of ambergris, and I did n't know whether you had cinnamon in the house, so I bought some of that. This is castile soap, this is a little bottle, and this is a piece of the finest-mesh wire-cloth that I could get in town. It has about two hundred holes to the square inch."

"And this?" asked his mother, suspi-

ciously, pointing to the only package whose contents he had not named.

"Only oil of marjoram. That 's a medicine or a perfume, I forget which, but it 's harmless. All are harmless. Some of them are good to eat."

"All but the bottle, the soap, and the wire," said Edna, who had come in while Kenneth was explaining. "What you going to make, Ken, a chemical thing to stop hold-ups?"

"A sternutatory," he answered laconically. "Know any more now than you did before?"

"No," said Edna. And she knew from the tone of his voice that she could get no more information, so she forbore to ask.

The next day, at the bank, Kenneth started practising on a new sleight-of-hand trick, which he purposed adding to his accomplishments. He called it the disappearing-bottle trick. For a day or two, he practised with an empty bottle, about a quarter of an inch in diameter and an inch high. After that, a close observer would have seen that the bottle was filled with a fine white powder.

Every morning, as soon as Kenneth went into his cage, he would stuff small wads of cotton up each of his nostrils and put his little bottle of white powder where he could reach it at a tenth of a moment's notice.

Whenever a stranger came into the bank, he would seize his little bottle and palm it, so that, in handling checks or money, the customer would not suspect that he had it.

After several weeks of this performance, Mr. Snow noticed what he was doing and asked him about it.

"What 's that little bottle you grab every time a stranger comes in? Nitroglycerine or some of those other new high-power explosives?"

"No," said Kenneth, "this is a sternutatory."

"A stern what?"

"Never mind," answered Kenneth, "I 've got customers and no time to teach you today."

In spite of the little that was said about it by Kenneth himself, his sternutatory was noised about town, and those who had business in the bank never failed to "josh" him about it. Those who had no business, made some, in order to have some fun at the young teller's expense, pretending to believe it was an explosive, warning him not to drop it, and wondering what would be left of the bank if he did. He was not betrayed into giving up his little scheme, however, and bided his time, while keeping his sternutatory handy and his hand deft at the disappearing-bottle trick.

Strangers came and strangers went, and not one of them had yet "pulled a gun" on Kenneth or Snow and ordered them to put up their hands and give up the cash. Almost every one but Kenneth had forgotten there were such things as hold-ups.

There were times in the week and certain hours of certain days when there would be no customers in the bank for half an hour at a time. These were the half-hours that Kenneth devoted to practising his new trick and keeping particularly alert as to those who came in, for he had it figured out that it was the slack hours and not the busy hours that a bank burglar would pick to do his work. He knew who was coming in as soon as they put their foot on the bank step outside the revolving door.

On one of these certain days and during one of these certain slack hours a nicely dressed, dapper-looking stranger walked into the bank. He asked for Mr. Sanborn, which was nothing unusual for a nicely dressed, dapper-looking stranger to do.

Kenneth directed him to the president's private office. He had seized his bottle when the stranger entered the door, just as he did for every stranger that came in. This one asked for Mr. Sanborn, instead of the cash, so Ken was just about to put the bottle down when a rough-looking individual, dressed like a farm-hand, appeared at his wicket. Kenneth was smoothing a ten-dollar bill into the money-drawer.

When he looked up, he was looking into the muzzle of an automatic. At the same instant, the dapper stranger appeared from the door of the president's office, that opened into the space behind the partition, and covered Snow. Both bank employees stretched their arms above their heads, without being asked.

"Give us the cash," growled the ugly one in front of Kenneth.

"Not so fast, Frosty," said the dapper one. "Make him let you inside. We 'll clean out the vault, too. Make it snappy," he went on; "we may have to leave here in five minutes or so. Have to catch a train," he added facetiously.

Kenneth opened the door in the wood-and-glass partition that divided the working part of the bank from the lobby. Frosty walked in.

"Here comes some one, guv'nor," he whispered suddenly. Immediately they ducked under a table, but kept the bank employees covered with their revolvers.

"You attend to the customer," Dapper motioned to Kenneth. "You go and open the vault," he whispered to Snow. Then he turned back to Kenneth. "No funny business, young fellow; a hint of suspicion to that guy, and you know what 'll happen!"

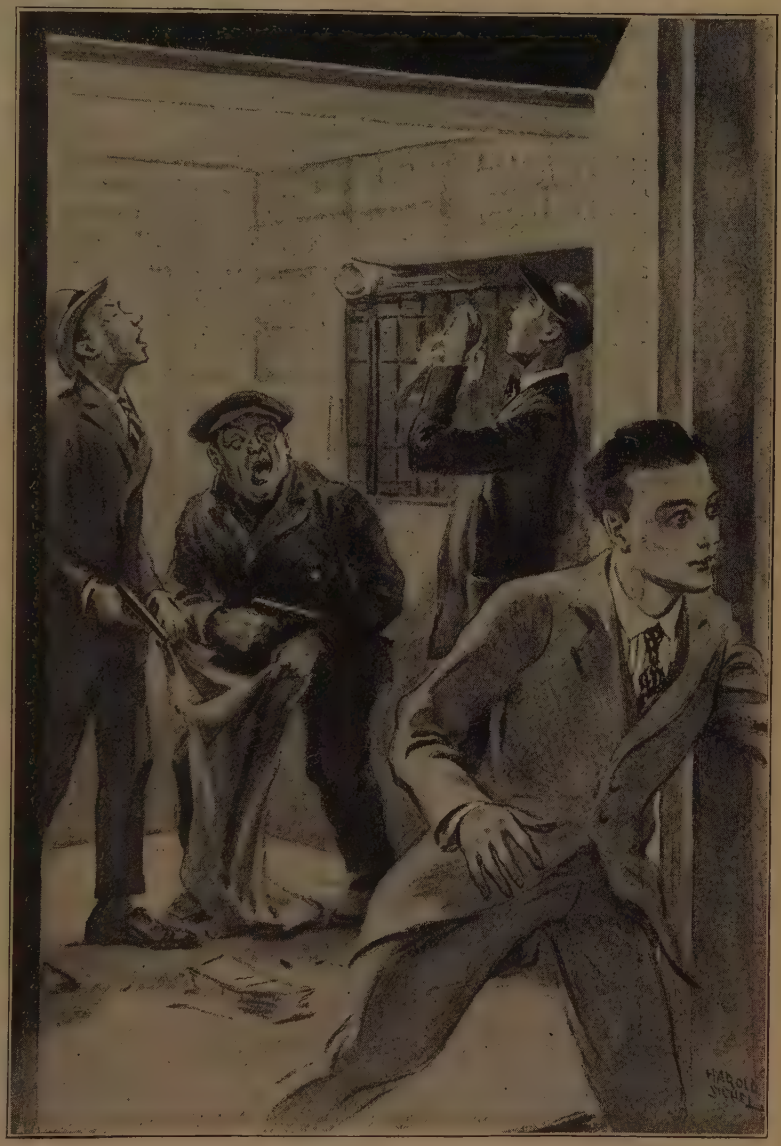
As Kenneth went into his cage, the dapper one followed, and was under the counter when the customer approached. As soon as he 'd gone, Dapper began issuing crisp orders again.

"Into the vault. Never mind the junk here. Leave it for looks."

Into the vault they all hustled, and Kenneth and Snow, under orders, began to haul down stacks of banknotes. Kenneth had been watching his chance to use the trick that he had been planning for weeks and weeks. As Dapper and Frosty bent their heads together over a bag that Dapper had drawn out from under his coat, Kenneth saw his chance. The hold-ups each had a hand holding the bag open, their free hands covering himself and Snow with their weapons.

"Whew! this is dusty!" he exclaimed suddenly, and brought a bundle of twenty-dollar bills smartly down on the palm of his hand, as if to free it from dust. Just before it struck, he slipped his two middle fingers from in front of a small bottle, filled with white powder, to behind the same bottle by doubling the fingers and slipping them under. When the twenties struck, the bottle broke and the white powder was scattered in the faces of Dapper and Frosty.

Very soon thereafter a sort of fixed expression appeared in those same faces; then slowly their heads began to go back and their mouths to open. Kenneth gazed, fascinated at the success of his chemistry. He also noted with horror that Snow was developing the same symptoms. He made frantic eye-signals to Snow to fight the feeling, but it was of no use. As the eyes of the three closed simultaneously, Kenneth made



"KENNETH MADE A JUMP FOR THE DOOR OF THE VAULT"

a jump for the door of the vault, and just as he started it swinging shut—

"*A-cho-o-o! Katcho-o-o! Etcho-o-o!*" went the trio inside. Kenneth slammed the door home and gave the combination-knob a twist. He ran as hard as he could to the back office to telephone for the police, but found the wires cut and Mr. Sanborn bound and gagged in his swivel chair.

"They 're in the vault!" he shouted to Mr. Sanborn; "no time to lose; Snow 's in there too," and bolted for the front door, leaving the president to make what he could of the fact that his bookkeeper was in the vault with an unknown number of robbers.

Kenneth almost bowled over the constable, who was trying to enter the bank.

"Bank robbers in vault—bookkeeper too!" he yelled, seizing the constable and whirling him through the door and out into the street. "Get men and guns quick or they 'll die!"

"Let 'em," said the constable.

"You don't want Snow to die, do you? That vault is full of sternutatory!"

"Glory be! That stuff!" yelled the constable; and with that they both ran.

A posse was soon collected, Mr. Sanborn released, and the situation explained to him.

With fourteen assorted guns pointed at the vault door, it was opened.

"*Atcho-o-o! Katcho-o-o! Etcho-o-o!*" was all the waiting posse could hear from the trio inside. Bookkeeper and bandits were leaning on each other's shoulders, sneezing as if the sole aim in life for each was to outsneeze the other. They were easily separated, and the bandits handcuffed.

"What happened?" was the question on every lip.

"Guess Kenneth knows better 'n anybody else," said Snow, between sneezes; "he knew how to get out of it."

"Sternutatory," said Kenneth.

"Oh! Sternutatory!" said all, and looked as mystified as ever, till some one spoke up with: "And what is that?"

"Another name for it is sneezing-powder," said Kenneth. "I had it in my little bottle, palmed so that these birds could n't see it. I knocked the dust out of a bundle of bills that gets dusted every day. It scattered the sneezing-powder, all right. I gave Mr. Snow the high sign, but he did n't catch on. I had cotton in my nose, so I did n't have to sneeze. The others got so busy that I don't believe they noticed when I left. I figured I could get away with this stunt that day I noticed Mr. Bennett sneeze, he took so long to begin to commence to get ready to get started!"

'WAY down in earth, where none can see,
There live two grown-up woodchucks,
With babies whom they teach to be
Not only wise, but good, chucks.

Their house is warm and weather-proof
With clay above and under;
And when I romp across the roof
I 'm sure they think it 's thunder.

"TO MEET A NEW FACE"

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Author of "Cinderella's Granddaughter," "The Camerons of Highboro," etc.

ALL Fairwood was stirred by the accident. The Shermans were Fairwood's best. Nan Sherman was its pride, the prettiest girl in Fairwood. And Fairwood was not short of pretty girls.

And now? Nobody knew anything authoritative. The doctor would n't talk—doctors seldom do. But rumor was busy. Rumor had it that Nan's beauty was ruined.

"Her face—a perfectly frightful cut!" reported Bess Armitage. "A girl's face!"

"Her brother Bob was driving, was n't he?" Tessie Wales cut in. "He must feel terribly about it."

"Dreadfully!" Madge Jones volunteered. "And not a scratch on him. Bob will always remember, of course, that he had the wheel when it happened."

"They came out better in the other car," said Bess; "a broken collar-bone and some cuts and bruises."

"Bob looks like a ghost." Tessie was thoughtful.

"A cut on a boy's face would n't have made so much difference," remarked Madge.

"Maybe that 's what Bob thinks," Bess interposed. "I heard he said he 'd give anything to change places with Nan."

"Had you heard that there is n't a word of truth in these stories about Nan's face?" Mary Howe spoke.

"That 's what they 'd say, of course," retorted Bess. "But do you notice that nobody 's seen her?"

"That does n't prove anything, Bess. She 's been too sick to see people."

"Grant you that, Mary. But I tell you they don't *want* to let people see her." Bess's face was set in serious lines. "Why, girls, just stop and think for a minute what it means, if you 've always been pretty, to wake up suddenly and find you 're not!" Bess knew what it was to be pretty.

The group of girls exchanged horrified, pitying glances. Some of them had envied Nan Sherman in the old days; none of them envied her now.

"Don't!" cried Tessie, sharply. "I can't bear to think of it. Oh, it 's too dreadful!"

Most of the girls were silent. Their emotions were too big for their vocabularies.

"What do you suppose Nan will do, when she gets well, if it *is* so?" Grace ventured.

"I know what *I 'd* do," Bess answered. "I 'd go away, shrouded in veils, to some place where nobody knew me. That 's what I 'd do."

"It would be dreadful to live on where you 'd been pretty," asserted Mary, "and have all the people, who had admired you, sorry for you. But somehow I don't see Nan doing that. Nan 's got too much spirit."

"She was the jolliest girl!"

"What good times we have had at that house!"

"Things were always lively where Nan was."

"Girls, you 're talking as though Nan were dead!" cried Mary.

"She might as well be," retorted Bess, "for all the fun she 'll have now, as far as I can see."

Grace Leonard turned away suddenly and began to cry. "It 's too terrible!"

"I 'm not going to believe it 's as bad as all that," said Mary, stoutly.

"But if it *is* true, what then?" demanded Madge. "There would n't be so much talk without something real to start it."

So, pro and con, Fairwood, old and young, argued. Nobody knew; but hearts were heavy. Tragedy, with dark wing, had touched its brightest—the shadow sobered them. Such things, Fairwood felt, ought not to be.

Up on the hill in the big Sherman house they knew too surely. Uncertainty would have held out hope. But the doctors' verdict offered no loophole of escape.

"There will always be a scar."

"Disfiguring?" Nan's mother put the question with stiff lips.

"My dear lady, no scar can be called beautiful. It will show less with the passage of time. Just at present, it looks rather worse than it will in five years. But neither five years nor fifty will efface it."

The doctors bowed themselves out.

"At least," said Nan's mother, "we have kept our Nan."

Nan's father kissed his wife. "For that we can not be too thankful."

But Bob Sherman went out and tramped

the hills; and when he had tired his body out, threw it face down under a tree.

"If only it could have been I!" the boy mourned.

Nobody told Nan. But when she had regained consciousness from the illness that followed the smash-up, she had noted in due time two significant facts: her head was done up in bandages that crossed her cheek, and the mirrors were all gone from her room. The juxtaposition of these two facts told Nan something—the look in people's eyes told her more. Deliberately, the girl postponed certainty till she grew stronger. She might need all her force to cope with it. A curious dread filled her heart.

After the doctor had taken out the stitches from her cheek, Nan demanded a mirror. She chose a moment when none of her family were in the room and made her request of the nurse.

"Now bring me a hand-glass, Miss Phelps, please."

The nurse hesitated.

"What are you afraid of?"

Miss Phelps brought the mirror.

Nan Sherman lifted it steadily, surveyed herself a moment, and, as quietly, put it down. A sensation of utter desolation filled her heart.

"It 's not so bad, really!" Miss Phelps was fussing with things on Nan's dressing-table. "It will fade out a good deal, of course."

"I suppose so. Would you mind leaving me a few minutes, Miss Phelps? No, don't send Mother. I am quite all right."

The closing of the door gave relief. To have to face your own tragedy under surveillance was too much. Deliberately the girl lifted the glass again, though now her fingers trembled. Against hope, she longed to find that the mirror had been bewitched, snared by black magic. Again the glass threw back, into her horrified gaze, the scar. Long Nan looked, staring the thing in the face—red, ugly, gashing the velvet fairness of her cheek. When at last she put down the glass, Nan Sherman felt she was done with mirrors for life. However she might use them thereafter, she could find no pleasure in them.

When Bob came into the house that night with a handful of fringed gentians for Nan, the gentians he and his sister had in previous years sought out together, his mother called him.

"Nan knows, dear," she said.

"What 'd she say?"

"She has n't spoken of it."

Bob went on with his gentians, his feet lagging.

"Oh, gentians!" smiled Nan. "That was jolly of you. Are there many this year?"

"Quite a lot." Bob could n't keep his eyes off that flaming scar. "Nan," he burst out, "I—I wish I 'd died first."

"Nonsense," said Nan; "it was n't your fault."

"I was at the wheel."

"You were n't careless, were you?"

"No," said the boy, honestly. "I was driving just as usual. But, all the same, it *was* I who was driving. I 'll never forget that." His voice was low and rough, choppy with strong feeling.

Nan turned her eyes away. "You must n't feel that way. They 're lovely gentians."

But Nan was n't really thinking of the gentians. An idea had entered her head. Bob was going to take this too hard if she did n't take care. His face, even more than his words, had told her how he felt. The knowledge pierced the girl's misery like a call for action. She had to look out for Bob, had n't she? And yet what could she do about it?

Nan's father dropped in before the nurse settled her patient for the night. "Anything you want, my girl," he said, just before he left her, "you shall have if I can manage it. What do you say to going away for a bit?"

"I 'll think of it."

"Might get well faster, you know."

"So I might."

Nan's brain was saying, "Wherever I went, I 'd have to take my face with me." But she did n't speak the words.

Something in her father's look coupled itself with that self-reproach in Bob's. Something in all their faces, Father's, Mother's, the nurse's, the servants', as the household came and went around her, linked together in the girl's mind to spell calamity. Everybody was sorry for her, even the strange nurse. That red scar was a tragedy, an irreparable calamity. That was what their looks said. Nan, thinking the thing out in the night, saw it clearly. Something was over—beauty, and all that beauty meant to a girl. The loss of it was shadowing the household with an agony of sympathy. That was right, of course, to be sorry, but—

She had always been happy. Had she got to stop being happy because this irreparable thing had befallen her? The house-

hold were all going to take their cue from her—that, too, Nan saw clearly. Her disfigurement would mean to them what it meant to her, as much or as little. Being brave could n't help matters radically—not complaining. Courage only covered up how you really felt. Bob would still know he had been at the wheel when her life was spoiled, however little she said about it. There must be something she could do besides refrain from complaint, something more active, more vigorous, more effective.

And she did shrink from seeing the girls. She could n't help hating to show them her ruined face. But she must show it, if she stayed here in Fairwood to get well—or else turn hermit. Nan's instincts were not toward seclusion. It would be easier to face strangers than people who knew how pretty you once were.

"Father," said Nan, a letter in her hand, "Cousin Molly has invited me to Green Acres, and I think I 'd like to go, if you don't mind."

So, after all, Nan Sherman went away, swathed in veils. A motor took her to the junction, and no one in Fairwood saw her face.

"DELIBERATELY THE GIRL LIFTED THE GLASS AGAIN, THOUGH NOW HER FINGERS TREMBLED"

"It 's just as I said!" announced Bess Armitage. "They say, of course, she 's just gone away to get well; but mark my words, she 'll never come back. I am quite sure *I* would n't."

Nan Sherman went away in September. Toward the end of November she came back. She blew in on the heels of a miniature blizzard that swept the streets of Fairwood nearly clear of pedestrians and held the attention of such as there were strictly to their own affairs.

Before she came, Nan had written Bob at his "prep" school: "Why not bring some boys home for Thanksgiving? We 'll have a dance and one thing and another. Mother is sure to let us. How about Phil Hayward and one or two other chaps? I 'll beat you home by a day or two and get the plans made."

Bob, reading the letter, did n't know how Nan's pen had shrunk from writing Phil Hayward's name. Phil had come home with Bob once before and had thought Bob's sister pretty. And Phil was so—likable. "No use putting it off," Nan had thought, driving her pen through the name; "I 'd just have it to dread longer. No, I 'll get the worst over first."

Bob, reading, muttered, "I say, but Nan 's plucky!" Then he raised his voice, "Hi there, Phil! How about coming home with me for Thanksgiving? Nan says there are going to be doings."

"Nan? She 's on the job again, is she? Sure, I 'll come."

"Seems to be on the job," said Nan's brother.

"All O. K.?"

"Well as can be." Briefly a shadow touched the boy's face. "Why could n't it have been me, Phil? A dozen scars would n't hurt me any. But a girl—it 's mighty hard luck!"

Phil Hayward, remembering Nan's satin cheek, vowed that it was hard luck. Nan had been the prettiest girl of his acquaintance—jolly too. He had liked her a lot. Now—well, he wondered how much the scar showed. Phil liked girls pretty.

Nan had more trouble with Mother than with Bob. Mother demurred when the girl broached her plan. "Are you sure you can carry it through, dear?"

"I think so. I 've thought a good deal, Mother. It 's the easiest way to have a party and get the thing over, bang! at one fell swoop. They 're going to take it more or less at my valuation, you know." She touched her cheek lightly. "Don't forget that. If *I* act as though I thought I was queered for life, why, I shall be. If I just ignore it, they 'll all be thinking and not daring to speak. But if I treat it straightforwardly as a new fact about me, they 'll take it as that. It 's things you can't speak of that you don't get over."

"The child 's right," said Nan's father, putting down his paper. "Good for you, Nan."

"You 're such a heroine, dear," Nan's mother kissed her daughter tearfully.

"I 'm not. You must n't make anything like that out of my party. It 's self-preservation." Nan's tone was light.

The next morning she called up the girls. "It 's Nan, Bess. I 'm so glad to be back. Can you come to a dance to-morrow night? Bob's going to bring some boys home. The dance is to meet my new face, you know—thought I 'd have a party to introduce it."

"Thanksgiving eve, Madge—to meet my new face. Anything is a good-enough excuse for a party. I 'm crazy to see you all. It seems so long since last summer."

Tirelessly Nan went through the list. Her gesture might be a little dramatic, but better be dramatic than stodgy. The party was her confession of faith in the possibility of gaiety remaining even to a girl with a scarred cheek.

The responses betrayed the amazement of the girls. They could n't hide the fact that what she was doing seemed to them extraordinary. But only Mary Howe let her feeling slip into words.

"Nan," said Mary, "you splendid thing! I 've been counting on you."

"Now I wonder what she meant by that," thought Nan, looking up Tessie's telephone number.

It was n't the easiest thing in the world to do what Nan did. Nobody, not even Mother, knew how the girl's heart quailed, how at moments her hope sank. But a steady purpose drove her, and the purpose was not all for herself.

"Plenty of girls who are n't pretty have a good time," she told herself. "I 've been pretty seventeen years and now I 'm not. That 's why everybody is so cut up. If I 'd just been born not pretty, they 'd think nothing about it. My scar is a fact, which I don't like, but I 've got it. The question is how am I going to carry it off. And of course, having a good time is a matter of where you put your attention. If I put mine all on my scar, everybody else is going to put it there too. But if I just take that for granted, and get used to it, oh, *won't* they come to take it for granted too?"

Before she came home Nan had thought they would. Now she was here, she was n't so sure.

The party was harder than Nan had thought. It had been hard, before the party, when Bob and his friends arrived, to meet smilingly that flash of dismay in Phil Hay-

"'NAN 'S SUCH FUN AND SO SPLENDID WE DON'T CARE A BIT IF SHE *HAS* A SCAR'"

ward's face. Phil, though he had known about the scar, could n't quite keep his expression from changing at sight of its actuality. And the other boys had seen Nan's picture. The scar undeniably at first made a difference.

It was harder, with this knowledge in her heart, to go on to the party in quite the spirit Nan had planned. "But I won't give up before the game 's started," the girl said stoutly, and dressed with a despatch that had never been hers in the days when it had seemed worth while to dawdle and prink. Now she made herself look as well as possible and let it go at that.

There never had been such a party in Fairwood. All light and shimmer and gaiety on the surface, and beneath, a heart-breaking difference. Nan and her mother received their guests in front of a blazing log, and Nan's talk was as warm and sparkling as the fire. Genuine feeling ran through her light words; bravado was absent. Could she make them understand?

"Oh, girls," grasping a hand of Madge and Tessie, "it 's just dear of you to come! I thought we 'd better have a party right away and get it over. Then everybody 'd know all there is to know. You 'll help me, won't you? I want this to be the jolliest party we have ever had in this house."

"Are n't you too pretty for words, Bess!" kissing her. "Don't think what I 'm doing is *too* queer. I don't mean it so. And help me make it go off well, won't you? You can do such a lot. I 'm counting on you."

"Just the same, I think it *is* queer," sighed Bess, to the other girls. "But I won't cry a tear, though I could turn into a regular geyser. Oh, is n't that scar terrible!"

"I was thinking it is not so bad as I had feared," said Mary Howe.

"Depends on what you call bad," retorted Bess.

"You don't have to look at it—look at her eyes!" said Mary.

"I can't help seeing it wherever I look. Now dance, girls, *dance*, for all there is in you. This party is going off with a great big bang."

It is to be doubted if the party, begun with such resolute gaiety, would have been a success had it ended on the same note of determination. The fact was that in the course of the evening the labored purpose dropped out of it. The genuine feeling in Nan's appeal to the girls had started something, a warmth and friendliness and high-hearted generosity that had much to do with this disappearance. Nan, beginning her evening with courage, ended it with real enjoyment. For the night proved that it was possible, both for Nan and her guests, to forget about the marred face. A kindliness that does not always rule the relations between pretty girls at a dance here held undisturbed. The boys, out of courtesy and good-heartedness, crowded to dance with Nan, and returned again and again because she was so jolly and friendly and "game."

"That scar is n't so bad," they said, when the dance was over.

"You mean," explained Mary Howe to one of them who expressed this opinion, "that Nan 's such fun and so splendid we don't care a bit if she *has* a scar."

"She gives a chap something else to think of besides her looks," returned the boy. "That girl 's game."

"YOU 'RE the pluckiest thing going!" Phil Hayward told his friend's sister as she turned from speeding the last guest.

"I?"

"Yes, you—to-night."

Nan Sherman lifted a glowing face, across whose right cheek struck that livid scar. "But I 've had a good time!" she explained frankly. "To tell you the truth, it was an experiment—the good time, I mean. Here at home, with everybody I 've grown up with, I did n't know whether I could or not. And I did! So you see," she laughed, "it 's no credit to me."

"I don't know about that," said Phil; "but I *do* know one thing—there 's a chap that 's grown six months younger in one night." He nodded at Bob. "You don't know how that fellow 's felt about this."

"Don't I?"

He glanced at her quickly. "I say, was that what you did it for?"

"Not entirely—but it helped. I had to prove to Bob, too, had n't I, that a scar does n't make such a difference?"

"It does n't," said the boy, "if you don't let it. You 've proved that, all right, to a lot of us. Will you do eights with me to-morrow when we go to the pond? You look as though you could do eights."

"I can," said Nan Sherman. "I 'll love to."

THE TERROR OF THE RANGE

By CLAUDE T. BARNES

SUDDENLY the still night air was pierced by a weird howl. "*Yip, yip, yip, hoo-oo-oo!*" it sounded; then silence; then, "*Yip, yip, yip, hoo-oo-oo!*" forlorn as before. After a time there came a series of yaps, cries, yelps, and howls, somewhat musical despite its jabber, yet mixed and incoherent.

James Randall, a youth of seventeen, grasped a rifle and with tense muscles stepped quickly to the door of the sheep-wagon and gazed apprehensively into the desert. For several rods, all about him, hundreds of sheep slept quietly, their woolly backs appearing white and refulgent in the soft serenity of the moonlight. The two shepherd-dogs barked defiance at the direction of the dismal howls; but finally, with low growls, they again curled beneath the wagon. Once more, excepting the occasional cough of some old sheep, the night was silent.

James listened intently, trembling partly from cold and partly from fear; and then, after lighting the lantern, lay fully dressed on the bed at the rear of the wagon. He knew the howl of a coyote, when he heard it, and even the varied sounds that a single animal could utter—barkings and howlings that would lead the uninitiated to believe himself beset by a pack of prairie-wolves; but he was troubled by the want of confidence one sometimes feels when alone in the wilds.

Before we proceed further, however, with the chronicle of his adventures, we must first explain the reason for his being thus alone in the vast, forbidding Western desert.

It is customary among the sheep-owners of northern Utah and western Wyoming to winter their flocks in that weary waste southwest of Great Salt Lake. Deep snow, followed by a blizzard, will sometimes exterminate a herd of fifteen hundred sheep in a single night; for, unlike the buffalo and most wild animals, a sheep will at such times drift helplessly with the wind rather than fight its way out toward it. To avoid this destructiveness of the higher ranges, the flock-masters, therefore, drive their herds into the desert, where usually enough snow falls for drinking-water, and the tender shoots of the white sage furnish a sufficient forage. Thus, each autumn, thousands and thousands of sheep are driven from the mountains, down through the outskirts of Salt Lake City, along the Lincoln Highway, past the Great Salt Lake, and into the broad, free range of the sage-covered waste land.

Sheep are herded in bands containing from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred individuals, each herd being under the care of two men—one to watch them, keep them on good forage, and ward off coyotes, the other to cook, move the camp-wagon when necessary, and tend the horses. Even at night the herder must be vigilant; and indeed, so clever does an expert become that he is awakened by any extraordinary tinkling of the bells.

Often a herder and his camp-tender are thus alone for six months at a time, without

seeing any other human beings. They usually have plenty of canned fruits and meats and, of course, a supply of fresh, choice mutton. They have few books, but these they read assiduously; indeed, many a sheep-herder has read the Bible from cover to cover as many as ten times, and can quote scripture with the facility of a preacher. As they receive nearly a hundred dollars a month each and have no expenses, they save enough, if they do not squander their earnings when they reach a city, to own a small herd in a few years; and many of the largest flock-masters of the West thus got their start in life.

James Randall's father had himself herded sheep, and through his thriftiness had at last acquired a herd of his own. The time of which we speak was the winter of 1919–20, when the influenza epidemic was at its worst. It was a strange characteristic of this ruthless disease that there was no refuge from it; the very air seemed permeated with its virulent bacilli; and farmers on isolated ranches were as liable to be stricken as was the city dweller.

Nearly all of the Randall family except James were ill with the disease, when the startling word came that Mr. Randall's camp-tender was bringing the sick herder into the city, and that the man himself was too ill to return to the flock. Help could not be procured anywhere; and James, without hesitation, volunteered to go alone the hundred miles into the desert to care for the sheep until help arrived. He was acquainted in a general way with the duties he would have to perform; yet nothing but an emergency such as this could have induced his parents to let him go alone.

The incident described at the opening of our story occurred during his first night in camp. The directions had been so carefully given him, and ranchers along the way had lent such kindly assistance, that he had encountered few difficulties in reaching the flock, though he might have got lost even then if a camp-tender of another herd had not volunteered to ride with him to within about five miles of the camp-wagon.

The two dogs, who had been compelled to remain behind, had greeted him clamorously, for he knew their names, and they evidently were tired of herding sheep alone. He found the sheep in three bunches: one close by the wagon; another half a mile away, and a third, comprising the big, strong sheep, nearly two miles from camp. If the snow is deep, sheep like to go to the same bedding-ground at night, because there the snow melts away; and, if forage is plentiful, they may safely be left alone for a week. If no snow lies on the ground and feeding is poor, they might, at the end of such a period, be in several bunches, some of them as far as thirty miles away. Fortunately for Mr. Randall, a light snow lay on the ground, white sage was plentiful, and the sheep had apparently not chosen a new bedding-ground.

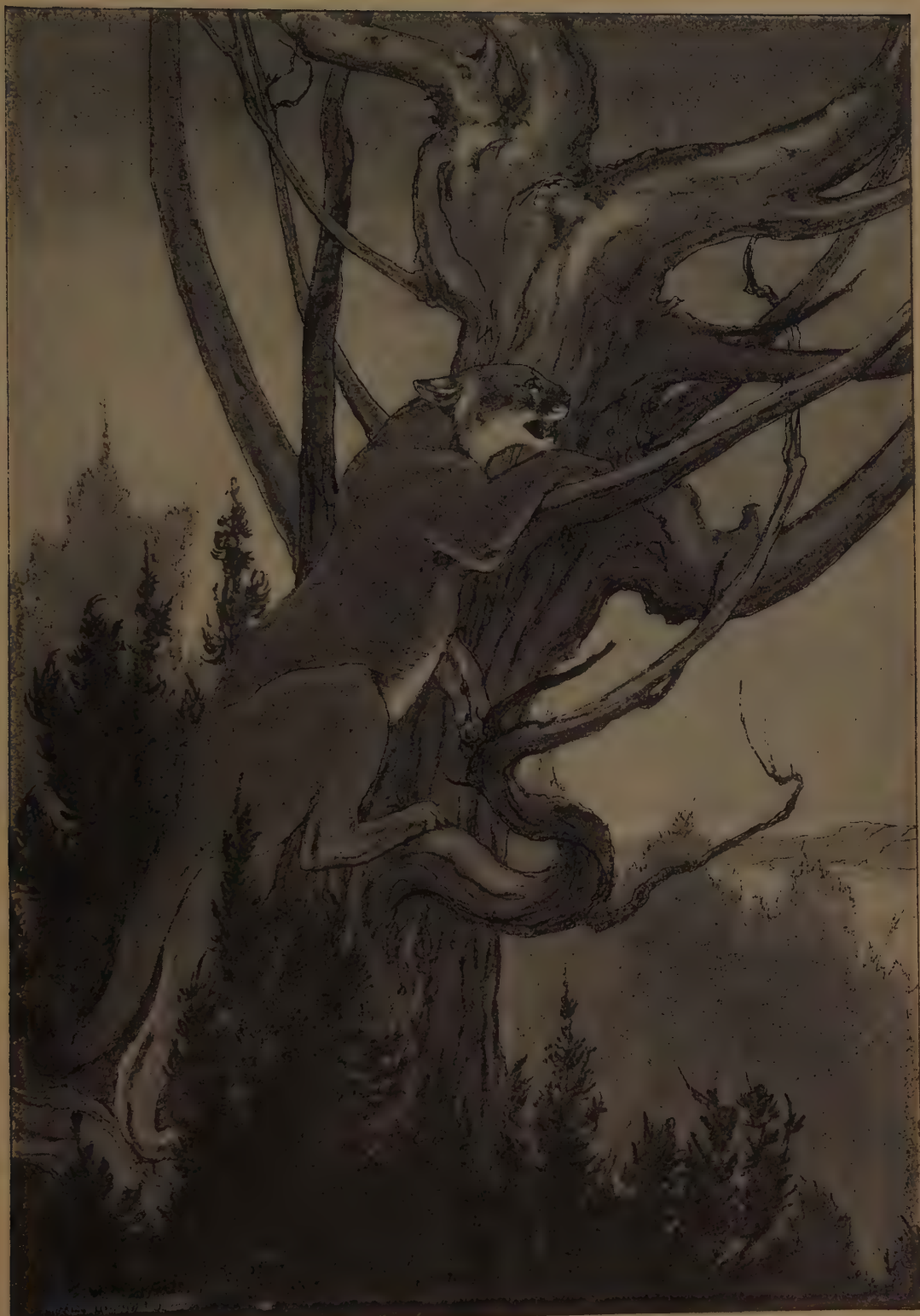
James had found the wagon well stocked with canned goods, bacon, evaporated fruits, beans, rice, flour, and mutton, and had soon chopped enough sage stocks for a comfortable fire in the stove. He had hobbled his horse and made a cursory count of the sheep.

One thing had pleased and reassured him —inside the wagon, stuck between the bows and the canvas top, was a 25-30 rifle, and a twelve-gage double-barreled shotgun, while on a nail was hung a double-action 32-20 revolver. A dozen boxes of cartridges and shells were stacked on a shelf. This equipment had given him courage; for he prided himself on his ability to handle either the shotgun or the rifle, though he had not fired a revolver more than three or four times.

As he lay listening for the howls of the coyote he was filled with anxiety. What if those of his family who were sick should grow worse? What if he should come down with influenza? What if no help should arrive for several weeks? These apprehensions were enough to shake the stoutest heart. Yet, if the sheep-bells were quiet and the dogs did not bark, all must be well. Through the long night he tossed restlessly, now arguing himself into a doze, then awakening with a start, until at last daylight appeared.

In most well-regulated sheep-herds the larger bells are usually hung on the strongest wethers, as they walk faster, ramble farther, and move first in the morning, while the smaller bells are placed on the "dogies," or "drags," as the old, small, or weak sheep are called.

James was preparing breakfast, when he heard the steady ring of the larger bells and realized that already the leaders were walking out to the feeding-range. He had been told that in the herd there should be nineteen bells and twenty-seven "blacks"; so he hastened forth and, as the sheep passed him, discovered that all were there.



"THE LION LANDED TWELVE FEET UP AMONG THE BRANCHES" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

As the sheep were headed toward a distant knoll, and evidently needed a new range, he hitched the horses to the wagon and moved it a distance of two miles in the direction the sheep were going.

Though the country in the western part of Utah is called the desert among the sheepmen, it is really only the northern fringe of that weary stretch of land known as the American Desert. Here the plain was covered with sage-brush, greasewood, cacti, rabbit-brush, and salt-grass; while on the knoll a grove of junipers suggested a village.

A few miles south of him a band of antelopes flashed by in the bright sunlight, the few remaining of millions of such animals that once swarmed over all the Western plains. Jack-rabbits loped easily out of his way; and a cottontail occasionally scurried up a gully at his approach. Turkey-buzzards wheeled high in the blue above him, and ravens croaked as they flew by.

Some time after dinner he noticed that one of the horses was grazing up into the juniper grove on the knoll and he decided to fetch it back. He did not call the sheep-dogs, dozing beneath the wagon, but struck off alone toward the hill.

The junipers, or Utah red cedars, as they are locally called, grow to a height of about twenty feet and have trunks a foot or two in diameter. As James approached them he was impressed with their homelike appearance, as if they were orchards, and as if there might be cottages resting snugly among them. He had no thought of danger, so was unarmed and wholly unprepared for the experience that awaited him.

He finally reached the trees, passed several of them, and was within about ten steps of an exceptionally large one when his eyes fell on a sight that instantly brought him to a stop and froze his blood with terror. There before him on the ground at a distance of about eight steps from the tree, crouched, behind a stunted sage, a big mountain-lion, or cougar. Its great eyes glared threateningly and its long yellow tail moved slowly from side to side. The whole attitude of the great animal portended a spring. It crouched so low that its body touched the ground; every muscle was tense; and the evil gleam of its eyes proved that with sinister cunning it had been watching the boy's approach.

James was too terrified to move and he gazed helplessly into the threatening eyes. At every instant he expected the terrible impact of teeth and claws.

A second or two elapsed. Then the great brute raised itself a little on its front feet, the tail twitched, and it launched itself into the air! But, to his great surprise, instead of springing at him, the lion jumped the distance of over twenty feet to the large tree and landed, twelve feet up, among the branches. It settled itself close to the trunk, and glared down at the boy as before.

This extraordinary performance startled James almost as much as the first sight of the animal. It gave him hope and courage; and, therefore, without further hesitation, he began to back slowly away. The cougar's tail twitched more threateningly, but he made no other move. Again the boy retreated—two, three, four steps; and yet nothing occurred. Never for an instant turning his eyes, he backed away twenty steps or more. Soon he reached another juniper, and keeping it between himself and the lion, he moved away more rapidly. At last he reached the edge of the grove. The lion was no longer in sight, and he turned and ran—ran as he had never run before. Hasty backward glances told him that he was not followed; and he finally reached camp exhausted and breathless. He quickly got the rifle and kept the dogs beside him, and throughout the afternoon he watched the groups of cedar apprehensively.

Long before dark he assembled the sheep about the wagon, keeping rifle in hand and ever alert eyes toward the knoll. He had no idea what would happen, and the uncertainty served further to unnerve him.

At bedtime he made up his mind not to undress and to leave the lantern burning. Once he was startled by the sudden, violent ringing of a bell; but as the sound soon subsided and the dogs remained quiet he concluded that it was of no significance. Later, when coyotes howled, the dogs rushed out barking, returned part way, barked again, and at last came back and lay quiet. Sometimes sheep-dogs will thus chase a coyote half a mile; but the moment the dogs turn, the coyote chases them back to camp; they again drive it away; again it runs them back into camp—a game of tag that may be repeated for several hours at a time.

Toward midnight, however, a general calm prevailed; and James began to believe that nothing would happen after all. It must have been nearly two o'clock in the

morning when he was suddenly awakened from the light sleep into which he had fallen.

A scream rent the night air, a scream so loud, hideous, and uncanny that James jumped from the bed, shuddering. It was the most terrifying thing he had ever heard —the rare, but dreadful, cry of the cougar.

The dogs whined and barked; furthermore, they remained at the wagon. To James's great relief, however, nothing more happened for nearly an hour.

A most startling thing then occurred. As the boy described it afterward, he heard no particular sound at the time, except the rush of hundreds of sheep toward the wagon. Immediately thereafter, the dogs began to whine and bark, evincing mingled courage and apprehension.

James stood trembling and did not attempt to open the door. Gradually the dogs barked more boldly, then furiously indeed. Throughout the remainder of the night they continued to bark; yet nothing more occurred.

It was broad daylight when James ventured forth. The sheep had drifted from camp; but there, not fifty yards from the wagon, fourteen sheep lay dead, each one bitten in the back of the head and neck—the victims of the cougar's wantonness.

James was not only sick at heart, but such a wave of anger swept over him at the sight that he determined that this day should put an end to the ravages of the ruthless destroyer.

The footprints of the cougar in the snow were as big as saucers, and alongside of them ran a mark which showed that the lion had carried away a sheep, the feet trailing in the snow.

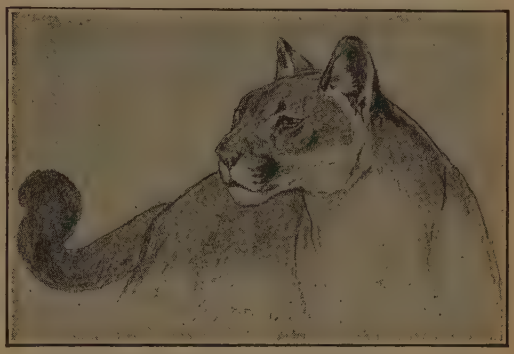
James knew something of the habits of the mountain-lion. He had heard that a little dog, when with a hunter, could chase one ingloriously up a tree. Equipped with a rifle, a revolver, and a long knife,—all the weapons he could think of,—he determined to follow the beast.

The sheep-dogs had none of the hound in them and paid no attention to the trail. They were, however, interested in the fact that their master carried a gun, as a chase of some kind was evidently on the program.

The trail led for half a mile toward the rocky ledge, at the farther end of the knoll. Not once had the cougar stopped to rest, as the marks in the snow clearly showed.

At last James reached a thick bunch of sage close to the base of the ledge, where the cougar had buried his prey under the snow. James uncovered it and saw that only a portion of it had been devoured. As he stood examining the victim, something, he knew not what, caused him to look up at the rocks above him. At first he saw nothing, but an instant later detected the head of the lion looking down at him from behind a boulder.

It is the habit of this animal after a meal



ITS TAIL MOVED SLOWLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE

to seek an eminence of some kind and there doze until night approaches. Whether it had been sleeping or not, James did not know, but there it was and doing its best to escape observation.

With the two dogs beside him, James no longer feared. He deliberately waited until his shaky hands became still; and then, resting his elbow on his knee, took steady aim and fired. The lion bounded several feet into the air, and then came tumbling down the face of the cliff! The dogs charged and barked furiously, but James stood his ground. The lion lay still, but, fearing lest it had only been stunned, he took careful aim and fired again. Soon he was convinced that the lion was dead.

It was a tremendous yellow beast, measuring three steps from the tip of its nose to the tip of its tail.

At the end of the fourth day, the camp-tender arrived with a new herder. James was, therefore, free to return home, and when he arrived there he found that all of his family were recovering. Far and wide the news of his thrilling experience was spread, and dozens of his friends praised his courage. Now, each morning, as he steps out of bed, his feet rest on the great pelt of a mountain-lion, recalling his thrilling experience and its fortunate outcome.

THE VICTOR

By H. CLAY COTTER

"WINGFIELD! Hillock School."

This announcement by the grinning trainman brought forth an immediate response from the majority of the occupants of the lone day-coach. Twenty-four boyish voices in long, drawling unison took up the time-honored tradition:

"Well, well, well, this *is* a surprise! You 're sure there 's no mistake, Jim?" addressing the trainman, grown gray with service.

The station platform was literally crammed with youths. Most of them had bicycles and had evidently ridden from the school to greet this last arriving contingent.

"Hey, Bottles, thought you were going to write this summer!"—"Oh, Bill, I saw Dorothy and she said—"

Apart from this tower of Babel, Arthur Alexander Pierson stood. He was immaculately clad in tweeds, white silk shirt, a tie of orange and blue, heavy tan oxfords, and, in one hand, as the day was warm, he held a brown felt hat. At the present moment he was calmly inhaling the smoke of one of his favorite cigarettes and meditating bitterly upon the fate that had brought him to this "neck of the woods."

"They 're certainly a hot bunch!" was his inward comment, as he watched his rollicking classmates-to-be.

His reflections were interrupted by a light tap on his arm. He glanced up and found himself looking into the eyes of a serious-faced youth of about his own age.

"You had better not smoke here. Mr. Paine, the master, will be around in a moment and it won't create a very good impression for your first day here." The boy spoke quietly, with an engaging smile.

Arthur looked again. Even he could find no fault with the stranger's attire. His closely cropped brown hair was as carefully trimmed as Arthur's own. Brown eyes, that looked straight at you, matched his hair.

"Did n't think they 'd mind as long as I was n't actually at school," muttered Arthur, flinging away his cigarette.

"I am afraid they would," laughed the boy. "Guess it must be the New England conscience we read about."

"Are n't you from New England, then?" drawled Arthur.

"No, Pierson, I 'm not; I 'm all the way from Pasadena."

"Why, how do you know my name?" came the startled inquiry.

"My cousin wrote me you were coming here. He goes to Waverly. Then I recognized you from the picture of the Waverly football team I saw in his year-book."

"Your cousin?"

"Yes. Joe Armstrong. You know him well, I understand. My name is Herbert Armstrong."

"But I don't understand. Why all the way from Pasadena to go to Hillock? And why not Waverly? And—and you 'll pardon me for being so personal, but your dress, your—well you look sort of out of place." Arthur was floundering badly.

"You see," replied Herbert, "my dad used to live in this town when a boy and went to Hillock. And after he married my mother, a Wingfield girl, they moved to Chicago. I was born there. Three years ago Dad retired and we moved to Pasadena. When it came time for me to go to school, there was nothing but Hillock for me. So here I 've been for three years. This is my last. I regret leaving, too. We 're not so stylish as you fellows from Waverly, for most of the boys here are from New England families in moderate circumstances. I 'm the only fellow that comes from west of Philadelphia. But they 're all fine and true blue. Tell me, how did *you* come here?"

"My father decided I was having too good a time at Waverly," said Arthur, glumly, "so he looked over the schools in this section and hit upon Hillock as the place to curb what he calls 'my extravagant habits.'"

The arrival of Mr. Paine, a tall, broad-shouldered young man in his early thirties, interrupted the conversation. Mr. Paine was evidently very popular, for he was immediately surrounded by the old boys and his hand enthusiastically pumped. He made himself known to the new-comers, and Arthur, guided by Herbert, was brought over and presented.

"I 've got a football man for you, Mr. Paine," cried Herbert.

"Indeed, where did you play?" queried the master, as he grasped Arthur's hand.

"I have played two years with Waverly

at half-back," said Arthur, with some pride.

"Well, that 's fine," acknowledged Mr. Paine. "I was hoping you might be an end, however, for we have very good back-field material. Herbert, here, is on one wing. This is his last year with the team and he is its captain. If we could develop another end equally good, our troubles would be about over."

On the ride in the bus to the school, Arthur thought of this last remark of the coach. "They 're going to try and make me play end so that I won't have a chance to shine as half-back," he thought. "Well, we 'll see about *that*."

Arthur was lodged in Number 25 Billings. His room-mate was one Joseph Smith, from a small Maine village. Joseph was apparently as uninteresting as his name. He had but one vice, and this Arthur was to discover that first evening. Arthur had run down to borrow a hammer from Herbert Armstrong, who roomed on the floor below. Returning, he halted outside the door in amazement. From within came sounds. At first Arthur thought an immense bullfrog had concealed itself within the room. Then it seemed that Joseph must be tearing bed-sheets into strips. Then, sounds as if men, imprisoned in the depths of the earth, were hallooing for succor. Waiting no longer, he threw open the door and was confronted by Joseph sitting on the edge of the bed, vainly trying to blow melody into a brand-new saxophone.

"I see you play," said Arthur, with pointed sarcasm.

"No, not yet," replied the musician, solemnly. "I 've always wanted to play one since I heard a fellow at a circus back home. I 've been saving up to get one ever since then, and I bought this only a few days before I left home. Here 's a book that teaches you how to play in thirty lessons."

"'THEY 'RE CERTAINLY A HOT BUNCH,' WAS HIS INWARD COMMENT"

Arthur soon found, when school officially opened the next morning, that, while Hillock's campus might not measure up to the standard of Waverly, her curriculum more than did so. Arthur had expected to enter the fourth or graduating class, but an examination given him proved he must transfer his allegiance to the third.

It was from this examination that Arthur went to the gymnasium, where suits were being given out in preparation for the season's first practice. He was in a surly mood when he presented himself before Herbert and Coach Paine, and his ill humor was not improved when Herbert ordered him to one side of the field with the "awkward squad."

"Let 'em toss the ball around and get used to it," Herbert had said, "and if you see any one that looks promising, let me know."

Arthur did n't see anything promising. His squad of thirty-odd young hopefuls were despairingly lacking in every quality that goes to make up the football player. Time and time again Arthur tossed the ball toward a waiting catcher, only to have it slip through his too eager arms.

"Of all the dummies!" cried Arthur, whose short stock of patience was soon exhausted. "Here, you musical farmer," to his room-mate, who was a candidate, "catch this." He threw the ball with all his strength at Joseph, who misjudging it completely, received the ball squarely upon his freckled nose.

"Don't you think, Pierson, that you might moderate your passes a bit, thus early in the season?"

Arthur turned quickly. Mr. Paine had been standing beside him and had witnessed the incident.

"Why, I—you see," began Arthur.

"No excuses, please," said the coach. "You run up and report to Armstrong. I 'll take charge here."

Sullenly, Arthur joined the group around Herbert.

"We were just saying, Arthur, when you came up, that while we are unusally lucky in having our entire back-field still at school. I am the only veteran left in the line. Our offense will be a kicking and passing one. Now, I believe that from last year's subs a good, bulky, fast, forward line can be produced. What we need is a pair of good ends to catch forwards and to run down under punts. With your ability and experience, you should be versatile enough to learn to play end."

"Well, I 've never played end, but as long as you seem to have everything settled, there does n't seem much left for me to do but agree," growled Arthur.

"Now please don't take that attitude," retorted Herbert, warmly, his brown eyes flashing danger-sparks. "Mell, Jack, Danny, and Pete, here, played all last season, and they understand each other and work very well together."

Arthur said no more, and the day's practice of punting, catching, and throwing went on.

Three weeks of hard, constant drilling on the field went by, and the first contest of the year loomed up. The opponent of Hillock was Walker High School, from a small town near Wingfield. Arthur was now definitely settled at right end. He had accepted his position with much grumbling. His heart was still at Waverly, and at first he had determined not to play. But the love of football was too strong within him, stronger even than his pride, so he buckled down to work and took to his position like the proverbial duck to water. And as the days went on Arthur learned to love the part he played quite as well as that behind the line. Mr. Paine, the coach, had been a brilliant end at Dartmouth, and in Arthur he found the potential material from which to mold a notable end. Already, Arthur far outshone his captain. His running down under punts was superb, and his ability to receive forward passes was uncanny. On the defense, his diagnosis of plays and his savage tackles were incomparable.

However, away from the football-field, his relations with his school-fellows remained much the same. He still held himself aloof, in his cool, patronizing way, entering into none of the cliques which are so common in boarding-school life.

The game with Walker was rather easily won. Arthur contributed one touchdown by scooping up a fumble and racing sixty yards through a broken field for a score. The work of the entire Hillock team was good. Mr. Paine had at first feared that the presence of Arthur would tend to retard team-work, but he found his apprehensions were unfounded. On the field, Arthur was the essence of good spirit and camaraderie.

Enderlin, Locust View, and Harlan were all beaten in as many Saturdays, and visions of a state championship began to dance before the minds of the excited student body. One thing seemed sure, and that was victory over Baisley, the traditional rival. Baisley had managed to squeeze a lucky 7–0 victory from Harlan, while the red-and-white of Hillock had triumphed 28–3. The rival school had already suffered two defeats, and at last it looked as if fortune had smiled upon the

school on the hill, for it was three years since the green of Baisley had been lowered.

And then the blow fell. Andawanna came from Connecticut, confident of victory. Their confidence was justified, for when the smoke of conflict had lifted from the field, Hillock found herself the loser by a score of 20–0.

When events were talked over the only bright spot, from the Hillock viewpoint, was the playing of Joseph Smith, who had substituted for Herbert Armstrong during the last five minutes of the game. The sandy-haired farmer-boy from Maine was literally a whirlwind. He completely outplayed his opponent, and when the game ended he had to be carried almost bodily from the field, still full of dire threats against those "nut-meggers."

Several days after the game, one evening, when supper was finished, Arthur obtained permission to walk to the village to post some important letters. After he had mailed them at the combined general store and post-office, however, an impulse seized him to purchase a packet of cigarettes. He had not smoked since football training had begun, but now he felt that such an indulgence would fill an aching void. He sauntered back slowly toward the school, his hands in his pockets, puffing luxuriously meanwhile. He heard a quick step behind him, and Joseph Smith was trudging along beside him. Arthur made a quick attempt to rid himself of the evidence, which, in most cases, would mean dismissal from the school. Seeing the attempt was useless, he defiantly returned the cigarette to his mouth.

"Well, farmer, here 's where you have caught me with the goods. Now you 'll be able to get even for all the little tricks I 've played upon you."

"What 's biting you?" growled Joseph. "I 'm not a sneak. Go ahead and smoke your head off, for all I care. You 'll feel it more than I, out on the field to-morrow. Don't insinuate that I 'd tell simply because we don't get along together very well."

The two walked on, moodily silent for a time. Arthur had flung away one cigarette and had lighted another. Suddenly the packet, which he was about to return to his pocket, was snatched from his grasp and thrown over an adjoining stone-wall. The cigarette was in a twinkling transferred to Joseph's mouth. There, not three feet away in the darkness, loomed Mr. Paine. They could see his body stiffen as he saw the glowing stump.

"Who 's that smoking?" His voice came like the crack of a whip-lash.

Arthur started to speak, when he felt a warning nudge. Before he could collect his thoughts, Joseph broke out, "It 's I, Joseph Smith, sir."

The master lit a match and peered into the faces of the two boys. "I 'm surprised, Smith," he said coldly. "I was not aware you were addicted to the cigarette habit." He glanced keenly at both. Plainly he suspected Arthur.

"Hand over the rest, please."

"I have no more, Mr. Paine."

"Have you any, Pierson?"

"I—ah—no, sir."

"Empty your pockets, both of you." The master was lighting match after match. The lads obeyed, but nothing of an incriminating nature was found.

"Well, Smith," said the man, slowly, "I am afraid this will mean no football for you. I can ordinarily forgive a student, perhaps, who breaks the rule about smoking, but not one who at the beginning of our training season made a solemn promise not to indulge in it. This might mean your dismissal, but I prefer to say nothing to the headmaster about that. Pierson, no doubt, can remain silent, so my only request is that you find some excuse to hand in your football outfit."

Once in their room, the two stood silently facing each other. "I—I 'm sorry, Joe," murmured Arthur. "I shall go to Paine in the morning and tell him the whole story."

"You 'll do nothing of the sort," retorted Joe, hotly. "Please don't think I saved you from any particular love I had for you. I saw Mr. Paine coming, and there was only one thing to do, and I did that for Hillock, not you. The football team can get along without me, but they could n't very well afford to lose you. So, for the love of mud, don't go and spoil it now. If you could have got along without smoking, we would n't have been in this mix-up." He bounced angrily into bed, leaving Arthur staring wonderingly after him.

When Arthur awoke the next morning, Joseph's biting words still rankled. He had fully intended to report the whole incident to Mr. Paine, but now he found his feelings had changed.

"After all," he argued with himself, "Joe would never have a chance to gain a permanent berth upon the team this year, and as long as Mr. Paine is to say nothing about it, we 'll let it go at that." And so he self-

ishly deprived Joe of a pleasure that had meant a great deal to him, for Joe gave out that his parents objected to football (as, indeed, they had), and, despite Herbert's pleadings, turned in his suit.

The team practised faithfully, but on the following Saturday was again beaten, this time by Troggan School, in a heart-breaking contest. Affairs had taken on a dark hue. Reports from Baisley, brought by loyal scouts, showed conclusively that, if defeat was to be avoided, a decided "brace" must be taken.

And then dawned the day Salsbury was to be encountered. This game was second in importance, and, next to Baisley, the game that Hillock most wanted to win.

Hillock started well, registering a field goal in the first quarter.

In the third period, an unfortunate fumble occurred and Salsbury found herself in possession of the ball on her rival's ten-yard line. A series of line smashes, and Salsbury's scorer was chalking up a big white six.

A minute to play in the final quarter, and Hillock with the ball on the forty-yard line. Like a good general, Burnet took the only chance that remained. Back came the ball, a perfect pass, into his waiting hands. He dropped it quickly, but not hurriedly, his toe caught it on the rebound, and away sailed the ball, straight and true across the bar, in the prettiest and longest drop-kick ever seen upon Hillock field. Hillock had tied the score!

On Monday no practice was held, and Mr. Paine gave the squad a long talk.

"You boys may thank Burnet's toe for your luck," he said. "I must commend you for your stubborn resistance, but defensive playing does not win games. You fellows did not advance the ball more than twenty-five yards all told, by constant sustained rushing. Salsbury made her score in the manner in which scoring in football was originally intended. You have nothing to be proud of save your fighting spirit. But I like that."

The coach's stirring words produced a decided effect upon the boys, and Tuesday found them practising with even greater fervor than before.

Wednesday night, at Hillock, "Lights out" was at ten fifteen. At eleven, some one tapped gently at the door of 25 Billings. Arthur, tired from his exertions upon the field, slept soundly; but Joseph heard, and, arising, opened the door softly. In the dim light of the hall he could discern little Jim Rolley, Herbert Armstrong's room-mate, clad in pajamas, with a bath-robe slung about his shoulders.

"What 's the matter, Jimmy?" whispered Joseph.

"Let me inside—quick!"

Arthur, who had been aroused, listened with Joseph to the boy's story.

Herbert, he said, had been persuaded to go to Bill Elman's room to enjoy a box of good things sent from home. About ten minutes later Jimmy, going to the end of the corridor to get a drink, had seen a gleam of light under the door of "Sissy" Pringle, the most disliked master of the school.

"I heard a man's voice," he went on, "and it was n't Sissy's. It sounded like Mr. Lang's. I could just barely hear them, they spoke so low, but I did hear Sissy say: 'There 's a party going on somewhere upstairs, I 'm sure. Somewhere on your floor, Mr. Lang.'

"Then I heard Mr. Lang's voice, 'Well, we 'll give them a few minutes more and then try every door on that floor.'

"I did n't wait to hear any more. I knew if they caught Herb, it would break his heart. Like as not they would n't let him play against Baisley, and this is his last year, too. What can we do?"

During the boy's hurried recital, Arthur had slipped on his dressing-gown and had thrust his feet into noiseless bed-slippers.

"I 'm going to warn them," he announced. "Jim, you go back to your room and keep mum. Joe, you get back into bed."

"Arthur, I 'll go," cried Joseph, softly. "If you are caught, you won't be able to play, either."

"Joe, I 'm going to apologize to-morrow," said Arthur, feelingly. "You are a real man, clear through. When you took upon yourself the blame for my smoking that night and spoke of my being lost to the team, candidly, I thought you were indulging in mock heroics. I can see now that I was wrong, and I am just beginning to realize what a heartless, conceited cad I 've been."

It was not till after he had gone, that Joseph gave a start of surprise. "Why, he 's taken my saxophone with him!"

Bill Elman's room was number 32 on the third floor. When Arthur arrived at its portal, clutching Joseph's saxophone under his arm, not the tiniest gleam of light was to be seen. But he could hear guarded

"ARTHUR HAD EXPECTED TO ENTER THE GRADUATING CLASS, BUT AN EXAMINATION PROVED HE MUST TRANSFER TO THE THIRD" (SEE PAGE 57)

laughter and a faint clink from within. He tapped lightly upon the door.

"Bill, Bill, it 's I, Arthur Pierson."

"What 's up?" came a whisper.

"Is Herbert Armstrong there? Get out all of you. Sissy and Mr. Lang are on the war-path. They 'll be here any minute."

Some one switched off the light, the door finally opened, and he was confronted by five anxious faces.

"Hurry up now. Bill, you and your room-mate hop into bed. They 'll—"

Already Arthur knew it was too late. He heard the warning creak of the distant stair as the two masters ascended. He grasped Herbert roughly by the arm.

"You and the two others hide around the bend of the corridor. When you see Sissy and Lang go into the bath-room at the end of the hall, scoot downstairs to your room. I 'll take care of myself." He ran swiftly and noiselessly to the other end of the long hall and vanished within the bath-room.

Trembling with excitement, the three did as they were bid. They were not a moment too soon, for the two masters appeared at the head of the stairs, their ears cocked warily for the slightest sound that might indicate that a party was in progress. They had not long to wait, for from the farther end of the dimly lit corridor came the wavering notes of a saxophone. As the sounds came from the bath-room, the instructors dashed toward its half-opened door.

Arthur sat on the edge of the bath-tub, his lips compressed and cheeks bulging as he tried to blow into the instrument. His position was ludicrous in the extreme, and Mr. Lang had to stifle a desire to laugh outright. Not so Mr. Pringle, who was bubbling over with indignation. Such audacity he had never before encountered.

"Go to your room at once, young man. Playing a saxophone in the middle of the night—well I never! Is that young Smith's instrument? Where is he hiding? Answer me."

Arthur surveyed the excited master coolly for a moment and then spoke. "This is Smith's, Mr. Pringle, but I have borrowed it without his knowledge."

Suddenly Mr. Lang started. He recalled the object of his midnight search.

"This is a trick, Pringle; come!" he ex-

claimed; "there are others besides Pierson!" He turned quickly into the hall. A number of boys were standing about, awakened by the sound of the saxophone. Every one belonged on that floor, however, and the master smiled to himself and a chuckle of appreciation even escaped his lips. The new boy had saved his mates at his own expense.

There was consternation the next morning among the members of the football squad and the school at large when at chapel it was announced that "for being absent from room after hours and creating a disturbance, Arthur Alexander Pierson would be placed on bounds and deprived of participation in all school activities for an indefinite period."

During the morning, Arthur had an opportunity to speak with Herbert. "Herb," he said, laying his hand on the shoulder of the other, "let there be no more talk about your 'confessing.' Last night I went upstairs with the express purpose of helping you out. I must have grabbed Joe's saxophone with some instinctive idea of what I was to do. You 're the captain of this team, and you 're going out there on that field at the head of your men, and you 're going to play your hardest for three reasons: first of all, Hillock; secondly, because it 's your team and your last game here; and thirdly—" he paused and a queer little smile came to his lips—"thirdly, I want you to fight for me."

"I refuse to be comforted," said Herbert. "Smith, who was the only decent man to take your place, can't play; and I suppose now we 'll have to shift Williams over from tackle. You know what that will do to the middle of the line."

Then Arthur imparted the great news—Smith was going to play. He explained how Joseph, by his unselfishness, had put himself off the team and continued, "I went to Mr. Paine this morning, immediately after breakfast, and confessed to him that it was I, not Joe, who was smoking, and asked him to allow Joe to play. You should have seen his face light up with one of those wonderful smiles of his, Herbert. 'It will be all right, Arthur,' he said, 'Joe Smith will play.' Then he gripped my hand real hard and smiled at me, but he did n't say another word."

So on Thursday afternoon Joseph rejoined the team, playing in Arthur's place. Arthur himself, through the intercession of Mr. Paine, was in uniform, and devoted the entire afternoon to watching over Joseph, exhorting and commanding, with a patience quite remarkable. However, Joe was an apt and willing pupil. Friday and Saturday the final tuning-up continued.

Tuesday morning dawned clear and fair. The varsity squad assembled at ten in the gym to listen to Mr. Paine's final instructions. Already the campus was swarming with new arrivals. Old graduates and their wives, newer graduates with wives-to-be, parents and sisters—every one was there. Dr. Lown was entertaining the board of trustees at luncheon, while in the gym a gigantic feast had been prepared for friend and foe alike.

At a quarter of two there were perhaps eight thousand people in the stands. The red-and-white cheer-leaders worked incessantly to drown out the roar from the adherents of Baisley, encamped on the opposite side of the field.

At two-fifteen, exactly, a burst of disorganized cheering broke forth as twenty-four stalwart gladiators, led by Herbert, were seen ducking under the ropes. A moment later the opposite stands were pouring out their belief in Baisley, as the green-stockinged warriors trotted out upon the velvety grass of Hillock field.

It could not have been a more perfect day for the spectator, though it was, perhaps, a bit too warm for the player. White, fleecy clouds hung in a pale-blue sky, and the sun beamed down benignly upon all.

On the souvenir programs was printed the line-up:

Hillock		*Baisley*
Capt. Armstrong	L.E.	Bouton
Ryan	L.T.	Hitchcock
Hevers	L.G.	Harden
Graham	Cen.	Grinnell, Capt.
Albright	R.G.	Sears
Williams	R.T.	Ames
Pierson	R.E.	Bishop
Burnet	Q.B.	Cavalin
Kolb	L.H.	McVey
Shafer	R.H.	Cavanagh
Dickinson	F.B.	Lyle

The programs having been printed and delivered a week before, Arthur's name appeared, but every one at Hillock knew he was not to play, and Baisley was not long in finding it out.

Herbert, who had won the toss, elected to receive. There was a breathless hush as McVey prepared the ball to his liking on its tee. Captain Grinnell, of Baisley, signified his team's readiness. McVey ran forward slowly toward the ball, his right foot swung back and—*thump*—the game was on.

Down the field the ball traveled, turning lazily over and over on its axis, the afternoon sun glinting on its yellow sides. It was a beautiful kick, high enough to allow the Baisley ends plenty of time to run down, and yet carrying for a great distance. Kolb made a neat catch on his ten-yard line, but was downed after a run of five yards.

Evidently, Burnet had determined to see what the Baisley line could offer, for he sent Shafer through Hitchcock. Three yards resulted. A criss-cross, Shafer and Kolb, gave five more. The red-and-white flags were waving in ecstasy. On the next try, Dickinson crashed through for three yards and first down. Herbert caught a short pass over the line and raced fifteen yards before he was thrown heavily by Lyle. Three downs netted Hillock nine yards, and Burnet, instead of kicking, tried for the remaining yard. Baisley held and received the ball on her opponent's forty-two-yard mark. Three tries at the line convinced Cavalin there was no gaining in that direction, and McVey prepared to kick.

Somehow, Joseph broke through. He rushed madly at McVey, who, confused, allowed the elusive ball to slip from his grasp, and it bounded erratically back toward his own goal. Like a beagle, Joseph followed the ball in its twistings and turnings and was finally buried beneath a pile of avenging pursuers, with the ball snuggled in his arms, in the exact center of the field.

On the side-lines, Arthur thumped some one crazily upon the back. He did n't notice particularly who it was. About him, the substitute players were waving their blankets in the air and shouting hysterically, while from the stand long cheers for Smith boomed.

Burnet believed in keeping them on the run. On the next play, he once more essayed the short pass, and Herbert again received the ball beautifully, and, to the insane delight of his schoolmates, he shifted through the Baisley secondary defense, ran the fifty yards with a clear field in front of him, and placed the ball beneath the goal-posts.

The Hillock quarterback missed an easy try for goal, but every one forgave him. A single point is easily missed with a prospective score of some twenty or thirty points looming up.

For the remainder of the quarter, the two teams fought in midfield. The Baisley defense tightened, and it grew harder and harder for Hillock to gain a single yard. Burnet again resorted to his forward-pass attack, but the Baisley back-field was now alert and spoiled many tries.

The second quarter saw no change. That Baisley possessed two plungers of remarkable ability in Cavanagh and Lyle soon became apparent. It was only by the most valiant work of Dickinson and Shafer that long gains through the line were kept down. The half ended with Baisley in possession of the ball on Hillock's thirty-yard line.

Both teams came from the gym with sober faces. The words of their respective coaches had been taken to heart, judging by the grim, determined look upon their faces.

Burnet kicked off and the ball was caught by McVey, who advanced ten yards before being stopped by Joseph. Lyle made four yards through Williams, Joseph was boxed neatly, and Cavalin made a pretty end run of eighteen yards. It was now Baisley's turn to shout, and she made good use of the opportunity. Two tremendous lunges by Cavanagh brought the ball to Baisley's forty-yard line. Here, Williams was badly cut and had to be taken out, Fosdick taking his place. A hole was found between Ryan and Hevers, through which Cavalin slipped for six more. An end run by Lyle brought the ball a little past the fifty-yard line. By steady gains on the part of McVey, the ball was worked up to Hillock's thirty-yard line, and there she made a Spartan stand. Cavalin, however, was not dismayed, and he called on Lyle for a drop-kick. He must have been sure of his man, for Lyle nonchalantly sent the ball spinning over the cross-bar.

Hillock received this time, and Kolb, catching the ball, made a hero of himself by careening through almost the entire Baisley team for a brilliant, heart-throbbing run of sixty yards.

Burnet was taking no chances of losing the ball, and he called for a line buck. Dickinson answered nobly by reeling off four yards. On the next play, Hillock was penalized five yards. Burnet hesitated for a moment and then called for Mr. Paine's pet play. It was a lateral pass, Burnet to Kolb, and then a long pass to Joseph, who had sneaked over near the side-lines.

The play started finely. Joseph's opposing end failed to notice him, and Kolb, who received the pass, ran forward a few steps and threw to Joseph, who had raced in to meet it. The pass was a bit high, and

Joseph left his feet to catch it. A groan of disappointment went up as the ball passed directly between his outstretched hands. The groan turned to a roar of dismay, for Bouton, the Baisley end, by extending his arms to their utmost, had succeeded in gathering the ball in. Turning, he dashed down the field along the side-lines like a frightened rabbit. Dickinson made a gallant effort, but he could n't catch the fleet end, who was one of the swiftest sprinters in New England. Amid tumultuous shouts, the touchdown was made and the goal kicked. Baisley was now leading 10–6. The quarter ended soon after, with Hillock, grim and determined, on her own twenty-yard line in possession of the ball.

"HE RAN AS A MAN RUNS WHO STRUGGLES TO SAVE HIMSELF FROM FALLING"

How fleeting is fame! Joseph was now unanimously condemned by the "critics" as being a "rattle-headed kid."

Shafer punted, for Burnet felt that they might gain on the exchange, and there was always the chance of a fumble. Baisley, however, elected to rush it back, and so began the dull, monotonous line-smashing once more. Again Baisley brought the ball back in a series of short gains. Time was flying. Herbert, white-faced with despair, looked toward the bench on the side-lines. Three warning fingers were held up.

Baisley needed four yards for a first down, and she prepared to get them. Lined up on the thirty-yard line were eleven red-jerseyed figures, ready to sell each yard dearly.

Lyle took the ball. The two lines crashed together. The writhing mass swayed uncertainly backward and forward for a moment or two and then gradually settled. The referee dived into the pile prone upon the ground, and down at the bottom he found Graham, the Hillock center, with his arms wrapped around the ball. Lyle had fumbled!

Little more than two minutes remained. Burnet tried a quarter-back run and made eleven yards. Dickinson, fighting like a maniac, covered four more precious yards. Then a long forward to Herbert. If they

were to score, it was the only way. Herbert tried hard, but Cavalin intercepted and grounded the ball. Again, but Burnet's pass was too high and the ball rolled to the turf. Another pass to Kolb failed, Bishop almost capturing the ball, but it rolled from his fingers.

Fifty seconds to play. Burnet, out of the corner of his eye, saw Arthur signal this. The ball came back to him; he hesitated; every one seemed covered completely. The Baisley line-men were breaking through, and already the giant Hitchcock was rushing close upon him, his arms upraised. Burnet threw the ball wildly from him with all his strength, and dropped as Hitchcock hit him.

The ball sailed over the line of scrimmage, over the heads of the Baisley backs, who made ineffectual efforts to bat it down. Racing under the ball, now, was a slight figure clad in a red jersey. The spectators gasped. "He 'll never make it—too far ahead of him!"

Head thrown back, every nerve strained to its utmost, gasping for breath, ran Joe Smith as he had never run before. The ball was beginning to falter in its course. With one last despairing effort, he stretched out his arms, felt the ball touch the tips of his fingers, gathered it in somehow. He stumbled and nearly fell. For twenty yards he ran as a man runs who struggles to save himself from pitching on his face. And fall he did, finally, over the last white line in the shadows of the goal-posts. Nobody cared whether the goal was kicked or not. Twelve to ten was good enough!

At nine that evening, Arthur sat alone in his room staring from his window out on the campus, where, grouped about the entrance of Jackson, waited the entire student body. The team was having its banquet and, at its conclusion, were to be escorted by their waiting schoolmates to the top of Allen Hill near by, where Herbert, as captain, was to touch the torch to a monstrous bonfire, whose flames, soaring into the inky blackness of the sky above, would proclaim to the valley below that Hillock had been victorious.

A knock sounded on the door to the room. Arthur arose leisurely and opened it. One of the boys from the junior school stood outside, a note within his hand.

"Dr. Lown gave me this for you," he said.

Arthur opened it with some trepidation. "Suppose these are my bounce papers from the doctor," he mused.

Instead, there was a brief message requesting the presence of Mr. Pierson at the cottage as soon as convenient.

In a few minutes he was ushered into the presence of Dr. Lown. The headmaster had an air of simple dignity, and his scholarly forehead was crowned with a tuft of snow-white hair.

He motioned Arthur to be seated. "Mr. Pierson," he said slowly, in his careful, concise manner, "at the beginning of the term, when your father had decided to send you here under our care, he wrote me a long letter in which he explained his reasons for removing you from Waverly School. From the tone of his letter, he seemed somewhat disappointed in you. Perhaps he did n't stop to think that possibly *he* might have been just a bit to blame. Too much money is bad for any young man, and I am sure your allowance at Waverly was far too much for any young fellow of, let me see, you are nineteen, are you not?

"One thing I remember particularly in your father's letter, and this is what he said, 'I feel sure, Dr. Lown, that there is good stuff in my boy, and deep down within him you will find it.'

"And now I think we can truthfully say that we *have* found it, and that Arthur Pierson is really on the square. This morning, before the game, Herbert Armstrong came to me. He and I are old friends, I having known his father a great many years. He told me that he felt it was n't right that he should play to-day without first telling me of his midnight escapade a week ago. He told me of the part you played in it, Arthur, and a little further questioning brought to light the cigarette episode. I allowed him to play to-day, but, for reasons of my own, prevented you from doing so. I wanted to see how you would take it.

"When you atoned for your faults by doing what you did, Arthur, you won a more glorious victory than can ever be gained on any football field. What you learned that night is something that mere school-books can never impart. I think I can safely write your father and tell him that his son has found himself.

"You 'd better hurry, now, for I think the fellows went toward the hill some time ago."

OUT OF THE SHADOW

By WALLACE HUTCHINSON

"THERE 's one spot I 'll never forget, even if I should live to be as old as Methuselah," said Ranger Bill, pointing to a steep, grassy slope not far from the new trail we were traveling. "You won't forget it very soon either, will you, Buck, old boy?" he continued, patting his horse on the neck. "See how he twitches his ears and keeps looking around! He 'll stop here every time, bless his hide, and you can't get him to go on until he 's sure I 'm all safe and sound. He 's a real pal, Buck is!"

"You 're fond of him, are n't you!"

"Fond of him? Man, I just plumb love this horse! There is n't money enough in this old world to buy him. Right about here is where Buck brought me out of the shadow—saved my life, I expect you 'd call it. Anyway, I would n't be here to-day except for his horse sense. Sure, I 'll tell you the story, but let 's get away from here. This place makes me shudder even now when I ride by it, and me a hardened old-timer, too.

"It was as fine a summer day as you ever laid eyes on in the Rockies—bright and sunshiny, a cloudless sky overhead, and the snow-capped peaks standing out rugged and grim against the blue. Buck and I were away early that morning for a fifteen-mile ride up the Roaring Fork to the Lost Man Ranger Station, where we 're headed for right now. I ought to have been mighty happy that day, with all the beauties of the forest and mountains round about, but I was n't. You see, it was dry—mighty dry in the woods—and I was worrying about fires.

"About midday we arrived at the Lost Man Station, which is nothing but a temporary cabin stuck away in the hills to serve as an emergency stopping-place. I pulled the saddle off of Buck, hung it on the limb of a big spruce, picketed him to a near-by stump, and went in and built a fire and made a bit of coffee to help wash down my lunch.

"In the afternoon I surveyed out the station boundary, cleaned up a bit around the place, and cut a good stack of fire-wood. I then saddled Buck and rode up the creek to look out the best route for a trail I was intending to build into a heavy stand of timber. I 'd had several fires set by lightning in that part of the forest, and was afraid, if I did n't have a trail, some of these little blazes might get going good and sweep over the whole mountain-side before I could get to them with a crew of men and put them out.

"I 'd been so busy that I had n't noticed the big black clouds that had been piling up in the west all the afternoon. 'Long about six o'clock I knocked off work and started back down the creek, Buck picking his way slow and careful-like through the rocks and fallen timber. We had n't covered more than half a mile and were coming into an open spot when a heavy storm broke over the high mountains just west of us. I could see the rain pouring down in a regular cloudburst, and, along with the rain, came lightning that flashed vividly every minute or so, and ran in sheets of flame along the rocky mountain-tops. It was spectacular, all right, but awesome—and me and Buck all alone away up there near timber-line, five miles from shelter.

"I hastily pulled on my old yellow slicker and was just fastening the last snap when the storm struck us. The rain came down in sheets, the lightning was striking all around, and the thunder-peals fairly shook the ground—but Buck kept going steadily ahead. Before us lay a steep slope. Just as we started down, a blinding flash encircled us from behind. I felt as though a powerful wind had struck me a mighty blow in the back. Down, down, down, I went—flying through the air with that hopeless feeling that one has on a bucking horse when he reaches for the saddle-horn and can't find it. Then utter darkness.

"After what seemed ages and ages, I recall feeling a cold, pressing nose on my face. It was Buck, but how he ever escaped the lightning-bolt or made his way down the hill and found me, I do not know. I only remember patting his head, and then the dense blackness shut out everything. When I became conscious again, it was broad daylight, and I was sitting with my feet in the oven at the Lost Man Ranger Station. A fire was burning briskly in the stove; outside, my saddle was hanging in the tree; and there was Buck picketed to the same stump I always use. What happened that night, no one knows except Buck. As near as I can figure it, I must have got into the saddle

somehow, even in my half-conscious condition, and faithful old Buck, bless his horse sense, had brought me those long miles through the forest, without even a trail to follow, safely back to the ranger station.

"BUCK WAS STANDING OVER ME WHERE I FELL"

But the saddle hung on the tree, my picketed horse, and the fire in the cook-stove will always remain a mystery. I reckon I must have done these things by force of habit, 'cause there was n't anybody else in that part of the country. I was terribly weak and had a splitting headache, but as everything else seemed all right, I hit the trail home.

"It took me a long time to get the saddle on and cinched. Then I found I was too weak to mount, so I tied the reins to the horn and went stumbling and lurching down the trail, with Buck following. After awhile, I felt a bit better and managed to crawl into the saddle, but I was so thirsty that every time we came to water I had to tumble off and get a drink. At times, everything went blank. When I would come to again, there would be Buck standing over me, chafing at the bit, but patiently waiting.

"Late in the afternoon I arrived at a ranch about three miles from my home station. The people there saw that I was sick, and tried to get me off my horse and into the house, but I only had one idea in my crazy head at that time, and that was to stay with Buck until he took me home, so I kept going. A little farther on, my arms gave out from the strain of holding onto the saddle, and I tumbled off by the side of the road and lost consciousness. That 's where my wife found me when she arrived in an automobile a little later—the folks at the ranch having telephoned her. They tell me that Buck was standing over me where I fell, just as he had done all that long day, without a bite to eat or a drop to drink.

"No, I have n't got a mark on me, but I was a pretty sick man for a good many days after they took me home. There 's no use trying to describe my sensations to you, I could n't make you understand if I talked a week. A man lives a long time in a day and a night in the land of shadows.

"Well here we are at the Lost Man Ranger Station, and I 'm going to unsaddle and feed the best and wisest little horse that ever trod a western range—that 's Buck!"

THE MYSTERY AT NUMBER SIX

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-up House," "The Sapphire Signet," "The Dragon's Secret," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

AN old, deserted phosphate-mine, long since turned into a beautiful pool and known as "Number Six," in the wilds of southern Florida; a half-breed Indian guide, named Jerry Sawgrass, and his wife, who live in a tumble-down farm-house on its edge and have in their care a young girl of a type very distinct from themselves who calls herself Delight and who knows nothing whatever of her history or ancestry, having heretofore lived, as far as she knows, in the Everglades with Jerry and his wife; the refusal on the guide's part to divulge anything about the child and the desire to keep her away from contact with people in general; the curious connection with the mystery that a lawyer staying at the small hotel seems to have with the affair; his desire to find and interview Jerry, and Jerry's determination to keep out of his reach—these are the elements of a mystery that the two cousins, Bernice and Sydney Conant, have unearthed in the little phosphate town of Jasper.

Delight has disclosed to them what she knows of herself, under the seal of secrecy, and, without breaking their promise to Delight, they have been trying to get from Mr. Tredwell, the lawyer, what he knows of the situation. They have taken him out to Number Six to have an interview with Jerry, whom he has just discovered lives there, without allowing him to know that only the day before they had found that the guide and all his family had vanished from the vicinity, for some unknown reason—a reason which they surmise is connected with Mr. Tredwell himself and his presence in the town.

Then occurs an interview between the lawyer and the two cousins in which they work very much at cross-purposes and get nowhere, each side trying to conceal its own knowledge and discover what the other knows, till at last the cousins find that Mr. Tredwell is far wiser about the whole situation than they imagined and that there are legal reasons, concerning Delight, for which it is highly important that they find and have an interview with Jerry. While admitting their promise of secrecy, which they feel they ought not break, they agree to help him all they can, and he proposes that they start out in his car to find Jerry (whom he strongly suspects has fled back to the Everglades), making their way down the East Coast.

Before they start the next day, Bernice has the good fortune to catch a glimpse, in the town of Bartow, of Jerry's wife, just about to board the bus for the town of Arcadia. This discovery changes the course of the pursuit and that afternoon, in Mr. Tredwell's car, they hurry after her. A flat tire causes them almost to miss the chance of finding the omnibus at Arcadia, but by a (for them) fortunate breakdown of the bus itself a few miles from that town, they suddenly come upon the object of their pursuit sitting on a log by the overturned stage, waiting for a relief conveyance to appear.

CHAPTER XI

JERRY SAWGRASS IS CORNERED

BERNICE saw her at the same time and poked Sydney violently in the back to attract his attention.

"I see! Wait a moment. We must think how it 's best to approach her," he whispered. After a conference with Mr. Tredwell, it was decided that Bernice herself had better get out of the car and speak to the woman and invite her to go on to Arcadia with them. "We must n't alarm her," warned Mr. Tredwell. "We must let her think we have overtaken her quite by chance and are glad to be of service to her. She had better sit beside me, here in the front of the car, and Sydney can go in the back till we reach Arcadia."

Bernice was a little shy about accepting the mission, but Sydney helped her out of the car, explaining to Mrs. Conant, at the same time, that they had just seen some one they knew among the passengers and were going to offer to take her with them.

"Why, how do you do?" cried Bernice, approaching the woman, who had been looking the other way, and holding out her hand. "How unfortunate this accident was! I hope you were n't hurt." The woman gazed at her a moment without recognizing her, then her face broadened in a grin of recognition and she cried, "Heigh!"

"Can't we help you out?" went on Bernice. "We 're going on in this direction in Mr. Tredwell's car and will gladly put you down wherever you want to go."

Jerry's wife gazed at her uncomprehendingly a moment, and then the situation seemed to dawn on her. "Well, thank yuh! I was set to go to Arcadia when that thar bus went over. I 'm that shook up!—I had tuh crawl out the back on my hands an' knees! I reckon thar 's no tellin' when the othah bus 'll come along an' I gotta catch the one from Arcadia to Punta Gorda. Sure! I 'll be right glad to go on with you-all!" She got heavily to her feet and followed Bernice back to the car. When she had reached it, Syd-

ney shook hands with her cordially and introduced her to the other members of the party. Then he helped her in beside Mr. Tredwell. Quite overwhelmed by this unwonted hospitality, she beamed impartially upon them all, while Sydney, leaning forward from the rear seat, plied her with polite questions.

"Well, how 's everything out at Number Six since we saw you last?" he inquired heartily.

A perceptible change came over her face as she replied cautiously, "Pretty well, I reckon; but we don't live thar no more."

"Oh! so you 've moved! Hope you 've found as pleasant a place for your new home. Suppose you left the others there?"

Her only acknowledgment of this question was a determined and ominous silence, so Sydney hastened to change the subject and asked her how the accident to the bus had happened. This drew from her a voluble account and occupied the rest of the time till they drew up at the bus stand in Arcadia. When Sydney had helped her out, she bade them all good-by and thanked everybody impartially for the kindness in carrying her to her destination so quickly. Then she disappeared into a near-by confectionery store where she had said that she would sit and wait for the next bus. Sydney and Bernice gazed at each other rather in a panic, thinking this a dreadful anticlimax to all their hopes and the exciting chase. But Mr. Tredwell, finding himself conveniently out of tobacco, remarked that he 'd better get out and stock up at this place, where they seemed to have a supply, as there was no telling when he might be able to find more, and of the right kind, in the course of their journey. Accordingly, he too left the car and disappeared into the shop.

He was gone a very long time. So long it was, that Mrs. Conant became quite uneasy and suggested that Sydney go and hunt him up. But the two young people, realizing only too well his mission and loath to interfere with it in any way, disclaimed any uneasiness about him and tried to divert her by giving her a conservative account of how it happened that they had been acquainted with Jerry's wife.

Presently Mr. Tredwell came out. He excused himself for the long delay by saying he had met some one he knew in the store who kept him talking. But there was a distinctly satisfied gleam in his eye, and the two cousins felt pretty certain that his unacknowledged mission had been successful. To the great astonishment of Mrs. Conant, however, he turned round to those on the rear seat and proposed a surprising change of plans.

"I find, on inquiry, that some one I 've been wanting to see on a matter of business is in this vicinity and that, therefore, it would be wise to put up in this town for the night, instead of going on as far as Punta Gorda or Fort Myers, as we planned. There 's a fair hotel here, I believe. Would it disappoint you folks very much to remain over?"

Mrs. Conant comfortably expressed herself as delighted to remain, the region being all new and interesting to her, and the two cousins were naturally nothing loath, scenting, as they did, some still undisclosed development. While they were preparing to depart in search of their hotel, the Fort Myers bus arrived and left, carrying with it the cracker woman, who waved farewell to them cordially. Both, however, thought they saw a look of understanding pass between her and Mr. Tredwell before the bus rolled away. It was not till that night after supper, when Mrs. Conant had retired early with a headache and Mr. Tredwell had proposed to them a stroll about the moonlit town that they learned the true inwardness of his long absence in the store that afternoon.

"Of course, you are eager to hear the result of my interview with our cracker friend," began Mr. Tredwell, "so I won't keep you in suspense another moment. After I had bought my cigars, I walked over to where Mrs. Jerry was sitting by a small table (the only one there happened to be in the place) and asked her if she was not rather thirsty and tired after her unfortunate experience, and would she allow me to order her some soda or ice-cream—said I was going to have a glass of ginger-ale myself. She accepted with some slight show of reluctance. I think she rather suspected by then that I had something up my sleeve, so to speak! However, I talked about impersonal subjects till she was well along with her dish of cream. Then, suddenly, I looked her right in the eye and quietly demanded, 'Why did you leave Jerry and the child, Mrs. Simpson, and where are they now?'

"The unexpectedness of the attack took her completely off her guard. 'I ain't left them! I 'm goin' back—that is—I mean—' she floundered and corrected herself and grew red and looked down to avoid meeting my eye. Then, 'You ain't got no right to ask me questions, anyhow!' she flared out.

" 'I 've got the best right in the world, Mrs. Simpson,' I answered her quietly. 'And it would pay you to tell me at once and truthfully just where you left the other two.' With this, I very unobtrusively laid several ten dollar bills on the table and put my hand over them. I strongly suspected she had a mercenary streak and I was n't mistaken—though I 'll say this for her, that she is n't *wholly* mercenary, however. The sight of the money aroused her avarice, but she was still loyal to Jerry.

" 'He ain't done nothin' wrong!' she said defiantly, yet eyeing the bills all the time. 'I dunno what you want him for—but he ain't done nothin' wrong an' I ain't goin' to give away on him!'

" 'Madam,' I replied, 'you mistake me, I 'm afraid. I have n't anything against Mr. Simpson; I don't want to get him into any trouble. I don't know anything about him, in fact. I only want to have a talk with him about this child—this young girl, Dell, as you call her. There are some legal reasons why I must know who she is and how she came to be in his care.' I thought it wise to be perfectly frank with her, and in the end it proved the best line to have taken. She suddenly collapsed in her chair and looked at me with a hunted expression.

" 'Thar it is!' she gasped. 'It meets me at ev'ry turn. That Dell 's the cause of all his troubles—an' his queerness too. It 's on account of her he 's run away—he told me that much, though he won't tell me no more. I ain't got nothin' agin the child,—she 's a nice enough little thing,—but she certainly do make him queer. If he wa'n't that sick he can't move hand nor foot, we 'd be down in the Glades now—all on account o' her!'

" 'Oh, then he 's ill!' I exclaimed. 'That certainly is too bad!'

" 'Yes, he 's that sick he had to lay up at a little shack down between here an' Punta Gorda,' she rambled on, rather forgetting for the moment, I imagine, that I was to be considered in the light of an enemy. Truth to tell, I think she was glad of some one to talk to and pour out her grievances to. 'I been up to Bartow to-day to try an' get him the medicine he wanted. They did n't have it at Arcadia. He don't know I went so far. He 'll be wonderin'—but I got the stuff!'

"I suddenly decided to parley no longer with her, but come to a decided point, so I said: 'Look here, Mrs. Simpson, we might as well understand each other. This money is yours—provided you will give me the information I want. It is n't a bribe. It 's just honest pay for honest assistance. There 'll be more for you later when we 've settled matters satisfactorily. I mean no harm to Jerry,—or to the child either,—nothing but good, as I think you 'll find in the end. Tell me exactly where I can find the house you are staying at? Is it possible to reach it by automobile? I will get there to-morrow and perhaps I can be of some assistance.' She hesitated a full moment, but my friendly attitude—plus the bills!—won the day.

" 'It 's a little old farm-house—down between Nocatee an' Hull,' she capitulated. 'You have to turn off at a cross-road where thar 's an orange-grove at one corner an' right across from it a pine stretch. You go to the left through the pine stretch—it ain't a very good road. 'Bout a mile in, on the right-hand side is a little old house. You 'll know it by four banana-trees planted in front. An old woman lives there all alone. She took us in two days ago 'cause Jerry was that sick he could n't go no further—an' we been there right on since.'

"I thanked her for the information, said I 'd be there to-morrow morning, and that she need not mention our conversation to Jerry, as it might only worry him needlessly. She was only too ready to comply with this, I could see. And so, with this understanding, I left her. And I imagine our quest will end, sooner than we expected, when we round our party up to-morrow, down between Nocatee and Hull!"

"AND only to think—" exclaimed Sydney, excitedly the next morning, while the three were waiting for Mrs. Conant to join them in the car,—"only to think, if Bernice had n't *just happened* to catch that glimpse of Mrs. Jerry yesterday at Bartow, we 'd be all on the wrong track now, bowling over to the east coast and giving Jerry all the chance in the world to recover and make a get-away into the other side of the Glades! We 'd probably never have found him!"

"It 's very often the 'just happeneds' that rescue the situation in an affair like this," remarked Mr. Tredwell. "But it certainly was more than fortunate that Bernice should have made that particular discovery when she did, otherwise, I believe, we should have had a most difficult time in locating Jerry. He would have had all the opportunity in the world to escape. And as I fully expect we shall straighten out the whole matter to-day, perhaps, Bernice, you had better explain the

situation a bit to your mother while we are driving there. She will be sure to be bewildered by this singular change in plans and it is n't fair to keep her in the dark any longer. We may even have to give up this expedition for the present and return to Jasper. But, I promise you, should all go well, we will certainly take that trip down the east coast later."

During the drive that followed, Bernice did as Mr. Tredwell had requested and retailed as much as she could, in the short time at her disposal, of the curious train of circumstances that had led up to their present quest. Mrs. Conant was too much astonished over the singular affair to make many comments, but she soon grew as excited as the others at the prospect of the outcome of this chase and the solution of the perplexing problem.

Half-way between Nocatee and Hull, they found the cross-roads mentioned by Mrs. Jerry, with the orange-grove at one side and the pine stretch on the left. Into this they turned and ran bumpingly along an uneven road through a wilderness of tall Georgia pines, their slim trunks bare of foliage or branches for twenty-five or thirty feet, till they feathered out at the top into the masses of ten- and twelve-inch needles that mark this species. The ground beneath was sand, as white as driven snow, carpeted only by the brown pine-needles. The air was hot and sweet with the odor of the pines.

"So far, so good!" cried Mr. Tredwell. "It 's just as she described it. Now, if she has n't repented of her confidence and informed Jerry of our impending visit, we 're 'all set.' My only fear is that she might have regretted telling me what she did."

"'DELIGHT!' 'BERNICE!' LEAPED FROM THE TWO GIRLS SIMULTANEOUSLY"
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

"There 's the place now!" whispered Sydney, as the car rounded a bend in the road. "The little old place with the four banana trees in front!"

It was the typical Florida farm-house—gray, weather-worn, and probably unknown to paint since it was built. The veranda overflowed with great tubs of luxuriant ferns

and growing-plants, its doors and windows wide to every breeze and innocent of either screening or drapery. All leaned forward eagerly to verify the situation, and just as Mr. Tredwell brought the car to a stop in front of the house, from the open door there appeared on the veranda a slim little figure—Delight herself! At the sight of the car, she caught her hand to her mouth!

Bernice had leaped out of the car even before it came to a stop, and in another instant she was grasping Delight by both hands. An old cracker woman, with a weather-beaten brown face half hidden by a faded blue sunbonnet, came out of the door and stared at them curiously.

"Delight!" "Bernice!" leaped from the two girls simultaneously, in suppressed tones that conveyed volumes more than the simple names. Those in the car watched the scene without attempting to mar it by a single word, scarcely by a deep-drawn breath.

"Oh, how did you come here? How did you know?" breathed Delight. And then, "He is sick—in there! He will be—very angry!" The thought seemed to distress her. And then she became aware for the first time of strangers in the car, Mrs. Conant and Mr. Tredwell. "But who are these?" she questioned, in surprise and alarm.

"Delight," whispered Bernice, "it would be difficult to explain to you while we stand here all that has happened. Come out to the car, won't you? I want you to meet my mother and Mr. Tredwell and we 'll try to explain everything to you."

Very shyly and reluctantly, the girl allowed herself to be led through the yard and out to the car and was there presented to the two whom she had not yet encountered. And while she sat, crouched between Bernice and Mrs. Conant, Mr. Tredwell very quietly and gently explained to her the object of their mission.

He had neither the time, nor was it his intention, to explain all at that moment. On many points Delight was as completely mystified as were the others. But he enlarged upon his search for Jerry and the curious circumstances linking his quest with that of the two cousins, exonerating them from all appearance of having broken their promise to her. "And so," he ended, "you see that it is very important for me to have a little interview with your 'Uncle Jerry.' Will this be possible, do you think, at present? How sick is he?"

"He was in bed—he could hardly move. He had a fever too," she tried to explain. "But he is a little better to-day. He got up this morning, but he is very weak. He has been sitting on the back porch where it was shady—"

She did not finish her explanation. There was a shuffling sound on the front porch and out of the door crept Jerry, holding feebly to any support to assist his stumbling progress. The sun had got round to the back of the house and he had come to the front where it was now shady and cool. For a moment he did not notice the party out on the roadside. Then he looked up.

In all her life, Bernice had never witnessed anything so tragic as the look that sprang into his eyes—the look of a trapped animal, terror-ridden, despairing. Groping for one of the decrepit chairs he sat down heavily as Mr. Tredwell sprang out of the car and came toward him.

"You got me!" he muttered. "I thought I 'd give you the slip but—you got me—where I can't do a mortal thing!"

CHAPTER XII

MR. TREDWELL EXPLAINS ALL

"JERRY," said Mr. Tredwell kindly, "I 'm downright sorry to find you feeling so poorly. Please do not be worried about my visit here. I want to see you and have a little interview with you, I 'll admit, an interview I 've been trying to bring about for several years. Perhaps you don't feel equal to it now. I don't want to take an unfair advantage of you when you 're ill."

"Might as well have it over an' done with," groaned Jerry. "I 'm all in now—I 'm *done!* Better have it over!"

"Very well, perhaps we had," agreed Mr. Tredwell. "Is—is your wife here?"

"No—she ain't. She went off to Punta Gorda this mornin' to see her folks, I reckon."

"Coward!" thought Bernice and Sydney, simultaneously. "She just wanted to dodge this interview!"

"That so? Well, with your permission, I 'll ask my folks to come up here on the veranda. It 's rather hot out there in the sun, and I imagine this will prove to be a long interview."

Jerry nodded impassively and Mr. Tredwell escorted the three others to the porch, made the introductions, and found them seats. Mrs. Conant occupied the only other vacant chair, Mr. Tredwell seated himself on a bench, Bernice and Sydney perched on the

edge of the unrailed porch, and Delight went over to stand by Jerry's chair. It was a curious group. And upon it the weather-beaten old woman who owned the house stared out at regular intervals from window or door. As she was nearly stone-deaf (so they afterward learned), she must have been thoroughly mystified by the whole performance.

"Perhaps it would be just as well," began Mr. Tredwell, "if I commence by asking you, Jerry, a few of the questions I 've been anxious to put to you for some time past. You 've been dodging an interview with me for a long while, but you need n't have feared it—really. I hold nothing damaging against you. I only wanted you to explain the circumstances of having in your charge this—er—child, about whom there seems to be some mystery."

At this, Jerry, who had been sitting with his arms folded and his head bent, glanced up uneasily. But he made no response; and Delight, standing at his side, slipped an arm across his shoulder.

"Jerry," went on Mr. Tredwell, coming at once to the point, "was this child, Delight, left in your care by a man named Colfax?"

Jerry looked up now in real astonishment. "No—at least, that ain't the name he gave me!" he answered guardedly.

"Oh—then there *was* a man who left her in your care! May I ask his name, then?"

The guide shifted uneasily. "I ain't no right to tell—gave my solemn word; but you got me cornered. His name was Wyndham,—at least, so he told me,—Harry Wyndham."

It was Mr. Tredwell's turn to be startled. "Oh!—" he exclaimed uncertainly, and then, after a moment's thought, "Of course!—I see! It 's all right—and the same thing anyway. Now, will you tell me why you have kept this child hidden away from civilization so long?"

"He wanted it so," declared Jerry, sullenly. "He made me promise on his dying bed that I 'd never let her come near folks again, that I 'd keep her in the Glades always. He gave me money for her keep,—not that I wanted it,—I was that fond of her, I would 'a' brung her up anyway as my own. But he gave me money an' said to keep her in the Glades away from 'em all. I don't know what he done that he was hidin' from 'em, but I reckoned he did n't want her to suffer, after he was dead an' gone, for no crime of his!"

At this point, Mr. Tredwell strode across the porch and stared Jerry straight in the eye. "What, in conscience, do you mean by *that*—'for no crime of his?' Explain yourself!"

Jerry's stare was equally bewildered. "Well, if he had n't committed no crime, what for was he hidin' in the Glades? Only men that are gettin' away from the law is anxious to get into the Glades an' stay there! That 's another reason I been dodging you all these years. I thought you was trying to git holt of his daughter to answer for what he 'd done!"

Mr. Tredwell sat down heavily in his chair and mopped his forehead with a handkerchief. Then he smiled a rather grim smile. "Well, of all the misunderstandings!" he gasped. "I guess it 's time I told *my* story, at this point, to avoid any further complications. I might as well tell you that I represent the estate of a very wealthy family in New York, by name of Colfax, every adult member of which is now dead. Fifteen years ago, there were three members living—the senior Mr. Henry Colfax, his eldest son, Henry Wyndham Colfax, and a younger brother, Anson. They were a very unhappy family, whose chief disagreement was over the matter of money and the big estate. I can not go into details now, but the father greatly favored his younger son, Anson, who seemed to have an unusual influence over him and was of a particularly disagreeable and grasping nature.

"The elder son, Harry, was, in nature and disposition, as different from his two relatives as can well be imagined. He was a born student, interested in everything under the sun *but* money, and never understood his father and brother. He had married a wife of whom his father did not approve, chiefly on the ground that she had little in the way of money or family connections, and so, of course, an added thorn in his side. The older son would gladly have given up his interest in his father's fortune, except that he very much wanted money to pursue certain scientific investigations to which he had dedicated his life. At length, however, the situation at home became so unbearable that he took his wife and infant daughter and departed for Florida, announcing that he never intended to return.

"He had been there only a little over a year when I was called upon to inform him that his father had died, leaving the entire estate and fortune to the younger brother, by a will made only a few days before he passed

away. I inquired if he intended to contest the will. The only reply I received was to the effect that he did *not* intend to contest the will, that he was through with the entire connection forever, that he intended to disappear from civilization at once, never to return, and wished no effort ever to be made to trace him.

"The affair was thus dropped and concerned me no more for a number of years—ten, to be accurate. Then, the younger brother died as the result of an automobile accident. As he was unmarried and had died without a will, it devolved upon me to hunt up the heir to the big estate—that is, the older brother if he were still alive, or, if not, his child. As the last I had heard of Harry Colfax was down toward Florida, I began my search there. It was, however, a curiously unsatisfactory one. Harry Colfax had always been deeply interested in the Everglades (then even more of a mystery than they are now), and I therefore conducted my search in their vicinity. I heard many vague rumors about him, though he had never been seen since his father's death. It seemed to be known that he had gone with a guide into the depths of the wilderness, accompanied by his wife and child. None of the three had been seen since, though some thought the guide had occasionally come out for supplies. But even he had not been seen for a long while. Some said that the man was dead, that his wife was dead, that they were all dead, even the guide. I could get no satisfaction at all, so I was obliged to return to New York, though by no means abandoning our effort to find the rightful heir.

"Then, three years ago, I happened to be down at Fort Lauderdale on business and heard a strange tale, from a young schoolteacher in the town, of a mysterious child who had attended her school, learned to read with wonderful rapidity but would never talk of herself or her people. She always came to school from the Glades in a canoe. The teacher said it was rumored that she was in charge of the famous guide, Jerry Sawgrass."

At this point Jerry looked up with a startled glance, but he made no comment on what he had heard, and Delight shrank away from him as if afraid.

"Thinking I might be on the trail at last, I had Jerry pointed out to me one day in the town and asked him quite directly if he had a little white girl in his care. He denied it with coolness and plausibility; but, for just a fraction of a second, I had caught him off his guard, and I did not quite believe him. I was still more convinced that something was queer because I saw him no more from that time and understood that he had quite disappeared from the vicinity. But the Everglades are the one fastness left in this country where fugitives may successfully conceal themselves, and I knew it was useless and worse than useless to pursue Jerry into them. I saw and heard no more of him till, a few days ago in Jasper, I got that fugitive and almost unbelievable glimpse of him. And so it has all led to this! It would be a great satisfaction to me, Jerry, if you could tell your side of the story and clear up a few of these hazy points."

Jerry moved in his chair uneasily and cast a half-apologetic glance at the company. "I ain't used to talkin'," he faltered. "I can only say as I took up with this yere Harry Wyndham, as he called himself, 'bout fourteen years ago. He wants a guide to go into the deepest part of the Glades, an' he wants to take his wife an' the little 'un with him. I says it 's unusu'l an' likely to be risky for 'em, but he says no, they 're goin' to all live there an' not go back to town life no more. He says he wants to study—an' things like that; but I s'pects from the first as he 's got somethin' on his conscience, p'rhaps a big forgery or somethin', an' wants to keep out o' sight. I 've seen a lot like that. The Glades is the usual place for 'em.

"We goes into the deepest part an' camps there, an' he reads books an' writes an' stares at things through a glass an' all that, but he never goes out to the edge of the Glades, not even for supplies when we need 'em. I does all that. After we 'd been there 'bout a year, the young lady, his wife, steps on a rattlesnake one day, poor thing, an' dies next day from it. We could n't save her. I thought he 'd go crazy then. But still he won't go back to the towns. He does n't know what to do with the little un, so I tells him I 'll go bring my wife, an Indian girl, if he likes, who 's stayin' with her people in a camp 'bout fifty miles north, an' she can keep house for us an' take care of th' baby. He jest jumps at it, and so I brought Wanetka there.

" 'Bout a year or two later he gets sick himself. I don't know what ailed him, but he jest seemed to pine away like. He did n't read an' write no more, jest sat staring out over the Glades an' playin' with the baby sometimes. He makes me promise, before the end, that I 'll never, never let the child

go way from the Glades or grow up where people was. 'There 's a reason,' he says, 'but you 'll never understand it.' He gives me all the money he has left—for her. I wants to get a doctor for him, but he won't have it; an' one mornin' not long after I finds he 'd jus' slept his life away.

now, as you 've cleared everything up for us, it only remains for me to see those papers you have in your possession, Bernice and Sydney, and prove beyond a legal doubt, by verifying the writing, that the Harry Wyndham of the Everglades was the Harry Colfax of New York, my client. Have I your per-

"THE OLD WOMAN, UNABLE TO CONTAIN HER CURIOSITY, DEMANDED, 'WHO AIR THEM PEOPLE, ANYHOW?'"
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

"After a while I went back to my old work of bein' a guide, but I never lets the child go near the towns. I never know 'd she 'd learned to read. I was afeard for her to get any book-learning—for fear she 'd—find out. I did n't never want her to have to answer for her father's wrong-doin'—whatever it was. I—well—I loved the little thing—Wanetka an' I did. If I 'd a knowed—" He swallowed hard; then he went on: "After Wanetka was gone, I married again an' come up north, because I ain't well. Somethin' is ailin' me an' I don't know what. But I could n't live in the Glades no more, an' I wanted little Dell to be cared for—somehow, if anything happened to me. I guess it wah n't a very lucky move!" He smiled wanly at the first and only joke he had ever tried to make.

"It was the luckiest thing you could have done, Jerry!" laughed Mr. Tredwell. "And mission to examine them, Miss Delight? These two friends of yours have been very faithful to their promise to you in not permitting me a glimpse of them."

Delight stared at him with an uncomprehending look and murmured something inarticulate. So astonishing had these revelations been, and withal so unexpected, that even now she had not yet taken them in or realized their bearing on her own affairs. Jerry himself was regarding confusedly the packet of papers that Bernice had taken from her hand-bag.

"May I show these to Mr. Tredwell now?" asked Bernice quietly of Delight.

The sound of her familiar voice seemed to rouse the girl at last out of her daze. "Why—yes!" she stammered. "Why—I reckon you can. I—I don't seem to know yet—quite what it is all about, but—but I don't

want any harm to come to Uncle Jerry!"

"Don't have the slightest fear of that, dear child!" exclaimed Mr. Tredwell, as he received the papers. "Your Uncle Jerry deserves only the highest praise and commendation for what he has done. It was only through an unavoidable misunderstanding on his part that he was forced to play the rôle of a constant fugitive, and a stupid mistake on mine that I did not recognize him for the faithful guardian he has always been. But we 're going to straighten all that out now!"

While he was examining the papers and comparing them with old letters he had taken from his wallet, Delight turned to Jerry and rested her head on his shoulder.

"Are they going to take me away from you?" she whispered.

"I reckon they are, honey!" he returned hoarsely. "If you got all the money they say—an' your daddy wa'n't no criminal, like I always thought, then there ain't no reason in the world why you should have to stay any longer with old Jerry Sawgrass!"

"I won't go!—I won't go!" she cried then, flinging herself upon him in a passion of tears.

"You got to, honey!" he soothed her, smoothing her dark hair. "I can't keep you here no longer now."

It was at this crisis that Mrs. Conant stepped into the breach.

"If Mr. Tredwell and Jerry will agree to it," she began, "I should like to invite Delight to come and make a stay with Bernice and myself. We are to go into our new bungalow in a day or two, and I know we shall both enjoy having her with us. And as she knows Bernice so well, the companionship will help her to bear her loneliness in leaving her good friend here."

"Nothing could be better!" cried Mr. Tredwell, putting the papers aside. "I had been rather puzzled as to how we should arrange matters in that respect, and this is a fine solution for the present. Will you consent to it, Miss Delight!"

Bernice's eyes implored her, and she visibly wavered between her allegiance to her foster-uncle and the prospect of a visit with the companion to whom she had become so much attached. But Jerry himself settled the question by gently pushing her toward Bernice and her mother.

"You go with them!" he bade her. "They 're the right ones for you now!"

Mr. Tredwell got up and came over to Jerry. "There 's not the slightest doubt about the identity of my client with the man you cared for in the Glades so long. The writing on these pages of his journal is identical with that of letters bearing his own signature. I can only say now that, though there are many details to be arranged, the future of little Delight Colfax will necessarily be very different from her past. But that does not mean that we intend to separate her from you, Jerry. You have been so faithful and devoted that such a separation would be more than cruel. We must talk over future arrangements, but now why not come to Jasper with us and get proper medical attention?"

But on this point, Jerry was adamant. "No, no—thank you, sir, just the same, but I gotta stay here till I git over this. It 'll pass. I 've had the same thing afore this. When I kin travel again, we 'll go back to old Number Six,—my wife an' me,—an' stay on there. It suits us—an' mebbe—sometimes, I kin see *her*, little Dell here—jest once in so often, so 's she won't fergit me!"

"There is n't a shadow of doubt," Mr. Tredwell assured him rather huskily, "that she 'll *want* to see you—and quite often."

Half an hour later, her belongings all packed in the car and her tearful farewell said to the guardian who had cared for her so long, Delight Colfax stepped in beside Mrs. Conant and Bernice. And as the big motor slid away to the low purr of its perfect mechanism, she leaned out for a last good-by to the quiet figure seated on the porch.

"I 'll run down again in a day or two and bring you back to Number Six!" called back Mr. Tredwell, in parting.

"And we 'll come with him and bring the Ford along to help!" sang out Sydney.

Bernice too had an inspiration. "And Delight and I are going over to Number Six to get the house all ready for you!" she shouted as her contribution.

There was something so heartening about these kindly commonplaces that they cleared the atmosphere of the inevitable and the tragic for Jerry. The faded blue sunbonnet was poked out of the door, and the cracked voice of the deaf old woman, unable any longer to contain her curiosity, demanded, "Who air them people, anyhow?"

"My folks!" he explained to her in pantomime, the suspicion of a complacent twinkle in his eye. And, to the occupants of the departing car, he shouted lustily:

"All right! I 'll be expectin' ye!"

THE END

A FINDER OF BURIED TREASURE

WILLIAM MURDOCK (1754–1839)

By MARY R. PARKMAN

Murdoch, in addition to his rare qualities, possessed mechanical genius. He was the inventor of lighting by gas, and it was he who made the first model of a locomotive. There was no emergency with engines, no accident, no blunder, but Murdoch was called in. . . . Watt has much to say in his letters about "William" (Murdoch), who, more than any one relieved him from trouble. . . . We read with surprise that his wages even in 1780 were only five dollars per week. . . . Murdoch remained loyal to the firm, however, although invited into partnership by another. He won promotion at last, becoming the "right-hand man" of the firm. . . . Fortunate is the firm that discovers a William Murdoch and gives him swing to do the work of an original in his own way.

"Life of James Watt": by ANDREW CARNEGIE.

SOME day, when you visit the land of Scott and Burns, make a little journey apart from the places starred in your guide-book to Bellow Mill, near Old Cumnock, Ayrshire, where the swift Bellow stream joins the blithe, gurgling waters of Lugar. There, behind the remains of the old mill, is a playhouse with a story. Dug out of the rock is a room four or five yards long and as many wide where William Murdoch used to play with his brothers.

"The child is father of the man," we are told; and the lads who hollowed out that place in the stony bank for their boyish fun were already playing in a fashion that was to bear real fruit in the grown-up years. There was a fireplace in that playroom, with a vent constructed so as to carry the smoke and fumes along the garden to mingle with those from the kitchen of Bellow Mill House. And near that fireplace was a pan that held big pieces of the slaty splint coal—"parrot" coal the boys called it—which could always be depended on to give out a beautiful light. William soon discovered that the flames which lighted up their cave so delightfully when they told stories of pirates and buried treasure came from a gas that the coal breathed out as it burned.

"What if one could find some way of drawing that gas out of the coal and sending it through pipes to lamps in people's houses? It might be even better than oil as a light," he thought.

And William Murdoch little dreamed that in that moment he had stumbled on the secret of a treasure buried for ages in the earth, which it was to be his fortune to find and bring to light for the use of man. There was almost a tempest in a tea-pot when William borrowed a little old kettle of his mother's in which to try an early experiment in gas-making. For in the Bellow Mill playhouse, William Murdoch made his first attempts to call out from his "parrot" coal the gas that burned with the bright light.

William's brothers could not understand why the coal flares interested him so much. They were much more delighted with his wonderful wooden horse, on which they could all ride to school. This wooden horse was, by the way, a famous invention. It had something of the nature of the contrivance that we know to-day as a tricycle, and there was also something about it that tried hard to give a hint of the locomotive.

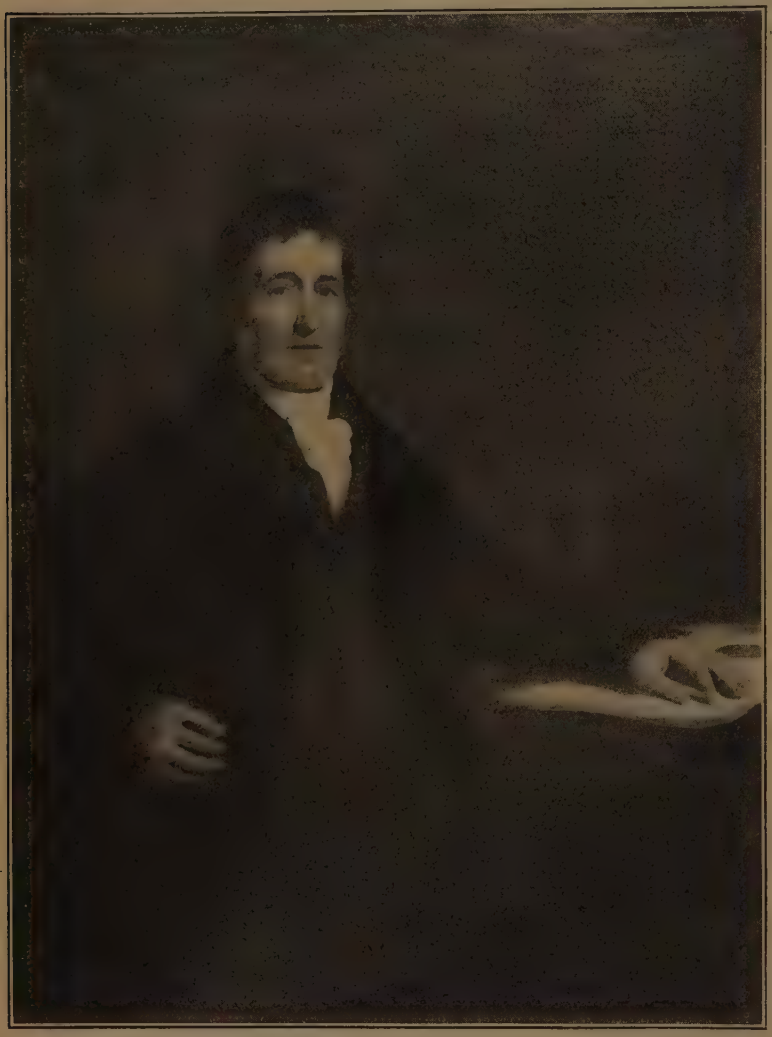
It was not a matter of great surprise to the neighbors that William should have a fondness for tools and mechanical devices. "He 's a regular chip o' the auld block!" they used to say. For John Murdoch, his father, was not only a farmer and millwright, but also a man of many "bonny" inventions in the use of wood and metals; and one of them at least—his toothed circular iron-gearing—was famous at that time in the only large engineering plant in Scotland, the Carron Iron-works.

So while it seemed only natural that young William should have a turn for tinkering with his father's tools, it was something more amazing when he showed that he could do more than make curiosities and gimcracks. When he was still in his teens he worked off some of his energy and inventiveness by constructing over Nith Creek a stone bridge that was not only strong and cleverly built, but also really picturesque.

"Weel, a brig maun look as if it graws out o' the banks and has a true hame 'mongst the burns an' braes where it finds itsel'," the boy said, when they told him that his handiwork was a "fine, braw bit o' building."

Young Murdoch showed his inventive turn by making an oval turning-lathe. Then, wearing a wooden hat turned out by his "lathey," he set out to seek his fortune. He knew something of the iron-works where his

father's gearing had been made, and, through that, something about James Watt, who had been carrying out experiments there with his newly patented steam-engine. But alas, the Carron Iron-works failed before William Murdoch could knock at this door to opportunity.



WILLIAM MURDOCK—FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE ART GALLERY, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

Nothing daunted, however, by the prospect of a tramp to Birmingham (which was in those days a week's journey by stage-coach), he determined to find a place in that new world of engineering ventures where Watt, now associated with Matthew Boulton, was making his steam-engines at the Soho works.

Can you picture the hardy Scot as he presented himself in his home-turned hat? It was the unique head-gear that first caught Boulton's eye, or, according to one version, his ear; for when the applicant, in his embarrassment, let his hat fall from his nervous fingers, the sound with which it struck the floor made Boulton say: "That is a queer cap you have. Of what is it made?"

"Timmer," stammered the young man, in his broad Scotch fashion.

"Of *wood*, do you say? How was it made?"

"I turned it mysel' on a bit lathey o' my own making," was the reply.

Boulton saw at once that here was a man of uncommon mechanical skill. Moreover, something out of the ordinary in the face under the remarkable hat held his attention. Then the master of the iron-works, who prided himself on being a judge of men, said, "There is no place open here now, as I told you at the outset; but if I mistake not, you 're a man who can make a place for yourself—and fill it!"

So William Murdoch (he spelled his name "Murdock" when he settled in England) found the employment he sought, and before many months he had become "the right-hand man" of the firm of Boulton and Watt. Andrew Carnegie, in his "Life of James Watt," tells the following anecdote in commenting upon Murdoch's success:

> His history is the usual march upward until he became his employers' most trusted manager in all their mechanical operations. While engaged upon one critical job, where the engine had defied previous attempts to put it to rights, the people in the house where Murdoch lodged were awakened one night by heavy tramping in his room overhead. Upon entering, Murdoch was seen in his bedclothes, heaving away at his bedpost in his sleep, calling out, "Now she goes,

lads, now she goes!" His heart was in his work. He had a mission, and only one—to make that engine go.

Murdock's employers had serious difficulty in getting their products installed in mines—particularly those in Cornwall, where there were some very bitter and persistent rivals in the field. "Let William be sent to handle that matter," said Watt, when a situation arose requiring skill in human engineering as well as mechanical readiness.

Young Murdock was at this time twenty-five years of age. "I well remember hearing my father speak of his coming to Cornwall," said an old Cornish doctor. "He was tall, and as strong of back and arm as of head. They say he could prove his point, when the need arose, by giving a drubbing to an ugly customer of a workman who was spoiling for a fight. Once they tried to get rid of the Watt engines in the mines by foul play. Nobody could tell why a certain newly set-up engine would n't work. Then at last, Murdock went and looked her over from stem to stern. There, just as he had suspected, something was 'queered'; a bolt had been slipped out of its proper place. 'Try her now!' he cried. And everybody stood around and saw the engine go—as well as the underhand trick that had made the trouble. In Murdock, James Watt had a real captain of men as well as of steam-engines, and he knew it."

The letters of the inventor of the steam-engine give repeated proof of the dependence he put on Murdock, who through many years had as his chief reward the knowledge that he was able to render services that none other could or did. For years his salary was only twenty shillings a week. But money was never an end with Murdock, to whom, first and last, the work done was the thing that counted. In 1780, when Bonze, one of the chief rivals of the Watt and Boulton firm, offered to take Murdock into partnership, he met with an uncompromising no. He had left his Scotland, Murdock said, and was spending his days in English foundries and mines in order that he might be associated with Watt, and he was a man who knew how to steer a straight course.

In the years when Murdock was making, in Watt's interest, frequent trips from one mining-district to another, he sometimes thought whimsically of the wooden horse of his school-days. And one evening when he sat down to supper, with some nineteen miles in the muscles of his weary legs, he wondered if a steam-engine might not be made to serve as motive-power for some such contrivance.

With Murdock, to think was to act—to try and test. In the years between 1781 and 1783, he spent most of his evening hours in constructing a "locomotive steam-engine, somewhat like a tricycle, 19 inches long and 14 inches high, with a copper boiler, with fire-box and flue, a spirit-lamp, one double-acting cylinder, two driving-wheels, and a steering-wheel." This curious model was later given a place of honor in the Birmingham Art Museum, for it was the very earliest locomotive—the forerunner of the mighty, road-devouring iron horses of to-day.

Visitors to Redruth, Cornwall, may read on a tablet placed in the wall of a modest house in Cross Street the following inscription:

WILLIAM MURDOCH
Lived in this house,
1782–1798
Made the first locomotive here,
and tested it in 1784.
Invented gas-lighting,
and used it in this house in
1792.

A humorous story is told of Murdock's early experiences with his locomotive. Says Alexander Murdock, in his sketch of the inventor:

> Murdock made frequent satisfactory trials of his locomotive in his own house, as is testified by many persons who saw it, and the story of the first trial in the open air will bear repetition. It was on a dark night, early in the year 1784, and the road chosen was a lonely lane bordered with high hedge-rows, leading to the parish church and rectory. The boiler was filled, the lamp was lighted; soon the steam got up, and off went the engine, puffing and snorting at the rate of six or eight miles an hour. It soon outran the inventor; and then the night air was rent by a succession of frightened cries for help. Murdock, hurrying up, found the worthy rector, who, hearing a puffing and snorting, and seeing only a fiery eye rushing along not much above the level of the ground, believed he had encountered the Evil One in person.

That evening, Murdock knew that his queer, steam-driven demon was going to arrive somewhere. He went on with enthusiasm, working out his idea in spite of the discouragement of Watt, who aid: "You are hunting shadows, William, when you dream that such an engine as pumps out the water from mines can move itself about on wheels. That would mean a miracle."

"Then I've seen miracles worked already,"

Murdock replied; "and I expect to live to see more of them."

The day came when, as Watt's representative, he rode about on his rounds from mine to mine in a puffing, rattling steam carriage, which was, before long, lighted with gas of his own manufacture. Watt, however, still strongly objected to Murdock's perfecting and patenting his locomotive. He felt it was his right to reserve for himself the chance to make any and all possible developments of the steam-engine. In effect, he said to his assistant: "I can not consent to your expending good time and material in such a vain cause. Stick to your job of building and introducing our tried and proved working engines. If there were any chance of this steam carriage becoming a practical success, I should myself follow it up and develop it."

Murdock was too loyal to accuse his chief even in thought of a dog-in-the-manger spirit; but later events have made it clear that, but for his opposition, the locomotive would have been given to the world fully forty years before the time of Stephenson.

Was it, perhaps, one evening when he was trying to console himself for his disappointment in regard to the steam carriage that

WHAT THE BOYS SAW WHEN THEY PEEPED INTO MURDOCK'S SHOP

Murdock drew in with the soothing smoke from his pipe a new inspiration? As he looked into the burning coals in the grate, an old idea flared up, flickered, and then all at once burst into life. He saw the gas sputtering into flame as it came from the coal, and he recalled his boyish experiments when he had succeeded in capturing this gas in an old tea-pot. Stooping, he put a piece of the coal in the bowl of his pipe, which he closed; then he set fire to the gas that began to escape from the stem.

"Weel now," said William Murdock, "if ye dinna think a new thing is possible, put that in your pipe an' smoke it!"

It seemed as if he saw in a flash the coming of a new light for man, and all that it might mean, through the miniature gas-plant which he held in his hand. A place to draw the gas from the coal—he tapped the bowl of his pipe; and tubes or pipes to carry it to the place to be lighted—he looked triumphantly at the stem from which the gas was still creeping. He began now in earnest his experiments in the making and conveying of gas.

The news soon went abroad that queer, uncanny things were taking place in the Murdock house. One evening a group of the more daring youngsters of the neighborhood were taking turns peering through the window and reporting what they thought of the mysteries within, when Murdock suddenly appeared and, calling to one lad, sent him to a shop to buy a thimble. Was there to be a game of "hunt the thimble" in the shadows among all the pots and kettles in that place of strange sights and smells! Well, when people were queer, there was no telling what the next fancy would be! Young Jack showed that he could run, and he was back at the door with the thimble in less than five minutes; but having some difficulty in pulling it from his pocket, he succeeded in edging his way into the workroom before he handed it over. And the door closed with Jack inside!

What a story he would have to tell to the fellows out there! There was a kettle full of coal, and a big metal container like those used in blasting. But what was Mr. Murdock doing with the thimble? He punched a number of holes through the top and then fitted it like a cap over a tube which he fastened to the metal case. Then he set fire to the end of the thimble!

"And it burned, man, it burned fine!" Jack reported; "but it smelled horrid. You can even smell it out here; but not so much, of course, as in the house," he added, to console the boys who had not been as fortunate as himself in really seeing the exciting experiment in gas-making.

Murdock carried on many experiments after that, and, in 1792, succeeded in making a supply of gas in an iron retort at the rear

of his house, to which it was carried through pipes.

In 1798, when Murdock's services to the firm of Boulton and Watt were at last recognized by the promotion to both the name and the salary of manager of the practical department, he lighted the Soho works with gas, which he had now succeeded in purifying so that the objectionable smell was removed, while the brightness of the light was increased.

It is amusing to note the difficulties encountered in bringing gas-lighting into general use, even after the great industrial plants like the Soho works at Birmingham and the largest cotton manufactory of Manchester had demonstrated its immense advantages.

"Do you mean to tell us it is possible to have a light without a wick!" exclaimed a member of Parliament, when a bill was introduced in 1809 to grant a charter to a company for supplying gas-light.

Sir Walter Scott made fun of the notion of "lighting London by smoke" and "even carrying the light below the streets in pipes." But he lived to see his own home, Abbotsford, lighted by gas.

"We 'll have to turn over the dome of St. Paul's for a gas-holder for London!" declared Sir Humphry Davy, the inventor of the safety-lamp, with a merry twinkle.

"I ken it 'll take something bigger than St. Paul's," replied Murdock, gravely.

When the day came that the House of Commons was lighted by gas, the architect exacted that the pipes be kept at least four inches from the walls to prevent fire; for it was thought that the illuminant passed along in the form of red-hot vapor. Other people declared that this strange thing must be a menace to health, that it would cause eye troubles, asthma, consumption, and many other dire diseases.

Perhaps, however, the most unique complaint against the "new light" was that it would drive out the whale-oil industry, and so mean the destruction of the British Navy, since the whaling-ships gave the best training for sailors.

One of the many disappointments in the history of invention is the lack of proper recognition of Murdock's work. His name should be as universally known as is Watt's when we speak of the steam-engine or Edison's in connection with the electric light. Why is it that only a few realize what the world owes to this great and rarely unselfish man? The answer lies partly in the circumstance which kept him always in the shadow of Watt as loyal and devoted "right-hand man." And the master was too absorbed in the problems growing out of his own concerns to add to his vital interests any thought for the independent claims of his trusty lieutenant.

Courtesy of Birmingham Art Museum

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE STEAM-ENGINE BUILT BY MURDOCK IN 1781 AND TESTED AT REDRUTH, CORNWALL

So Murdock's means and method of making gas were not even patented, while men who later devised special burners, meters, and other details connected with his invention reaped fortunes.

William Murdock lived to the ripe old age of eighty-five. For many years he served in the firm of Boulton, Watt, and Company as partner, guide, and friend of the junior Boulton and Watt, whom he loved as sons.

THE INCA EMERALD

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness," "The Blue Pearl," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

PROFESSOR AMANDUS DITSON, the great scientist, has discovered the location of Eldorado, where for hundreds of years the Incas of Peru threw the best emeralds of their kingdom into the lake as an offering. The professor's ambition in life is to secure a living specimen of the bushmaster, the largest and most venomous of South American serpents. He calls on Big Jim Donegan, the lumber-king and gem-collector, and offers to lead a party to the lake if Jim will finance the trip, and to allow the lumber-king to have the emeralds, provided Ditson can keep the bushmaster. Jim promptly agrees to this, and Jud, the old trapper, Will, and Joe, the Indian boy, who together found the Blue Pearl for Jim Donegan, agree to go on the trip. Jud and Professor Ditson bicker as to who shall lead the expedition. A whip-scorpion decides the discussion in favor of the professor. They have adventures with birds, butterflies, and vampire-bats. Joe has a terrible experience with an anaconda, and Will is nearly swallowed by a giant catfish. They pass Treasure Rock and hear its story. They are shipwrecked, and lose all of their equipment. They have an adventure by night with a jaguar. They build a new boat and start on down the river. Pinto, Will, and Jud are treed by peccaries, Will is driven down to the ground by fire-ants, and his life saved by a black jaguar. They come to the Slave Trail, which runs to the lost Lake of Eldorado, and meet a war-party of man-eating Muras. On the shores of a forest lake they have adventures with a cougar, an alligator, and piranhas. They find a little Indian girl lost from her tribe. Jud is upset by an armadillo, while Will catches a bushmaster and escapes an army of carnivorous ants by a narrow margin. They are pursued by a band of Miranhas led by Scar Dawson, Professor Ditson locks the river for an hour, and they escape over Sky Bridge a mile high.

CHAPTER XI

THE LOST CITY

HARDLY had the rumble of the falling bridge died away when Jud slipped his arm about Will's shoulders and half led, half dragged the fainting boy around the corner of a great rock.

"Those yellin' heathen shoot too straight for us to take any chances," he remarked briefly.

The same idea had come to the rest of the party and they followed hard on the old trapper's heels. Here Professor Ditson again took the lead.

"It 'll take them some time to get across that river, now the bridge is down, if they follow us," he observed, with much satisfaction. "We ought to reach Machu Pichu to-day and Yuca Valley in two days more. There we 'll be safe."

"What 's Machu Pichu, Chief?" questioned Jud, using this title of respect for the first time since the expedition started, for the professor's behavior at the bridge had made an abiding impression on the old man's mind.

"It was the first city that the Incas built," explained Professor Ditson. "When the Inca clan first led their followers into these mountain valleys they were attacked by the forest-dwellers and driven back into the mountains. There they built an impregnable city called Machu Pichu. From there they spread out until they ruled half the continent. Only the forests, and the wild tribes that infested them, they never conquered. At the height of the Inca empire," went on the scientist, "Machu Pichu became a sacred city, inhabited mostly by the priests. After the Spanish conquest it was lost for centuries to white men until I discovered it a few years ago."

"Where do we go from Yucay?" questioned Jud, again.

"Follow the map to Eldorado," returned the professor, striding along the path like an ostrich.

Beyond the rock and out of sight of the cañon gaped the mouth of a tunnel fully three hundred yards in length. Narrow slits for light and air had been chiseled through the face of the precipice, and although cut out of the living rock with only tools of hardened bronze by the subjects or captives of forgotten Incas, it ran as straight and true as the tunnels of to-day drilled by modern machinery under the supervision of skilled engineers. Through the slits the travelers caught glimpses of the towering peak down which they had come, but there was no sign of their pursuers. In a moment they had vanished from the naked rock-face against which they had swarmed.

Joe stared long through one of the window-slits, while below sounded the hoarse, sullen voice of the hidden river.

"I not like their going so soon," he con-

fided at last to Jud. "Perhaps that Dawson have another secret way down the mountain as he did at Wizard Pond."

"It 's not likely," returned Professor Ditson, who had overheard him. "At any rate, the only thing to do is to press on as fast as possible."

"Why did n't my snake-skin make us safe from these people?" inquired Joe, as they hurried along.

"Because," explained the scientist, "the Miranhas are an outlaw tribe who have no religion and keep no faith. Nothing is sacred to them."

Beyond the tunnel a wide paved road led around the rear of the mountain and then up and up and in and out among a wilderness of peaks, plateaus, cliffs, and precipices.

In spite of the well-made path, along which in the old days the Incas had sent many an expedition down into the Amazon Valley, the progress of the party was slow. Will became rapidly weaker and for long stretches had to be helped and even carried along the more difficult parts of the trail.

Hour after hour went by. Once they stopped to eat and rest, but their tireless leader hurried them on.

"We 're not safe this side of Machu Pichu," he said.

Will pulled himself to his feet.

"I 'm the one who 's keeping you all back," he said weakly; "from now on I walk on my own legs." And in spite of the others' protests, he did, forcing his numbed nerve-centers to act by sheer strength of will. Toward the middle of the afternoon the path turned an elbow of rock, and in front of them towered a chaos of grim and lonely peaks, spiring above cañons and gorges which seemed to stretch down into the depths of the earth. In the background were range after range of snow-capped mountains, white as the clouds banked above them, while in front showed a nicked knife-edge of dark rock. The professor's face lightened as he looked.

"On that ridge," he said, stretching out his arm, "lies the Lost City."

The path led downward until, although it was early afternoon, it became dim twilight in the depths of dark cañons and then, twisting like a snake, came back to the heights, skirting the edges of appalling precipices in a series of spirals. As the way reached the summit of the ridge it became narrower and narrower, and at intervals above it stood stone watch-towers, on whose ramparts were arranged rows of great boulders with which the sentinels of the Incas could have swept an invading army down to destruction in a moment. The path ended at last in a flight of steps cut out of the solid rock, with a wall on either side, and so narrow that not more than two could walk up abreast. It was past sunset when the little party reached the last step and stood on the summit of the wind-swept ridge. In the east the full moon was rising above the mountains and flooded the heights with light white as melting snow. Before them stretched the city of Machu Pichu, its shadows showing in the moonlight like pools of spilled ink. Lost, lonely, deserted by men for half a thousand years, the great city had been the birthplace of the Incas, who ruled mightily an empire larger than that which Babylon or Nineveh or Egypt held in her prime. In its day it had been one of the most impregnable cities of the world. Flanked by sheer precipices, it was reached by only two narrow paths, enfiladed by watch-towers, aeries, and batteries of boulders. To-night the terraces were solitary and the strange houses of stone and vast, rock-built temples, empty and forsaken.

In the moonlight this gray birthplace of an empire lay before the travelers from another age silent as sleep; and as they passed through its deserted streets, the professor told them in a half-whisper thousand-year-old legends which he had heard from Indian guides. At the far side stood the great watch-tower Sacsahuaman guarding the other path, which spiraled its way up the slope of a sheer precipice half a mile high.

"The Incas who built that," said the professor, "gave the tower its name. It means 'Friend of the Falcon,' for the Inca boasted that the hawks would feed full on the shattered bodies of any foe who tried to climb its guarded heights."

On the summit of a sacred hill he showed them a square post carved out of the top of a huge rock, whose upper surface had been smoothed and squared so that the stone pillar made a sun-dial which gave the time to the whole city. Near by lay Sayacusca, the Tired Stone, a vast monolith weighing a thousand tons, which was being dragged to the summit by twenty thousand men when it stuck. As the carriers struggled to move its vast bulk it suddenly turned over and crushed three hundred of them. Convinced that they had offended some of the gods, the stone was left where it fell and the skeletons of its victims are still beneath it.

High above the rest of the city was the Sacred Sun Rock. From it, the sun itself was believed to rise, nor might it be touched by the foot of bird, beast, or man. At the height of the Inca empire it was plated all over with gold (which the Peruvians believed fell to earth as the tears of the sun) and with emeralds, and, except during the Festival of the Sun, covered with a golden-yellow veil. To-day its glory has departed, and the tired travelers saw before them only a frayed and weather-worn mass of red sandstone. Seated on its summit, the scientist showed them the street where, during the Festival of the Sun, the ruler of the Incas would ride along a pavement made of ingots of silver on a horse whose mane was strung with pearls and whose shoes were of gold. Beyond the Sun Rock was the Snake Temple, which had three windows and whose solid stone walls were pierced with narrow holes through which the sacred snakes entered to be fed by the priests.

"We might camp there," suggested Professor Ditson. "It would make a large, comfortable house."

"No, no," objected Jud, shudderingly. "No snake-temple for mine!"

They finally compromised on Sacsahuaman, whose thick walls were slit here and there by narrow peep-holes and whose only entrance was by a narrow staircase of rock cut out of the cliff and guarded, like most of the entrance staircases, by rows of heavy boulders arranged along the ledge. Inside were long benches of solid stone; and best of all, at the base of a white rock in the center of the tower, trickled an ice-cold spring whose water ran through a little trough in the rock as it had run for a thousand years. Professor Ditson told them that in the old days it had always been kept guarded and munitioned as a fortress where the Inca could make a last stand if by any chance the rest of the city should ever fall into the hands of his enemies. That night they kindled a fire within the tower and ate their supper high above the sacred city on the battlements where the guards of the Inca had feasted a thousand years before Columbus discovered the new world. Afterward they slept, taking turns in guarding the two entrances to the city from the same watch-towers where other sentries had watched in the days of the beginning of the Inca empire.

The next morning Will could not move. The stress and strain and exertion of the day before had left him too weak to throw off the numbing effect of the virus. Professor Ditson shook his head as he looked him over carefully.

"There is only one thing to do," he said at last. "We must send on ahead and get a horse or a burro for him. He has walked too much as it is. Any more such strain might leave him paralyzed for life. Hen," he went on, "you know the trail to Yuca. Take Joe and start at once. Long before you get to the valley, you ought to run across a band of vaqueros herding cattle. Bring the whole troop back with you. I 'll pay them well, and they can convoy us in case the Miranhas are still after us."

A few minutes later Hen and Joe were on their way. Leaning over the parapet of Sacsahuaman, the rest of the party watched them wind their way slowly down the precipice until they disappeared along the trail that stretched away through the depths of the cañon. All the rest of that day Jud and Pinto and the professor took turns in standing guard over the two entrances to the city and in rubbing Will and giving him alternate baths of hot and cold water, the recognized treatment for the stings of the maribundi wasp. That night it was Jud's turn to guard the staircase up which the party had come. Once, just before daybreak, he thought he heard far below him the rattle and clink of rolling stones. He strained his eyes through the dark, but could see nothing nor did he hear any further sounds. In order, however, to discourage any night-prowlers, the old trapper dropped one of the round boulders, which had been placed in the watch-tower for just such a purpose, and it went rolling and crashing down the path. Daylight showed the trail stretching away below him, apparently empty and untrodden since they had used it when entering the city. Tired of waiting for Professor Ditson, Jud hurried up the steep slope to the fortress, meeting the scientist on the way to relieve him. The old trapper was just congratulating Will on being well enough to stand on his feet when a shout for help brought all three with a rush to the entrance of the tower. Up the steep slope they saw Professor Ditson running like a race-horse, while behind him showed the giant figure of Dawson, followed closely by half a hundred Miranhas. In another minute Professor Ditson was among them.

"They must have hidden during the night around a bend in the path and rushed up

when we changed guards," he panted. "They were swarming into the tower just as I got there."

All further talk was stopped by the same dreadful tumult of war-cries which the travelers had learned to know so well.

The roofless walls, no longer raftered by heavy timbers as in the Incas' day, were the weak spot in the defense of the besieged. If enough of the Miranhas succeeded in scaling them, in spite of Jud's markmanship, the defenders of the fort could be over-

"THE GRAY BIRTHPLACE OF AN EMPIRE LAY BEFORE THE TRAVELERS, AS SILENT AS SLEEP"

"Steady, boys," said Jud, instantly taking command, as a veteran of many Indian fights. "Four against fifty is big odds, but we 've got a strong position. Will, you sit by the staircase; an' if any one starts to come up, roll one of them fifty-pound boulders down on him with my compliments. I 'll stay back here where I can watch the whole wall an' pick off any one that tries to climb up. Professor, you an' Pinto keep back of me, with your ax an' knife handy in case any of them get past me. Now," he went on as the three took their stations, "how about some breakfast?"

After the first fierce chorus of yells, there was a sudden silence. Led by Dawson, the Indians were far too crafty to attempt a direct charge up through the narrow gateway. powered by sheer weight of numbers. While the little party of the besieged were eating breakfast at their several stations, they could hear the sound of heavy objects being dragged across the paved street without and the clink and jar of stone against the wall. Always, however, the besiegers kept themselves carefully out of the range of vision from the tower's narrow loop-holes. At noon Jud insisted that Pinto cook and serve dinner as usual.

"Eat hearty, boys," the old Indian fighter said. "You may never have another chance. I dope it out they 're pilin' rocks against the walls, an' when they 've got 'em high enough they 'll rush us."

It was the middle of the afternoon before Jud's prophecy was fulfilled. For some

time, there had been no sign nor sound from the besiegers. Then suddenly from six different and widely separated points in the semicircle of stone, hideous heads suddenly showed over the edge of the wall, and, with the tiger-scream of their tribe, five picked Miranha warriors started to scramble over and leap down upon the little party below, while at the end of the curved line showed the scarred, twisted face and implacable eyes of the outlaw from the north. It was then that the wiry little gray-bearded trapper showed the skill and coolness which had made his name famous throughout a score of tribal wars that had flickered and flared through the Far Northwest during his trapping days. Standing lithe and loose, he swung his automatic from his hip in a half-circle and fired three shots so quickly that the echo of one blended with the beginning of the next. Hard upon the last report came the pop of Pinto's deadly blow-gun. Three of the besiegers toppled back dead or wounded, and, with a dreadful shout, Scar Dawson clawed frantically at his shoulder, where a keen thorn of death from Pinto's tube had lodged. The other two Indians scrambled down in terror, and there came a chorus of appalling screams, wails, and yells from the other side of the thick wall.

"HIDEOUS HEADS SUDDENLY SHOWED OVER THE EDGE OF THE WALL"

"I could have got 'em all," remarked Jud, cheerfully, polishing his smoking automatic on his sleeve, "but I 've only got four cartridges left an' we 're likely to need 'em later. Will," he went on, "you just step over to the watch-tower there an' see if there 're any signs of Hen an' Joe. A few South American cowboys would come in mighty handy just about now."

"If they don't come before night," stated Professor Ditson, calmly, "we 're gone. The Miranhas are certain to rush us as soon as it gets dark."

Even as he spoke, there came from outside a wail swelling to a shriek, like the unearthly scream of a wounded horse, yet with a leer of triumph and anticipation running through it. Pinto started and shivered, while the professor's face was grim.

"You 'll have to get us first," he muttered.

"What do they mean by that little song," inquired Jud, coolly.

"It 's the hag-cry that the women raise before they torture the prisoners," returned the other. "They think they 're sure of us as soon as the sun goes down."

Will returned just in time to catch the last words.

"There 's no one in sight," he said. "Could n't we ourselves slip off down the cliff?" he went on.

"Not a chance," explained the scientist. "They 'd roll boulders down on us."

"Is there any chance of holding them off after dark?" went on Will, after a little pause—and had his answer in the pitying silence of the two older men.

For a moment he turned very white. Then he set his teeth and threw back his shoulders.

"I 'm only a kid," he said, "but I 've been in tight places before. You need n't be afraid to talk plain."

"If they get over when it 's too dark to shoot straight," said Jud, at last, "we 're all in."

Will looked at him unflinchingly.

"Watch the stairs," he said suddenly. "I 've an idea!" And the boy hurried back to the little parapet that overhung the trail which ran a thousand feet below.

Beyond and above him the rim of the setting sun was coming nearer and nearer to the snow-capped range that cut the sky-line of the west. Already their white crests were gleaming crimson in the dimming light. As he went, Will fumbled in his belt and pulled out a tiny round pocket-mirror which, with a tooth-brush, a comb, and a few other light articles, he had carried all through the trip in a rubber pocket fastened to his belt.

During these happenings, miles away, concealed by the intervening range, Hen and Joe were riding at the head of a troop of hard-bitten, hard-faced vaqueros, the cowboys of the South whom they had met at the end of their first day's journey. Armed with Mauser rifles and with revolvers and knives in their belts, these cowboys of the pampas backed their wiry little South American horses with the same ease that their brethren of the northern prairies showed. The foreman of the gang had turned out to be an old friend of Professor Ditson, who had been with him on an expedition years before. He readily agreed to journey with Joe and Hen over the mountains to the Lost City. The men had been rounding up half a dozen hardy, tiny burros, those diminutive donkeys which can carry their own weight of freight all day long up and down steep mountain trails. It was decided to take these along for the use of the travelers. With the obstinacy of their breed, however, there was never a time throughout the day when one or more and sometimes all of the burros were not balking at this long trip away from the ranch where food and rest were awaiting them. Accordingly, it was late in the afternoon when the party reached the range behind which was hidden Machu Pichu.

Suddenly Joe, who with Hen, mounted on spare horses, was piloting the little troop, caught sight of a flicker of light across the crest of the highest peak of the range ahead of them. At first he thought that it came from the rays of the setting sun reflected from a bit of polished quartz. Suddenly he noticed, with a sudden plunge of his heart, that the light was flickering in spaced, irregular intervals. With Will and several of the other boys of his patrol, Joe had won a merit badge for signaling in his Boy Scout troop, and his tenacious Indian mind had learned forever the Morse code. As he watched now, he saw the sun-rays flash the S.O.S. of the code. Again and again came the same flashes, carrying the same silent appeal which he knew could come from none other than Will behind the range heliographing for help with the last of the sun to the chum who had stood back of him in many a desperate pinch. As Joe glanced at the setting sun, he realized how short a time was left in which to save his friends. With an inarticulate cry, he turned to Hen, who was jogging lazily beside him, and in a few quick words told him what he had read in the sky. With a shout, Hen in the rolling Spanish of the pampas, gave the alarm to the troop behind, and in an instant, hobbling and leaving the burros, every man was spurring his horse desperately up the steep trail. With the very last rays of the disappearing sun, the message changed, and the Indian boy sobbed in his throat as he read the word "Good-by," flicker in the sky.

As the golden rim of the sun rolled beneath the horizon, Will strained his eyes desperately, hoping against hope to see a rescue party appear against the trail which showed like a white thread against the mountain-side. Suddenly, in the dimming light, he saw a few black dots moving against the crest of the opposite mountain. They increased in number, and, once over the ridge, grew larger and larger, until Will could plainly make out a far-away troop of riders and glimpse the rush of straining horses and the stress and hurry of grim-faced men. With a shout, he leaned far out over the

parapet until in the distance the drumming beat of galloping hoofs sounded loud and louder. Ten minutes later, a long line of men with rifles in their hands were hurrying up the steep path that led to Sacsahuaman.

The besieged were not the only ones who knew of their coming. Outside of the walls of the fort, the Miranha band had understood Will's shout when he first saw the distant horsemen. They too had heard the hoof-beats, which sounded louder and nearer every minute; and although the path up the precipice could only be seen from the fort, yet, from without, the besiegers could hear the clink of steel against the rocks and the murmur of the voices of the climbing men. Just before the rescue party reached the fort, Jud's quick ear caught the sound of muttered commands, the quick patter of feet, and through a loop-hole he saw a black band hurrying toward the other entrance to the city, carrying with them the bodies of their dead and wounded comrades. Even as he looked, there was a shout, and into the little fortress burst the rescue party, headed by Hen and Joe. In another minute they swarmed through the streets of the city, but the enemy was gone. At the foot of the other path the last of them were even then slipping into the darkening valley. Of all the band, alive or dead, one only had been left behind. Just outside the thick wall of the fort lay a huge, motionless form. As Jud and Professor Ditson approached it they recognized Scar Dawson, deserted by the men whom he had so recently led. As they came close they saw that he lay helpless. Only his staring eyes were fixed upon them with an expression of awful appeal, yet there seemed to be no wound anywhere on his great body. As they bent over him, Pinto pointed silently to a tiny red spot showing at the front of the outlaw's right shoulder—the mark made by one of the Indian's fatal little arrows. Jud stared sternly down at the helpless man.

"You 've only got what was comin' to you," he said. "You 'd have tortured every one of us to death if you could," he went on, but there was an uncertain note in his voice. "He 's a bad actor if there ever was one," he blustered, turning to the others; "still, though, I 'd hate to see any man die without tryin' to help him."

"He deserves death if any man ever did," said Professor Ditson, grimly, "yet it does not seem right to let a man die without help."

"Yes," chimed in Will, looking down at the dying man, "do save him if you can."

The professor hesitated.

"Well," he said at last, "I can and I will, but I am not at all sure that I ought."

Beckoning to one of the vaqueros, he took from his pouch a handful of brown salt and reaching down, he forced open the stiffening jaws of the outlaw and pressed it in between them.

"Swallow that as fast as you can," he commanded. Even as he spoke, the muscles of the man's great body relaxed little by little, as the antidote for the curare poison began to work. Fifteen minutes later, tottering and white, but out of danger, the outlaw stood before them.

"I have saved your life," said Professor Ditson, "and I hope that you will make some better use of it than you have done. Your friends went down that way," he continued precisely, pointing to the path along which the Indians had retreated. "I would suggest that you follow them."

The outlaw stared scowlingly for a moment at the armed men who stood around him. Then, without a word, he turned and disappeared down the steep trail.

"I hope I have n't made a mistake," murmured Professor Ditson to himself as he watched Dawson disappear in the distance.

(To be concluded)

SECRETS!

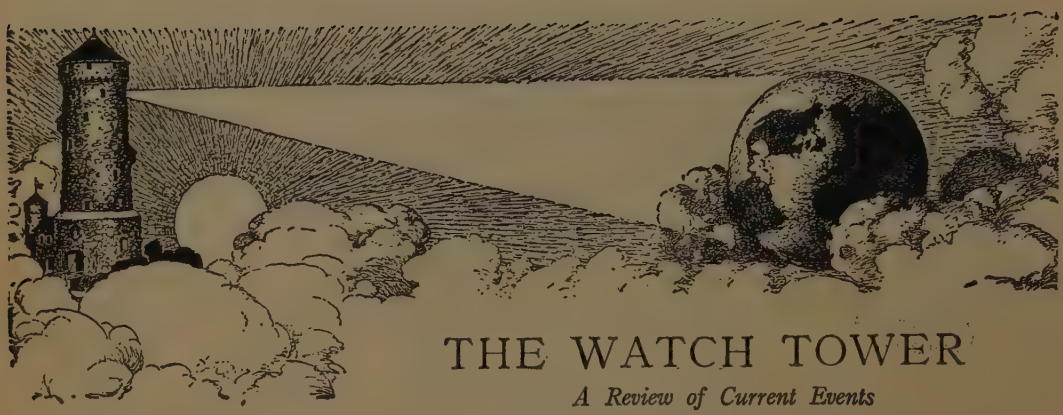
ONCE when you were walking across the meadow grass,
A little fairy touched you—but you never saw her pass!

One day when you were sitting upon a mossy stone,
A fairy sat beside you, when you thought you were alone!

So no matter what you do and no matter where you go,
A fairy may be near you, and you may never know!

Annette Wynne.

THE OLD TURKEY-TIN



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

CAN WE GIVE THANKS?

ONCE again, the month of thanksgiving. Have we anything to be thankful for? Don't you know some folks who think we have n't —and don't you think most of those folks would be disappointed if everything had been going so satisfactorily that it would be simply impossible to find fault?

It is the month of the anniversary of the Armistice. Four years have passed since the last shot of the war was fired. Everything seems to date from that time. If you have been thinking of the end of the war as the beginning of a new Golden Age, you probably do not feel very thankful, for the world is still full of trouble. But if you have been more reasonable than that, you should not have much difficulty in finding reasons for some degree of satisfaction. This nation is not at war, nor is it likely to be for many years to come. We have settled our labor troubles, even though only temporarily; American good sense ought to be able to make the settlement permanent before another such season as the summer of 1922 comes upon us.

We have our national health, we have our national honor, and we *may* be able to keep warm this winter. We can at least be thankful that the prospects for the coming year are so much brighter than they were two or three months ago!

Perhaps the American nation had got into the habit of being thankful only for material blessings. Perhaps we needed the jolts we have had to teach us Spartan fortitude, endurance of hard tests, and appreciation for the simpler things of life—for life itself.

Life is a battle, and if we get soft, we lose the best joy of it. Faith and courage are things to be thankful for; and America has them in full measure.

THE LARGEST FAMILY

THE illness of Mrs. Harding, in September, brought anxiety to the White House family, and the interest shown throughout the country united this great nation as nothing else had done for three years. More than one hundred million Americans who since the war had been divided by differences of opinion on foreign and domestic problems were drawn together by genuine and lively sympathy for the burdened President and the brave woman who bears his name and shares his hopes and disappointments, his victories and defeats.

In the heat and stress of political battles, we sometimes forget that those who serve in high office are human like ourselves, and have personal troubles like our own. But when sickness or sorrow comes to the White House family, we stop being Republicans and Democrats and are nothing but Americans, warm-hearted friends of those who bear the heavy loads. Mrs. Harding's illness made us truly one family, a family of something more than one hundred and ten million persons.

In addition to this human sympathy, the illness of the President's wife started some of us thinking about the amount of responsibility attached to the office of Chief Executive of this nation. In the last twenty or twenty-five years the number of matters in which the President is expected to engage himself has increased to such an extent that we begin to wonder if we are not approaching the point where individual strength and capabilities are seriously overtaxed. Besides the

routine duties of the office as laid out by the Constitution, the President is expected, nowadays, to take a leader's part in the activities of his party. Conferences with members of the House and Senate take much of his time, and his duties are numerous and nerve-racking.

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson were both extraordinary men. Their restless, driving personalities moved them to assume responsibilities they might have escaped, and the extent of their activities established a precedent, encouraging others to shift responsibilities from other and more proper sites to the White House.

That the President has too much to do is not a theory, but a fact. So far as we plain, ordinary citizens are concerned, the point is this: that the more good citizenship prevails in the country, the less there will be for the President and the Government in its entirety to do. And the less the Government has to do, the better it can do what it does.

IN ASIA MINOR

THE Treaty of Sèvres was signed, but not ratified. Greece offered to send troops into Asia Minor to enforce its terms. Her offer was accepted by the Allies.

At first, the Greek armies were successful; but the farther they advanced, the more difficult it was to keep the territory they occupied. The line was so long and so thin that it could not hold.

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THE CITY OF SMYRNA, RECENTLY CAPTURED BY THE TURKS AND NOW IN RUINS

Kemal Pasha, head of the Nationalist Turkish Government at Angora, waited for what we call "the psychological moment," then attacked the Greeks and routed them. It is said that the defeat of the Greek forces in Asia Minor, when their remnant fell back upon Smyrna, was one of the most complete military disasters in history.

See what this defeat involved: the Nationalist Turks were of course encouraged, and the Turkish power at Constantinople was inspired to make common cause with them.

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A SIOUX CHIEF IN FULL REGALIA

Russia, which had supplied Kemal's forces with munitions, was strengthened in her interest in affairs beyond the Black Sea. France, which had made an agreement with the Angora Government, and England, which had been controlling affairs at Constantinople, were brought into sharp opposition. Italy, too, was concerned over the outcome, for she has interests in the eastern Mediterranean. And the Balkan nations began to make plans for taking part in any war that might be brought about.

The United States does not mean to stand by and see the "Christian minorities" massacred by the Turks. Our trade in that part of the world is not indispensable to our prosperity, but we have large private interests there, in colleges and missionary enterprises. However, it does not seem as though Uncle Sam is really called upon to interfere in events so far from home. We do not shirk responsibilities, but whatever intervention is necessary ought to come from European Governments, coöperating unselfishly.

Ex-Ambassador Morgenthau said that the Dardanelles should never be allowed to pass from European control; that Asia Minor should be given up to the Turks; and that the Christian nations ought to permit no more Turkish massacres there.

Some folks could solve the problem in five minutes—to hear them talk. Really, it is a superlatively difficult one. France and England must get together. Europe must show good sense and no greed, if the problem is actually to be solved.

ARE INDIANS PEOPLE?

LATE in September, there was an Indian powwow at Chicago. It was quite different from those that Hawkeye attended in the forests of New York State, and those that Kit Carson saw on the prairies. The delegates did not wear feathers and carry tomahawks. They were lawyers and doctors, priests and preachers, business men and mechanics and —not a few—veterans of the Great War.

The Powwow Club of the Indian Fellowship League called the meeting, and almost

G. V. Buck

CHIEF FRED LOOKOUT, OF THE OSAGE TRIBE, IN CONFERENCE WITH THE COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, AT WASHINGTON

all the Indian tribes of this continent were represented. Many organizations exist for the promotion of fellowship and good works among the Indians. Some of them are the League of Canadian Indians, the Society of American Indians, the Order of the Indian Tepee, and the Mission Indians Federation for Human Rights.

At Chicago, they had Indian dances in the old-time costumes. An Indian village showed how the red men lived in the days when they roamed the woods and the prairies. Basket-makers and bead-workers exhibited these native arts, and there were medicine-men to demonstrate the ancient customs. To some folks all this may seem grotesque, or a mere enterprise of entertainment. But it was much more than that—it was a remarkably interesting exposition of the customs and the arts of the original inhabitants of this continent, a curious and informing temporary revival of an ancient civilization that was in many respects admirable. At least the Indians did not have coal strikes and railroad strikes!

There are more than 300,000 Indians in this country. Census statistics show that 133,193 of them speak English; 91,331 can read and write; 83,402 are citizens of the United States; 29,738 are voters; 26,949 are engaged in other occupations than farming and stock-raising. More than 10,000 young Indians served in the war.

The powwow at Chicago had these objects: to help produce a better understanding of the Indian and a better fellowship between the white- and the red-skinned inhabitants of the land; to encourage study of the history of the Indians' past; and "to obtain full citizenship for all Indian people."

Conquest of this continent by the white race became inevitable as soon as Columbus discovered America. Without being sentimental about the fate of the aborigines, we can not but think that fair play and justice impose upon us an obligation to do all we can to promote the welfare of the survivors of the one-time "savages."

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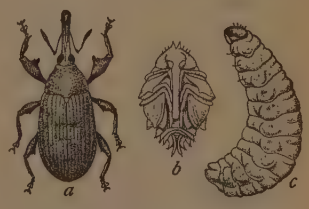
AN INDIAN FARMER, RIDING AN UP-TO-DATE SULKY PLOW

THE BUG THAT EATS COTTON

HE hatches out inside the cotton boll, and eats the cotton before it breaks into bloom. Perhaps that is not a very accurate scientific description of what happens, but it tells the story to the non-expert in bugology and botany. They call him the boll-weevil, and he does a frightful amount of damage.



a, ADULT COTTON BOLL-WEEVIL; *b*, PUPA; *c*, FULL-GROWN LARVA

In September, the department of agriculture reported a 13 per cent. drop in the condition of the cotton crop. That little item

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A HEALTHY COTTON PLANT

in the newspapers probably failed to attract the attention of most readers, especially in the North; but down South they knew, what it meant—that the cotton crop would come short, by many, many bales, of what had been counted on. It meant that the plants that started well had been attacked by the weevil and the contents of the bolls stolen. It meant that the crop of this staple would be cut down to a point where the planters must sustain heavy losses.

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A COTTON PLANT ATTACKED BY THE BOLL-WEEVIL

More than this, it meant that American users of cotton cloths would have their supply reduced. It meant that as much harm had been done to the market as if a considerable quantity of goods made up and stored had been destroyed by fire. To be sure, the labor of manufacture and the expense of transportation have not been lost; but the laborers in the mills and fields have lost the work they would have had if there had been a full crop.

The worst of it is that the ravages of this destructive insect have, for some time, been getting more and more costly each year. Some authorities say that unless something can be done to exterminate the weevil, America will cease to be a producer of cotton.

One plan that has been suggested is to stop all planting until the boll-weevil becomes extinct. Another is that the United States Government appropriate a billion dollars to carry the war against the destructive little creature to a finish.

Some of our Southern readers might give us first-hand information on the situation. It is assuredly a matter of national concern.

TO AVOID STRIKES

THE two great strikes that came to an end in September gave the American people something to think about for a long while. Millions of working-hours had been lost, transportation of passengers, goods, and crops had been held up, and coal production had been suspended for five months.

The settlements were incomplete and temporary. The coal-miners went back to work on an agreement drawn for a year, and the end of the railroad strike left both the men and the managements dissatisfied.

Mr. Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labor, charged that there was a great conspiracy of employers to prevent workers from seeking organized protection and promotion of their own interests—that they were hurting organized labor by fighting for the open shop. But the open shop does not mean one from which organized labor is excluded; it means one in which union men and non-union men have equal consideration.

There is much to be said on both sides—more than we have room for. The sum of it all is that we need provision for settlement of all labor questions before they develop into great and harmful strikes. President Harding wants such legislation, and we ought to have it.

METEORS FROM THE SKIES

FALLING stars are so common that they cease to attract general attention, but the beauty of their flight through space holds our admiration and excites our interest even after many repetitions. Showers of shooting stars occasionally make the early morning heavens brilliant with streaks of light that surpass any pyrotechnic display invented by man. The fact that nearly three times as many meteors may be seen in the early morning hours as in the evening is responsible for the little general knowledge concerning these remarkable "fireworks of heaven." Few of us are willing to spend the whole night watching the skies to get an intimate view of the stellar display.

The modern astronomer, however, is a patient watcher of the night. He never tires of studying the heavens, and from dozens of great observatories powerful telescopes follow the stars and planets from early evening to dawn of day. A complete record of every planetary movement is thus recorded and photographed. By means of the modern powerful photographic lenses, perfect pictures of the stars and heavenly bodies are taken, and when enlarged they reveal details which escape the eye. By reproducing these series of photographs by a moving-picture machine, a perfect panorama of "a night among the stars" may be enjoyed by all. Popular astronomy of the future will be taught by moving pictures thrown on a large screen so that every feature of the night's changes can be clearly seen.

But these visitors from the infinite spaces around us sometimes appear suddenly, without warning, and in a most surprising manner. During the past century the study of meteors has become almost a science by itself. In the great museums of Vienna, Paris, London, Berlin, New York, Chicago, Boston, and other important cities, fragments of meteors are exhibited, and the interest in their composition increases as we learn more about the heavenly bodies. In the past few years many of these meteor fragments have been crushed, analyzed, and subjected to laboratory treatment, for the purpose of learning how they differ from ordinary rocks or stones found on our earth. By subjecting them to the intense heat of the electric furnace, scientists have liberated from them radium, helium gas, and other rare or new elements.

Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

THE WILLAMETTE METEORITE, FROM WILLAMETTE, OREGON. WEIGHT 15½ TONS

The meteorites are composed chiefly of metallic iron—accompanied with nickel. A dark crust usually surrounds the meteor, often less than one fiftieth of an inch in thickness, and below this is found stone and metallic iron. The surface has cuplike cavities, and there are streaks which show where the melted matter has run. When broken open, the stony meteors are of a grayish appearance.

A meteor is a weird sight sometimes, and there is little wonder that the ancients were

often startled by their appearance. We have many allusions to meteors in the past history of most countries, when the people believed that the end of the earth had come, and they accepted the heavenly display as a warning from God.

In more recent times the appearance of a shower of meteors may not cause superstitious fear, but it very frequently creates surprise and consternation. Some of the most remarkable meteor displays of modern times have been witnessed at sea. Vivid accounts of such an occurrence were given by the officers and crew of the steamer *Cambrian* when she arrived in Boston in August, 1907. One Friday night when the vessel was at sea, the heavens were luminous with stars. The third officer thus described what then occurred:

"Suddenly, out of the sea away off toward the northeast, there flared up something that looked like a rocket, such as we send up when in need of assistance. But it was whiter than a rocket, and the train of fire that followed the glowing head trailed away like a horse's tail. Bits of stars fell away from it like a shower of spray, with now and then a larger one that dropped toward the sea with great speed. I did n't have very much time

Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History

"THE DOG" METEORITE, FROM CAPE YORK, GREENLAND

to ponder on the apparition before the light from it came over the stern of the *Cambrian* and flooded her path. We knew it was a meteor, and I admit I was getting a bit squeamish, for there was no telling where the monster was going to hit.

"As the meteor began to plunge downward in its bowlike flight, we heard a strange, roaring sound, hollow at first, when a long way distant, but constantly growing louder. The sea was now bathed in white light, such as a calcium burner makes. The electric bulbs on the *Cambrian* turned a sickly yellow, like a smoky lamp. I grabbed hold of one of the brass rails on the bridge and held my breath. The meteor was so close that we could not look toward it. The roar was enough to strike terror into the heart of any man, sailor or landsman.

" 'She 's coming aboard us betwixt the main and mizzen masts!' I yelled to the second officer, and I, with ear close to his mouth, barely made out his reply. It was awful to stand there and feel there was no escape. I felt the ship was doomed, and turned my head to wait for the end. But nothing could shut out the burning glare, which pierced through closed fingers clasped tight to protect the eyes.

"With a crash that shook the ship, the monster struck the sea not fifty yards away, and the upheaval was terrific. The good old *Cambrian* had escaped by a narrow margin. Not a rope or spar was scathed when the meteor, which looked about twenty feet square, went over us and struck the sea."

A cloudy haze sprang up and covered the sea after the meteor disappeared in the water, and it took the *Cambrian* nearly an hour to sail out of it; but once beyond the cloud, the night was as clear and beautiful as before the molten mass had disturbed its calm.

Great numbers of meteors have fallen on the land in this country and burrowed their way from a few inches to several feet in the earth. Sometimes the falling meteors do not strike the earth, but continue their journey through space with a roar like a tornado. In December, 1876, a magnificent meteor appeared above the State of Kansas, and was witnessed by thousands of people in half a dozen different States. Although this meteor was some fifty or sixty miles from the earth, it made a roar like a distant cannonade or thunder. "So loud were these explosions," wrote one author, "that people and animals were frightened. East of the Mississippi River, the explosions were heard everywhere within sixty miles of the meteor's path; and in Bloomington, Indiana, sounds were heard supposed to come from the meteor even at a distance of nearly 150 miles from it." Over central Illinois it seemed to break into fragments like a rocket, but it

continued to travel eastward, and probably buried itself somewhere in the earth in New York State.

In 1860, another beautiful meteoric display passed over New York, Pennsylvania, and New England, and the huge stones probably dropped somewhere out at sea. Thousands of persons, attracted by the unusual light in the heavens, rushed out of doors to discover the cause. In many places it was light enough to read print. The meteor finally broke into two parts, which appeared to chase each other through the sky, until lost in the distance over the ocean.

Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

PEARY METEORITE FROM CAPE YORK, GREENLAND. THE LARGEST KNOWN. WEIGHT 36½ TONS

Some of the meteors, described as fireballs, or bolides, are nearly as bright as Venus or Jupiter. If one looks at the heavens on a clear night, he is apt to see innumerable meteors rushing through space, and some are so far distant that they are mere specks in the telescope. In fact, with the development of more powerful telescopes, more meteors are discovered traveling in irregular routes through space, and their number is past all computing. The velocity of the meteors may vary from ten to forty miles per second, and the average speed is placed at about thirty miles.

When the meteors strike the earth they generally bury themselves several feet in the ground. Sometimes they are shattered into a thousand fragments by the impact, but many have been picked up whole. Some of the meteors obtained weigh a thousand or more pounds, but the majority are not so large. Even a small one is hurtled through the air with sufficient force to cause great damage, if it should strike anything of value. More frequently the small stone meteors are consumed by the intense heat before they strike the earth. When a large meteor strikes the earth's atmosphere, the pressure of the latter against it causes it to burn unequally, and thus the small hollows or indentations are formed on its surface. Again, the pressure of the atmosphere causes it to crack, and small fragments are thrown off, like the explosion of a skyrocket. At such times terrific explosions follow by the sudden expansion of the air condensed in front of the flying projectile.

Meteors and shooting stars are nearly always visible to the naked eye between midnight and morning on a clear, moonless night, and it is computed that a keen observer, watching one portion of the heavens carefully, can see at least eight or ten shooting stars per hour. But if one looks through a powerful telescope, this number may be increased some twenty times. This implies that there are some millions of these bodies which pass within our vision every night, but the great majority can not be seen on account of clouds and the light from the moon or sun. It is also quite evident that the vast majority never reach the earth. They are burnt up in the air before they can reach the surface of the earth itself.

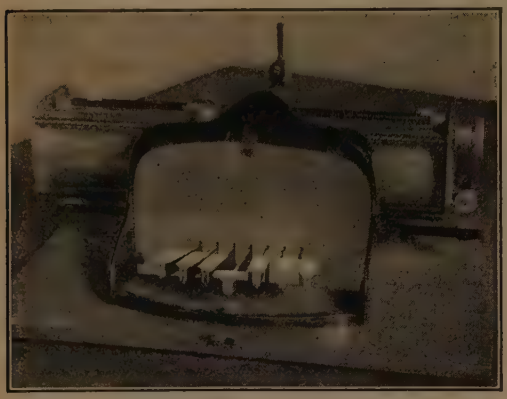
Astronomers have sought diligently to ascertain the composition of the heavenly bodies by a study of meteor stones, and some thousands of these have been carefully examined. In these various meteors have been found iron, nickel, cobalt, silicon, tin, copper, titanium, sodium, calcium, manganese, arsenic, sulphur, phosphorus, chromium, carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and chlorine. When we consider the many other elements found at various times in these

strange visitors to the earth, astronomers are amply justified in concluding that many of the heavenly bodies swinging through space are not much unlike our own earth in their general composition.

GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

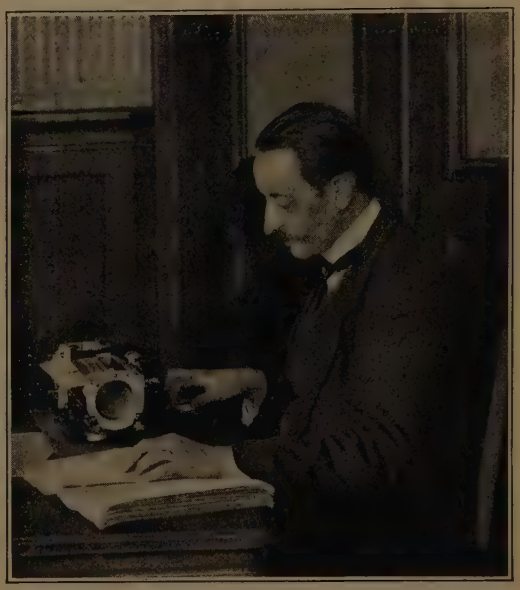
HOW BLIND CHILDREN WRITE LETTERS TO EACH OTHER

NEVER before in the history of the world has so much been done by kind-hearted persons to make it as easy as possible for blind persons to bear their affliction, as is being done to-day. Especially helpful are the typewriters invented for their use. These differ from an ordinary typewriter in various ways. Instead of making black letters by means of a moist ribbon covered with an ink solution, the keys have raised letters on the key-bar, or "punch," and these make an impression on the paper, which is about as thick as ordinary wrapping-paper. The embossed letters thus produced can easily be read by the sensitive finger-tips of the blind. But these letters are very different in appearance from



THE TYPEWRITER FOR THE BLIND

the type used in printing ordinary books and papers. As you can see in Figure 3, they consist of dots placed in one order or another in a rectangular space, called a Braille cell, from the blind Frenchman, Louis Braille, who invented this system in 1829. Since there are only six possible positions of the dots in the rectangle, only six keys are necessary on the typewriter, one for each position. The letters are formed by various combinations of the dots. The machine is provided with a special mechanism for producing these combinations. It is also provided, like ordinary typewriters with means for shifting the lines, spacing, and moving the paper, which in this case is in the form



A BLIND COPYIST TRANSCRIBING A BOOK IN BRAILLE

of a roll at the rear of the machine, instead of in separate sheets. Braille was not the only person, or even the first person, to use letters composed of a special arrangement of dots, but his system is the one in general use.

Before the use of an arbitrary arrangement of dots or points within a space called a cell, many attempts were made to enable blind persons to read ordinary letters by means of the sense of touch—indeed, such efforts had been made for centuries, but, strange to say, nobody thought of making embossed letters till 1784, and then the idea was the result of an accident. A student at the Haüy School for the Blind, in Paris, happened to pick up a printed notice and observed that he could detect the form of the letter "o," which chanced to be stamped rather deeply, on the under side of the sheet. Professor Haüy at once saw the value of the suggestion and began to print books with embossed letters.

One ingenious method used in earlier days was to form letters by pins or needles stuck in cushions or thick paper. Another way

THE BRAILLE ALPHABET FROM A TO J

was to form the letters with a special ink mixed with sand or grit, so that they would be rough to the touch. Sometimes, again, letters were cut out of paper, or thin wood, perhaps, and strung on strings to form words. Even more curious was the plan of making a

special system of knots tied in a string to represent the different letters of the alphabet. It is said that such a system was in use centuries ago in Chili and Peru. But none of these methods was as useful as that of embossed letters made up of dots, and stamped by a printing-press or a typewriter.

M. TEVIS.

AN UNPINELIKE PINE

AUSTRALASIA has established a certain renown for providing surprises in the animal and vegetable realms of Nature. From Australia, for instance, appears that queer link between bird and beast, the ornithorhynchus, the sight of which might well cause one who had not heard about it to wonder whether he was n't "seeing things"; to say nothing of the more familiar kangaroo, which, like the giraffe, might fairly be termed "a highly improbable creature." To come to trees, I fancy there are not many Americans who, if the tree shown in our picture were pointed out to them as a pine, would not be apt to exclaim, "Why, that 's no pine!" I confess that was my own feeling when, in a California garden of rare plants, I first saw one of the very few specimens of the tree in this country. Yet it is a true member of that splendid pine family which holds the first rank in the tree kingdom—the great natural order of the cone-bearers, or *Coniferæ*.

FOLIAGE OF THE KAURI PINE

The tree in question is the Kauri pine (*Agathis australis*, sometimes called *Dammara australis*) of New Zealand, one of the finest trees of those lavishly forested islands, and a relative of the well-known Araucaria, or "monkey-puzzle," of some of our gardens. True to its racial type, it grows tall, straight, and handsome, sometimes reaching a height of over 150 feet. Its outline is perhaps more that of a poplar than a pine; but the one feature in which the tree stands out strangely from its relations is in the matter of its foliage. Instead of the slender needle-shaped or awl-shaped leaves which are the well-known marks of its family in general, the Kauri pine has large glossy leaves, such as might belong to some giant kind of laurel or myrtle. Even the average botanist may well rub his eyes when,

THE KAURI PINE

amid the dark leathery foliage, he first spies the roundish fruit and finds it to be an unmistakable cone.

The Kauri pine has varied uses. Its timber is excellent for almost all purposes to which timber can be put, from ship-building, bridge-building, and railroad-building, down to small, finely polished articles of household use. Beyond this, it yields a resin which is prized in the manufacture of high-grade varnishes. And here comes in another point in which the tree is remarkable, for not only does it give freely of its life-blood while living, but it has the generous habit of bequeathing to mankind after its death its remaining riches in the form of large masses of the valuable gum, sometimes as much as a hundred pounds in a lump, which are found buried in the soil long after the tree that produced it has vanished.

J. SMEATON CHASE.

NEIGHBORLY MR. SONG-SPARROW

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"Do you really think we 'd better run the risk?" asked Mrs. Song-Sparrow. "There may be greater danger in staying. Think carefully, Mr. Song-Sparrow; are you quite sure we shall be safe?"

"Cheer up, dear Mrs. Song-Sparrow," said her mate. "Cheer up, and don't be downhearted. There will be wonderful goodies coming for us soon. I know, I know." And then Mr. Song-Sparrow sang his beautiful little song. You must have heard it many, many times, and perhaps you have thought it was a canary which had flown away. For the song-sparrow's voice is very much like that of a canary, and it is a pleasure we can have almost all the time.

The song-sparrow family will sing late at night, early in the morning, in the middle of the day, or any time at all. Old Great-great-great-great-grandfather Song-Sparrow said, years ago, that he wanted to be one of the singers who were always ready to sing and give pleasure with their voices. He never wanted to be the kind which would say, "I 'm sorry, but I have a slight cold," or, "I 'm dreadfully sorry, but I am really not in practice," or, "I have n't my music with me."

And so, because of the good example he set, all the other song-sparrows have sung at all times of the day, and have loved to make people happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Song-Sparrow were chatting in their nest home, which had been made out of grass and leaves and straw, with some bark for the ground-floor work and some tiny hairs and straw to make it soft on top. The nest was in a low bush. Sometimes the song-sparrows build their nests on the ground, but Mr. Song-Sparrow had said he thought it would be unwise to do that, as they were in a neighborhood where field-mice might come in the late spring or summer-time and eat the little eggs.

"It 's so nice," said Mrs. Song-Sparrow, "to have several broods of babies during the year. I do love the little gray-and-white eggs; they are so prettily speckled and ever so adorable."

"There, that 's fine!" said Mr. Song-Sparrow; "you 're becoming cheerful already. You know, my dear, we all like to be friendly; but some of our cousins go where it is warm in the winter-time. Now I think some of us should stay up where the people live who are

" 'SOME OF US SHOULD STAY UP WHERE THE PEOPLE LIVE IN A COLD, SNOWY CLIMATE' "

in a cold, snowy climate; and if they will help us, we shall get along all right. I am sure they will help us, too. This is the spot where some kind people live—right over yonder in that house."

And Mr. Song-Sparrow sang again as he moved his little brown head from side to side. He looked very cunning and very brave as he now stood on the end of a branch of the bush, for the snow was beginning to fall ever so gently.

"There are the song-sparrows," said a little girl's voice. "Come, brother, there are the song-sparrows. They look something like the regular sparrows, for they are about the same size, but their coloring is more brown and gray, with whitish streaks, and their song—oh, I just heard them sing!"

"Don't let 's frighten them, sister," said the boy's voice.

And Mr. Song-Sparrow cocked his head on one side and looked at Mrs. Song-Sparrow. "They are glad we 're here for the winter," he said, "so they are going to help us out with our marketing."

Sure enough, the sister and brother took out suet and put it in a near-by tree.

Birds love suet, and will eat it all through the long winter months. Many will stay where it is cold, if they are treated in this fashion. And then the sister and brother sprinkled some good bread-crumbs around on the ground where the birds could find them.

"SISTER AND BROTHER TOOK OUT SUET AND PUT IT ON A NEAR-BY TREE"

The song-sparrows watched from their bush, Mrs. Song-Sparrow peeping out to see them.

"What little dears! she said. "What perfect little dears!"

"Yes," said Mr. Song-Sparrow; "and they will see that the suet is kept clean of snow. They will come each day and brush the snow away."

"Let us sing a duet," said Mrs. Song-Sparrow, "and tell them how thankful we are! No wonder we are friendly, for folks are friendly with us."

And as the song-sparrows sang their joyous, lovely notes, they did n't know it was the great day of the year in which to be thankful—Thanksgiving Day!

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY LAURA F. SACKET, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

or humorous subjects; and a fine array of prints from our boys and girls of the camera guild—here is a treat worthy of the clever LEAGUE contributors who sent them, and to whom we accord our best thanks along with the ardent appreciation they are sure to receive from their fellow-members.

And this instalment marks another triumphant milestone in our joyous and successful progress, as the LEAGUE began in November, 1899, or twenty-three years ago, and just two months in advance of the twentieth century. What a record it has made in that interval! In many an American household, indeed, its influence and inspiration are numbered, this month, among the blessings of the Thanksgiving season, when,

"within the homes of men
The sacred hearth-fires gleam again;
And joy and cheer and friendship sweet
Within the charmèd circle meet."

FIVE little poems to the title "In the Gloaming" (two or three of them of remarkable merit) and three tributes, in creditable verse, to "November Joys"; five well-chosen incidents illustrating "The Test," narrated in excellent prose, and three entertaining storiettes of "Autumn Adventure"; a baker's half-dozen (so to speak) of pen-and-ink drawings showing what our young artists are constantly producing with historical, fanciful, timely,

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 272

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badges, **John Basye Price** (age 15), California; **Paul Francis Gleeson** (age 12), Rhode Island; **Wilhelmina Rankin** (age 14), New Jersey. Silver Badges, **Lucy C. Sanborn** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Mary Rowland Carter** (age 14), Maryland; **John Hoover** (age 11), California.

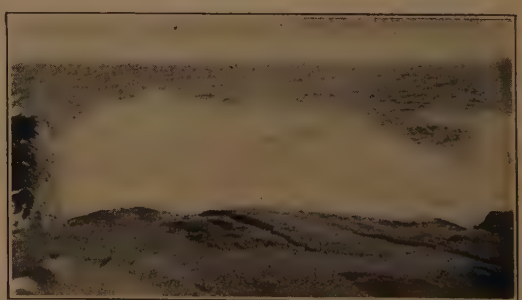
VERSE. Gold Badge, **Carolyn E. Asplund** (age 16), New Mexico. Silver Badges, **Nancy Hodgkins** (age 14), California; **Charlotte C. Hayes** (age 17), Texas; **Ruth Lee Andrews** (age 14), Kansas.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badge, **Ellen L. Carpenter** (age 16), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **Tillie Lehnhoff** (age 13), Illinois; **Gertrude Turner** (age 15), Canada; **Nina Abrecht** (age 15), New Jersey; **Laura F. Sacket** (age 16), Pennsylvania; **Bentley B. Stegner** (age 13), Ohio.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badges, **Rachel Barnes Hartzell** (age 14), Ohio; **Dorothy M. Jeffery** (age 16), Ohio. Silver Badges, **Harriet Williams** (age 15), Wisconsin; **Robert H. Peters** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Rosa E. Hall** (age 15), South Carolina; **Mildred Strelitz** (age 11), Wisconsin; **Kathryn Rosenberg** (age 8), New York; **Margaret Kimball** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Elizabeth Cole** (age 12), Colorado.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold Badges, **George E. Utterback** (age 15), Indiana; **Gertrude R. Jasper** (age 15), New York; **Cornelia B. Hussey** (age 16), New Jersey. Silver Badges, **Alice Laurence Sterling** (age 11), New York; **Mary Constance Williams** (age 9), Arkansas.

BY MONICA A. HARNDEN, AGE 14



BY ELIZABETH F. OSGOOD, AGE 11

"A HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPH"

BY SUZANNE GILLESPIE, AGE 14

BY EDWARD E. WENDELL, AGE 12

BY HORTENSE ISAACS, AGE 12

"A HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPH"

IN THE GLOAMING

BY CAROLYN E. ASPLUND (AGE 16)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1922*)

A LOW mud hut 'neath the setting sun,
Nothing else but a tree—just one;
A fat brown baby on the floor,
And a grandfather shaking his beard in the door.
Nowhere near is a sign of town;
Just three green fields and the foothills brown;
And the mountains tow'ring above it all
Hold everything but the sky in thrall.
On the tiny green patch farthest away,
Pablo Ortiz tills the land to-day;
While his two boys, Pedro and Juan,
To the far foot-hills for wood have gone,
And Madre Rosa, with tired eye,
Washes her clothes while the suds rise high.
They are old as the land that gives them bread
Tired by centuries long since dead.
Silent they are; they have little to say,
As they gather together at close of day,
And each one devoutly bows his head—
For Padre Pablo a prayer has said.
After the evening meal is o'er,
They gather near the blue-framed door,
And the lingering light of fading day
Touches the grandsire's locks of gray.

THE TEST

(*A True Story*)

BY JOHN BASYE PRICE (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1922*)

THE astronomers were very much disturbed about Uranus. Since its discovery they had calculated its path and predicted its future position. Their prophecy, however, proved erroneous, as Uranus was not in the expected position. Some suggested that it had been pulled out of its orbit by the attraction of Jupiter and Saturn. But this was refuted by the mathematicians, who calculated the influences of the known planets and found that, all together, they did not quite account for Uranus' position. It was evident, therefore, that some undiscovered heavenly body was pulling Uranus out of its path. This body could only be a new planet.

As it was useless to search the sky for it at random with a telescope, on account of the great number of fixed stars, the body's position had first to be discovered. This could only be done by mathematics. Two mathematicians, Adams and Leverrier, set themselves to the task of finding this, with no more data than the position of Uranus and their knowledge of the laws of gravitation. This sounds easy, but it was almost inconceivably difficult. But they started out and at last, after many weary months of labor, they calculated that if a planet of a certain size, traveling in a certain orbit at a certain speed, existed, it would exactly explain the behavior of Uranus. Their calculations further showed that if in existence, this planet would be visible at a certain part of the sky on a certain night.

They got an astronomer to look for it. On the appointed night he turned his telescope to the calculated spot. Now came the test of months of calculation. If nothing was there, all their work was in vain. The astronomer looked through his telescope, and Neptune was observed for the first time.

THE GLOAMING

BY MOLLY BEVAN (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

THE gold of sunset fading o'er the hills,
Some wandering breeze,
Piping a half-forgotten melody of other years
'Mid leafless trees,
The chimes from some far-distant church,
Silvery clear,
Awakening echoes in the twilit vales
Far and near,
While over all the peace of eventide,
One radiant star
Gleams like a lighthouse on the land
Where fair dreams are.

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY GERTRUDE TURNER, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)

NOVEMBER JOYS

BY NANCY HODGKINS (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

PICKING apples from the trees,
Getting honey from the bees,
Sending dream-ships o'er the seas,
Are November joys.

Nature gives her parting glow,
Sunny days, e're comes the snow,
Warmth and light are here below,
And November joys.

Birds and wood-folk say good-by,
Ere they take to cave and sky,
And autumn breathes a farewell sigh.
Then, end November joys.

When comes December, cold and drear,
And Christmas holidays are near,
Then we must wait another year
For November joys.

AN AUTUMN ADVENTURE

BY PAUL FRANCIS GLEESON (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1922)

SOME may think being chased by a full-grown stag is fun. Twelve-year-old Jimmy Drake, post-boy at Durant's Clearings, has another opinion. He thinks it is especially inconvenient if one carries United States mail. This is what happened:

One day he reported for work and found the mail had n't arrived. He sat down in the station to wait. The postmaster said, "Bill Sturgis tells me an outlaw stag is near his place." He could n't say any more, as the train then came in. "Jimmy," he called, "three letters for Johnson, two for Williams, and four for Sturgis."

Jimmy put the letters in his haversack. The weather was sharp; he buttoned up his coat and was off. The trail to Williams's and Johnson's was easy, and he soon was on the way to Sturgis's. Half-way down the "corduroy," he decided he would cut across an old wood-lot. Getting out on the other side, he heard an angry snort and, looking around, he saw a large stag coming towards him—the outlaw! He looked for the chance to escape. The nearest tree was a mile off, it seemed, but Jimmy dashed for it, reached it, with the stag about fifteen yards behind him. Jimmy jumped for a branch, missed it, and fell to the ground.

Fortunately, he rolled into an abandoned bear-trap, and the stag charged past. Jimmy knew he would return, so, springing up, he quickly climbed the tree. The stag returned, butting the tree with fury. The tree did n't budge. Suddenly a shrill whistle was heard. The stag raised his head, and glanced nervously about a moment—it was the call of his mate. Reluctantly he left his quarry, and disappeared down the trail. Jimmy climbed wearily out of the tree and soon reached Sturgis's.

He had met the outlaw.

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY PHYLLIS REEVE, AGE 15
(HONOR MEMBER)

"THE TEST"

BY LUCY C. SANBORN (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

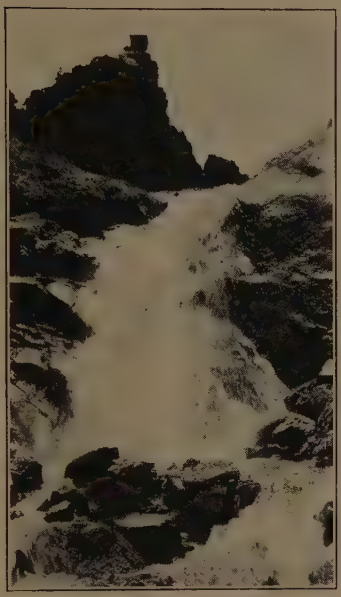
CIVILIZATION admires Belgium because she stood firm in the right when she was tested.

At the beginning of the World War, Germany infringed on a treaty insuring Belgium's safety by telling this small country that unless she permitted German soldiers to go through a part of her territory to France, unmolested, she would fight her way through. This note was most startling to the Belgian Government, which must reply in twelve hours. The answer was of vital importance to the whole civilized world. On the reply of Belgium hung the fate of one or more nations. If she allowed Germany to go through unmolested, she might as well as say: "Germany, we take our stand against France. Capture her if you can." And without Belgium, France would have been captured. It is true that, by allowing Germany to go through peaceably, Belgium would forfeit her own freedom, but then, not one Belgian would be harmed.

What was the reply? The world knows its import, if not its words. While looking starvation, death, and other war horrors (which could be avoided by granting Germany's request) straight in the face, Belgium replied, through her Government, that if Germany passed, she would pass by force.

This, surely, was a test of a government, and, by standing firm, it won for the people it represented, and for itself, gratitude, respect, and honor.

BY MARGARET KIMBALL, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)



BY CARL STEIN, AGE 13

BY ELIZABETH COLE, AGE 12
(SILVER BADGE)

BY ANITA GREW, AGE 13

BY MILDRED STRELITZ, AGE 11
(SILVER BADGE)

BY ROSA E. HALL, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)

BY HARRIET WILLIAMS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

BY ROBERT H. PETERS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

"A HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPH"

AN AUTUMN ADVENTURE

BY WILHELMINA RANKIN (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1922)

ONE day, a long time ago, in Father Time's palace, the three autumn months were whispering together. Now it was not yet time for even September to appear on earth, but they were all tired of staying with Father Time and wished for an adventure.

That night three excited little months stole out of the palace, and floated down to earth. No wonder they were excited, for they had never come down together before, as it was against Father Time's law.

When they arrived on earth the sun was just peeping over the hills; and then and there began a very exciting day. Some thought it was the first day of school, some thought it was Hallowe'en; while still others thought it was Thanksgiving. Poor little August did n't know what to do. Most people thought their vacation was over.

People quarreled and children cried, and all was confusion; till at last September, October, and November, weary of adventure, journeyed back to Father Time. So the people went back to finish their vacation, children once more played in the sand, and placid August finished her rule over earth in peace and quiet.

THE GLOAMING

BY HELEN L. RUMMONS (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

DREAMS that I dreamed in the long ago,
In the days that used to be,
When the gloaming comes and the lights are low,
They all come back to me.

Dreams that I lost in the days gone by,
Dreams that I know no more,
When the moon comes up and the shadows fly,
I glimpse them as before.

When the jewel-moon burns on the brow of the dusk,
And the stars in her hair are of gold,
And the breath of the wind is of roses and musk,
I find the dreams of old.

And I love the quiet gloaming hour,
When the day and the night are one,
For I find in my heart the dust of a flower,
And the dreams that are over and done.

Dreams that I dreamed in the long ago,
Dreams that I dreamed of you,
When the gloaming comes and the lights are low,
I see them all come true.

Dreams that I lost in the days gone by,
Dreams that can never be,
When the moon comes up and the shadows fly,
They all come back to me.

"THE TEST"

BY MARY ROWLAND CARTER (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

LITTLE HAWK stopped abruptly at the top of the hill, and, placing his hand above his eyes, he scanned the distant horizon. Little Hawk was an Indian, fourteen years old, and his keen eyes saw clearly a crowd of men, women, and children gathered on the meadows beyond. There the Indians were holding their annual games, and Little Hawk had been promised a jack-knife of rare quality by his father if he should win the javelin throw.

That evening the entries for the javelin throw lined up. It was the final line-up, and each entry was to have only one trial.

First, a certain chief's son tried his skill; but his throw was too low and he lost his distance. Next came Little Hawk. His missile spun through the air and landed upright some two hundred feet from the line. Last of all came Elk. His form was incomparable, and his javelin passed Little Hawk's by a few inches. Little Hawk turned sadly away; he had been beaten!

"Foul!" cried the lineman; "Elk's foot crossed the line!"

The shouting stopped, only to be renewed again more vigorously when the people realized that Little Hawk had defeated two great warriors.

That night he turned wearily homeward with the new javelin that he had won grasped proudly in his hand, and visions of the jack-knife dancing merrily before his tired eyes.

BY RACHEL BARNES HARTZELL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1922)

BY DOROTHY M. JEFFERY, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE SILVER BADGE WON JANUARY, 1922)

"A HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPH"

BY BENTLEY B. STEGNER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

THE TEST

BY EMILY LEE BRANDT (AGE 12)

(*Honor Member*)

"HEGAXES," King Darius exclaimed, "let it be done to Bartithar as I have commanded." Hegaxes bowed low, as the king, with a gesture, dismissed him.

One morning, as Bartithar was returning from the hunt, a masked stranger accosted him. "O Prince of Persia," said the man, "you can not be ruled by a wicked despot. Your people are dissatisfied; so are you. Arise!"

"Villain," cried the satrap, grasping his spear, "depart!" The stranger vanished.

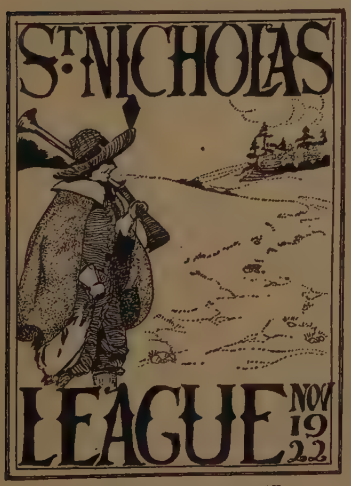
At the palace entrance Bartithar was accosted by another stranger. "Most Gracious One, but say the word, and you are king of Persia." A glance from Bartithar, and the traitor disappeared.

Scarcely was Bartithar seated in his chamber when a commanding personage, clad in glittering garments, appeared. "Bartithar, choose; the crown or disgrace! If you will be our leader, you shall be our king; if you refuse, you shall live in shame and die in dishonor. Answer!"

"Long live Darius!"

Bartithar sank back on his couch. What did it mean? As he was meditating, another figure entered. Bartithar looked up, expecting to see a fourth tempter. Behold, it was the king! Bartithar arose and prostrated himself before him. Silently, Darius took him by the hand and led him into the audience-chamber.

"O my subjects," said Darius, to the assembled lords, "know that I have tried Bartithar, the satrap, and he has proved loyal." Then the king related how Bartithar had been thrice tempted. "Henceforth," continued Darius, "he is to be second only to me in the realm. Let his words be accepted as mine!" Then Darius embraced Bartithar, murmuring tenderly, "My faithful servant!" and, amid the shouts of the assembly, they passed out of the room together.



BY ALICE ROBERTS, AGE 17

AN AUTUMN ADVENTURE

(*A True Story*)

BY JOHN HOOVER (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

I WAS staying at my uncle's house in a small town in Oregon. He was a man who liked all outdoor sports. One day we decided to gather hazelnuts, which grow abundantly in that State.

It was a fine day and we were all in the best of spirits. We followed the railroad tracks for quite a while. It was a single-track line and crossed the river. We started over the railroad trestle without having taken the precaution to consult a time-table. We had gained the middle of the bridge when, around the turn at the end, appeared the front of an engine.

For a moment we were panic-stricken; then we ran to the side of the trestle, only to see the river below us; so we crawled under the structure and hung over the water. We waited—and no train came; so we ventured to look up, and saw that it was not a train, but a rail omnibus. The driver had seen us and had stopped so that we might finish crossing the trestle.

After recovering from our fright, we went on as before, but we were certainly glad to step on good solid ground again.

We gathered plenty of nuts and had a very happy day of it after all, and had learned a valuable lesson concerning the dangers of trespassing on railroad property.

BY ELLEN L. CARPENTER, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1922)

NOVEMBER JOYS

BY LILLIAN DALE THOMAS (AGE 14)

It is autumn! It is autumn!
And everything is bright
With the golden spheres of pumpkins,
And the red and yellow light
Of the leaves upon the trees
As they flutter softly down
Or sway lightly with the breeze
In a brightly tinted gown.

It is autumn! It is autumn!
The harvest-time is here,
When all the grain is gathered
For the feast-time of the year.
With all November's joys,
The last is yet the best—
Thanksgiving time! Thanksgiving time!
No doubt each one has guessed.

For then each heart is thankful
And is filled with love so true;
Countless are the blessings
God bestows on me and you.
And so, just think it over,
Then you 'll agree, I know,
November is the very best,
Despite the frost and snow.

THE GLOAMING

(In a Cowboys' Camp)

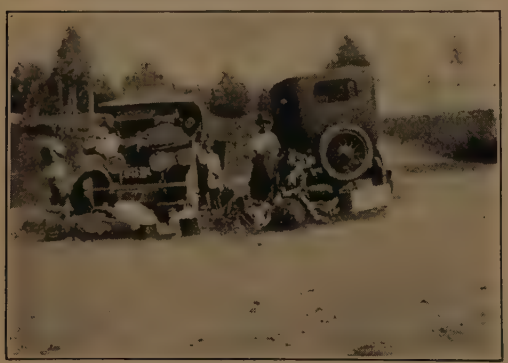
BY CHARLOTTE C. HAYES (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN th' sun 's 'most through a' settin'
O'er th' mesa, grim an' bare,
An' th' scent o' sage an' cat's-claw 's
Hangin' heavy on th' air;
While th' velvet purple shadders
Fold so softly o'er th' peaks,
Then th' desert in th' gloamin'
All about me softly speaks.

Now a chaparral 's a' callin'
Soft an' sweetly to his mate,
An' th' low wind through th' yuccas
'Minds me o' th' call o' fate.
Over thar' a cow 's a' lowin'
Fer a yearlin' gone fer good.
Suddenly, a coyote's yappin'
Breaks upon th' solitude.

An' I think o' all th' folkses
Startin' out so bravely, each,
'Crost these sandy, wasted places
To new homes they 'd never reach.
Then th' twilight 's gone, an' darkness
Takes its place, while full o' cheer
Th' warm camp-fire burns up brightly,
An' I 'm glad th' night is here.



"A HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPH." BY KATHRYN ROSENBERG, AGE 8 (SILVER BADGE)

THE TEST

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

ONE seldom sees a page of jokes nowadays which does not contain several bits of humor concerning the evasion of the Eighteenth Amendment; and it *is* amusing to hear people make clever remarks about home brew, moonshine, etc. These little things are all right in themselves, but they show the tendency of the country to regard the Volstead Act as a joke.

Statistics tell us that the importation of intoxicating liquors into the United States during the year 1921 was vastly greater than during 1920. This makes known the fact that the people of the country not only consider the Volstead Act a joke, but defy it again and again without a guilty conscience. You will say that only a small minority are to blame for this condition; but even then, the majority should take it upon themselves to enforce the law, which they are not doing to any great extent.

Perhaps it would have been wise merely to limit the sale of liquor to light wines and beers. Then possibly the people would have felt they were not being deprived of "personal liberty." But the *principle* is the same.

Now, however, that the Act is part of the supreme law of the United States, it ought to be enforced to the utmost. No part of the Constitution should be allowed to be thought of as something easily evaded. Every *loyal American* should do all that lies within his power to teach his fellow-citizens that each clause of the Constitution, as a part of the fundamental law of the land, must be obeyed.

The American people are facing a great test. If they will meet it firmly, in spite of opposition and ridicule, the country will be a cleaner and finer inheritance for their children.

IN THE GLOAMING

BY RUTH LEE ANDREWS (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

COLD November gloaming;
Skies of slaty gray;
Frosty wind a-blowing;
Flakes of snow astray.
Jack Frost nips your fingers,
Freezes stiff your toes—
Makes you think of sleigh-bells,
Skates, and heavy clothes.
Football field is lonely;
Bleachers empty stand;
No sign of jerseyed players,
Or gay, snake-dancing band.
Dry leaves rustling past you
Have an eery sound;
Grass is sere and scrunchy-like
On the frozen ground.
Blue smoke from a chimney
Streaks a dark'ning sky;
Snowflakes falling faster;
Chill wind breathes a sigh;
Makes you hurry homeward
Toward comfort, cheer, and mirth,
Comradeship of a dearest friend—
A book beside the hearth.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Jane B. Bradley
Marjorie E. Lucas
Mary L. Hunter
Jean M. Paterson
Howard T. Swain
Harriette E. Weaver
Mary K. Slate
Louise Abernathey
Margaret Swain
Esther Laughton
Eleanore Martin
Elizabeth Bentley
John T. Trible
Irene Dickinson
Evelyn Whittemore
Jean S. Peck
Talia Fairchild
Elizabeth E. Hughes

VERSE

Margaret Redington
Elizabeth B. Clarke
Ruby Stanton
Helen Daley
Caroline Rankin
Virginia Halderman
Froncie Wood
Margaret Montgomery
Caroline G. Thompson
Johanna Hein
Vera M. Shidler
Rosalie Vander Stucken
Charles V. W. Brooks
Katherine P. Gorringe
Katherine D. Swartwout
Helen L. Whitehouse
Margaret Coleman
M. Willard Messler
Margaret Humphrey
Margaret Mackprang

DRAWINGS

Mary S. Bryan
Betty Muir
Muriel Doe
Lalia B. Simison
Norman Hallock
George C. Wiggins
Margaret Coates
Shirley Strouse
Jessie Cummins
Nadine Munns
Rowena Paschall
Robert H. Hall
Dorothy J. Breuning
Frances Worthington
Mary S. Brewster
Elease Weinss

PHOTOGRAPHS

Rice S. Estes
Mary-Grace Long
Peggy Starr
Irene Tedrow
Dorothy Crook
Evelyn Joffe
Mary Reeve
E. K. Graves
Margaret Atkins
Rosalie Bailey
Margaret W. Renwick
Ruth Landesman

NOVEMBER

BY TILLIE LEHNHOFF, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Ethel Nielson
Catharine Richey
Betty Fry
Nance Nieman
Nancy C. Marks
Kathryn Leach
Alice T. Scoville
Mary Bryan
Louise G. Isfort
Esther R. Girton
Wenonah Wheelock
Mary M. Sterrett
Lincoln Parker Edmands
Diana Smith
Penelope Borden
Maxine Wiley
Beatrice Sulzberger
Victoria A. Colley
Mary Abby Hurd
Mary L. Swormstedt
Barbara Egleston
Ruth Clouse
Elizabeth P. Moffatt
Lael Tucker
Ruth Clark
Elizabeth Dargan
Linda E. Mitchell
Elizabeth Miller
Eleanor C. Johnson
Eleanor G. Atterbury
Barbara Simison
Martha Mead
Helen E. Botsford
William G. Busse
Mabel Burtis
Florence S. Young
Elizabeth S. Cadle
Jeanne Maisonville
Doris Cushman

VERSE

Jeanette Plaut
Marguerite Boies
Gertrude B. Kennedy
Elizabeth W. McSwain
Olive Gass
Alice M. Johnson
Clementine Bacheler
Virginia Dewey
Louise Holt Baker
Margaret E. Bradley
Margaret C. Grigor
Brenda Green
Elsie Brodkey
May Henry
Josephine Miles
Ruth Harris
Mary Anna Barnitz
Cynthia B. Sherman
Esther Shapiro
Peggy O'Callaghan
Edith G. Kline
Elizabeth Dillard
Edith O. Howell
Carlan S. Messler
Constance D. Witherell
Sally Miller

DRAWINGS

Hope Nelson
Alice Bemis
G. Frederic Cole
Sylvester Gatewood
Beth Mary Irwin
Mildred Frye
Janet Webb
Virginia Snedeker
Maurine Lacaff
Katharine Irwin
Margaret Haley
Emelyn Wyse
Ida Dukes
D. T. McNeill
Mary W. Hawke
Frances Haley
Ailene Croxford
Jane I. Nicholas
Theodosia Smith
Elizabeth Flinn
Mary E. Armstrong
Theodora Maltby
Marian E. Frisbie
Margaret Reed
Helen Felts
Jeanne Hirsch
Eleanor Coffin
Elizabeth Wenig
Betty Young
Helen Golcher
Minna E. Nathan
Charlotte Dutch
Helen J. Snyder

PHOTOGRAPHS

Gertrude Cross
Dorothy Schueller
Anne Tilney
Betty Fowler
Katharine P. Johnson
Caroline N. Hazelton
Betty Ramsay
Mary P. Goodrich
Penelope Perry
L. O. Field
Ah Quan Young
Virginia Miley
Alice McNeal
Ann Swain
Adele K. Smith
Dorothy Faller
Sylvia Smith
Mary L. Roth
Constance Botsford
Ruth Durbrow

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY NINA ALBRECHT, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE)

Jane Knight
Jack S. Booth

PUZZLES

Julia Anna Brown
Madelon Burbeck
Jane Waddell
Helen Blackwood
Jennie Zerlin
Longley Walker
Elizabeth Hale Smith
Ruth R. Rhinock
Emily H. Mackey

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and now is widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 276

Competition No. 276 will close December 1. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for March. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"The Voice of the Wind,"** or **"'Neath Windy Skies."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"Luck or Pluck."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not develop and print their pictures themselves. Subject, **"From my Snapshots."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"What I Like Best to Draw,"** or **"A Heading for March."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

WALLINGFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just begun taking you this year, but it seems to me as if I had been taking you for years. I began reading you first when I went to the library. I just read FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK then. In October I became ill with scarlet fever, and a friend of mine, who was also sick, sent me all the copies she had of the year 1921. I about devoured every word, and I finished them all and read them over again. She also sent me some sugar-cane. It was awfully sweet and very sickish. I tasted you, and Mother and I agreed you were much sweeter and not sickish at all! I hardly think I could have stood those long days without you.

I am not going to be without you if I can help it, and, if I have my way, I shall keep taking you till I am old and gray.

I am very much interested in the history of the Pilgrims, as I am the seventh great-granddaughter of Elder William Brewster, who came over on the *Mayflower*.

I must close now, because I want to leave a little time for you to read the letters of your other devoted readers who are trying to show how much they love you.

I am hiding your new number, which came this morning, because I want to finish "The Inca Emerald."

With unbounded love, I remain

Lovingly,

BETTY BREWSTER BRAINARD.

WASHINGTON BARRACKS, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think the way that you manage to do so much good in the world and yet not lose money is wonderful. For example, you have won the hearts of a lot of children who don't like hardly any body. They seem to feel that you are a person, not just an inanamit object.

Your little loving admiring friend,

ALSTON HAMILTON.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years and I want to tell you that I love you better than any other magazine. Several of my friends take you and enjoy you quite as much as I do. I take great pleasure in praising you, my favorite of all magazines, to my friends.

I thought you might like to hear about an overnight hike we took while we were up at camp this summer.

We left camp about half past seven in the evening. We hiked along the beach, and we all watched the sun sink in the west.

The reflection on the lake was very beautiful. Each of us carried our own poncho and blankets, etc. We reached our destination in about two hours. We went in for a dip in the lake, when we got there. Maybe that dip did n't feel delicious to our tired and weary bones!

I woke up in the morning amid the savory odor of broiled bacon. I don't believe bacon ever tasted so good to me as it did that morning. We all sat around our fire and broiled our bacon and also our faces. Soon after, at about seven o'clock, we started back to camp. Our hike was twelve miles altogether.

That was my first experience in sleeping in the open with the sky for a cover over my head. It was a very thrilling experience to me as well as to the rest of the girls.

I belong to the LEAGUE, and I love to read the contributions that are sent in. Sometimes I sit by the hour with the rest of the family trying to solve some of the puzzles in THE RIDDLE-BOX.

Thanking you for the many happy hours I have enjoyed while reading you, I am,

Your devoted reader,

RUTH BLOMQUIST.

SALTSBURG, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you since Christmas of 1920, and I am going to have you as long as I live, I think. Denny, my brother, loves you with all his heart, but he *says* he does n't like you a bit.

One morning, not long ago, Mother said, "Well, I guess we 'll put the cot out on the porch, Denny." Denny said, "Please do, please do, Mother!" So Denny slept out on the porch that night.

Yesterday, Mother said, "Anne, you go out and wake up Denny." So I went out; but he would n't do it. So Mother went out, and here was Denny with his eyes half shut and a copy of ST. NICHOLAS under the covers! So Denny really likes you.

Lots of love,

ANNE ST. CLAIR (AGE 9).

WARREN, ARIZ.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If it was n't for you, dear ST. NICK, I believe I should have died from lonesomeness this summer. You see, all my playmates except one were away, and there was n't much to do except go in swimming and read you.

I am ten years old, and when school starts I shall be in the seventh grade.

You help so in my work that I just could n't give you up.

I just adore "The Mystery at Number Six" and "The Inca Emerald," also THE LETTER-BOX; and I simply could n't get along without the LEAGUE.

I hope to take you until I 'm an old lady. I remain

Your devoted reader,

ALICE BUCKWALTER.

HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I took you since January. I think you might like to hear about a bird we have. Daddy was out riding and it was time for him to come home. Then we heard some one coming. Daddy came round the house with a baby bird in his hands! Oh! We were so surprised!

I love "The Blue Envelop " and NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK. I hope you will like this poem.

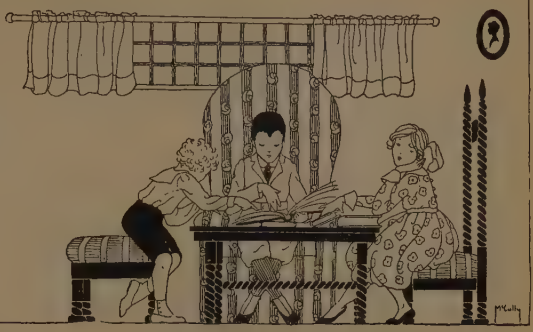
INDIAN SUMMER

Indian summer has come,
Let 's go and have some fun.
What shall we do,
What shall we play?
Indian summer has come!

From

MARY KEPPEL (AGE 8).

THE RIDDLE-BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Columbus.

ANAGRAM WORD-SQUARE. 1. Snap. 2. Nave. 3. Aver. 4. Pert.

FINAL ACROSTIC. Halloween. 1. Torch. 2. China. 3. Trill. 4. April. 5. Cello. 6. Squaw. 7. Chase. 8. Forge. 9. Train.

TOWER PUZZLE. Centrals, Eiffel Tower. Cross-words: 1. E. 2. Rim. 3. Off. 4. Eft. 5. Gem. 6. Elm. 7. Ate. 8. Sod. 9. Owe. 10. Crest. 11. Paris. 12. Monday. 13. Squeak. 14. Orange. From 1 to 8, Pyramids; 9 to 20, Mosque of Omar; 21 to 27, St. Mark's.

PICTURED POEMS. 1. The May Queen. 2. The Blackbird. 3. The Beggar Maid. 4. The Eagle. 5. The Grandmother. 6. The Sailor Boy. 7. The Grasshopper. 8. The Skipping-rope. 9. The Wreck, Tennyson.

CHARADE. Pump-kin.

SINGLE ACROSTIC. Third row, Mark Antony. Cross-words: 1. Coma. 2. Lead. 3. Dark 4. Coke. 5. Dean. 6. Band. 7. Hate. 8. Crow. 9. Lane. 10. Toys.

PI. October brings the harvest,
With apples, ruddy and brown,
And trees in the apple orchard
With fruit are bending down.

ADDITIONS. Initials, Theodore Roosevelt. 1. Tar-tan. 2. Hat-red. 3. End-ear. 4. Off-end. 5. Dot-age. 6. Out-fit. 7. Rat-tan. 8. Ear-wig. 9. Rot-ten. 10. Out-cry. 11. Off-ice. 12. Son-net. 13. Err-and. 14. Vis-age. 15. Err-ant. 16. Leg-end. 17. Tip-pet.

GROWING WORDS. I. P, pa, ape, pear, pearl. II. M, am, mat, tame, meant. III. S, as, sat, seat, tease.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, "Eight Cousins," fourth row, Louise Alcott. Cross-words: 1. English. 2. Indorse. 3. Genuine. 4. Halibut. 5. Tissues. 6. Cheetah. 7. Octagon. 8. Utilize. 9. Syncope. 10. Involve. 11. Neptune. 12. Subtile.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than November 27 and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 109) and give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were duly received from Ruth Tangier Smith—Marjorie Starr Best—Elizabeth Tong—"Allil and Adi"—"Sun and Moon"—"The Three R's."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were duly received from Vera A. Skillman, 10—Edward Ashley, 10—Priscilla C. Manning, 10—Frances Winfield, 10—John F. Davis, 10—"Insomnia," 10—Jay Leyda, 9—Helen H. McIver, 9—Elizabeth Riggs, 9—Helen A. Moulton, 9—Longley Walker, 8—"Three W's," 8—Harlan J. Murphy, 8—Gertrude R. Jasper, 8—Blackie and Pete, 7—Carlan S. Messler, 6—Gordon R. Silber, 6—Marian Ballin, 6—Frederick F. Sullivan, 6—Valerie Tower, 5—E. Bloomfield, 5—Marian C. Love, 5—Hortense A. Doyle, 4—Neri Corsini, 3—Dorothy Gruwell, 3—Hazel Bennett, 3—Elbert L. Little, Jr., 3—Caroline Moore, 2—Janet Modry, 2—Benj. F. Brown, 3d, 2—Constance W. Mitchell, 2—Elizabeth Blossom, 2—M. Samson, 1—J. Noyes, 1—C. MacDowell, 1—H. Ingalls, 1—M. Murray, 1.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

(*Gold Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

My *firsts* are in Jersey City, but not in Newark;
My *seconds*, in Fair Haven, but not in Boston;
My *thirds* are in Pensacola, but not in Tampa;
My *fourths* are in Nebraska City, but not in Omaha;
My *fifths* are in Astoria, but not in Hood River;
My *sixths* are in Fort Dodge, but not in Dubuque;
My *sevenths* are in Cheyenne, but not in Cody;
My three *wholes* name three capital cities of the United States.

CORNELIA B. HUSSEY (age 16).

TRANSPOSITIONS

(*Gold Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

EXAMPLE: Transpose a common verb, and make a useful organ. ANSWER: are, ear.

1. Transpose skill, and make a seaman.
2. Transpose in what manner, and make which one.
3. Transpose to consume, and make a beverage.
4. Transpose a color, and make an insect.
5. Transpose a dark fluid, and make relations.
6. Transpose possessed, and make a kind of tree.
7. Transpose foolish talk, and make a sack.
8. Transpose a masculine name, and make an untruth.
9. Transpose the first three letters in a word meaning pertaining to ships, and make a large, covered wagon for moving furniture.
10. Transpose an abyss, and make a fee.
11. Transpose to hasten, and make a classic vase.
12. Transpose to embrace, and make an exclamation of disgust.
13. Transpose conclusion, and make a haunt.
14. Transpose to perform, and make a graceful animal.
15. Transpose to color, and make an Algerian governor.

When these transpositions have been rightly made, and the new three-letter words written one below the other, the zigzag, beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter, will spell a November holiday.

GERTRUDE R. JASPER (age 15).

DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of something that is very popular nowadays.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A royal seat. 2. The highest point. 3. Angle. 4. A chest used on a ship. 5. Shattered. 6. Occurring every seven days.

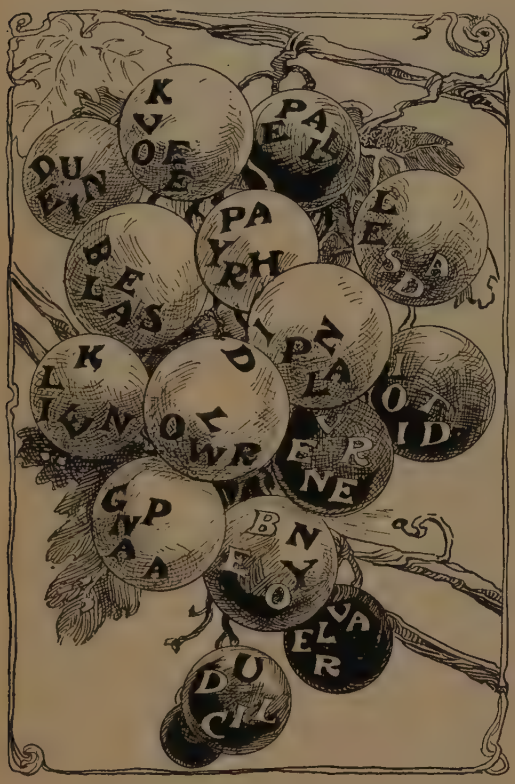
ELINOR BLACKBURN (age 11), *League Member*.

DIAMOND

1. In worst. 2. To conquer. 3. Telegraphs. 4. Inexperienced. 5. In worst.

HARDY MITTAG (age 10), *League Member*.

LETTER GROUPS



In the above picture are fifteen groups of five letters. The letters in each group form a word. When these fifteen words have been rightly arranged, one below another, the initials will spell the name of a noted American orator who was born in November, more than a hundred years ago.

AN HISTORICAL OCTAGON

(*Gold Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

				*	36	10	.	44						
			*	21	.	.	26	1	47					
		*	.	61	.	.	52	.	.	12				
	*	43	27	41	.	.	18	30	55	.	59			
*	3	51	.	33	.	.	48	.	39	.	.	4		
O	29	.	23	.	7	50	.	58	.	.	35	.		
O	.	.	57	40	15	.	11	.	.	22	.	20		
O	17	54	.	.	.	42	.	.	.	56	.	6		
O	46	.	.	49	2	.	.	62	.	.	.	.		
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		*	.	25	.	60	.	.	.	53				
			*	63	.	.	32	.	16					
				*	28	8	.	5						

READING ACROSS: 1. An early battle of the World War. 2. The surname of a British general of that war. 3. The surname of an energetic American statesman. 4. A great king who died at Aachen, in 814 A.D. 5. A famous treaty. 6. "The Wizard of Menlo Park." 7. Another name for Aachen. 8. A famous old fort. 9. A famous alliance of three powers. 10. The seventh President of the United States. 11. The greatest of Greek orators. 12. The famous son of Monica. 13. A famous ship designed by John Ericsson. 14. An American general in the Mexican war.

When these names have been rightly guessed, the five letters indicated by stars, at the upper, left-hand side, will spell the surname of a famous American officer; the four letters indicated by circles spell the surname of a former President; the five letters, indicated by stars at the lower, left-hand side, will spell the surname of two Presidents. The letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 6 name a British admiral; from 7 to 14, a famous Greek philosopher; from 15 to 22, was Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland; from 23 to 33, a famous document signed in 1215; from 34 to 42, is the French national heroine; from 43 to 51, a famous American orator; from 52 to 57, a famous Roman poet; from 58 to 63, the discoverer of the Mississippi River.

GEORGE E. UTTERBACK (age 15).

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

My *first* is celebrity, honor or credit;
My *second*, the end of a prayer;
My *third*, a sweet drink (the old Saxons were fed it)
My *fourth* completes all, everywhere.

ALICE LAURENCE STERLING (age 11).

PRIMAL ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a certain pleasant holiday.

1. An expression of gratitude. 2. A large African animal. 3. An oval building with seats about an arena. 4. Notwithstanding. 5. Machines for the production of animated pictures. 6. That which is subscribed. 7. One skilled in geometry. 8. Tending to inflame. 9. A vociferating. 10. Incapable of being measured. 11. A person ninety years old. 12. According to geology.

MARY CONSTANCE WILLIAMS (age 9).

PROSE CHARADE

My *first* denotes correctness; my *second* and my *third* are exclamations; my *fourth* is a common but honored name; my *whole* is a State.

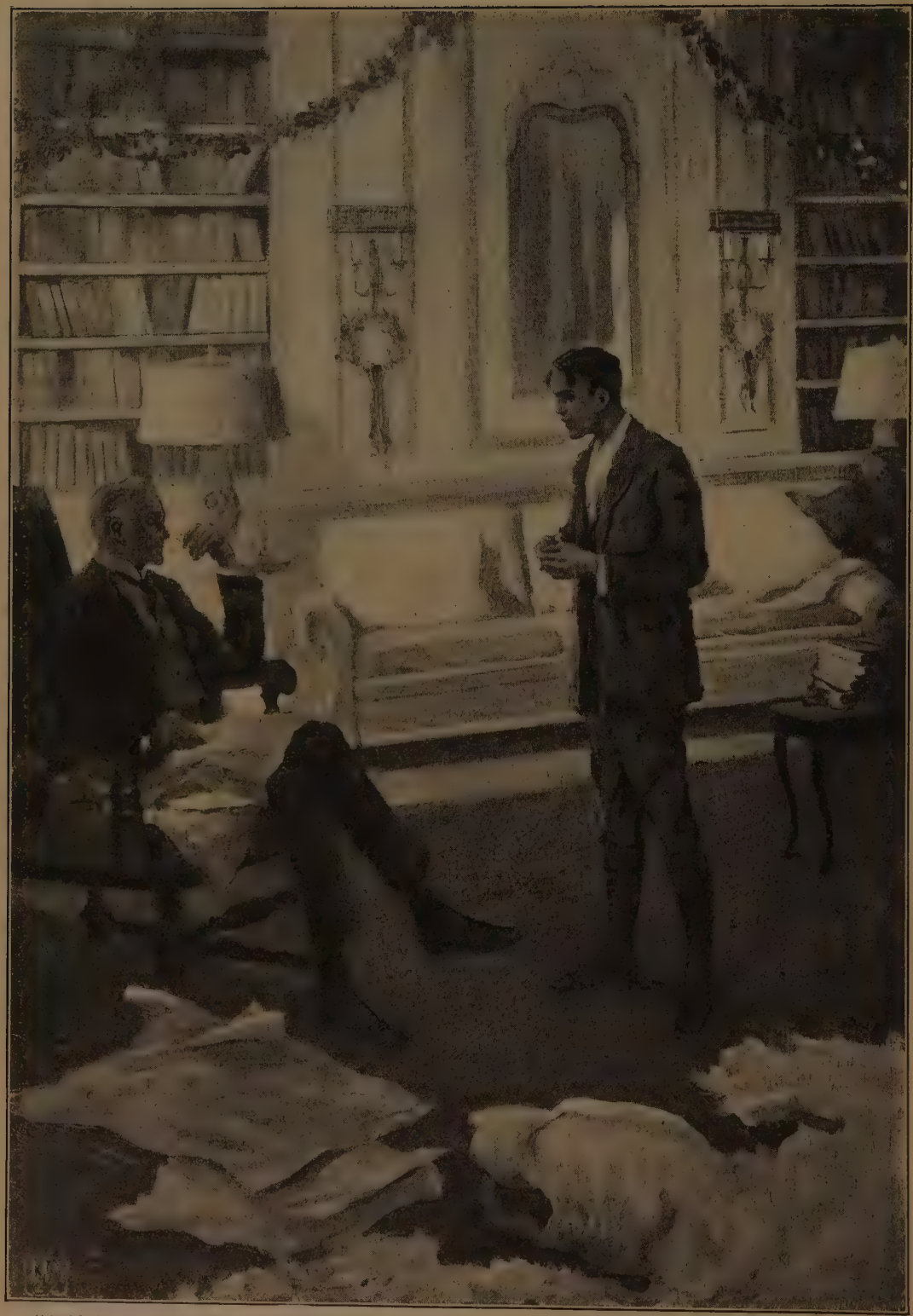
LOIS ELIZABETH DAVIS (age 13), *League Member*.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the primals will spell the surname of a famous country, and another row of letters, reading downward, will spell its most famous city.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Eminent. 2. Stained by iron. 3. A masculine name. 4. A feminine name. 5. A wading bird. 6. To have life.

MARY E. RECORD (age 11), *League Member*.



"'THIS IS CHRISTMAS MORNING, LUKE, AND I AM TEMPTED TO MAKE YOU A PRESENT—'" (SEE PAGE 152)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. L DECEMBER, 1922 No. 2

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SANDY'S CHRISTMAS

By THOMAS TRAVIS

THERE were three of them, plodding wearily through the snow, a man, a woman, and a boy about six years old. The man and the woman seemed gloomy, sad, and walked along silently till, with a deep sigh, the man spoke: "It 's too bad, too bad, Mother, the storm coming up like this. If it had only held off a couple of hours more, we 'd have made town all right. But as it is—well, what 'll we do?" And he looked wearily at the snow-covered mountains and the trackless waste of snow. He shivered as his cold face brushed a laden bush that dabbed his bare neck with icy snow. "It 's bitter cold, is n't it, Mother? And if I 'm not mistaken, the storm 's only just beginning."

The mother was too tired to answer. They had walked this way all day.

"If it had only held off a couple of hours," the man repeated gloomily, "we 'd have made the town all right. And there 's a job for me there. We 'd have had a good Christmas, after all."

"Oh well, Daddy," said little Sandy, sturdily, "maybe the storm 'll stop soon and somebody come along and give us a ride. Would n't it be fun if we could have a real sleigh-ride—at Christmas?"

But nobody came along the bleak waste, as they still plodded on. And the storm did not stop. It blew up stronger and stronger before a bitter northeast wind that sent whirling clouds of icy snow against their faces and sifted it down their necks, till they were wet and half frozen. It was only about four in the afternoon; but the wind had now risen to a howling storm that made the great trees rock and groan and scream in answer to the snoring of the white gale, and forced the three to bend almost double to force their way against it.

They were all three tired, miserably tired, and hungry and cold. The snow-laden swirls covered them till they looked like walking ghosts. Little Sandy's feet ached dreadfully; but he was a sturdy lad, and as he walked, he kept chattering out all sorts of questions, just to keep his mind off his cold feet. He did n't care whether his questions were answered or not—he just talked.

A big crow came swirling down the gale, veered in the shelter of a clump of pines, set his black wings, and, with a doleful caw, settled on one of the lower branches. Another did the same, and another, the three crows snuggling up to each other with a soft chuckle that said, just as plain as plain could be: "Boy, but it 's cold! And it 's going to be a cold night for old Jim Crow. Better be looking up a bed now, before it gets too dark. It 's a hummer, this gale is, a hummer!"

And the father felt just about the same.

"We 'd better look for some sort of a shelter, Mother," he said; "we can't make town to-night. We 'll be frozen stiff. Just my luck! Out of work since Thanksgiving; get a letter that there 's a good job here for me if I can make it by Christmas—and here 's this snow!" And he peered through the blinding storm to where the city lights showed once in a while deep down in the valley.

"But look, Dad!" Sandy shouted; "look! There 's just the place for us." And he pointed down in a hollow, where a little log-cabin lay pushed into a thick clump of tall evergreens.

Snow was drifted over the roof and over the trail to the door, as they entered and looked around. In fact, it had no door, only the place for one. It had two windows, but only one had glass in it. And it had neither fireplace nor stove—only a square of logs filled in with sand, for the fire, and a hole in the roof to let the smoke out.

"Just my luck!" said the father; "just my luck!" And he shivered again as the bitter wind swirled a cloud of icy snow through the door and window.

But Sandy piped up: "Well, anyhow, it 's better than nothing. And besides, I think it 's just fine. We can camp here and be all right. Come on, let 's make a warm fire." For his feet ached now so badly he could scarcely keep the tears back.

They hunted around, found an old lantern, and lit it, for it was now dark. And the gale had helped them somewhat, after all. For they found great dry branches of the fragrant pine, broken off by the wind, piled in heaps—some of it splintered to shreds under the twisting of the gale.

Soon a roaring fire was going. But the wind, howling through the doorway and the window, made it pretty hard to get warm.

"Just my kind of luck!" grumbled the father.

But Sandy said: "Supposin' we get some of those little trees, those pine and spruce, and pack them in the door and window. That will keep the wind out, and make us snug as a bug in a rug. Come on."

So they packed the window and the door with spruce-trees broken off and stuck in the deep drift. Father sighed a bit with satisfaction, and Mother sat down with a weary smile, thrusting her hands out to the blaze as she looked tenderly at the boy.

"Fine Christmas, is n't it?" grunted the father, again; "fine Christmas! Look at the icicles hanging on that spruce. Look at the snow powdering the tree, and that right in the room with us. Fine Christmas!"

"Sure it 's fine," said Sandy, sturdily. "I think it 's finer than a boughten tree. It 's a real Christmas tree, and it 's got real icicles, not glass ones. And it 's got real snow for powder. All we want is some birds and stars and things on it, and there would n't be a better Christmas tree anywhere. Mother and Daddy, you rest. I 'll go out here and get a good stack of wood,—that 'll keep the fire going,—and then we 'll have something to eat and we 'll be fine." So, stamping his cold feet, he squeezed through the blocked door and crept out under the great pines.

Now what with the dense evergreens and the log-cabin, it was comparatively quiet and calm there under the pines. And Billy got his first glimpse of how the wild creatures live through a storm. The lower branches of the pines were crowded with crows, jays, and other feathered waifs of the storm. They were doing their best to keep warm, and having a hard time of it in that bitter gale.

You know, these wild birds must sleep out in all kinds of weather. You know, too, that most birds' feet can cling to a bough even when they are asleep. Also, you know that feather coats are warmer even than fur. And these birds, huddled together for shelter, picking out the thickest parts of the low boughs, snuggled down in the roaring gale and tucked their heads under their wings, crouching down low so that their feather overcoats could cover them from head to feet.

But perhaps you may not know that there is one weak point about this feather overcoat. They can not entirely cover up in it. There is just one spot at the eye which they can not cover. That too, perhaps, is to shield them. They keep one eye out, literally, for the fox and the owl and the hawk. But on a bitter night like this, there is another trouble. If it gets too cold, that one spot, meant for a lookout, will freeze. And often after a bitter winter gale you will find crows and jays and snowbirds blinded by the cold. They have changed positions, put one eye, and then the other under, but been able to keep neither warm. That one bit, exposed, acts just as if you were all tucked in blankets, except one toe. You can keep changing the toe, but in bitter weather, very bitter, that toe will freeze. So with the birds that roost. They have no nest; they do not crawl into some hole. They roost in fear of their enemies, and sometimes pay the

"THERE WERE THREE OF THEM PLODDING WEARILY THROUGH THE SNOW"

terrible penalty for that one hole in their feather blanket.

That's why sometimes you hear a "thump" on your window on a very cold winter night, and the next morning, find a poor quail or grouse or jay or crow cold, freezing, half-blind already. He had seen the glow of your fire dimly and flown to it—for safety.

And that was what was happening when Sandy crept out to get more fire-wood. This was a record blizzard—a bitter, freezing, zero night. And the birds were doing their level best to keep their eyes warm. They did not even notice Sandy as he crept near and watched. Some meadow-larks and quail had crouched under the snow-covered bushes at the foot of the pines, and they were bunched together, all heads out and all trying to keep their eyes from freezing. Sandy saw it and felt sorry for them. He was trying to keep his own feet from freezing, and knew how it felt. But he could not help the birds.

He could see the glow of the fire through the spruce-blocked door and window. It shone cheerily through the one window with glass. And hastily Sandy gathered some wood and came back inside. Then they ate their supper, Sandy saving the crumbs for the birds.

The blizzard grew worse and worse. The great trees rocked and groaned and cracked till Sandy thought they would break off short and tumble on the shaking cabin. Some of them did split, with a boom like thunder, and fell with a muffled thud in the deep snow. Then came faint twitterings and dismayed caws. The birds were having a hard time out there.

There came a thud against the single pane, and Sandy lifted the sash to take in two quail that had flown against the glass in their attempt to come into the warm room. But the crows were wiser than the quail. They came farther down into the spruce-filled window. They crept through the twigs and roosted on the branches. They showed the others the way to the warm room. Then came some snowbirds, their black-and-white feathers all fluffed out with frost; and meadow-larks, quail, and grouse, all perching on the tree in the window; all grateful for the warm refuge in that terrible blizzard. Even a couple of rabbits came hopping through the open door and crouched panting from the gale.

So Sandy and Father and Mother sat over the fire, trying hard to keep warm. Mother was so tired she soon fell asleep, her head

resting on Sandy's lap. They sat late, very late—almost to midnight. And then came a wonderful thing—the storm stopped almost suddenly. The stars came out; the northern lights began to glow and burn like melted opals, like soft fires, all colors, in the sky. It was Christmas eve, and the church-bells in the valley began to ring out Christmas carols—

> It came upon the midnight clear,
> That glorious song of old.

Faintly the bells rang, faint and far across the snow.

So Sandy did not hear the approach of anybody till there came a hail at the door. Pulling away the spruce that blocked it, Sandy was surprised to see a great, burly man enter, with a sheep under one arm and half a dozen panting after him.

"SANDY WAS SURPRISED TO SEE A GREAT BURLY MAN ENTER WITH A SHEEP UNDER ONE ARM"

"Saw your firelight, neighbor," he said. "Just out trying to save my sheep in the storm. Thought I 'd never make it. But here we are." And shepherd and sheep crowded into the room.

"Come right along," said the father. "It is a bitter night. Seems as if the cold grew worse since the wind dropped. Come on in and sit down by the fire. Fine Christmas, eh?"

The man with the sheep sat down, throwing off his pack and using it as a chair. Puffing and blowing, pulling icicles from his beard, he rumbled: "Fine Christmas, you say? Well now, I 'm glad of a place to be in out of the cold. This looks fine enough to me. Thought I 'd never make it." And he continued combing the ice from his beard and mustache. "Fine Christmas when I thought it was going to be a case of freeze and lose all the sheep, and then get them safe into a nice snug place like this. This *is* fine Christmas luck!"

"Sure it 's fine," laughed Sandy, whose feet were now warm again. "And just look! If that is n't the finest Christmas tree any boy ever had." And he pointed to the tree in the window.

It really was wonderful. Back of the tree

blazed a big star, just as if it hung on the topmost twig. Scores of others twinkled through the evergreen boughs. The northern lights crackled and shone mysteriously; and against the lit sky they could see the birds crouching—crows, iridescent, jays, gaudy blue, meadow-larks, with breasts dipped in gold, quail, grouse, and snowbirds in lovely markings and shadings, all perched on the tree, chuckling and crooning as though come there specially to decorate it. Great icicles hung down glittering in the low glow of the fire; and over all, the powdered snow glittered like diamonds.

"It 's a fine Christmas tree, and I 'm going to hang my stockings on it when I go to bed."

"Much good it 'll do you, Sandy," grinned his father; "no Christmas, no Santa this time." Then, turning to the shepherd, he explained grumpily, "Out of work; goin' for a job; caught in this storm; stony broke—at Christmas time."

"Hard lines," said the shepherd, soberly; "but that 's a fine boy you have. Seems a bright youngster and just as chipper as can be."

"Anyhow," said Sandy, as he curled in his blanket before the fire, "I 've hung up my stockings. Maybe good old Santa will remember me after all."

"THERE HE STOOD IN HIS BLANKET, HAULING OUT GIFT AFTER GIFT FROM HIS STOCKINGS"

He really did n't expect anything, you know; but still he was a cheery soul. And as he slept, he dreamed—dreamed a big, strong, genial Santa came and filled his stockings with the nicest things—dreamed, and mumbled in his sleep, "Well, anyhow, it 's a good Christmas, after all."

But the others just slept—Father and Mother too sad and tired even to dream, till they were roused in the early dawn of Christmas by a wild yell from Sandy. There he stood in his blanket, hauling out gift after gift from his stockings, from the twigs of the tree, and even some from beneath the tree.

He never knew how they got there. But Sandy's father told me that the shepherd had them all in his pack, bringing them home for his own family Christmas tree. But the storm that stopped Sandy's father, stopped him too. And seeing Sandy so sturdy and brave in the cold and night, he thought he would give the presents to him and then buy

others, since he could n't get home in time for Christmas eve.

But Sandy never knew how they came. His eyes simply grew big and shining in his six-year-old face. His squeals of joy rang through the cabin, till even the sheep huddled together a little nervously and watched him with shy eyes. The birds of the tree chuckled and flew out into the new dawn of Christmas day. The shepherd's sleigh came along and gave them all a lift to town. And Father got his new job!

As the party separated in town, the shepherd took little Sandy in his big strong arms as the boy said: "Well, we had a merry Christmas, did n't we? I think it was fine."

And the shepherd gave him an extra hug as he answered: "Sandy, you have the best Christmas gift of all. A Merry Christmas comes from inside a man, from his happy and live soul, from his brave spirit. The boy that has a gift like that does n't need anything else. He 'll have a Merry Christmas anywhere."

Sandy did n't entirely understand. He just shook hands cheerily with the shepherd, waved an arm to the sheep, now huddled cosily in the straw of the sled, picked up his bundle, and walked on with a grin of joy.

"And anyhow," he said that night, as he heard his father telling about the terrible Christmas Eve they had had, "anyhow, we had a real tree and real birds and real stars and real snow powder and real sheep and—a real shepherd! I think it was just the finest Christmas tree any boy ever had."

THE WORKSHOP OF THE MIND

By HALLAM HAWKSWORTH

CHAPTER VIII

I. HOW SOME GREAT MEN DID THEIR READING

In this, the last of our visits to the "Workshop," I have selected three lines of thought to speak on, for a few moments, as appropriate for a final conference: First, on how distinguished men do their reading; second, on the relation between childhood and genius; third, the control of habits and the formation of character.

If you have ever read any books on the art of reading and study, you will see that looking fore and aft is one of the very best things in the effective conduct of the mind. Many of the "big boys" have learned this for themselves. Gibbon, for example, used always, in taking up a new book, to glance first through the table of contents and, before reading the body of the book, reflect on what he had already read and thought on the same subjects. In this way he kept the stores of material in his mental workshop well organized, and, at the same time, sharpened his appetite for what he was about to read. Webster followed the same practice, and so did Napoleon and others. It 's a fine thing.

I remember a most suggestive interview I had once with a very prominent business man in Detroit. As I was a newspaper reporter at the time, I was particularly interested to learn, from a chance remark of his, that it was his custom to have his private secretary come to his home every morning to read the daily papers to him. I asked if I might be present at one of these readings and, as a result, had a striking illustration of the relation of the news of the day to the life and thought of the business man. The secretary read the head-lines,—a kind of mental bill-of-fare,—and the business man asked for further details of whatever he wanted, explaining to me, wherever the reason was not obvious, why he was interested in this or that. It all confirmed the truth of what Carnegie said, on a certain occasion, in a little talk before a body of college students:

> "Nothing of moment can happen anywhere in the world that has not its possible bearing on the interests of the business man; a change of fashion in Paris, an outbreak of cholera in Constantinople, the arrival of the monsoon rains in India, a visitation of potato-beetles in the fields of Colorado—nothing of moment can occur that he has not to consider in the conduct of his affairs."

So if you and your classmates and the teacher, in one of your "social recitations," should fall into a conversation on such topics as I have briefly indicated, you would be doing just the thing that the school exists for. We are supposed to study history and geography not to get marks that will pass us to

the next grade, but to prepare us for real life.

And, after all, this connection between the life of the school and the life of the world is merely effecting on a larger scale what the schools are constantly aiming at in making their studies seasonable and timely. In the course of study of one of the Western states I find this:

> If your community should suddenly become infested with a swarm of locusts or by hordes of army-worms, you will at once appreciate the absurdity of waiting until the "insect" year—the year when insects are taken up in the regular course of study—to make them and the means of their destruction a subject of investigation by your pupils.

If we don't use our knowledge of history, geography, and the rest by applying it now, when shall we do it? Certainly we should not wait until after school-life is over and we have forgotten most of it. The school is avowedly a preparation for life,—that 's what it 's all about,—and if we don't try to apply our studies to life as we go along, we shall be put in the absurd position of always getting ready to do something, and then trying to economize time by not doing it! That would be like the act of a funny-man I once saw in a circus, who always came into the ring very eager to help *after* everything was done. That kind of joking is all right for a funny-man in a circus, but what a serious kind of joke for us to play on ourselves!

II. YOU ARE HEIRS TO A FORTUNE

WOULD it be much of a surprise to you to hear that you were the heir to a fortune—a great fortune? Many things I have said in these talks of ours—I think now, as I look back—may have given you a hint, and I wonder if you suspected it. Did you?

For instance, in the very first article I spoke of the power of enthusiasm—so characteristic of young folk—and how the Greeks attached such importance to it that they considered it something supernatural. Again, in Chapter V, our "Night in the Land of Dreams," to account for the vivid dreams of children, I remarked what active imaginations they have as compared with the average grown-up. In the previous chapter we had already seen what a vital element in the work of genius is this faculty of imagination. Then again, in Chapter VII, we saw how the spirit of play ran all through the lives and work of great men and was a vital part of their working power.

Putting all these things together, and some others in other chapters, you might easily have suspected the truth; but whether you did or not, I am glad to be able to announce, after careful investigation into all the evidence, that you are the heir to the great fortune I spoke of—to two fortunes, in fact; for, in addition to being a genius, look at all the long years of life you have before you—merely by reason of your youth!

But properly to understand the nature of your inheritance, the thing called "genius," we must first recognize that the popular conception of it is a myth. In its most extravagant form it pictures a genius as a mysterious being whose mind does not work like ours. When he feels the divine inspiration he simply reaches up and takes—almost ready made, out of the blue sky—poems, mechanical inventions, art masterpieces, and all with the infallible precision of the sleight-of-hand man who picks out of other people's pockets live rabbits—that were n't there at all!

Let us see then what genius really is.

To tell first of characteristics that are *not* a necessary part of genius, since geniuses differ so much in this respect, we note that some work best in the early morning, while others work at night; that Schiller found a mental stimulus in the smell of over-ripe apples which he kept in his desk, while a famous musician developed his compositions while musing in churchyards. Tennyson wrote the first drafts of his poems in an old ledger; Darwin prepared his revolutionary contributions to science on the backs of old manuscripts. But since each of these habits were peculiar to the individual,—none common to them all,—is it not plain that neither in the daytime with its sunlight, nor in the night-time with its lamplight, nor in old ledgers nor the backs of old manuscripts, nor in churchyards nor the smell of apples, lies the secret we are after. A thing we find common to them all—evidently, then, an essential thing—is their *work*. That, and a few other things, we find characteristic of men of high achievement in every line.

Then—this is step number two in our investigation—suppose we find that, while such essential characteristics of genius are rarely found in a similar degree among grown-up people, they are very marked characteristics of almost all children. I am speaking not of the exceptional child, the prodigy, but of the average, wholesome youngster. And if you find that you are one of the heirs to this fortune, what will you do about it?

Won't you make a resolution, a good stout resolution, to make the most of it? But don't think for an instant that I am going to say that all children have an equal amount of talent. That would be nonsense. What I do say is that every wholesome child has, to a degree far surpassing that of the average adult, the qualities—and *all* the qualities—whose high development marks the work and achievements of genius.

First of all, if we were to name the one essential thing which characterizes the attitude of a genius toward his work, we should say it was his enthusiasm, should n't we? It is this attitude that makes his work so delightful that Stevenson could say "fortunes are daily spent for less!" Enthusiasm is the very synonym for the child spirit.

In a country-house where I was a guest last summer, a little girl of four was dancing down the hallway one evening about eight o'clock toward a room containing a number of her playthings and where she intended to put immediately into effect some happy idea that had just occurred to her, when, as she passed the door of the room in which she slept, her mother called to her:

"Come, Nancy, it 's time to go to bed now!"

Nancy stopped stock-still, her hands dropped to her sides, and, turning to me, she said, "Well, what do you think of that!"

All the machinery of life put out of gear in an instant! But they 're all like that, these children *and* these geniuses! Their enthusiastic interest in whatever they may be up to at the time makes them oblivious of clocks and meals and everything else. A good illustration of this is found in an anecdote of Thackeray which occurs in the reminiscences of Field, the Boston publisher. When Mr. Field was in London, Thackeray gave a dinner in his honor, to which he invited a number of prominent men. When the hour came, everybody was there but Thackeray. The guests waited and waited, and the atmosphere grew darker and darker —for being late at dinner, which is a serious offense anywhere, is still more serious in England; and remember, Thackeray was the host! A whole hour beyond the appointed time had elapsed when in bounced Thackeray from an adjoining room, waving several sheets of manuscript in his ink-stained hands. Whirling himself about on one heel, as boys do when they are feeling particularly good about something, he cried out:

"There it is, gentlemen!" The last chapter of "The Virginians!"

Of the failure of children to set a proper value on money, and their tendency to spend it as fast as they get it, we say "It burns holes in their pockets." The realization of the value of money, as important as it is, must be acquired. It does not come naturally, and this unworldly attitude, so characteristic of the child, is equally characteristic of geniuses. They are too much interested in what they are doing, to think of money except as a convenieut and quick medium for getting what they want. The case of Meissonier is typical. His success finally made him a rich man in spite of himself; but even when he had very little, he was always buying costumes for use in his work, and he often had to pay high prices for them.

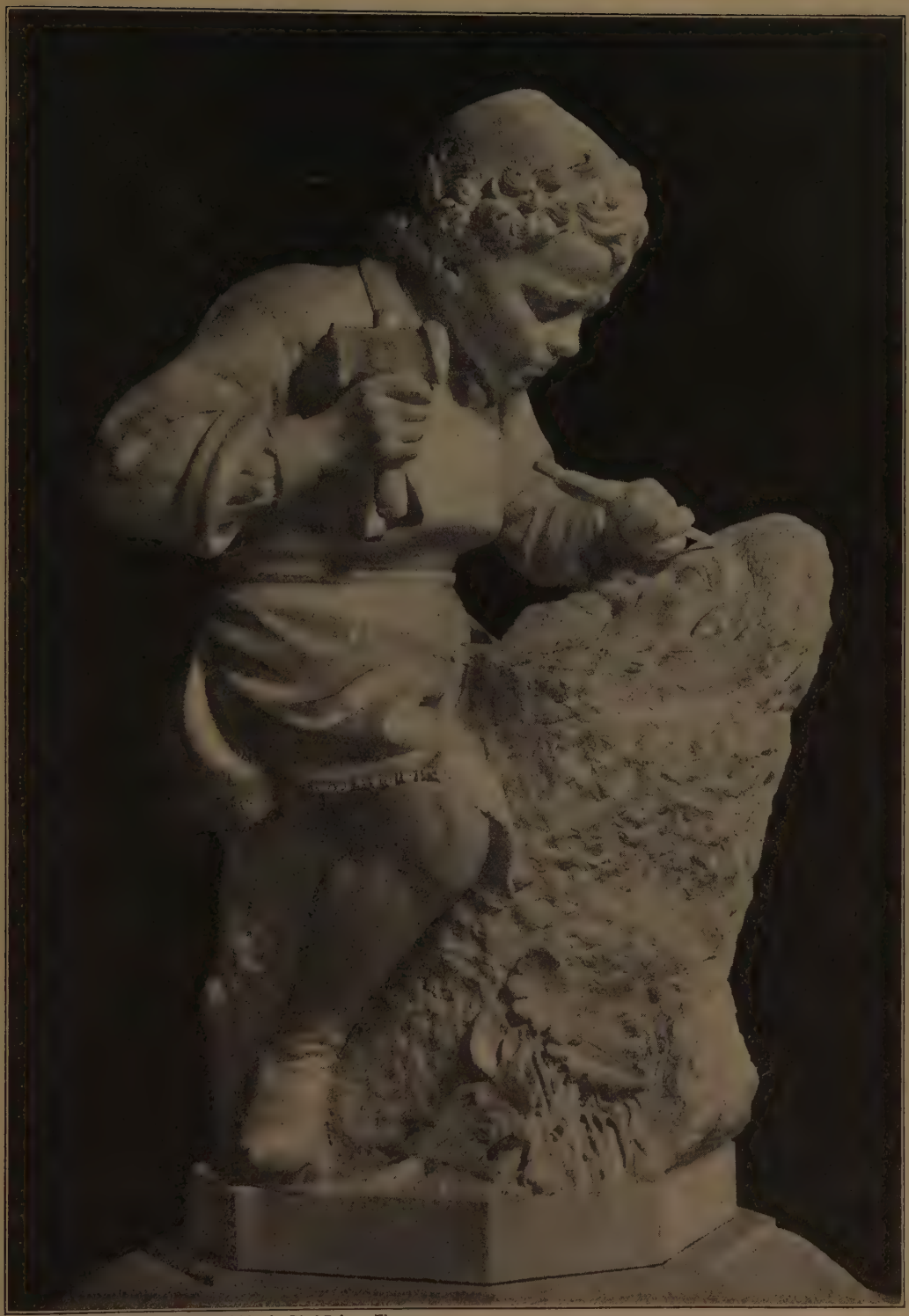
But we find in connection with the work of creative minds that unusual money success, particularly if it comes suddenly, is deteriorating. Work is best done when it is done for its own sake and for the sake of the dear and appreciative little public within four walls, called "Home."

So great is their interest in their work—the children and the geniuses—that it is meat and drink to them. What family in which there are children does not know that often they are so busy with their affairs that it requires a peremptory command to get them to come in to their meals?

It was his incessant delight in music—his plaything—that made Handel, even, as a child, steal away to his harpsichord at all hours; that made Michelangelo work so hard all day on his beloved marble that when evening came he frequently threw himself on his cot without undressing and so slept through the night.

So much for enthusiasm. Now take imagination, the great creative power of the mind, and what do we find? It is no exaggeration to say that it is not every genius, but only the *exceptional* genius, one of the big boys of the genius family, that exhibits such vivid imaginative power as is common in childhood and youth and very uncommon among adults. It is this that in the earliest years makes a perfectly satisfactory horse out of father's cane; that causes children to hold long conversations with imaginary companions; that makes their dreams so vivid.

Only occasionally, among the geniuses, do we find a similar case—that is to say, where the subject of imagination amounts to a delusion, as in the case of Balzac, who one day told a friend that he intended to give him a beautiful horse, which he described. A



From the sculpture by Emilio Zocchi in the Pitti Palace, Florence

YOUNG MICHELANGELO AT WORK UPON HIS BELOVED MARBLE

week later he asked the friend how he liked the horse. As a matter of fact, he had n't given him any horse at all!

I have now spoken of the two greatest things in the life of the genius—his enthusiasm, which accounts for his tireless industry and continual improvement in his work; and his imagination, which gives him the power to create. Now let us make some further comparisons. We find that while both the genius and the child are apt to become lost in their work, both want other people to admire it when it is done.

"Compel us to paint where we would have no one to show our pictures to," said a great English landscape artist, "and none of us would ever touch brush to canvas."

Corot was out in the field one evening, painting a sunset. One peculiarity of a sunset, you know, is that it won't hold still, and all its effects are pretty hard to catch—even by a Corot. He finally, however, got the finishing touch and, jumping up, looked all around him for somebody to show his picture to. There was no one in sight, but about a quarter of a mile away was a farmer's cottage. So with the canvas in one hand and his little stool and sketching material in the other, he hurried across the field and, capturing the astonished peasant on his way to the barn, grasped him by the shoulder with one hand and, holding up the canvas with the other, cried:

"Look! Look! I 've got it! I 've got it!"

And no doubt the simple peasant thought he had! But is n't that the very echo of a boy-artist's voice: "Look! Mother! Look!"

Have n't you heard children say it a hundred times? I could give innumerable instances of the same thing among geniuses, as with Thackeray's dinner.

Two other characteristics, which are so much the same in the child and the genius that you could n't say of which I was speaking if I did n't tell you, are shyness and self-confidence. The average boy will blush to the roots of his hair and step all over himself when introduced to "company"; but get him started on some fad of his own, and he will talk your arm off. What we call the genius exhibits similar contrasting traits and for a similar reason. Like the boy, he is wrapped up in his fads and can talk endlessly about them; but he is not accustomed to spending time in polite society; he is very short on small talk, and consequently embarrassed. Even men who have lived a good deal in society exhibit these traits. Landseer used at times to become so panic-stricken at the idea of attending some social function that he would get as far as the door and then turn, without knocking, and go back home!

But if the child, the average youngster does have the essential working-powers of genius, why is it that so much of this budding genius fails to bear fruit? Just think of it—in the whole history of the human race, out of the millions and millions that have come and gone and returned to dust, there have been only a few—a very few—exceedingly bright grown-ups, like Mr. Plato and Mr. Archimedes, Mr. Shakespeare and a half-dozen others!

The trouble is that when a child has passed out of early childhood, the things which have fed his imagination and curiosity—the appetite of the mind—have all disappeared. In the case of the average boy, when these old friends are gone, there go with them the old enthusiasms. He has n't discovered for himself, as Darwin did and Fabre did, that beetles and other bugs—the clever little people with six little feet—are more wonderful than the fairies; he has n't found, as Leighton and Vedder and Rosa Bonheur and all other artists have found, that there is more magic in pencils and brushes and paints than was ever hidden in a wizard's wand; or that machinery and electricity and chemistry hold far greater secrets and greater powers than were ever hinted at in the marvelous tales of the days of the knights.

III. BUT A SCHOOL IS NOT THE BEST OF SCHOOLS

Fathers and mothers are of course just as much interested in the future of their boys and girls as they ever were; and the schools are not only vastly superior to the old schools, but they have reduced to a science the finding of vocations for young people. Yet, on the other hand, the matter of education is turned over to the schools to an extent that it was not when schools were few and poor. Unfortunately, it has become the idea in most homes that the school is the place to go for education—the only place, in the same sense that the grocery is the place where one goes for potatoes, the drug-store for moth-balls, or the hardware store for nails. Under simpler conditions, more of a child's education was obtained in the home, and it should be so to-day. While it would be nonsense, as I have said, to assert that all children have an equal degree of talent or the same kind of talent, the point is that every wholesome child is full of industry, enthusiasm, and im-

agination—to a degree that in adults we call genius—about things that interest him; and whether he ever amounts to much or not depends largely on whether his activities are allowed to be scattered over a number of things and constantly changing their direction until they finally die out, like the seed sit. Much depends on how one goes about it. Everybody *knows* better than he *does*. Even so great a man as Darwin increased his lifelong suffering from dyspepsia by giving way, occasionally, to his love of sweets. Again and again he would resolve not to eat them; but unless this resolution was made aloud

P © G Painted by M. J. Dicksee

"THE BOY HANDEL WOULD STEAL AWAY TO HIS HARPSICHORD AT ALL HOURS"

that fell in thin soil, or whether, as a result of encouragement and coöperation in the home, he gets some definite personal ambition and sticks to it.

IV. BE GOOD!

WELL, I 'm sorry, but here is where we must say, "Good-by." How often have you heard one friend say to another, as he shook his hand: "Well, good-by, old chap. Take care of yourself. Be good!"

That is to say: "Don't get into any bad habits or bad company. Attend to business."

It 's something like that I want to say to you now, in this last of these little friendly talks of ours—but, as you see, it 's taking quite a little space to say it. That 's because being good and attending to business is n't as easy as it may look from where you and in the presence of witnesses,—the dear people at the family table,—it would n't hold.

All of which makes this great man seem nearer, more like one of us, don't you think so? And it goes to show what a strong hold even such a little habit can get on us. If such a man as Darwin, with all his philosophy and his even disposition, had to put up such a fight, is n't it obvious that the keeping of good resolutions is no simple matter? You may wonder, at first, why I am devoting so much of our talk to it, and that the last that we shall have together here; but where there has been one failure in the world for lack of talent, there have been ten thousand failures for lack of strength of character—of being able to hold to good resolutions. One of the earliest things Washington did in his career,

I remember,—this was when he was a boy,—was to copy out of some book or other a list of good resolutions for the conduct of his life. This was an old-fashioned sort of thing for a boy to do, to be sure; but it 's odd how many of the world's great men have, as boys, been a little old-fashioned in such things.

Good resolutions made and put into practice, from time to time, are of the greatest value in keeping us on the right track.

Although we are all so familiar with it, it is nevertheless a most striking fact that there are two "I's" in our heads as well as two "eyes." For who does n't know from his own experience what is meant by the expression, "I said to myself?" Even the most illiterate are conscious that there are at least two people living together under their brain-roof,—"Sez I to myself,"—and science proves it. In any event, it proves a state of things that can be most easily conceived of in this way.

Nearly three hundred years ago, in one of the classics among books of the mind, Bishop Butler's "Analogy," the great and good man who wrote it pointed out the wonderful truth that lies back of the simple fact that eye-glasses restore failing eyesight. Said the bishop in his book, "The observation how sight is assisted by glasses shows that we see with our eyes in the same sense as we see with glasses."

In other words, the physical "I," with its eyes, is a quite different thing from the "I" that sees *through* these eyes. When the eyes —the windows of the soul, as they are often called—cease to function properly as optical instruments, all you have to do is to put on an assistant and the inner "I" sees through them as well as ever! Finally, to be sure, in spite of all that can be done, they lose their power. But, says the bishop,—and don't you think he is right?—what warrant have we for saying, on that account, that the "I" that saw through them has lost its power to see? As a direct evidence that it has n't, that this "I" can see when it is n't looking out of any windows at all, he calls attention to some other things within the experience of all of us. For example:

> It is confirmed also by the experience of dreams; by which we find that we are possessed of a power of perceiving sensible objects in as strong and lively manner without our external organs of sense as with them.

Moreover, have n't we learned in our night in the land of dreams and in our travels with Pegasus that highly imaginative minds—the poet-author-artist-inventor brotherhood have the power of seeing things with the inner eye, right in the daytime and when they are wide awake; and almost, if not quite, as plainly as ordinary folks see things in dreams?

Or, again, recall something we saw at the very first, in our visit to the headquarters of the brain. We found that our mental faculties of sight, hearing, and the rest were quite distinct from the physical instruments they use—the eyes, the ears, the nose.

V. PUTTING THE RIGHT PEOPLE INTO OFFICE

I WISH I could say that it was always the best of these citizens of the brain that ran our governments. Too often they are not—they are wasters of our treasures. But there is only one thing to do, and that is to throw them out of office—the bad habits; to sustain the hands of the honest ones—the good habits.

And I must n't forget to speak here, at the close of this year and the beginning of a new one, about the best way to keep good resolutions from evaporating, particularly as failure to keep resolutions is liable to become chronic. Here 's the recipe Dr. James used to give his classes in psychology at Harvard:

> "Seize the first opportunity to act on any resolution you make. Never suffer yourself to have a good emotion—as in reading a book or hearing a sermon or seeing a play—without expressing it afterward in some act; speaking genially to one's aunt or giving up one's seat in the street-car, if nothing more heroic offers."

All things being equal, the earliest struggles in making good with a new resolution—when any struggle is required—are the hardest. The Sunday-school song says, "Each victory will help you some other to win." And strange as it may sound, little, and comparatively weak, bad habits, but habits which in the aggregate often do a lot of harm, are sometimes harder to give up than big ones. Darwin's weakness for sweets, that used frequently to give him a day of misery and forced idleness, is a case in point. The very feeling that we can let go of these little habits at any time prevents us from doing so.

VI. THE TRUE SPIRIT OF COURAGE

A LITTLE boy of whom I am going to tell you was on a ship because, like so many other boys,—including George Washington, by the way,—he thought what a fine thing it would be to be a sailor. But he was undersized and weakly. His uncle, who was captain of the vessel, knowing the hardships of the life

of the sea, wanted to get the notion out of the boy's head. So he took him on a voyage and, when they were well out at sea, ordered him aloft—in other words, to climb to the top of the mast. At sight of the great beam dipping out, away up there, over the tossing waves, and when he looked up at the swaying

"'HORATIO, MY LAD, ARE YOU AFRAID?'"

rope-ladder that he must climb, the little boy turned pale and sick.

"Horatio, my lad, are you afraid?" said his uncle.

"Y-e-s, s-i-r," replied the little chap, trembling in every limb, "but I am going up, sir."

And up he went!

When he came down—this was several years after he came down, of course—he turned out to be Lord Horatio Nelson, the greatest naval commander of the greatest sea-power in history; a man who, in a career of considerably over a quarter of a century, never retreated, never struck his colors. This anecdote goes to prove again—although it seems to me we have proved it already—that the mind and the body, although they are so intimately related to one another, are two as distinct individuals as Smith and Jones, and that the mind is the real master if we make it so. This is very fortunate, for while we can not by thinking add one cubit to our stature or change one hair white or black, we can change our minds to an unlimited degree. And in much shorter time than we can modfy our minds on the purely intellectual side, we can change them in those aspects that go to make up character; and character, more that mere brilliancy, lies at the bottom of success in life, whether we are speaking of material success, or of the higher success which Robert E. Lee had in mind when he said the noblest word in the English language is "Duty."

Nature has a very clever way of sending up reinforcements, in case you are driven back, but are determined to fight on. The exertion of the muscles produces what is known as "fatigue substance," and this, in small quantities and for a brief time, actually reawakens the muscles to greater activity. Something similar takes place in case of mental effort. But there is still another and a more important thing to be spoken of in this connection. We are all familiar with the expression about getting one's second wind in running a race. The mind also gets its second wind if we keep on going.

The greatest secret of courage is to care so much for some ideal that the man is lifted above the physical self and dominates it. One "I" says, "I 'm afraid!" But the other "I" says, "I know you are; but we're going up, sir!"

Let me repeat, and in conclusion say, that in everything relating to this workshop of the mind,—the development of memory, imagination, and all the rest,—nothing is so important as the development of character. Whatever else you are going to be, first of all be a Man. Establish at the head of the shop and in control of all, a Will, a higher self that can lay down the law to the bundle of habits we call character,—"I will do this," "I won't do that,"—that can say to one, "Ah! Come in, Mr. Good-Habit. Glad to see you!" And to another, "Here, you, Mr. Bad-Habit, here are your hat and cane. Good night!"

THE END

PUDDING LANE

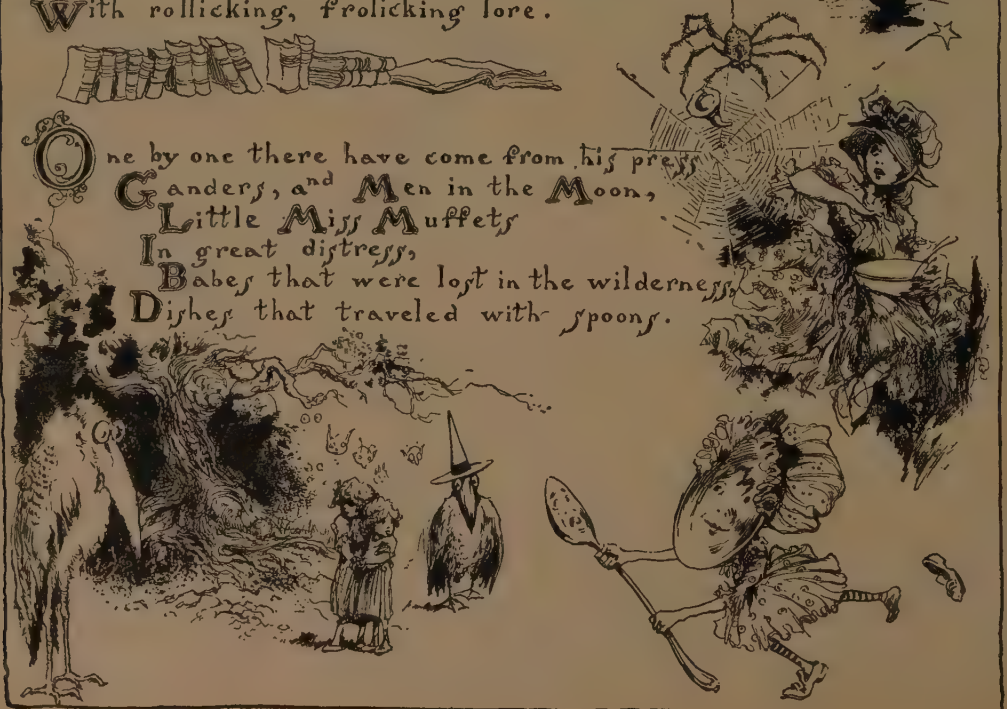
by LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

Illustrations by W. M. BERGER.

There's a droll little Lane
Like a dream or a song,
So crooked it is and quaint,
That laughs uphill,
Where the sun is strong,
As it runs its tiptoe way along,
Like a streak of vermilion paint.

This droll little Lane
Is the children's street,
Where wide stands every door;
And here it is, That Thomas Fleet
Has his printing-press, and rhymes replete
With rollicking, frolicking lore.

One by one there have come from his press
Ganders, and Men in the Moon,
Little Miss Muffets
In great distress,
Babes that were lost in the wilderness,
Dishes that traveled with spoons.



Robins and Bobbins
And Christmas Pies,
Tails that were lost from the Sheep,
Sailors from Gotham
Remarkably wise,
Bushes of brambles and scratchings of eyes,
And haycocks where laddies sleep.
THOMAS FLEET
And here,
With Elizabeth Gooze, his wife,
Whose Mother you know so well,
He lives as gay
As a drum and a fife,
And prints the verses that all of her life
Mother Gooze has delighted to tell.

Two coppers he charges
For one of his books
(It were cheap at double the price,)
As out of his shop
With *Dogs* and with *Crooks*
There frolic the *Dames* and the *Shepherds* and *Cooks*,
And the three little, blind little Mice.

And Thomas, with buckles
And three-cornered hat,
Goes sauntering up and down,
To the tunes of the *hey-diddle-fiddling* Cat;
And they're all keeping time—just think of that!—
On this street in Boston Town.

Across from the presses
Of Journeyman Fleet
Is the Shop of the Muffin-Man,
Who smiles in the doorway
As round and complete
As the muffins he offers, hot, buttered, and sweet,
And baked as no other one can.

And all of these people
Who swarm in the Lane
Buy treats from the Muffin-Man's shelves;
And crossing the street,
They cannot refrain
From getting from Thomas what sounds rather vain—
The verses that sing of themselves!

THE MALLORY INHERITANCE

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-up House," "The Sapphire Signet," "The Mystery at Number Six," etc.

THERE was no denying the fact that Great-aunt Mallory had been "queer"—a very estimable and even lovable old lady, indeed, but strangely addicted to the hoarding of old, battered, and worn-out furniture, out-of-date and useless clothing, tiny remnants of materials, sewing-silks, and even little odds and ends of twine and rope, nails, screws, and broken carpentering tools. This collecting had been a mania with her as far back as any one could remember, and her old-fashioned house in a half-forgotten New York west-side street was crammed to bursting with the product of years of this strange harboring.

Janet and Irene, her two designated heirs, stood amid the clutter, a few weeks after her death, and surveyed it with despairing eyes. Never, in all their respective sixteen and fourteen years, had they been called upon to perform so difficult a task.

"What *shall* we do with it all?" sighed Janet, gazing at a peculiarly irritating old black-walnut sideboard of no particular date or make, whose ugly, knobby decorations (like the famous ornaments on *Sairy Gamp's* bedposts!) were constantly getting knocked off and hitting one on the head.

"Send for the second-hand-furniture man and clear every single piece of this stuff out of the place and burn up every other horrid old scrap!" declared Irene, vindictively. "And do it double-quick!"

"But you *know* we can't do that—not just yet, at least," remonstrated Janet, with the forethought of her two years' seniority. "According to the terms of Aunt Mallory's will, she left us all her personal belongings on the sole condition that we examine everything carefully, save anything that was useful, and burn or destroy nothing till we had given it a thorough examination. We can't just shovel it all out and let it go like that. It would n't be fair to her or to her wishes."

"If she 'd only left us the *house*," sighed Irene, crossly, "we might get it cleared up and sell it or rent it. That would be of some real use to us. But this truck!" And she cast a withering glance about the stuffy dining-room.

"She could n't leave us the house if it did n't belong to her," reasoned Janet. "The lawyer told Mother that Aunt Mallory never owned the property it stands on,—I think he called it leasehold property,—and she was so far behind in the payments on her mortgage on the house itself that the people who hold the mortgage are to take the house over altogether. So what did she have to leave us except her personal property?"

"Well, I 'm sure we did n't want *it!*" complained the still-protesting Irene, donning a large, enveloping bungalow-apron and tucking her curls under a mob-cap. "The idea of our having to spend part of our summer vacation in this hot city, sorting over these wretched, dusty things, when we could be having a heavenly time up at the farm!" She walked over to the sideboard and relieved her feelings by deliberately knocking over a knobby ornament, which fell on her head with a whack.

"Serves you right!" laughed Janet, unfeelingly. "But, everything else aside, I thought a lot of Aunt Mallory. She was always rather fond of me, and she certainly was awfully good to Father when he was a boy growing up. He told me once that she gave him a home when he had n't any, because his parents had died leaving him practically penniless and alone in the world except for her, his one aunt. She even educated him and gave him his start in life. If Daddy were alive now, he 'd certainly do everything in his power to carry out Aunt Mallory's last wishes. And that 's another big reason for our doing so."

This argument sobered even the tempestuous Irene, who had always been devotedly attached to her father. "I suppose so!" was her only response; but Janet knew that the cause was won, and they fell to work in earnest.

It was a heartbreaking task. The July sun poured in on them and reduced the dusty, crowded rooms to so many fiery ovens. The noises of the street, through the open windows, were raucous and depressing. Constantly their thoughts dragged away to the beautiful New England farm where their mother and two small brothers were spending these scorching months—and where they themselves would be now, except for this uninviting task. Had not their mother been a semi-invalid, she would have been with them, assisting and advising. But as this was im-

possible for her, she had been obliged to send them to the city to stay at the house of a friend and make a daily pilgrimage to Aunt Mallory's former home to carry out the commands she had laid upon them.

But where to begin was the puzzling question. From attic to cellar, every room in the little house presented an equally trying problem. The girls debated long over the riddle.

"Oh, let 's start right here!" cried Janet, at last. "If there 's any choice, the dining-room has the least in it, and, as part of the day 's gone already, perhaps it would be just as well to settle this first."

Once during the long, hot afternoon, Irene looked up from a box of old, worn napkins that she was meticulously sorting over. "There 's not one here that 's fit to use, except for cleaning cloths, and they 're almost too far gone for that. Is n't it just exasperating to think that the only relative we had to leave us anything, had nothing but a legacy like *this!*" She held up a particularly ancient and porous piece of table-cloth for Janet's inspection. "And we need money—*real money*—so much!"

"Never mind! We 'll bundle it all up and send it to Mother at the farm. She can always use plenty of old linen for mending. In about an hour more, let 's stop and get cleaned up and go out and get some French pastry and ice-cream on our way up to Mrs. Dempster's. We 've done enough work for one day, and perhaps to-morrow will be cooler."

But the next day was no better—worse, if anything! Having completed their task in the dining-room, they next turned their attention to the parlor in front, and began the morning by an assault on the high, chocolate-brown marble mantel, crowded to its limit with mid-Victorian china ornaments, in the main of incredible ugliness. These Janet insisted should be washed in hot, soapy water and packed away for disposal later. It was when she was about to plunge a large white vase, encrusted with heavy, magenta-shaded roses, into its bath that a strange thing happened. For, on turning it upside down, something was heard to rattle in its depths.

"WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY SHE GOT HER HAND PAST THE NARROW NECK OF THE VASE"

With great difficulty, she got her hand past the narrow neck, pinched the object between two fingers, and drew it out. It proved to be a letter addressed to "My Grand-nieces." Janet opened it and read aloud:

"Dear Children:

"I wish that I had something of real, definite value to leave you. I fear I have not. But that brings me to speak of the reason—the only reason—I am imposing this uncongenial task upon you.

"My father died in 1885. He was taken ill very suddenly with a paralytic stroke, and survived only a short time after his seizure. He seemed very anxious to tell me something, and I made out that he had discovered, only a day or two before,—by what means I could not quite understand,—the fact that among our possessions there was something of considerable value—something whose value would increase with age. I was to hold on to it, to put it safely away, and see what the years would bring. He tried very hard to tell me what it was, but his speech was growing constantly more indistinct, and the nurse advised me to let him rest awhile and try again later. But the rest of it was never told. He suddenly became unconscious and never spoke again.

"I spent a great deal of time after his death in going over carefully everything in our possession; but I never discovered anything that could have been of any great value, outside of its interest to ourselves. Your father also made a long search, with no more successful result. There are only two conclusions possible:—either my father was mistaken, or there is something we have overlooked. I can scarcely believe the former. He was not a man who ever made an idle assertion. In fact, he was the sort who never made *any* till he knew positively whereof he spoke. Therefore I am passing the search on to you, trusting that your keen young eyes and wits may be successful where we failed.

"This letter is somewhat in the nature of a test, for, if you have n't been following out my instructions, you won't be likely to find it. For that reason I am depositing it in this rather curious receptacle.

"I quite realize that I am not leaving you an agreeable task. My house is filled with objects that appealed to me and had associations for me, but are probably of little interest to any one else. My hobby, as you know, was never to throw away or dispose of a single thing that might at any future time be of possible use. I was born that way—an inherited trait, I think, for my father was the same before me. How many times I have heard him remark: 'Hannah, don't throw that away! You never know when you or some one else may need it. There may even come a time when it may have a much greater value than it has now. Save it!'

"Keep anything that appeals to you as useful or as a remembrance of me, and dispose of the rest in any way that seems to you most convenient.

"Your affectionate great-aunt,

"Hannah Eliza Mallory."

"Well!" gasped Irene, sitting cross-legged on the floor before a pail of water. "If that is n't the limit of everything I ever heard! Hurrah for Great-aunt Mallory! She was a trump, after all! I 'm sorry I ever grumbled. Come!—let 's get to work and hunt like everything!" She scrambled to her feet to begin anew in some other location.

"Wait, wait!" commanded Janet, still staring at the paper with unbelieving eyes. "This certainly does put a new face on things! But it only goes to show that we must be more careful than ever. I 'm simply positive that nothing we 've seen and attended to so far would 'fill the bill.' Aunt Mallory had n't a stick of valuable furniture in the house, nor a single interesting piece of china. I remember Father speaking of it once or twice and saying he was so sorry none of it was antique or interesting in any way. So it can't be that. And it would n't be any of her clothes or the trunks full of old scraps of materials she always kept around. It must be something quite different—something a *man* would have been interested in, or her father would n't have thought of it."

"Tell you what—let 's go up to the top floor and hunt through those two store-rooms there!" cried Irene, impatient and eager to begin on something new. "Then we can work down from there. I 'm certain it 's nothing on *this* floor!"

"Well, you go, and I 'll stay on here till I 'm through with this mantel. I hate to leave a thing before it 's finished," replied Janet, knowing it was useless now to detain Irene. Her sister fled like an arrow to the top of the house, and Janet heard no more from her for a long interval. While she quietly completed her task, her mind was filled with rosy visions of a possible find that might realize them some unexpected sum—a hundred—two hundred—who knows? perhaps even as much as *five hundred dollars!* She tried desperately not to let her mind dwell on it too much, not to plan all the wonderful things they could do, especially for their mother, with such an unheard-of windfall as *five hundred dollars!*

At last Irene came down again, disgusted, hot, and disheveled. "Not the slightest thing!" she panted, throwing herself on a slippery old horsehair sofa. "The back and front bedrooms have n't much in them except the old furniture, which is all so ugly and rickety that I don't believe we can even *give* it away. The clothes-closets are empty—for a wonder! And the two store-rooms are full of a collection of the most terrible things—old stoves and pieces of stove-pipe and boxes of chipped dishes and rusty cook-

"HE SAT THERE SO LONG, STARING AT THE ANCIENT ENVELOPS, THAT JANET LOST PATIENCE"

ing-pans and kettles. Hopeless!" She closed her eyes with a tired sigh.

"Never mind!" soothed Janet. "If the top floor is as bad as that, there 's one comfort about it—we won't have to spend any time over it. We 'll devote our main attention to finishing this floor and exploring the bedrooms on the next. Let 's get washed now and eat the lunch we brought and rest a bit. I 'll treat to some ice-cream soda again when we leave this afternoon. After all, we 've made *one* great discovery to-day, and we ought to be thankful enough for it. Why, do you realize?—it 's as thrilling as a mystery story!"

From that time, the settling of Great-aunt Mallory's affairs took on a different aspect to the two girls. It is one thing to struggle through the cluttered debris in a totally uninteresting house in midsummer weather and try to bring order out of its chaos, without so much as a thank-you for one's pains; but it is quite another to go through the same performance, guided always by the hope of stumbling across something of undoubted value.

But the search was destined to be long, the prize elusive, and, up to the very end, no clue rewarded them. They had built their greatest hope on what they might find in Aunt Mallory's bedroom and sitting-room on the second floor. Faithfully they submitted every article in these two rooms to a rigid test—and all fell far below the level of

even ordinary interest. Janet had secretly been banking on the books on the shelves in the sitting-room. She remembered having heard that one occasionally stumbled on a rare and valuable old edition in very unexpected nooks and corners. There, doubtless, would lie the answer to the riddle. But the shelves revealed nothing more interesting than some old books of sermons, a few tattered volumes of the usual classics, and many out-of-date text-books and school-books that had once been the property of their own father.

A writing-desk of Aunt Mallory's was crammed to bursting with old letters, both her own and many of her father's. These the girls religiously examined, hoping to find, perhaps, in some one of them a forgotten article of value or even the clue to one. But in vain. They were almost all either of bygone business or trivial and uninteresting communications without the least bearing on present-day affairs. One afternoon that was cooler than usual, they made a fire in the kitchen range and burned them all, except a couple that Janet kept to read to her mother because they were somewhat more interesting than the rest.

At last it was all over. They had given away much of the furniture and old wearing-apparel to such philanthropic societies as would come and get them. They had sold to the junk man as much as he was willing to take, and, with what they received from this, they were obliged to pay to have what remained taken away and the house cleared. Bitterly disappointed in the result, after the raising high of their hopes, they returned to the farm at last, as empty-handed as they went away.

Seated that night in the fragrant darkness of the porch, breathing in gratefully huge draughts of the delicious country air, with their mother and an elderly gentleman, who was also boarding at this remote farm, they began to give a humorously whimsical account of their two weeks' struggle with the amazing problem.

"And so," ended Janet, "all we brought back, literally all that was worth saving out of the whole awful mess, was those two old letters that we thought you 'd like to read, Mother. They were evidently written to Great-grandfather Mallory by some friend of his who had gone to Hawaii as a missionary, 'way back about 1850. He wrote in such an interesting way about his strange experiences there that I thought you might like to hear them. But that 's all—absolutely *all!* Is n't it ridiculous?"

"I 'm sure I shall be very much interested to read them," replied the soft voice of their mother out of the darkness. "Thank you for thinking of it."

"Did you say they were from Hawaii and about 1850 or thereabouts?" demanded the elderly gentleman, sitting a bit forward in his chair.

"Why, yes," answered Janet. "I believe that was about the date. I 'm not absolutely sure of it."

"And were they still in their envelops?" he continued, in a peculiarly quiet, but tense, voice.

"Oh, yes!" she asserted, wondering why the matter was of any interest to him. "Yes, they were both in the old envelops still."

"Would you—would it be too much trouble to let me see them—right now?" he demanded. His voice sounded a little choked and husky, but his manner was still very quiet.

"Why, of course I 'll get them if you 'd like to see them," assented Janet, secretly very weary and wondering why old Mr. Ducey could n't wait till the next day. She was almost too tired to climb the stairs and get them that night. She did, however, with at least a polite appearance of alacrity, and laid them in his hands in the lamp-lighted glow of the living-room. What was the matter with him, she wondered, noticing how his hands fairly shook as he received them? He dragged a chair to the table and sat there so long, staring at the ancient envelops, that Janet finally lost patience and went out again to the porch. It was half an hour later when he came out.

"Well, young ladies," he began, his voice trembling with suppressed excitement, "allow me to congratulate you on having come into your fortune!"

"What, sir?" demanded Janet, trying to stare at him in the darkness. For a second, the idea flashed into her mind that the extreme heat must have affected his head—or else he was joking.

"What 's that?" echoed Irene, sleepily, rousing from a nap on her mother's shoulder.

"Miss Janet 'builded better than she knew,' as the poet says, when she was prompted to save those two letters," he continued. "Not only were they the only articles of interest in that house, but they are of a value beyond anything you have dreamed. Not the letters, I mean, but the envelops—and the stamps upon them. Do any of you know

anything about philately—stamp-collecting, that is?"

"No," murmured Janet, weakly, "we don't."

"Well, I happen to. I have a small collection of my own, nothing very valuable, but the subject interests me vitally. It 's a hobby of mine. Young ladies, you have stumbled on two of the rarest and most sought-after and highest-priced stamps in existence! The fact that they are still intact on the original envelops makes them even more valuable. Do you know what *one* of these stamps brought recently at a sale over in France?" He stopped impressively. "One hundred and fifty-six thousand francs—or *twelve thousand dollars* in American money!"

There was an astounded silence. "Then you—you mean," stuttered Irene, at length, "that—that we might—perhaps—get something for them?"

"*Get something!*" he snorted. "Why, I can tell you that you 'll get so much for them that your education can go on, and you can have a comfortable home, and your mother can be cured and—and—but what 's the use? I mean you can do just about anything you like—for a good while to come!"

When he stopped for breath, Janet was crying softly in the darkness, but Irene was hopping up and down and sputtering: "Who 'd have thought it? Who 'd have thought it? Two little old scraps of paper in a whole junk-shop full of trash—and Janet had the gumption to save them out!" Suddenly she darted over to Janet and shook her violently by the shoulder.

"I 've taken a resolution!" she shouted joyously. "I 'm going to be just like Great-aunt Mallory! This shows it 's worth while!"

"If you do," half-sobbed, half-laughed Janet from the depths of her mother's lap, "please don't will your effects to me! I don't think I could go through that ordeal again—not even to discover a couple of Hawaiian 'missionary' stamps!"

A FAMOUS AUTOMOBILE AND A ROAD OF GLASS

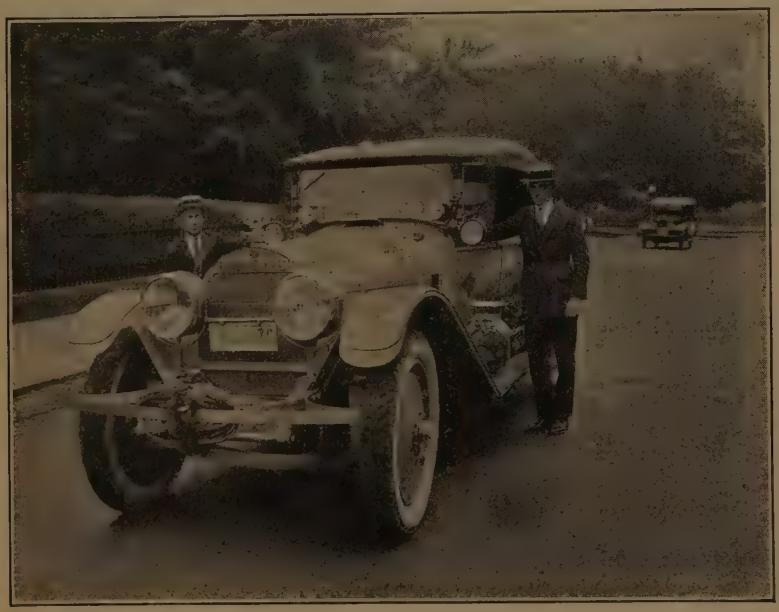
By GEORGE H. DACY

YOUNG folk who delight in automobile touring and are familiar with some of the primary principles of modern motor-cars will be interested in *Wayfarer III*, the famous scout-car of the American Automobile Association, which spends all the time traveling here and there and everywhere throughout the United States, blazing and marking new trails and keeping track of the condition of the main-traveled roads. During the last seven years, this remarkable automobile—it is the best equipped motor-car in the world—has traveled more than a half-million miles. It has penetrated even to the most distant Indian reservations, which never previously had been visited by horseless carriages. Its driver, Daniel J. Nee, knows more about American highways and their condition than any other man.

No matter if cloud-bursts, floods, sand-storms, or blizzards occur, the *Wayfarer III* keeps going. It is provided with appliances and facilities which prevent the car from "stalling," no matter how impassable the roads may be. It has a special attachment of endless belts, operating over rollers underneath the running-boards and fenders, which permits of running the car caterpillar-tractor fashion when the roads are unusually muddy or sandy or when snow-drifts obstruct the highway. The car is equipped with an electrical siren which can be heard for three miles. The headlights are so powerful that they light up the road 1500 yards in front of the machine. A special electrical oiling system permits of lubricating every part of the automobile, while the car is either at rest or running along the road, by merely touching a switch on the steering-column. The big car, which weighs 7500 pounds, rides like a baby-carriage, as a result of the special compressed-air shock-absorbers with which it is equipped.

Mr. Nee has devised some novel jacks with which he can lift the car five feet off the ground whenever he desires. These jacks are useful for either pushing, pulling, or elevating the car. Once a bridge collapsed and let the car fall into a deep stream-bed. Unaided, Mr. Nee got the car out of the trap by

the use of these remarkable jacks. The pathfinder is also provided with special facilities for cooling the water as often the temperature is as high as 135 degrees during the desert trips which Mr. Nee frequently makes. Furthermore, the scout-car is provided with



"THE AUTOMOBILE THAT HAS TRAVELED MORE THAN A HALF-MILLION MILES"

grade meters, altitude meters, automatic map-making apparatus, thermometers for keeping tab on the temperature of the oil and water as well as the outside air, and many other accessories useful on a car that keeps constantly on the road.

One time, in a flooded section, it took Mr. Nee one entire day to travel seventeen miles. During this eventful trip, he had to cut down eighteen large telegraph- and telephone-poles to use in making emergency bridges over swollen streams whose original bridges had been washed away. On another occasion, all but the bridge stringers of a Colorado bridge were washed away. On this foundation, by the aid of long pieces of stout rope which he always carries, Mr. Nee was able to make a temporary bridge, over which he drove the scout-car. He has plowed through the mountains in some of the western national parks when the snowfall on the level was more than three feet deep. His famous car has defied the rigors of the most severe sandstorms. On his automobile scouting-trips, he has even had many exciting adventures with wild animals which have threatened his life. Of all the modern adventurers, the experiences of Mr. Nee are among the most interesting and romantic. He never knows what monotony is, because daily he is coming in contact with something that is novel and exciting.

In addition to being the official scout-car of the American Automobile Association, *Wayfarer III* is also the representative of the National Parks Service of the Interior Department and a pathfinder for the California Automobile Association. Mr. Nee is a talented amateur photographer. He has made several thousand beautiful pictures in the national parks, and wherever he goes he gives beautifully illustrated lectures about the marvels and wonders of Uncle Sam's big national playgrounds, which were so popular that last year more than 6,000,000 automobile tourists visited them. Recently, Mr. Nee made the trip from San Francisco to New York City, a distance of approximately 4000 miles, in sixteen days. This trip was also epochal in that it was the sixteenth time that *Wayfarer III* had made the overland jaunt from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

II. THE ONLY GLASS ROAD IN THE WORLD

Of all the curious roads in creation, the strangest is the glass road running along the base of Obsidian Cliff on the highway between Roaring Mountain and Golden Gate, Wyoming, in the Yellowstone National Park, twelve miles south of Mammoth Hot Springs. When the route of this road was originally mapped out, the government engineers did not know that they would have to devise a novel method of cutting down part of a mountain of volcanic glass in order to provide the necessary path for the roadway. Obsidian Cliff, approximately 250 feet high and about 4000 feet in width, was along the line where the road was to run. In the bright sunlight, Obsidian Cliff glistens like a diamond. The glass is jet black and quite

opaque, with occasional streaks of red and yellow.

The federal road-builders first tried out all kinds of giant blasting-powders and heavy charges of dynamite. These expedients failed. The glass wall was as resistive to such attacks as armored and explosion-proof metal. About discouraged, and thinking that they would have to change the route of the road, the engineers finally decided to test out the suggestion of one of the surveyors, who had formerly served as a glass-blower and who believed that the glass mountain could be disintegrated by heating it to a high temperature and then spraying it with water.

Great piles of dry logs were spread along the line of the highway, and huge bonfires were ignited and kept burning for approximately fifty hours. The conflagration—one of the most notable ever set off in the Rocky Mountain States—extended over a stretch of glass mountain three quarters of a mile long. Then, when the road constructionists figured that the right temperature had been attained, they let the fire go out and sprayed the sides of the glass cliff with ice-cold mountain water pumped from the neighboring river. The mountain exploded in huge chunks. For miles around, the noise was deafening. It sounded like the biggest Fourth-of-July celebration ever held in Wyoming. When all the smoke had cleared away, that portion of the cliff and towering plateau which had blocked the road-making operations had disappeared. The plan was a complete success. It is historical among modern road-building achievements. Instead of wasting the great mass of glass debris,—the material was almost as hard as flint and admirably adapted as a road-base material,—the engineers used it in building the permanent highway. The temperature changes in that latitude annually induce considerable weathering and chipping from the glass mountain. All this material slides down over the road surface, and, being ground down by the stream of traffic that travels over it, keeps the surface in condition.

The glass road is only three quarters of a mile in length, but from the standpoint of the wear and tear which it can produce on automobile tires, it is many times as long. There is no other road in the world that can punish tires as can this unusual highway, which is well constructed and designed to last for centuries. The time may come when this curious, glass-paved pathway will have to be covered with some protective surfacing to save tires from rack and ruin.

Years ago, the territory around Obsidian Cliff was classed as neutral country by the different Indian tribes. It was sacred, and therefore safe, to the most hostile tribes. Motorists, on the other hand, now classify the Obsidian district as most dangerous country, because it plays such havoc with their tires.

Photograph by Haynes, St. Paul Courtesy of the National Park Service

OBSIDIAN CLIFF, ALONG THE BASE OF WHICH RUNS THE STRANGE GLASS ROAD

"A BIG SQUARE ENVELOP WHICH HE ADDRESSED"

THE GIFT-MOUSE

By ANNE WILLIAMS

THIS is an old Spanish story of the little King Bubi and Perez, the Gift-mouse.

Once, a very long time ago, there lived in a large city of Spain a most attractive, but very, very young king who was affectionately called Bubi by his lovely queen mother and other members of the royal household. But in spite of his nickname and his mere six years, he was quite worthy of the title of king, and was as brave as any soldier of many times his years.

"THERE WAS THE TOOTH DANGLING FROM A SILK THREAD"

One evening, when he was eating his bread and milk out of a beautiful gold bowl, his front tooth began to wobble. So vigorously did it sway back and forth that he had to eat most carefully indeed. When his lovely queen mother and the oldest court physician saw what had happened, they held a brief consultation; then the wise physician told King Bubi that the tooth would have to come out. Being very much of a soldier, King Bubi made almost no fuss at all when they told him about it, and stood as still as he conveniently could while the court physician tied a bit of red silk tight around the tooth and gave such a quick pull that, before King Bubi even had time to wrinkle up his face, there was the tooth, just like a pearl, dangling from the red silk thread in the court physician's hand.

Then they wondered what to do with it; but the lovely queen mother knew a secret—a secret that lots of little children in Spain knew about the very first tooth they have to lose. So she told King Bubi to put it in an envelop, address it to Perez, the Gift-mouse, and put it under his pillow when he went to bed that night. Then, when he was sound

asleep, Perez would slip in, take the tooth, and leave a lovely present in its stead.

Wee King Bubi was delighted with the idea and ceased to mourn his loss. He carefully put the precious tooth in a big square envelop which, with much effort, he addressed; then putting it under his pillow, he got ready for bed the fastest he had ever done, except on Christmas eve.

He asked to have the light left burning and sat up in bed, keeping his eyes wide open, although he did have to rub them occasionally, for he was determined to see the wonderful Perez who carried gifts to the small boys and girls in exchange for the tooth left under their pillows. He waited for a long, long time, and then a queer thing happened —his head began to feel just like a big heavy bowling-ball, and then something tickled the end of his nose, and, before he even could jump, there before him stood Perez the Mouse. And such a mouse as he was, with his big soft hat with a long plume, and spectacles on his nose, dressed in bright red trousers and high boots, with a long blue coat and a big leather pouch, into which he was carefully putting King Bubi's envelop, strapped over his left shoulder.

"Oh!" exclaimed King Bubi, very much startled. "Good evening!"

"'OH!' EXCLAIMED KING BUBI, VERY MUCH STARTLED. 'GOOD EVENING!'"

"May your Majesty have a very good one indeed," replied Perez, sweeping off his hat with a low bow.

Then presently King Bubi said, "Do you live near here?"

"Yes, your Majesty" said Perez, "rather near—that is, I live in the cellar of the grocery store down the street and around the corner."

"Do you live all alone?" asked King Bubi.

"Bless you, no; my wife, a son, and two daughters are there too," answered Perez, as he straightened his leather pouch and made ready to leave.

"Must you go?" asked King Bubi.

"I must, your Majesty; I have to fetch a tooth from little Gille down beyond the store, and it 's getting late."

"I wish I could go with you," said King Bubi. "Do you suppose I could?"

"I hardly think so, your Majesty," answered Perez; "but—well—perhaps!" And, just then he tickled King Bubi's nose with the tip of his tail, King Bubi sneezed—and what do you suppose?

He had turned into the cunningest little mouse, with a lovely green soldier-suit and soft brown boots, and had a small gold crown right across his forehead, between his ears!

Perez appeared much pleased at the change, took the new King Mouse by the hand, bade him keep perfectly quiet, and follow him. For a few moments King Bubi was too excited even to ask a question. They slipped down a hole that he never knew was in the floor, down into the pantry, then between two drains, and then out into the street, around the corner, into a hole near the back door of the grocery store, scuttled across the floor, down another hole into the cellar, and there, in a little hollow, behind a big pile of cheese, they found Perez's home.

"MRS. MOUSE AND THE CHILDREN SAID GOOD-BY AND INVITED KING BUBI TO COME AGAIN"

He opened the door and said something to his wife and children, for they all stood up and bowed to King Bubi when he entered, and tried to make him very much at home. They wore very attractive clothes, King Bubi thought, and gave him of their best cheese, and told him how proud they were to have him make them a visit. And they were very polite, and asked him all about the things he liked to talk about.

King Bubi was very much interested, for he had never before seen a mouse's house; but it looked almost like his own palace, except that it was smaller and did n't have so much furniture.

Presently Perez said they must be going on to little Gille's, as he did n't want to keep King Bubi out too long; so Mrs. Mouse and the children said good-by and invited King Bubi to come again, and Perez and Bubi started off.

"We shall have to go very carefully," said

Perez, "because of a large cat. Keep close to the buildings when we get in the alley and don't speak—just follow me."

So out they slipped, and King Bubi was quite breathless from running so fast. Finally, they came to a broken window, crept in across the floor, and went up a flight of dark stairs and into the kitchen. And asleep on the table they saw a great yellow cat!

King Bubi was too frightened to breathe, but he shut his lips tight and cautiously followed Perez up a second flight of rickety, dark stairs to a cold garret. And there on an old, tumble-down bed slept little Gille.

"Poor little fellow!" said King Bubi; "has n't he any other place to live?"

"I 'm afraid not," answered Perez. "He 's a brave little lad! Ah, here 's his tooth all ready for me," and Perez carefully drew out an old worn envelop from under the hard pillow and slipped it into his leather pouch.

"I wonder if it is a front one, too?" asked King Bubi.

"Probably," answered Perez, as he took two shiny gold-pieces out of his pocketbook and slipped them under the pillow where the envelop had been.

"Now we must go back," said Perez, adjusting his leather pouch; "and mind that cat downstairs!"

So, cautiously they slipped downstairs again, past the much dreaded cat, on down to the alley, and finally back to the palace and to King Bubi's own room.

"Thank you very much," said King Bubi.

And just then, Perez whisked his tail across the tip of King Bubi's nose, King Bubi sneezed, and found himself no longer a cunning little mouse, but himself, and sitting right up in his own bed, with his lovely queen mother's arms around him and the sunlight streaming into the room.

"Just see what Perez the Mouse left for you," she was saying; and from under King Bubi's pillow she drew a wonderful belt made of shiny coins, that he had wanted to have for the soldier-suit he liked best to wear.

But King Bubi was very quiet as he looked at his lovely gift.

"Why is it," he asked, "that I have everything and am a king, and poor little Gille is cold and has n't anything?"

"Who is little Gille?" asked the queen.

"Why, the little boy where Perez the Mouse took me," answered King Bubi.

"Oh," said the lovely queen mother, smiling thoughtfully and patting his head. "Do you know," she added presently, with her arms tight around little King Bubi, "I 'm sure you have everything so that you can do kind things for those who have n't as much as you have, and so make them happy, just as a big brother would do. For that 's what king really means—a big brother."

"Then Perez the Mouse must be a sort of king, too. I sha'n't ever let any one in my kingdom catch mice any more!" cried King Bubi, now wide awake.

"Well," answered the lovely queen mother, still smiling, "the little children in Spain would surely miss a great deal of happiness if any one caught Perez the Gift-mouse."

THEIR CHRISTMAS LUCK

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

"A man's fortunes are the fruit of his character."—EMERSON

LUKE and Vail Armand were half-brothers, but their natures differed like an Irishman's temper.

Luke had always been called the Lucky; Vail was known as "that Vail." To their friends in Polk's Bend, the tiny village tucked away in the green seclusion of northern Vermont, they seemed just a pair of fellows who lived with their impoverished aunt, and who might (or might not) come to any good, and who were certainly as ill-assorted as a lame man's legs. But to me, who had got to know them through my friend Lee Stewart, they were a walking proof of Emerson's remark, as given above. And because that remark is the true key to the luck of every living man, I propose to tell their story as it was told to me.

Luke, that Christmas, was turning sixteen, a lad of nearly man stature, with the lungs and legs of a sleek ox and the habits of an owl. That is, there was no noise about Luke. He did his chores, then threw his beloved knapsack on his back and slipped off to the woods. His three R's were reading, righting, and roaming. And by righting, I mean that he was forever tinkering with something, forever doing somebody some little service, usually so quietly that they rarely thanked him for it. Luke liked to see things put right. If a neighbor's chimney smoked or his well needed cleaning or his dog's hind leg had picked up a splinter, Luke was most often first on hand to aid.

As for his reading, he lived on books of travel. Possibly this was because he was travel starved,—he had never been out of the county,—or because his father had lived and died a sailor. He used to bother the schoolma'am of Polk's Bend by such insane questions as these: "Was *Robinson Crusoe* real?" and, "How do you get to Norway?" Luke secretly was certain that he would see the world. There was no other life. But he said nothing about this certainty; it was not a welcome topic at his aunt's. Luke was bound to stay with his aunt, since he was her support, she having small hope of being helped by Vail.

Vail was also a dreamer of a different life. But there was no travel in it; rather a luxurious perch where he could be comfortable at some one else's expense. Vail was a year older than Luke, and wise in the ways of the corner grocery, where he loafed and smoked and swiped odds and ends when Scuffy Polk was n't looking. An easy living, that was his goal—luck. He hoped to find money, if it was n't to be given him outright; and if findings were poor, he rather aimed to appropriate it somehow. People don't become thieves overnight; they grow into it gradually. Vail had thought so persistently of coming into some piece of luck, that waiting for it had become the chief habit of his days. Instead of stirring his stumps, he strengthened his sitting capacity. When luck did not come to him, he grew sullen. When it came to Luke, he grew jealous.

Indeed, the incident of the hundred dollars did appear unfair. Luck was forever dogging Luke's heels. Now it had caught up with him in the shape of a hundred-dollar money-order. And the only thing that Luke had done for the stranger was to draw an accurate map of the country-side to the west of the Bend, among the hills toward Skyline. "Just to draw a map, to spend a day with a stranger who wanted to be conducted toward Skyline, all of which was sheer pleasure for Luke," growled Vail, "and then to get a hundred dollars for it!" Perhaps part of Vail's vexation came from his remembrance of the fact that the stranger had put the same questions to him and had got a dog's answer. He did n't look rich. And then a hundred dollars, out of the sky! It was the sort of thing Vail had worn out whole pairs of breeches dreaming of—and it had come to Luke! Vail's envy deepened; something a little like the heat of hatred nestled in his eyes when Luke, careless, whistling Luke, roamed by.

The way that Luke spent his hundred dollars was so characteristic that I must mention it. He gave fifty to his aunt, for she had taken care of him and Vail since his mother had died. He sent forty to Boston for books —an idiotic waste of money, or so it seemed to Vail, who had barely enough cash to keep him in cigarette papers. Luke put his books on a shelf in his room and told his neighbors that they could take them from his "library" at five cents a week. Everybody had a really good laugh at that. Who wanted to

read books! Luke laughed back, being a cheerful soul and liking to see laughter. But he bit his lip when Vail said, "You need n't go get a swelled head over yer luck, and parade it all around the place."

"A swelled head?" repeated Luke, that being his last possible failing. "I have n't. Why should I?"

"All the fellows down to Scuffy's says you have. They 're getting to josh me about letting my kid brother put one over. I 'll bet that fool of a stranger meant half of that hundred for me."

"You saw the letter," said Luke. "Do you think I 'd cheat?"

"You have n't the wit," said Vail, knowing that Luke was as honest as spring water. "What 're you going to do with them things?"

"Fly," smiled Luke, looking at his new skis. "Want to try them? I 'll lend them to you some day, Vail, if you 'll try them."

"Them fool boards?" (Meanwhile resolving to master them behind Luke's back.) And Vail pivoted on his superior heel, and slamming the door, walked angrily away. Luke irritated him all the time now; especially his luck was annoying.

And Vail made Luke unhappy. The boy shoved away on the Thanksgiving snow, gliding toward the hills and his freedom. But, more strongly than ever before, he felt lonely. He longed for a friend, somebody unlike these Polk Benders who would not understand him, a comrade in whom to confide the strange longings that he felt.

The skis had cost the remaining ten dollars of Luke's hundred; but they were worth it. They fulfilled his character; they gave wings to his imagination. As an eagle takes to the sky, so Luke took to the sky-line on these precious staves. They added a county to his world; and gliding along on them, Luke would dream of some beautiful day when he would be free to slip right over the horizon and into the world of his fancy.

Funnily enough, or with "just his luck," as Vail would have said, that very Thanksgiving day was to precipitate him into heaven, or what he liked to think afterward was heaven.

To begin with, he was fiercely lonesome after Vail's jibes. Without much care as to where he was going, he struck out toward the Skyline Hills in the west, running, climbing, flying, until in an early twilight he found himself in a wooded park, through which ran a winding lane, whereby he came to a great, rambling, lighted house from which gaiety streamed in yellow gleams through uncurtained windows. In awe he circled this dreamlike place, faring from window to window, drinking in glories such as he had only read of in accounts of far-off places. One room was lined with books. In another a long table was set with silver and candles and flowers. Flowers at Thanksgiving, whew! And last he looked into a small room where a man sat before a hearth, reading. Luke could not see his face; but from the silver gray head, or rather the poise of it, from the build of the man, apparent even sitting, or from the furniture of the den, Luke knew instinctively that he had come upon a friend.

The hungry boy dropped his ski-poles, and waited as a fox waits for his game. He longed to tap on the window, to find out the look in this man's face, to ask just one of the hundred questions in his mind. But he did not dare. With a sense of emptiness at heart, he picked up his sticks and stared and sighed and started. Yet there was a sense of gladness, too. For he had found something. He could come back. He could not be stopped from coming back. Some day he might be able to do something for this stranger with the proud, kindly head, do something that would bring them face to face, something like mending fences, hiving bees, or clipping hedges. Then he would ask him what he had been reading. Gathered up on the whirlwind of his desiring, Luke sped the ten miles home, unmindful of the hills.

Next came the thaw; and after that, the warmest December that Polk Bend had ever known. Luke perforce put away his skis, hung them from the shed roof, whence Vail stole them in a fit of anger over some fresh bit of Luke's luck. He stole and hid them well in his sullen mood, the flowering of his jealous thoughts, and later had not the courage to give them back.

If Luke suspected, he was too hurt to be revengeful. Besides, revenge was foreign to his nature. He withdrew into his dreams, planning greater things, always with that house among the Skyline Hills in mind. And plans are the very rungs to Jacob's ladder, if they be strengthened to bear the feet by deeds. Luke went to work to make another pair of skis.

"SORRY, old man," cried Gillespie Stewart's Uncle Lee, breezing into the Berkshire school where Gilly had been waiting half the morning. "It was the ignition's fault. Don't blame me. I 'm not a spark, you

know. You looked like a burial-service complete when I looked through the window. How are you, old kid?"

With that sort of a greeting from a big, hearty, outdoors sort of man, talking and laughing like a northwest wind, how could you be as grouchy as you had decided to be. So Gilly smiled, recovered his hand from his uncle's paw, and gathered up his things. Gilly was fifteen and fairly spoiled; but not bad beneath. And when they were installed in the limousine he found himself in tune with his outrageous uncle. Lee Stewart had managed gold-miners; he certainly ought to be able to amuse a sulky nephew, he had told himself. But he took no half-way measures.

"We look like a caravan, don't we! Your Aunt Elizabeth thought of enough late presents to fill a freight-car. Great sprouts, boy, how you 've grown! I 've a pair of skis tied on top for you. I hope they 'll be the right length. Ever ski?"

Gilly never had.

"It 's a cinch, and we 'll have snow for you, all right, all right. This thing of a green Christmas never happens at Skyline. In fact, the paper says there 's a storm over Ohio and a cold wave over Michigan—just the combination to mean a blizzard in little old Vermont. But I hope it 'll postpone itself till ten to-night. We ought to make Skyline House by ten, if the ignition will only keep on igniting. Well, what 's been doing lately, old man?"

The luxurious car rolled north and the afternoon waned, the sun declining into a cloud-bank which Lee Stewart said was forerunner of the Ohio storm. Gilly listened to mining stories and was changed from a lolling school-boy into a master of circumstances (in his own mind) by the simple act of listening to heroic tales.

"No, I 've never shot anybody," said his uncle, "but I 've had to call out my little pocket-panther—had him ready to spring."

"Your pocket-panther?" began Gilly, mystified.

"That—like him?" And Stewart showed a shining little revolver on the palm of his hand. "I have a license to carry it—*must* do it because of the risks inevitable in my business. I make only one rule about it, Gilly. I never carry any ammunition. But that 's a secret. I trust you with it. I have come through many a duel, of wills, and that has never yet spoken in my defense. It has never been loaded."

"Why not, what 's the good—"

"When you know bad men, you 'll see. They—"

But Gilly's education in bad men was interrupted by the automobile's stopping on a steep hill—stopping abruptly and running back into a ditch before the chauffeur could halt it.

"Same thing, Jenks?" asked Stewart.

"Same thing, I 'm afraid, sir."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Stewart, meditatively. "Gilly, I promised you an unusual Christmas. It 's begun."

The unusual had, certainly. Gilly, stepping to the lonely road, feeling the chill wind, seeing the east darkening with night, knowing that no help was within miles, began ardently to wish for the usual. But remembering his new status as adventurer, he had the sense not to whine.

"Gillespie and I will investigate this desert, Jenks. Polk's Bend ought to be near. It 's a good fifty miles from there to Skyline House by road. Pity we 're not crows, for I don't believe it 's ten across lots. But crows would have difficulty with all that." And he looked at the mound of luggage. "*How*ever—"

That was Lee Stewart's character in a word—that "*how*ever" representing courage and energy which increased with the obstacle.

"We 'll be back soon, Jenks; meanwhile, see if you can fix the white elephant, if you please."

It was dark before they saw lights and the first house, the Armands'. Luke was upstairs reading; Vail was the one to answer Stewart's knock. The expert in bad men read in Vail's slouchy bulk, his sullen drawl in answer to questions, and his general inhospitality, the fact that here was small hope for help. But Lee Stewart was not a man to be easily abashed.

"Then you can do nothing for us? Suggest no means of transportation? Perhaps you have room for the three of us?"

"We don't calcallate on running a hotel," said Vail. "Up the road a piece—"

"And we can get supper there?"

"Yes, up the road a piece," repeated Vail, forgetful of the lesson that Luke's luck might have taught him. "We don't calcallate—" His pipe had gone out, and he struck a match.

The flare disclosed to Stewart another young man coming up behind this surly lump, a youth whose face was as day to this other's night. To Luke, the same match revealed something familiar in the poise of

the visitor's head. Could it be the man whom he had seen reading that day of Thanksgiving when he had peered through the chinks and panes of heaven?

"Come in, won't you, and warm up?" he called over Vail's shoulder; "there 's snow in the air."

"That 's what I 'm afraid is true," said Stewart; "and my automobile is stuck on your hill. We are hunting help, food, shelter, suggestions, encouragement."

"VAIL PIVOTED ON HIS SUPERIOR HEEL, AND SLAMMING THE DOOR, WALKED ANGRILY AWAY"

"How lucky that you stopped here," smiled Luke, "for we 're strong on all those. Only our aunt 's gone up to Polk Center for Christmas and you 'll have to take our cooking. Still, Vail and I—"

"Count me out!" growled Vail; "I 've done my day's work."

"Still—" said Luke, embarrassed at his brother's surliness.

"It is lucky we met you," said Stewart, pointedly. "Men in our predicament appreciate kindness. I think I have met a friend."

"And I—I know I have," said Luke, softly. His usually calm voice shook a little; for when an event that has lain long in the soul is about to issue from it, the soul trembles.

To Luke, that evening seemed like having a string of wishes granted, one after another. They brought up Jenks and the skis to the house, "for you may need them to-morrow," said Luke; and then they sat in the kitchen and talked. They could talk freely, for Vail had gone to Scuffy's, and the atmosphere was cleared of his disturbing presence. Luke asked questions about the world beyond his county, beyond the horizon, beyond his country's shores; and he could not conceal the fire of his eagerness. To Lee Stewart, mining-engineer, the finding of this naïve, generous, enthusiastic lad was like opening a new vein; and yet, being a man of the world, used to disappointments in character as well as in veins, he extended his confidence in Luke only a step at a time. He wanted to be very sure; and then! Then, Stewart told himself, Luke might well consider himself the lucky.

They went to bed early, for they must rise early. Luke had agreed to pilot the way across the hills to Skyline House, and Christ-

mas eve would be saved. Gilly was delegated to Vail's bed, Stewart to Luke's, Jenks to the absent aunt's downstairs. Luke made up a sort of double lounge in the room next to Stewart's for Vail and himself. Vail came in just before Luke had got asleep, dropped off his shoes, and crawled in between the blankets without undressing. He smelt of cider, the hard kind, and he grouched to Luke about fools who let themselves be walked over by stingy gentlemen. Luke was too happy to mind, too happy to keep it all to himself, and he told Vail about Skyline House, his new friend Stewart, and their new friendship.

Vail, for once, listened; but his mind's envy was busy on dark thoughts. "So you think you 'll pull another hundred bucks out of this old fool, do you?"

"I 've got far more this night, Vail. Oh, I 'm lucky—I 'm happy! I wish you were."

"Who says I ain't! By thunder, I 'll be lucky, too, this time. I seen him first, did n't I?"

"Yes, but—"

"But nawthin'. Whatever comes in is mine, then, ain't it?"

"I 'd share with you, of course, Vail, if there was a payment of money; but this time there won't be any. I would n't want there to be any."

"Same old fool!" muttered Vail, half to himself. "Go to sleep."

Which Luke promptly did; but Vail did not. He pretended to, however, while his plan was making. Indeed, luck seemed to have come to him at last, for just as Scuffy had found him out (the cash-box had been left temptingly open) and had turned down his offer to work out the sum he had "borrowed," giving him twenty-four hours to make good, why, this rich man had blown in. What was eight dollars to him? Probably he had fifty in his trousers' pocket. He, Vail, determined to see. He could spare eight, perhaps a little more. The idea grew in the dark, like a poisonous mushroom. He listened to Luke's breathing; he was safe. He put one foot out of bed, listened, put out the other, listened intently, stood up. Gosh, it was cold! He could hear Lee Stewart's breathing from the next room. Had Vail's hearing been more acute, he could also have heard the faint dry *pit, pit* of snowflakes against the eastern pane. But he was otherwise busy. If the stranger had a hundred dollars, he 'd borrow that and skip out. Would he buy books? He almost laughed in his disdain, and, with a hunter's care, crept into the rich man's room. Eight dollars? There must have been two hundred in the wallet, and—

To Luke, the voice of nature was imperative. A cannon might not have awakened him, but snow, which meant skiing, was his passion, and snow was tapping on the eastern pane. As a mother will stir if her child but whimper in its sleep, so Luke. Wake he did, and sat up with a vague uneasiness, and found the bed cold beside him. Where was Vail? From the next room he heard a noise that was not snow, and a fearful surmise broke into his mind through the doors of drowsiness. Instantly he was thinking clearly.

Silently as an owl's shadow crosses a moonlit swamp, he entered the room, and a wave of shame warmed his body to see his friend's pockets being rifled by his own flesh and blood. He touched Vail. It was only a touch, but the heart of guilt is easily startled, and Vail nearly dropped a handful of coins.

"Put it back!" whispered Luke, as lightly as the snow.

"I will—like thunder!" returned Vail, in the same whisper.

"If you don't, I 'll wake him," said Luke, tense with his new passion of friendliness for the sleeping form on the bed.

For a long moment the brothers faced each other like two lynxes at bay. An extra surge of anger in either, and they would have sprung at each other. But we live lives of caution, and Vail feared the lock-up, feared the calm anger of his brother, feared these more than Scuffy's threat. Besides, he had stowed some money in his trousers already. He returned the silver quietly to Stewart's clothes and started out of the room. But Luke held him, feeling in his pockets, finding the bills, forcing him to disgorge them too. Then they slunk from the chamber and closed the door and crawled into bed.

"I 'll get even with you, oh, I 'll get even with you!" was the half-whispered threat that ran from Vail's mind to his lips, over and over again, over and over again, until gray dawn stole in through a dull pane already banked with white. Luke did not dare sleep again, but beneath his sorrow lay a deep joy.

"O Santa Claus!" cried Lee Stewart, in mock dismay, "what art thou up to?" He had opened the door and was looking out.

"Did you ever see such luck!" echoed

Gilly, dismally; "it must be a foot deep already. We 'll *never* get to Skyline House."

"A brave man always believes that a misfortune is hidden luck," said Stewart. "Who knows? This may be the best Christmas eve we 've ever lived. It 's beginning early enough, at any rate."

Luke laughed. It was hard not to laugh when Lee Stewart meant you to. Also he laughed because he was incredibly happy. He had agreed to pilot Stewart and his nephew across the hills. He had been invited to spend Christmas at Skyline House. "Just my luck again!" he said to himself, and there shot a twinge of pity through him for Vail. He did n't have much luck. To be sure he did not invite Luke's kind of luck—did not work for it. But he had looked more lonely and sullen, when they left him, than Luke had ever seen him. "And not even snow-shoes to travel with!" thought Luke, remembering that they had borrowed Vail's pair for Lee Stewart. Jenks had been left to await orders.

To understand why a mature man should allow his favorite nephew to undertake a cross-country hike in a Vermont blizzard is to understand Lee Stewart and his success. For it was the mining-man's nature to sight a goal, then plunge cross-country to it, while his competitors were plodding round. The hazards of Nature need only preparation to overcome, and both Stewart and Luke had made, as they thought, fair preparation for the adventurous ten miles before them. Luke led, on his home-made skis, dragging a toboggan with food, extra clothes, and a couple of necessary gifts salvaged from the limousine. Lee Stewart came next on Vail's snow-shoes. Gilly, the ski novice, shuffled along on the broad track made. It requires patience to shuffle on skis for the first time, patience and a little courage and some energy; but the boy did well, if flounderingly.

"This reminds me of my first winter in the Cobalt country," said Stewart, "in the days before it was famous, and before we were required to check our revolvers at the office. Bret Harte should have been there." And he went on to tell a tale of hold-up and escape which made the others forget both space and time. Then the talk veered to skiing, and Luke told of his joy in his first pair, and, by adroit questioning, Lee Stewart found out why he was wearing a home-made pair now. Sudden anger boiled in Stewart's veins at the heartlessness and stupidity of Vail, and he resolved to give Luke a new pair of Norwegian racers to replace those Vail had taken. He had resolved, too, on another greater gift.

"Only four miles more?" he said, in reply to a remark of Luke's.

"And downhill at that," said Luke; "so had n't we better stop for food, breath, and stock-taking?"

"Righto! And how 're you coming, Gilly?"

"All right," said the boy, gamely, "except that my ankle 's beginning to hurt."

Stewart examined it, found it strained by the unusual exercise, and whistled. "When did you do that, boy?"

"It 's just been coming on. I did n't do it any special time, unless it was when I fell last."

"Well, it 's yours for the Pullman," and Lee waved toward the toboggan. "You 've been a peach, old man, not to complain."

"I feel as though I could carry him," cried Luke, exultantly, "I 'm that happy. Happiness gives strength, does n't it?"

"Surely; and we ought to be happy. Luck 's been good to us."

"Good!" echoed Gilly; "you mean, rotten. First the car breaks down, and then it snows, and now I 've got to be carried."

"Of course, good," said Stewart; "for the breakdown caused us to find our new friend Luke, and, thanks to him, we 're going to have Christmas at Skyline House."

"We 're not there yet," murmured Gilly.

"And the sky 's falling," echoed his uncle, laughing; "but what harm does it do to the courageous? No harm can touch any man, Gilly, to whose nature it is foreign. It was a brave character made Achilles invulnerable. Cheer up, kid, this is the best Christmas eve ever I spent."

"Me too," said Luke; "but let 's improve it with a fire and tea."

They stood up their skis and snow-shoes in the snow, now nearly two feet deep, parking them far from the fire which Luke speedily kindled in a cozy, tree-ringed hollow. Over the flames, snow water began to heat, and the three of them, standing by the warmth, toasted their hands and hearts in the glow of it and of their new comradeship, which seemed so good, so friendly, there, hedged in by the privacy of the falling flakes.

"Hardships shared by friends are better than paradise partaken of alone," said Stewart.

"To find a friend is paradise," said Luke. "I wish Vail—"

"Some disaster may change Vail," said Stewart; "but don't worry about him now.

He has taken the wrong road to success, and there are no short cuts across to the other one. But a sharp lesson might turn him back; either that, or your patient affection for him. I should like to help, Luke."

"Thank you, sir," said Luke, quietly; "maybe the chance will come."

He spoke with such deep understanding that Stewart wondered how he could have known so much life so young. Which reminded him of another adventure, and this he spoke of while the water heated. "Even this," he added, "shows how unnecessary it is to go to Alaska or the Amazon for roughing it. Even in upper Michigan it was not wilder than this in the days when we were all wearing our 32's in our boots."

"How was that?" asked Gilly, who had reached the fire-arm stage.

"That-a-way, old man," and Stewart, pulling out his pocket-panther, tucked the small revolver down into his heavy sock. "When we ate, in those days, we liked to have our protection handy. Only, of course in those days—" Stewart sighed and added, "*However, they—*"

His sentence was never finished. Behind them, they heard the *sush-sush* of skis, the click of ski-poles, and out of the falling gray there materialized a shadow, a man—Vail. Emerging from the snow, his mackinaw heaped white like the balsams, he advanced. An intimation of disaster passed over Stewart; an uneasiness arose in Luke, as the hair rises on the neck of a surprised moose. It was caused by the sinister look on the newcomer's face. No one spoke. He entered the hollow, neared them, and then, abruptly, with the ease of a highwayman, he made a leveling motion of the right hand, and they found themselves gazing at the little black muzzle of a revolver.

"H'ist your hands!" he ordered gruffly.

To Luke's surprise, Stewart raised his at once. Gilly followed. Luke looked as if he were about to spring at Vail.

"H'ist 'em!" repeated Vail, to Luke. "I 'm taking no chances with *you*, not this time!" and his snarl recalled last night's encounter to Luke.

"Raise your hands, Luke," commanded Stewart, sternly; "he only wants my money."

"That 's all," growled Vail, taking a step forward, "and keep your hands that way until I get it. I won't get a chance like this again."

"I 'll help you," said Stewart, with a touch of his ironic humor, "for this is a fatiguing position you demand. The bank-notes are in my wallet pocket—something over two hundred and fifty dollars, if I recollect aright; and there are some coins in my trousers'. "

"If you take that," cried Luke, for the shame of it, "I 'll—I 'll never get over it. Please, Vail—"

"If you stir, you 'll never get over it," said Vail, surlily. "Has the kid got anything?"

"Search him thoroughly," said Stewart; "whatever you get, you deserve, in a way. We always get what we want. But the conditions are strict. The price is just; remember that, my friend."

"Preach away," said Vail, struck even through his tough skin by Stewart's man's voice, "but say it a little plainer."

"I 'm just saying that we pay for everything quite exactly, Vail. If you choose to put an end to us, you doubtless can; but you 'll pay the penalty in an electric chair. If you steal from us, you will be stolen from—I mean, have your liberty taken. Also, Vail, if you repent, *now*, and show us that you repent sincerely,—that is, turn about face on this road you 've chosen to easy and illicit wealth,—it might be the turning-point of your fortunes. Take a minute to think, man."

"It is the turning-point," said Vail, morosely, stuffing the bills in his pocket; "and I 'll do my thinking to-morrow. Except one little thought now: jest to make sure you won't come hopping on to my back, I 'll take these," and he gathered the standing skis and snow-shoes under his arm, though still covering the men with his revolver.

"Vail, don't!" cried Luke, realizing the seriousness of their situation without skis; "do you mean—you *don't* mean—to leave us to freeze?"

"Suit yourself," said Vail; "but remember, if your luck comes from your character, as your preacher friend just said, you must have pretty hard ones, to get such hard luck. So-long. Keep your hands up, or I 'll save you from freezing with this."

He had almost topped the hollow, when he slipped, his armful of skis fell, and, in his lurch to recover, he dropped his revolver in the snow.

Lee Stewart, lightning quick, saw his big chance. He snatched his pocket-panther from his sock, jumped forward, crying, "Stop, you Vail, raise your hands, *raise* them I say!" And he said it so savagely that the other would have obeyed, even if the command had not been reinforced by a dark muzzle.

"'SO-LONG. KEEP YOUR HANDS UP'"

It was as dramatic as a thunderbolt. Vail stared and cringed. Then he raised his hands. Stewart asked Luke to find the fallen gun. Gilly transferred the bank-notes back to their owner.

Stewart looked steadily at Vail, kept him covered at four yards, and said, "Remember, this is not hard luck, but soft thinking, Vail. You 've been trapped by your crooked thoughts. A man's luck comes from his character. Think straight, live straight. Is the tea-water ready, Luke?"

WHO can say that an act has ended? There are so many outcomes from each one. But we must forego the rest of their journey to Skyline and the events that awaited Luke and Vail there—only prefacing that record by the passing mention of a joy that came to Luke. For I can not keep from quoting what the latter found at his place the next morning in the great dining-room, the same room into which he had stared with longing that evening of Thanksgiving. It ran:

Dear Luke:

This is not your Christmas present, but a sort of payment for your labors as messenger and moving-van yesterday. I want to prove to you that wishes *are* horses who bear you in the direction of your thoughts. Counting that last spurt of yours for help, you did a good ten miles of travel. It is quite scriptural and proper for those miles to have grown a thousandfold in the night. So this piece of paper represents ten thousand miles of travel, when you wish, with attendant expenses, of course. Let Gilly and me know when you start, so that we can wish you the *bon voyage* you deserve.

Your friend,

LEE STEWART.

Luke turned, lest they should see his eyes, and looked out of that window he had once looked into and saw a world suddenly wide and beautiful, beyond the falling snow.

PART II. VAIL'S RIGHT-ABOUT

To Luke Armand, Christmas week at Skyline House was turning out to be more beautiful than the coming true of dreams. Yet, as often in dreams, there flowed an undercurrent of apprehension through his joy. This was natural, for it was because of his half-brother Vail.

Vail, it will be remembered, had come to Skyline House against his will, and only Lee Stewart's admiration for Luke had led him to say: "This is Christmas morning, Luke, and I am tempted to make you a present—of your brother's liberty. But is it wise?"

"Oh, would you, sir?" Luke had cried, joyous at the prospect of saving Vail from jail.

"But is it wise, my boy?" repeated Stewart. "Justice is ever better than the easy overlooking of a crime."

"Vail did n't use to be like this. Can you give him a chance?"

"I can take a chance," smiled the mining-engineer, "but I 've found that to forgive an unrepentant person and expect a change is to plant thistles and expect to gather figs."

"Perhaps your kindness would make him repent."

"That, of course, is our hope, Luke. Deeds come from thoughts; if a fellow thinks evil and plans wrongs, evil deeds follow. You can not do wrong without suffering wrong—in the end. But I am willing to take this chance. If you wish to give your brother this gift of opportunity, I shall invite him to stay here this week."

"You are good to us," said Luke, much touched.

"If so, because you were good to me," replied Lee Stewart. "And as goodness makes goodness, perhaps Vail will open his eyes to a more substantial life here. If he can *about-face*, if he will see that honesty is the very air and sun of success, then we shall have been justified in being lenient. On the other hand—"

"I understand," said Luke, quickly. "If he takes advantage of your generosity, he must take the consequences. I 'll tell him."

"It 's the best Christmas gift you ever gave," said the older man; "I hope he will receive it."

But Vail was not yet in a condition to receive. He envied. He sullenly accepted the kindnesses proffered, much as a dog grabs a bone from a back porch to make off with it. In his heart he hankered to put his hands on the evidences of wealth that lay about him. It would be so easy to pocket a piece of silver, even to lay aside a brooch or a ring or some ear-rings, until he and Scuffy could dispose of them, and other thoughts of ingratitude dwelt in the darker corners of Vail's mind. (Though Scuffy was store-keeper at Polk's Bend, his reputation was not of the best.)

"Are you having a good time?" Luke asked him once, seeing his discontented face.

"Scuffy's is just as good," he replied ungraciously.

"But Scuffy is n't your real friend, like

Mr. Stewart," said Luke, with a sinking feeling. "Scuffy would have jailed you, if Lee Stewart had n't lent you that eight dollars to send him. Oh, Vail, I wish you were happy; I wish I knew where you are heading!"

"Why should you care," said Vail, sullenly, for he knew he was in the wrong. "I 'm heading somewhere; and you keep your hands off."

Luke winced, but said no more. But the stream of apprehension beneath his joy increased. Lee Stewart noticed it and determined to make a last endeavor at helping. Wise in the ways of a lad's thought, he knew that this help must appear to come from Vail himself. And so he laid a skilful web.

He began his spinning of the web the next day, and continued to spin until the morning of New-Year's eve, when he asked Vail, whom he had let studiously alone for three days, to ski with him out on a line of traps.

"Me?" said Vail, in surprise; "you want me, and not Luke?"

"I was interested in a remark you let drop a few days ago and would like to finish the talk, if you have time."

"Oh, there 's time, all right," said the boy, pleased despite himself. He had to yield to Lee Stewart as the sunflower has to yield to the sun; for character commands less character. And the mining-engineer had been putting his best brains for days on the problem of striking the gold which lies at the bottom of every human heart—if one hunts long enough. "Will the boy be honest if given the incentive?" "What is the basis of honesty and self-respect?" "How can you lay that foundation?" These questions had bothered Stewart. He concluded that Vail had never forged ahead because he had never had an attractive ambition presented. He concluded that he had not much self-respect because he had never forged ahead. Obviously, the thing to do was to give him a chance. For a serious disease, a drastic remedy. "By my youth, I 'll go the limit," he had said, and had woven the web to that effect. To-day, New-Year's eve, was to come the proof. The two, gliding over the Vermont uplands on their skis, were full of the exhilaration of the shining hills.

"How does the proposition strike you, Vail, now that you 've thought it over?" Lee Stewart concluded.

"I 've never done anything like that."

"Neither had Columbus before he set out on his gold-hunt."

"That 's true, too."

"The question is, do you *want* to. If you want a job, want money in the bank, want friends and their respect, want a solid respect for yourself in the dark hours, I advise you to accept. You 're fitted, or I would n't have asked you. And it may lead to the bigger things which every man wants. Overseeing my estate lies ahead of this watchman's job. But it requires an honest man. I want to see you ambitious, for ambition is a sort of self-honesty, and to-night, being New-Year's eve, is a good time to start on a new career. Can you rouse yourself to meet my conditions, which are, you remember, that you pledge yourself to be utterly honest, utterly truthful, and reasonably industrious for seven days, the try-out period?"

Ordinarily, Vail would not have bothered to rouse himself. But he had been out of Scuffy's influence for a week; canny Lee Stewart had been sinking shafts straight into his soul, unawares, letting in new light. And now the cold air, the sparkle, and the speed had stirred his blood, his imagination was touched, and he said, "I reckon I 'll try —for seven days."

"Good, put her there!" and Stewart gripped his hand. "Your week begins at supper-time to-night. I always take everybody, guests and servants, over to the shack to see the old year out. This year there happen to be some things of value in the house, and I should be more comfortable with you to play night-watchman—not a very serious job. I 'll see that you have all the information you need."

Something started to life within the boy. It darted from the darkest corner of his mind. He pressed it back, before Lee Stewart could see the wily look it cast upon his face. Possibly Lee Stewart was watching for that look; but if he noticed, he showed it not, but said: "Your old friend Scuffy 'll open his eyes, won't he, Vail, to hear that you 're getting three times as much as he 's paying for the job he refused you? I guess he did n't know your working worth."

A little flame started in Vail's heart at this unusual tribute.

"I wonder if *I 've* guessed it right," said Stewart.

"I 'll try and show you have," said Vail, quietly. It was the nearest he had ever come to showing gratitude, or affection, in his life; and Lee Stewart was satisfied. He would have been still more satisfied could he

have seen how the little flame was lighting undiscovered corners of Vail's heart.

"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth," says St. James, in his letter; and how true! The impatience of a cow destroyed Chicago. The flash of a revolver precipitated the World War. Is it possible for a word to change the whole life of a man? Quite possible, if it fall into his heart at the unique and proper hour. Certainly, at eleven o'clock that night of New-Year's eve, one such word flew hither and around within Vail's lonely, unfurnished soul like a butterfly, conferring beauty where it went. That word was Lee Stewart's parting remark, "I rely on you, Vail." That was all; he said it as he shook hands, and maybe the firmness of the grip had something to make it sink in. Also, it had never been said to Vail before, and certainly never by a man with such deep brown eyes, that kept the flame of self-respect burning within one. "I rely on you, Vail." It was only that, but the keys in his pocket, the knowledge of the jewels, the sense of new responsibility, the feeling of being trusted, these strengthened the flame that had been kindled in Vail Armand's heart. For the first time in his life, he saw a reflection of himself in his mind's mirror at which he could look with something like admiration.

The evening passed uneventfully. What thieves could there be in that snowy wilderness? Yet Stewart had mentioned other attempts, had hinted the need of especial care just now, and had even shown him the little safe, built into the ordinary desk-drawers in his den. "He trusts me," thought Vail, when his employer had shown him that and hinted of its contents; and with that thought came the twin feeling, the rapid calculation of how he could appropriate such wealth. "It 'd mean an easy life of it," was the dark thought. He shut it back into a sunless corner of his heart and continued his rounds.

The whole tour of the spread-eagle house required much time, because it was some distance from the trophy-room, where the prize cups shone, to the chest with the table silver, which in turn was far from the room where some valuable paintings hung. The jewelry of the house-party was in the den safe, and in the den sat Vail between rounds. And in the den he did his thinking. While he walked, his thoughts were clean; when he sat, they began to rove into forbidden precincts, began to paint pictures for him of what might be—if he ran off with the jewelry, for instance. Back in his mind he had planned how it could be done—such a tiny safe, a good blow with an adze; there was one in the carpenter-shop; he had the keys. Back in his mind, the plans were clear. But they were blurred by the new flame in his heart. "I rely on you, Vail," blew on that flame. Sweat came out on Vail's forehead. Four words are slim defense against a life habit of easy morals. But there was that look in Lee Stewart's eyes behind the words. Uneasily, Vail rose and made an extra round.

And now the little silver clock in the den struck eleven. Vail found himself counting the strokes. There was one hour for the dark year still to run. In one hour the new, with its possibilities, would come. "A lifetime's ease," thought Vail, guiltily touching the drawer that held the safe; "but I 've got to get a move on!" And then, "I rely on you, Vail," sounded somewhere in his head, and he withdrew his hand.

The clock finished its count, but seemed to go on—twelve, thirteen, fourteen—what was it? A tapping on the window, a real tapping. But who, in this wilderness? A shiver, as if some dark thing had reëntered his heart, spread over Vail. He opened the shutter, opened the sash. The flood of icy air recalled his walk with Lee Stewart on the bright hills, recalled the words, "I rely on you, Vail." The next moment a man had lifted a leg and followed it into the room.

"Quick, kid! I meant to get here sooner, but lost my way in the park—some grand place, ain't it?"

"Scuffy!" cried Vail, under his breath, "that you?" Vail's heart gave a queer lurch, sideways, a sickening lurch. Here was the one man he was afraid of, the one man who had power over him, the power of habit, of his past, of evil.

"Yep, it 's me," scowled the other, in the light, "I s'pose you 've been in the gent's class so long you don't know your friend."

"Oh, I know my friends," said Vail, sullenly. The flame was flickering in his heart. "After all," thought he, "I 'd be on Easy Street, with all that money."

"Well, kid," began Scuffy, genially, "we 'll both be in the gent's class soon, if we get busy prompt. See them?" And from a knapsack on his back he took tools which Vail had no difficulty in recognizing as belonging to a burglar's outfit. "Ain't you glad I come? Or can't you guess?"

"I suppose you come for them eight dol-

lars. But I mailed them," said Vail, still trying to beat back the evil thought.

"Wrong again, kid. High livin' seems to have put you off what little sense you had. S'pose I 'd drive all these miles for eight dollars when it 's twenty below? No sir! that 's not Scuffy. I 'm out for bigger game. I got your letter. That 's the reason. I 've always wanted a pal on the inside of this here mansion. Bigger game, I should say! why, there 's thirty thousand here in jools, I happen to know."

"How?" said Vail, involuntarily.

"That 's my business—to know. Your's is to help. It means ten thousand for you."

"AND IT WAS THEN THAT THE NEW-YEAR'S PARTY ENTERED" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"And twenty for you?" asked Vail.

"That 's my share, as I figure it; you could n't do it alone."

"And you don't know where the jewels are," said Vail. "Why not fifty-fifty, eh?"

The flame was going from his bosom in this sudden stir of temptation as a lamp will blow dark in a draught.

"Don't you ferget," said Scuffy, threateningly, "don't you ferget that you 'd be in jail this minute if I had n't overlooked them eight dollars you swiped."

Scuffy had said one word too many. An echo of Stewart's ever-kind voice revived the little flame, and Vail seemed to hear the voice say in his ear, "I rely on you, Vail."

"And don't you ferget," said Vail, "that the friend who kept me out of jail has been out of the house all evening, and I could have skipped with them thirty thousand for myself."

"The more fool you," growled Scuffy, angry at meeting resistance; "but I 'll make it fifty-fifty. Time 's passin', and that thirty ain't all. There 's no use in neglectin' the silver. Ain't there *no* servants?"

"None. All gone to his party. There 's just you and me and the loot. But somehow I can't see it, Scuffy. He 's been good to me. You would n't see it, either, if you knew him. I reckon you 'd best go, Scuffy."

"Go! *Go?*" Scuffy asked incredulously. "Go without the loot? Well, I guess not."

Vail's flame was getting stronger the longer he fronted this gnarled, rasp-voiced man. "I guess so. If you go at once, Scuffy, I 'll never breathe that you 've been here. But if you don't go away at once—"

"Do you mean that?" broke in the other.

"Yep. I mean it. I don't know why. I know it 'd be easy. I know it 'd mean Easy Street for me. But he 's been good to me, Scuffy. The last thing he said was, 'I rely on you, Vail,'—and no one ever said that to me before, Scuffy."

They confronted each other, good and evil, face to face. "You blitherin' easy pup," began the older one.

"I 'll give you ten seconds to get out," said Vail, a new manliness ringing in his voice. "One—two—"

"You mean that?" snarled the other. "Well, I mean *this*," and with a slick movement of the wrist, he had reached back and drawn a revolver. They were ten feet apart. Dead silence filled the space. Then, "Lead me to them jools. I 've wasted words and time. I reckon I can use the whole thirty thousand. Quick now!"

Vermont blood is not hot, but it is strong, invincible when roused. And Vail's was roused. The little flame had become a leaping fire. The boy stood facing the gun; but he felt no fear. "You don't dare," he said.

"Why don't I dare, eh?" snarled Scuffy.

"Why? because if you shot me, you would n't know where to find the jewels any more than now, and you 'd get the electric chair."

"It 's my turn to count," said the other. "One—two—three—"

"And midnight 's here, and they 'll be in. Best go, Scuffy—"

"If you don't tell me afore ten— Five—six—seven—"

Suddenly the flame flared heart-high in Vail, and he, the one-time lout, sluggard, easy-goer, acted. He dived at Scuffy, and took him to the floor as neatly as ever a varsity tackle. And there he pinned him. Scuffy was tough, and fought to save himself from capture; but Vail fought to save his soul. For seconds, minutes, the two rolled, panted, heaved, across the floor. The clock struck twelve, unheeded. The new year had come in! How long they fought is not known; for the silver clock fell in a silvery crash as the den desk overturned. Chairs fell, for Scuffy was tough. But souls are tougher, and will not be gainsaid when they are in earnest. Scuffy was yielding. Vail fought him upon his back, rode him into helplessness, each hand a vise. And it was then that the New-Year's party entered—Lee Stewart, glad with an inner joy, his nephew Gilly, wide-eyed with amazement, Luke, who guessed not that he was standing in the center of a web, other guests, servants—all poured into the room.

Suddenly Gilly spoke. "Why, Uncle Lee, there 's your new revolver on the floor!"

"*'Sh-h!*" said Lee Stewart.

And that 's the closest that the secret of the web ever came to being revealed, though Vail has been in Mr. Stewart's employ these several years. For Scuffy, too, had a heart, deep within, and never told.

FAIRIES

I MET two fairies on the wold
  At candle-time this e'en;
And one was clad in sunset gold,
  And one in moonlight sheen.
They swung upon a hawthorn spray
Whose clustered blossoms barred my way.

The one in gold spoke first to me:
  "When mortal gaze descries
The Fairy Folk, 't is their decree,
  A boon shall be his prize.
So claim thy fortune, good or bad;
Thy wish is granted thee, my lad."

The one in silver spoke me then:
  "Yet haste and have thy say,
For when St. Bridget's bell strikes ten
  We must be far away."
I heard the peals steal through the air,
Yet I could naught but gawk and stare.

A pallid moonbeam trembled by;
  A little breeze made moan;
I stared, agape, and gave a sigh
  To find myself alone.
From out the shadows fluttered forth
A golden and a silver moth.

And now that it no more may be,
  That now my chance is past,
I find that speech is given me
  To tell my wish at last:
The wish that I might only know
If what I saw was really so!

Ralph Henry Barbour.

The Maught* of the Raven's Feather.

A Fairy Tale in Three Parts.

By Elsie Williams Chandler.

I. THE RAVEN'S FEATHER

MICKY, my dears, though very poor, was a fine up-growing lad. Many a neighborly patch beside patch he wore, but he was clean, none the less, and a great comfort to his poor widowed mother, who loved him dearly.

One day she said to him: "Micky, this is the last bit o' bread I do be giving ye, and ye 'll have to be after going forth and seeking your fortune this day forward. Heavy is my heart, but may good luck go with ye, Micky." Quickly she went into the little thatched hut and shut the door, that Micky should not see her tears a-dropping.

Micky, being hungry, was not in the least surprised. Well he knew that his mother must be hungry, too, so he carefully put the bit of bread on the window-sill. Shaking his head sadly, he walked slowly to the gate. Then squaring his shoulders, he trudged down the dusty road. Singing, he was, to keep his courage the while.

> I love the world
> And the world loves me,
> Happy of heart and full of glee.
> Oh, there 's much to do
> And there 's much to see
> And all for a laugh and a groat!

He had not gone more than a score of fox-lengths when a raven in distress fluttered to the road in front of him. With a dark rush of wings, a giant eagle, fierce and hateful, swooped past Micky's head and pounced upon the poor helpless raven. And what did Micky do, my dears? Run away? Not Micky! He bravely grabbed the tail of the eagle, and oh, what a twist he gave it! The ugly bird shrieked in pain. Startled, he dropped the raven and, screaming in rage, he flew away and was seen no more.

Now *you* will know that here is magic. Sure it is, the eagle is a wicked magician, taking the form of an eagle to pursue the raven. And the raven—what is she?

Very grateful to Micky was the raven, and, plucking a feather out of her wing, she held it out to him in her beak and said, "Guard this with your life, and whenever you are in need of aught, *that* you may have if you wish it by the Maught of the Raven's Feather."

So amazed was Micky that a bird should speak, he was near to forgetting his manners, he was, and by the time he had stammered, "Yes, ma'am, I thank ye," the bird had flown quite beyond ear-shot.

So Micky stuck the feather in his hat and trudged along the dusty road to seek his fortune. And it was not far he had gone when "Oh," said he, "faith, but I be thirsty, and 't is idle to wish for a drink when no spring can I see; but I do wish for a drink."

Instantly, right in the middle of the dusty road, what should he see on a silver tray but a silver goblet of clear, cool water! And he drank deep and went on much refreshed.

> What care I
> If there 's rain in the sky
> Or the bats brush by?
> I go with my head held high
> And a song in my throat.

Twilight saw him still trudging along the dusty road, which wound on and on and on through a dense forest that seemed to have no ending. Micky was getting hungrier and

*Maught—a Middle English form of might.

hungrier, and there were no signs at all, at all of a friendly face or welcoming hut. And what would you have done? Exactly what Micky did, I 'm thinking—wished for a good supper right there and then.

Instantly right then and there, right in the middle of the dusty road, there appeared a fine supper-table with just the things to eat that Micky wanted, like hot potatoes and hunks of cheese and a big jug of goat's

"IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DUSTY ROAD THERE APPEARED A FINE SUPPER-TABLE"

milk and lots and lots of gooseb'ry tarts! That 's what he had, and he fell to and ate with an appetite, all but one gooseb'ry tart and that he left, minding his manners.

He began to think it was his feather that was bringing him luck, but he was too sleepy to give it a thought, so he rolled under a bush and slept the night, dreaming that he was a prince a-riding in a fine coach and four to fetch his mother to his lordly castle.

Sun-up saw him trudging along on his way. Suddenly he bethought him of his grand supper and wondered if his feather had aught to do with it. "Aye, I shall try what the feather can do," quoth he. "I wish by the Maught of the Raven's Feather I had a horse betune my knees." Instantly he felt himself lifted high in the air, and there was Micky himself a-stride of a gallant black steed.

"Heigho!" quoth he, "so elegant a steed deserves better than rags and patches. I wish for the fine clothes that go with the horse." Instantly there was Micky in a wide hat with a flowing plume and a long elegant cloak about him. Spurs jingled at his heels and money, my dears, in his pockets, and a sword swung at his side. What more could one wish, save befitting adventures?

I love the world
And the world loves me,
Happy of heart and full of glee.
I ride with my head held high
And a song in my throat.

'T was a fine sight, indeed, to see Micky in his fine clothes on his gallant black steed a-galloping down the dusty road, *ca-tan-ta, ca-tan-ta, ca-tan-ta.*

By noon he galloped into a town, which was the capital of the Kingdom of Kildee. All he met were weeping and wailing and wringing their hands. When he asked the reason, they could only weep and wail and wring their hands the more, and each and every one pointed to the castle at the end of the street, which reared its towers high above the town and into the sky.

They are dumb on the street, thought he. So he rode into the court of the castle. And there the knights and the ladies, the pages, the guards, one and all, wept and wailed and wrung their hands, and never a word could they speak.

Micky leaped off his horse and he said, said he, "Stand still, my fine steed." And the horse stood still. Up the wide flight of marble steps, up to the tower went Micky, and there he found the king and his missus, the queen, bowed down with grief.

"Alas," they cried, "the Dreadful Dragon came at cockcrow and carried off our lovely Eileen, the darling of our hearts; and gone is joy and laughter forever more! And none so brave to dare the Dreadful Dragon."

"Maybe," quoth Micky, "and maybe not," quoth he. "But first must we eat." So he wished by the Maught of the Raven's Feather for a fine dinner for all the big folk and all the little folk, the rich folk, the poor folk, and the cats and the dogs and the horses and the cows and the donkeys and all. He

did not *say* the goats and the pigs, but you might know that they would get plenty of leavings.

And they all ate with a relish. They thought Micky must be a prince (and so he was in the heart of him!) with great riches and many servants to give so great a feast. In their wonder they forgot their woe. But Micky did not forget. He tightened the girth of his gallant black steed and, leaping into the saddle, called to the king of Kildee, "When I bring back the Princess Eileen, may I have her for my wedded wife?"

The king nodded his head—he could not speak for his tears. Then the people, all, remembered and grieved afresh and the more because they felt that Micky, too, the rich, the bountiful, the brave, was going to certain death and destruction. And the big folk wept and the little folk wailed and the mice squeaked and the cats shrieked and the dogs howled and Micky rode out of that sad place toward the setting sun.

Happy of heart
And my head held high,
Be there clouds or sun in
the sky.
I ride
For my own true bride
With a song in my throat.
Heigho!

Ca-tan-ta, ca-tan-ta, ca-tan-ta, over fields, over meadows, over rivers, up hill and down dale, till he came to an enchanted woods away over at the Edge of the World. There Micky saw the towers of a beautiful palace rising from the midst of the woods, and he knew he had reached the domain of the Dreadful Dragon.

But the woods were so dense that he could not pass. The tree-trunks stood so close, shoulder to shoulder, that not even a knife-blade could pass between, and Micky broke his sword against their might.

"By the Maught of the Raven's Feather, I wish for a hatchet!" he cried. Instantly a hatchet flew to his hand. But for every tree that he cut down, three grew in its place. "By my Raven's Feather," cried he, "an ax I would have that will carve me a way." And a giant ax flew to his hand, and he cut the trees in front of him the length of his gallant black steed. For every tree that he cut down in front of him, three times three sprang up behind, and it was as black as night before dawn in that place, and Micky was filled with a great fear.

But Micky valiantly kept to his task. He hewed and he hewed and he hewed.

I sing as I hew
For my love so true;
There 's a song in my throat
For you!

At length he hewed his way through the dense, enchanted wood, so that he and his steed stood in a sea of moonlight before the beautiful palace at the Edge of the World. And all about them were bones and bones and bones. Micky said, "Stand still, my fine steed"; and the steed stood still and Micky tumbled over in the saddle like one dead.

And so it was that he slept till moon-set.

"EILEEN THE PRINCESS TOOK THE LOAD ON HER OWN SHOULDERS"
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

II. THE MOUNTAIN OF GLASS, THE MOUNTAIN OF BRASS, AND THE MOUNTAIN OF PINS AND NEEDLES

ONCE upon a time, in the land of the Sun and the Sky, away off at the Edge of the World, there lived a Dreadful Dragon. He dwelt in a beautiful palace set in the midst of bones and bones and bones.

The palace had once been surrounded by beautiful gardens and groves of trees, where bright birds sang their songs and fountains bubbled happily and sprang into rainbows. A queen radiant as the day, lovely as the night, had once dwelt in the marble halls where now the Dragon switched his tail and belched forth evil smoke.

For you must know, he was a black magician and worked the blackest of magic. And for many a wicked web he spun, the good, enchanting queen would weave a fairy spell that would pluck it in twain so that his evil would come to naught. One black, starless night he came to the Edge of the World to capture and destroy the good, enchanting queen. But she heard his coming and escaped through the air and the sky. Frustrated and enraged, he lashed himself into a fury and, turning himself into a Dreadful Dragon, vowed to devour every lady of royal blood within his reach. Before him now stood Eileen, the fair princess of Kildee. Pale, but undaunted, she hoped by her wits to save herself from destruction. Fearlessly she looked him in the eye and spoke. "O Dreadful Dragon, is there aught I can do to win back my freedom?"

"There is!" and he roared so that the palace shivered and shook and little ones miles away crept close to their mothers. "Bring me the bird that sits on the laurel in the midst of the enchanted garden beyond the Mountain of Glass, the Mountain of Brass, and the Mountain of Pins and Needles. This must you do by moon-set or your life is forfeit."

The sun was climbing the sky when she came to the Field of Bones. She found she had no choice but to cross it, and cross it she did.

Half-way across she came up to an old, old man. So old was he that he seemed like the very bones themselves. He had a long beard and was picking up precious stones from among the bones—diamonds and emeralds, rubies and pearls.

When he saw the princess, he called to her and said she must fill the bag. She did not want to in the least, but he seemed so old and so wise and so stern that she felt she must obey him.

Though her fingers flew, the old man kept adding to her burden more and more as the bag grew heavier and heavier. When the bag was nearly full, she suddenly came to the end of the Field of Bones. Nowhere was the old man to be seen nor the bag of gathered gems, but before her rose the Mountain of Glass.

She walked this way and that way, but no way up could she find. So she started straight up. Every time she got half-way up, back she would slide, all the way back to the bottom. In despair, she sat upon a rock to think of a way up the slippery mountain. As she was pondering, a feeble old woman, bent under a load of fagots, went stumbling past.

"Though I am a princess and she a peasant and her way not my way, yet am I young and she old. I must help her!" thought Eileen, the princess, and ran and took the load on her own shoulders.

The way led farther and farther from the Mountain of Glass, and yet Eileen carried the burden of fagots. By noon they came to the peasant's hut. The old woman was grateful to the princess and begged her to share her crust and bowl of milk. But the princess saw that it was midday and was anxious because she had yet to climb the Mountain of Glass. "But, look!" cried the old peasant, and in her stead there stood a blaze of dazzling sunlight. "You went an opposite way to do a kindness, and behold, you have passed the Mountain of Glass and it lies behind you!"

And it was so. A great wind blew and the dazzling sunbeams vanished and before her rose the Mountain of Brass.

The Mountain of Brass was of the color of mountains glowing at sundown, and for good reason. For there were fires within, so that the Princess Eileen felt the mountain hot to her hand and hot to her foot.

But she put on a brave front and made a valiant start up the fiery mountain. She climbed and climbed and climbed. Suddenly she heard a far-off cry for help. Though she was half-way up the Mountain of Brass, down she went to answer that cry.

She found the old man who had harassed her in the Field of Bones. He seemed to be crippled and his beard was caught under a rock so that he could scarcely move.

And did Eileen leave him there to suffer, as perhaps he justly should? Not Eileen!

For she was a princess, you know, in the heart of her, and she rolled the rock off from the beard. And the old man cried, "Look!" There was a roar and a flash and in his stead was a leaping flame. "Ye gave good for evil and the evil is passed! Behold, as ye freed my beard, so did ye pass the Mountain of Brass!"

And it was so. A cold wind blew and before her rose the Mountain of Pins and Needles.

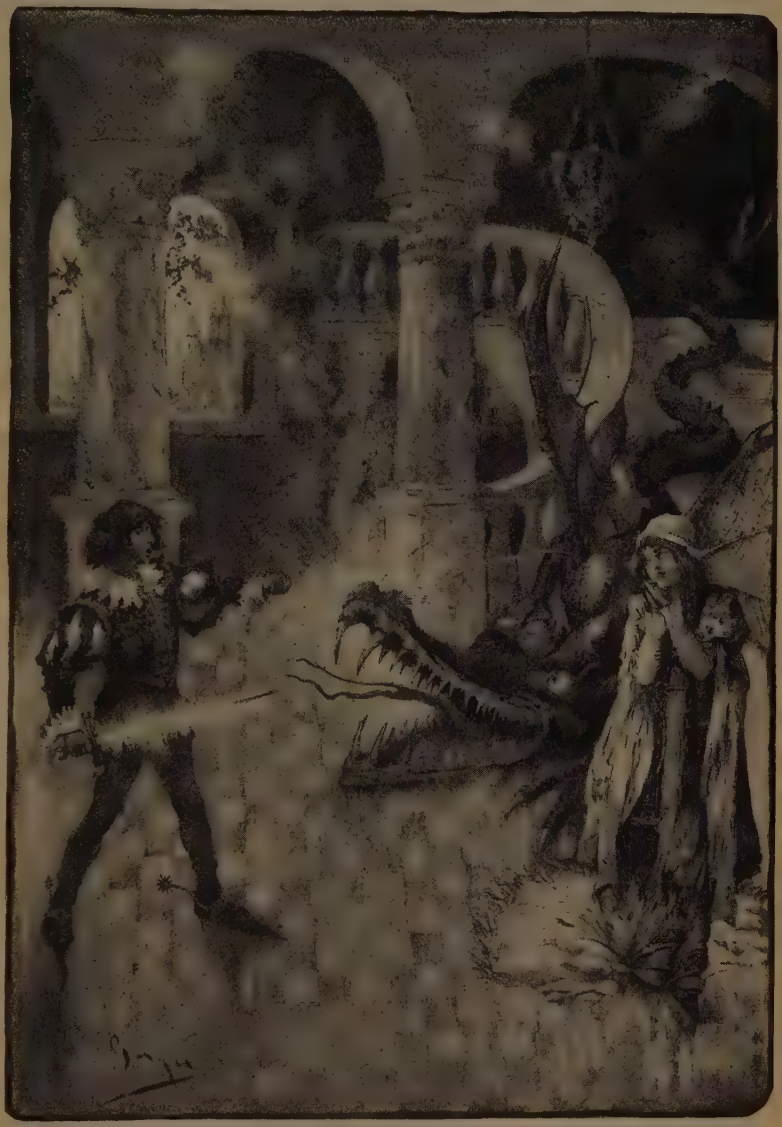
She started up forthwith. The sharp points pricked her and scratched her so that she cried aloud and yet she went on. When she had gone half-way, the moon went under a cloud and the night grew as dark as a pocket and she came upon a young lad to whom she reached out a helping hand. The higher they went, the duller became the points of the needles and pins, and presently they reached the summit, which was smooth as silk, soft as fresh earth.

The moon shone out, clear and radiant, and the lad cried, "Look!" In his stead, rose a mist, the moonlit mist of mountain-tops. A mighty wind blew and the mist vanished, and below her a singing brook leaped into the enchanted garden. There on a laurel-tree, she saw the bird of the Dragon's desire.

And it was not long to moon-set.

Quickly she took her way to the laurel-tree and made her errand known to the waiting bird. "Alas!" cried the bird, "woe is me! It is my life for thine!"

When the Princess Eileen heard this, she declared that here she laid down the task. But the bird replied that unless they returned, both their lives would be forfeit, and bidding the princess hold fast to her wings, she flew over the Mountain of Pins and Needles, over the Mountain of Brass, over the Mountain of Glass, over the Field of Bones, and lit in the marble court of the beautiful palace. And the moon set.



"TO HIS HAND SUCH A SWORD FLEW, AND HE SLEW THE DRAGON FORTHWITH"
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

Micky, my dears, woke up when the moon set. He leaped from the saddle, up the wide steps, into the marble court of the beautiful palace. And what did he see there?

'T was Eileen, princess of Kildee, and the

Dreadful Dragon lashing his tail about greedily, creeping, creeping to devour a bird —*his* bird, Micky's raven of the magic feather!

"By my Raven's Feather," he shouted, "I wish for a sword as bright and swift as the summer's lightning!" To his hand such a sword flew, and he slew the dragon forthwith. Instantly there was the rush of a whirlwind, a roar of thunder, and a grumbling of the earth. When the air cleared, there was Micky a-holding the princess fast in his arms, and before them on a crystal throne, crowned with diamonds, robed in silk, sat the enchanting queen, radiant as the day, lovely as the night, in her rightful place.

To each she gave a ring wrought in silver and gold; and they plighted their troth. She gave them food and drink and bade them be quickly on their way, for it was given to her to know that the journey to the Kingdom of Kildee was difficult beyond words.

So it was that Micky rescued the Princess Eileen, and they turned their faces homeward toward the rising sun.

III. MICKY AND THE PRINCESS EILEEN

TOWARD the rising sun, Micky, a prince in the heart of him, and Eileen, the princess of Kildee, started on their journey from the Edge of the World back to Kildee.

The beautiful palace of the enchanting queen glowed like an opal in the light of dawn, and even as they gazed in wonder at its beauty, the opal turned to a blue mist, the blue mist to a gray ghost, and vanished before the strengthening rays of the sun.

And they two stood alone on the hill.

Gone was the beautiful palace and the radiant, lovely queen! Gone, alack, was the gallant black steed!! And, oh, gone, too, was the Raven's Feather!

So it was that Micky and the princess had only their feet to carry them back on the long, long way. But what cared they, so long as they could trudge along together? And Micky sang a gay song.

I love the world
And the world loves me.
Aye, heart of my heart.
For the world is thee,
Eileen machree.
Whate'er betide,
With thee by my side,
There 's a song in my throat,
Machree.

In a short time our youthful travelers came to a river.

The river was narrow, but dark and ugly and heavy with silt. And Micky grieved, "'T is vain to wish for my Raven's Feather, when gone like the wind it is." So he squared his shoulders and set him to the task of crossing the river.

Alas! Micky wanted to cross this way and the princess wanted to cross that way. One greedy current snatched Eileen so that she whirled around and around and around; another swift current caught Micky to pull him violently down to an Ocean of Despair. But Micky and Eileen had each other by the hand, and they held fast to one another and, after a great struggle, won the friendly shore.

They came to a woods.

In the woods they were scratched with thorns and poisoned with creepers, so that they scarcely knew whither they were going or why. But Eileen heard Micky singing:

Whate'er betide,
With thee at my side,
Machree!

And their hands held fast. At length they came out of that dire woods and rested in the noon sun.

They came to a pass in high mountains.

By sun-down they won the top of the mountain. Below them swept a beautiful shining river. Beyond lay the Kingdom of Kildee.

They swam the shining river and the weariness left their bones.

And when they reached the friendly shore, before them stood Micky's gallant black steed! When the horse spied them, he gave a snort and a joyful whinny and danced about on three feet; but the one foot he kept ever on the ground nor ever stirred it from place.

For so it was as the Dreadful Dragon was slain, the whirlwind that blew from the sky took up the Raven's Feather and carried it over the Edge of the World, and away. The gallant black steed, seeing it borne on the wings of the wind, plunged after it over the Edge of the World, and away, through the wide spaces, back again over fields, over meadows, over rivers, up hill and down dale, till at length he imprisoned the magic feather beneath his hoof before the shining river. Here he took up his stand nor ever stirred from his place, for it was given to him to know in the steadfast heart of him that by sun-up or moon-up or by dark starry night, Micky would be coming his way.

Glad he was to see Micky and glad was

Micky to see his gallant black steed! Eileen it was who spied the black Raven's Feather. Micky lifted the hoof of his gallant black steed and took up his Feather, and so happy was Micky that he was near to dancing a jig, he was.

Where the Feather had been lay a wee bit of seed, the Seed of True Happiness, beside it a potato, the Potato with the Golden Heart. These Micky carefully stowed away in his pocket.

"Heigho!" quoth he, "by the Maught of the Raven's Feather, I wish for a horse for my bride." Instantly before them stood a steed as white as milk and as gentle as a dove, and on its back lay the bag of precious stones, the diamonds and emeralds, the rubies and pearls which Eileen had gathered so laboriously in the faraway Field of Bones.

Ah, my dears, 't was a fine sight, indeed, to see the two of them, the one bonny and brave on his gallant black steed, the other as fair and pink as a rose on her gentle white steed, a-galloping over the hills, over the meadows, *ca-tan-ta, ca-tan-ta, ca-tan-ta.*

I love the world
And the world loves me,
Happy of heart and full of glee,
Eileen machree.
I ride
With my head held high
And a song in my throat.

And so it was that Micky and the princess rode back to the king of Kildee and the queen and all the people, and there was great rejoicing throughout the land.

Then Micky said, "I wish by the Maught of the Raven's Feather for a fine palace for me and my bride."

Instantly, right next to the king's castle, there sprang up a fine palace, gardens and stables and servants and all! Right then and there Micky sent one of his fine coaches and four to the little thatched hut to fetch his mother to his lordly castle, where she happily lived till she died, she did.

The wee bit of seed was planted in the courtyard of the palace, where it grew into a great tree that was a comfort and joy to all who came nigh it. And the potato?. Ah, what cared Micky for more wealth than happiness and the Princess Eileen for his bride? To the people he gave the potato, telling them to plant it and always, *always* to save some of the new potatoes for seed. This they did, and every potato they opened had a gold-piece in the heart of it! And the people grew wealthy.

And then, alas, they grew lazy and proud, and they ate up all their potatoes, scorning to stoop to so humble a task as planting potatoes. And they did n't save one single potato for seed, so that now in all the land there is never a potato with a golden heart.

But Micky and his princess lived happily ever after. And if ever, my dears, you are roaming the forest betimes, it may be you will hear Micky singing his bit of a song.

I love the world
And the world loves me,
Aye, heart of my heart
For the world is thee,
And so will it ever and always be
Eileen machree.
I ride
With my bride at my side
And a song in my throat!

"MOST OF THE CHILDREN, WITH THE TEACHER, CAME IN THE SCHOOL SLEIGH"

TOIVO'S CHRISTMAS BEAR

By EVA E. SORENSEN

Toivo was excited. He was happy—also, he was in a hurry. He had swept the school-house and laid the fire for the morning more quickly than ever before. His fingers fumbled as he closed and locked the little building.

He turned from the door and faced the great Minnesota forest that towered darkly above the drifted December snow. A tiny, but bitter, wind swept dry particles of snow into little whirling heaps beneath the low boughs of the evergreens across the road. Toivo glanced at the sky and hoped there would be no storm.

Drawing on his thick woolen mittens and slapping his short arms upon his hips for warmth, he hastened along a snowy path around to the rear of the tiny school-house. The door of the shed must be left unlocked to-night for the mailman, who would be going by on his return trip. Toivo envied the mailman, who had the long, wonderful drive to town twice a week. His eyes shone as he thought of what this favored traveler would leave in the school-house shed on this very evening. To have even a little share in the plans made Toivo feel the full importance of his eleven years, while his responsibilities as caretaker of the school filled him with pride.

Leaving the padlock where he felt sure the mailman could not help but see it, he wound his scarf closer about his head, until only two wide-open blue eyes were visible, and started off for home with a heart full of happy expectation for the morrow. He carried a gun, on the chance of getting a rabbit occasionally. But to-day the rabbits were perfectly safe. Toivo's mind was on other things.

He was a queer little figure as he jogged along the uneven road, stumbling over deep ruts and snow-drifts. He wore no overcoat. The two suits of heavy red underwear, one over the other, customary among the Finnish pioneers, puffed out his scanty little jacket unevenly. Two sturdy legs, clumsy in odd, large trousers and strips of sacking wound about them in imitation of leggings, struggled constantly to manage the awkward feet and heavy, much-too-large shoe-packs.

The shadows of the early winter night were already gathering about, deepened by the gloom of the towering pine-trees that crowded closely in upon the road, when Toivo finished his half-mile walk and entered the clearing. Here, half buried in white drifts, stood the lonely group of log buildings he called his home.

He stamped the snow from his feet, and, stooping down, went in through the lower half of the door. The upper part always remained nailed fast through the winter months. As he entered the one room of the hut, a short stout woman, with a white cloth tied about her head, looked up and greeted him with a few short words. She was baking black bread on the top of the stove, which was set up on four stones in a corner. There was a pleasing smell of something cooking in the iron pot.

Toivo's grandmother sat upon a low stool, braiding a few rags into a scanty rug. She turned her leathery, withered old face up to him as he entered, saying in Finnish, "We cook your rabbit for the supper. It is good that you are old enough to shoot well."

"I am hungry, too," spoke Toivo, also in Finnish, as he unwound himself from the scarf and rubbed his numb red fingers; "but where is Saima?"

As he spoke, a little yellow-haired girl advanced from one of the dark corners of the room. She had been waiting, pleased, but silent, ever since her brother came in. Now she walked up to him and, standing with her hands clasped behind her, listened breathlessly for what he might have to tell.

Toivo sat down on the wood-box near the stove and drew his little sister to his side.

"The mailman goes by to-night," he said, and this time he spoke in English; "the teacher gave him all our money yesterday. To-day she wrote on the blackboard how much we had saved."

"How much, Toivo, how much?" asked the little one, whose English was the result of Toivo's efforts to please the teacher.

"Guess, Saima; just guess."

The little one thought for a moment. "As many pennies as my fingers?"

"More than that, Saima. You should see how much money there was! Pennies and nickels and some dimes, even—eight dollars and fifty cents! Some of it was the teacher's."

"Did the teacher see your two nickels, Toivo?"

"Oh, yes. But the most money came from Niilo Lauri and Auni Mohonen. They brought dimes."

"How can they get dimes, Toivo?"

"Because they are rich. Their fathers drive two horses, not one. Niilo's house has three rooms in it; Auni Mohonen's, five. And she carries white bread every day in her pail. Sometimes there is butter on it, Saima. Think of that!"

"We shall have white bread and butter too, on Christmas day. Mother says it," affirmed Saima. "Will the mailman buy white bread for all that money, Toivo?"

"Oh, no!" laughed her brother. "But we are to have candy, more than you ever saw—"

"Like the red piece I keep on the shelf?"

"Perhaps; and perhaps much, much nicer. Apples, maybe, and things for the Christmas tree—candles, Saima, little blue ones and yellow ones. The teacher says it."

"Oh, Toivo, will I see it all?"

"Yes. Mother and Father have promised to take you. To-morrow morning I open the woodshed and carry the packages into the school. Never before have we had a Christmas tree. Only Auni Mohonen, of all the school, has ever seen one."

"Oh, Toivo! And I shall see it too! When, Toivo, when?"

"Only two days more, Saima!"

Just then the lower half of the door opened again to admit a stooping figure which proved to be the father, coming in from a long day's work in the timber. There was a little busy stir in the room as he stamped heavily and silently about, taking off his coarse mackinaw coat, wolfskin cap, and woolen mittens. Quickly the steaming rabbit stew was placed upon the table, with the black bread, potatoes, and coffee.

The father sat down without a word. His home and his children were his whole life, the center of his every interest, but the stolid expression of his face gave no sign of it. An early life of bitter struggle in Finland, followed by years of unending toil in a new country, did not tend toward encouraging laughter and chatter in the home.

After the meal, there was the usual routine of work for the night. Saima, though only five years old, solemnly wiped the dishes and tried to imagine what a Christmas tree would look like. Toivo plodded about through the drifts outside, carrying in pine-knots for the fire, and helping to care for the horse. His mother milked the cow.

Until complete darkness shut out the day, the father worked on the pile of logs which, when sawed into cord-wood, furnished the chief means of support for the little family.

A few moments of warming by the fire, while the old grandmother dozed and snored on her bench, and then it was bed-time.

The next morning, there was a flurry of new snow over everything, but Toivo scarcely noticed it. Hoisting his old gun over his shoulder, he made the journey to the school in the shortest length of time in his record. He broke into a run as the school-house appeared in sight.

Toivo was always at the school long before the others arrived. Most of them, with the teacher, who lived at Auni Mohonen's, came in the school sleigh each day. The drive was long and a cold one. Toivo planned, as he ran along, that he would have an especially good fire that morning. There was much to be done. It would be a great day.

A little later, the teacher, also thinking of Toivo's preparations, tumbled rosily out of the school sleigh with the awkward little brood of bundled-up children. The teacher was young, and even more eager than her followers. Observing Toivo, motionless on the front steps, she called out gaily:

"Good morning, little Santa Claus! Did our package come?"

Into Toivo's eyes came a look of pain. His mouth twitched, and his chin quivered, but no words came.

"Why, Toivo!" cried out the teacher. "What is it? What is wrong?"

"HE TRUDGED STURDILY ONWARD INTO THE FOREST"

Still Toivo could not speak. Instead, he led the way around the school-house to the woodshed. An anxious teacher and the group of wondering children followed quickly.

The shed door stood open. Scattered all about, were the contents of the precious bundles, broken, torn! Bits of bright paper and tinsel, fragments of candles and broken toys, crumbs of candy and pop-corn were tumbled about in confusion, within and without the shed door.

The teacher stopped short and gave a little cry. Then she ran forward and stopped again.

"Oh, oh!" she cried out. "Our Christmas things! Who has done this?"

The children stood about stock-still, staring in consternation. The teacher turned to Toivo. He was pointing to some unusual marks upon the fresh snow.

"Look!" he said, stooping down, "something has been here. It was not a dog. No dog has marks like that. It must be a bear!"

The teacher ran forward, examined the footprints, and gave a little gasp. "A bear! But, Toivo, the bears are all fast asleep by this time—hibernating, you know." The teacher was very sure of her book-lore.

But Toivo had wood-lore of his own. "Yes, ma'am," he conceded soberly; "but there have been so great forest fires in November. All the big animals are running wild a long time before they find their ways home again. And this year the winter came not early. Sometimes a bear can get left behind."

"I believe you are right, Toivo! But how could he have broken into the shed?"

Toivo pointed to the padlock, still open just as he had left it yesterday.

"The mailman!" he explained. "He has forgotten to lock the door after he has closed it!"

"Oh, how could he!" lamented the teacher. "What shall we do now! Everything is ruined! All our work and planning—everything gone!"

She stooped down and began to gather up the crushed fragments of the Christmas plunder into the remains of a pasteboard box. Toivo looked at her for a moment. He could not bear to see her disappointment. His face did not change, but all the joy that had been accumulating for weeks died away in his heart. He turned abruptly away.

Some of the children were tracing the bear's irregular tracks to the edge of the clearing. Others stood about, or helped the teacher at her forlorn little task.

"Come, children," said the teacher at last. "The bear is far away by now. We have gathered all the bits that can be used. Let us go inside. It is getting colder.'

Once in the school-house, gloom settled down upon them all, from the teacher to the tiniest flaxen-haired mite dangling her feet in the front row.

The pine-knots crackled merrily when Toivo heaped them into the big stove. But they brought no warmth to his heart. Tomorrow evening the Christmas program would come off—with no Christmas tree, no toys, no surprises for the fathers and mothers and little ones. And the teacher! What could she do about it?

"We will try to forget our bad luck," she was saying, trying to be cheerful. But her voice shook a little. "We can put white paper trimmings on our tree, and make some paper toys for the little ones. We have two days left."

There was no response from the school except a silent and wide-eyed sympathy. Two of the older girls in the back seats began to whisper together in Finnish. The sound was almost shrill in the quiet room. But in the face of such an overwhelming catastrophe, there was really very little that could be done. They all felt that.

However, planning began and busy fingers labored. But in a remote school, far in the depths of the northern woods, hidden in the deep winter snows, supplies were pitifully few. In vain did the teacher try to keep up her own spirits and those of the children. After an hour or two of heartless efforts with the box of bright scraps, she suddenly sat down, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed. The teacher was very young.

Toivo had been watching her all the morning in his solemn, old-man sort of way. Now he stared in surprise. So did all the others. It was very strange to see the teacher cry. Pioneer Finnish women did not cry often.

The children crowded silently about the stove during the intermission. Toivo cast queer, sidelong looks at the teacher, who now stood drearily at the window.

His anger rose in her behalf. That bear! The men would track it down and kill it when they heard of it. They always did so when a bear was in the neighborhood. His eyes fell upon his gun, carefully placed on a shelf in the corner.

A thought came to him. One more look at the teacher, and he took down the gun. He shuffled out quietly. He bundled himself up in his queer little jacket and long scarf and started out, stumbling over the snow-hidden rocks and stumps of the little clearing.

The tracks of the beast were plainly visible. The boy noticed, however, that a few tiny snowflakes were beginning to flutter down, and he knew there would be no time to lose. He must hurry while the tracks remained clear.

As he trudged sturdily onward into the forest, he noticed that low branches had been broken and snow brushed off from cedar boughs. He knew the woods well for a boy of his years, and planned how he would stop at the nearest shack he would pass—Mittinen's, perhaps, or Lauri's—and get some one to accompany him.

But the bear's tracks led him farther and farther away from the original line of direction. As noon-time approached, the boy realized that he was far out of the way of the homes of settlers, and well out in the big deer forest. Even here he had his bearings, and felt no fear of getting lost.

He began to be hungry and sat down upon a fallen pine to eat his pocket lunch. The good mother had put some of the white lard upon the coarse bread. He fell to with great satisfaction, still thinking of the bear.

He became aware that the snowflakes were falling a bit faster, and sprang up again. He hurried onward, munching the bread as he went. It was becoming more and more difficult to follow the bear's trail. Progress was slow, for drifts covered the fallen logs and uneven stumps. The boy had many a

tumble. Sometimes he lost the tracks and had difficulty in picking up the trail. One could walk all day, he thought, and not get very far.

By now, the snow was really falling fast, and Toivo began to consider returning. His hands were numb with cold and he was about to retrace his steps, when he caught sight of a hut set within a little clearing.

He recognized it as a shack used by hunters every fall. It was open to all comers. He had been here himself. Here he would warm up and rest a bit.

He plunged forward quickly, reaching the rear of the hut first. Against its back wall leaned a pile of split wood and knots. He set his gun upright against the hut. Then, brushing the snow from the wood, he filled his short arms and plodded his way around to the front of the shack. The door stood ajar, with the fast-falling snow drifting steadily over the threshold.

Toivo stepped inside and walked across the pine floor to the well-known little stove. He deposited his bundle noisily beside it, whereupon the door went shut with a bang. Then, out of the shadows of the corner behind it, arose the lumbering figure of a great black bear!

Toivo gave a wild cry and leaped into the tiny bunk-room at one end of the hut. He slammed tight the crazy makeshift of a door, seeking frantically to secure it.

There was only a bit of leather thong and a rusty nail, but he finally succeeded. He realized, however, that the door would yield easily to pressure or force. For a moment he stood trembling, scarcely daring to breathe. He heard the great soft movements of the huge beast as it ran clumsily about in the next room, trying in vain to get out. Once a table or rude bench went over with a crash.

Toivo sprang back and climbed hastily into the higher of two bunks, which were built one right over the other. They were filled with dusty layers of dry grasses and reeds. Toivo scrambled over them, seeking to reach the one tiny window in his retreat.

By rising erect he could look through it from the higher bunk. As he did so, he tried to shake it loose. But it was solidly nailed, and four stout tamarack cross-bars protected it. He lay back, after a struggle, exhausted and panic-stricken. To be trapped in a shack with a huge bear!

After a while, he noticed a knot-hole in the partition between the rooms. Quietly and fearfully, he descended and ventured to peep through. The dreaded beast was once more curled up on the floor, right against the closed outer door! Not until then did Toivo think of his gun outside, leaning against the shack. His last hope of escape fled from him. Climbing speedily back into the topmost bunk, he burst into broken, choking sobs. Shaking with cold and fear, he crawled far into the bunk, pulling the heavy reeds and grasses over him.

After awhile, his body relaxed and became warmer. Darkness and a great soft snowstorm settled down upon the little hut and the deep lonely forest, and Toivo slept.

Early the next morning, three stolid, silent men in heavy boots and mackinaws, with rifles over their shoulders, approached the hut. They had been searching throughout the long night, shouting at intervals, but with no results. Toivo's father was in the lead, a look of combined despair and determination in his face as he plodded doggedly onward.

The two men behind him had begun furtively to examine every little mound of snow in their path, and were grunting in low tones of discouragement to each other. One had suggested, as they neared the hut, that they enter and rest. But Toivo's father shook his head and led the way past the woodpile in the rear. He was plunging ahead for the deeper forest, when one of the men shouted out in Finnish, "The gun! the gun!"

With one leap, the father clutched Toivo's old shot-gun, and looked wildly about him. He called out in a mighty voice, "Toivo! Toivo! Hoija! Hoija!"

Before they could dash to the front of the hut, a crash of breaking glass sounded above their heads, and Toivo's mittened hand appeared between the stout bars of the little upper window. His white face was barely visible behind it.

"Hoija! Hoija!" he cried brokenly, and fell to telling in excited Finnish of his experiences. "He lies within! Right upon the door! He is there! Take me through the window!"

A short, excited consultation followed. Then one of the men was hoisted up to the level of the window. He put all of his strength against the tamarack bars. Toivo, chattering with cold, tried to help him. But it was of no avail. The stout bars were on to stay.

The men ran around to the front of the shack. The only other window was in this

front wall. It, too, was stoutly barred. They banged and heaved at it in vain. They only broke the glass, and bewailed their luck in not having brought an ax.

Toivo's courage, in the meantime, began to revive. He had clambered down inside and taken another peep at the knot-hole. He was up again in a moment, shouting through the window-bars: "The bear is up! He is walking back and forth in front of the door! Hear him growl!"

"Hoi!" cried his father, from outside. "Now we can get a shot at him through the window!"

"CAREFULLY HE TOOK AIM AND FIRED." (SEE NEXT PAGE)

So saying, he secured his footing in the logs of the shack, braced himself with the aid of the other two men, and tried to get a line on the bear from the front window. But the great animal confined his short walks to the door, sniffing underneath it as he brushed back and forth. It was impossible to take aim at such an angle.

Toivo was again at the knot-hole. His knees were shaking and his whole body a-quiver. But courage was surging in his heart.

"Father!" he shouted. "Hand me a gun through the top window! I will shoot the bear! I can aim through the bunk door!"

"Yes, yes!" cried all three men at once, running back beneath the bunk window.

"But wait," said Toivo's father, gravely. "What if you miss him, or only wound him a little? An angry bear is not for a child to handle. I would rather open the door myself and chance it."

"No, Father, no!" cried Toivo. "Only let me try! I will take aim with care!"

One of the men spoke up. "The boy is right. It is his bear. Give him his chance."

And so it was decided. While the bear still kept up his movements before the door, the father hoisted a rifle up to the high window. Toivo grasped it firmly and clambered down to the bunk door. Outside, one of the men appeared at the front window, with rifle thrust between the bars. Toivo's father and the other man stationed themselves near the front door, ready to rush in.

"Take time!" shouted the father. "Aim behind his ear: not too high! Take time!"

Toivo needed no instructions. Clutching the gun, he softly, carefully untied the thong that held the bunk door and slowly pushed it outward. The bear was crouched against the front door of the hut, giving out low growls. Toivo felt a queer sensation in his spine and at the roots of his hair as the door swung open. Every nerve was a-tingle.

Carefully he took aim and fired. There was the crash of the gun, a loud cry of pain and fury from the bear, followed by the brute crashing wildly about in the smoke-filled room. Toivo, without trying to close the door, made for the bunks again and, taking trembling aim, fired a second time.

Just as Toivo's father thrust open the door, the bear gave a last great leap, falling against the little stove and bringing it clattering down with a great shower of cinders.

The other men rushed in to help. But the great beast lay still. Toivo's first shot had reached its goal.

"He is the largest bear ever seen in this country!" said the men, examining the carcass. "And besides," this to Toivo, "he is yours. You tracked him, trapped him, and shot him. What will you do with him?"

Toivo looked up at his father. "May I have the money if the hide is sold?" he asked.

"It is yours," answered the father. "But never again may you go bear-hunting alone. A bear is not a rabbit."

But Toivo was thinking of other things. "Could we drive to town to-day with the hide, and for the money buy things again for the Christmas to-morrow night?"

"IN THEIR MIDST, THE YOUNG TEACHER GLOWED LIKE A LOVELY CHRISTMAS ANGEL"

"We shall see; we shall see," said the father.

Toivo's expectation was fulfilled. On Friday evening, there was such a celebration in the little school as had never before been heard of. A hasty trip to town had brought a duplicate order of goods, to be paid for later by part of Toivo's bear money.

All about the beautiful tree the lights of Christmas shone upon the rugged, weather-beaten features of fathers, the toil-worn countenances of mothers, and the happy faces of little children. In their midst, the young teacher glowed like a lovely Christmas angel; and from his seat, little Toivo gazed upon her, with the Christmas spirit surging up in his heart in great waves of peace and contentment.

HOW BILLY LEE HELPED SANTA CLAUS

By HOWARD ROCKEY

"WHO invented stockings, I wonder?" Betty pondered aloud.

Standing on tiptoe, she looked like a tiny golden-haired fairy, in whose bright blue eyes the reflection from the blazing logs danced with elfin glee. All dressed in her polar-bear nightie, which hid her little pink toes, she was pinning fast to the mantlepiece one of her mother's silk hose—right where the kindly old gentleman, expected later that evening, could not fail to find it.

"Why?" her father asked, and Betty seemed surprised. Surely a big, grown man ought to understand, especially as he and Mother too were to hang up their own, and since the three would peek into them together when morning came and even the reindeer's footprints would have vanished from the snow.

"Because," Betty told him, "if there were n't any stockings, there could n't be any Christmas, could there, Daddy? And looking into the stockings, of course, is the nicest fun of all!"

"Well, I can't say who thought of the idea first," the man in the smoking-jacket said, "unless it was Santa Claus himself; but if it 's not too late, I *can* tell you about the man who invented machines on which our stockings are made."

"Are n't they knitted with needles, the way Mother showed me how to do them for Dolly," Betty inquired, "just the same as the socks that Aunty made for the soldiers when Tom was in the war?"

"Sometimes," her father replied, "and in the olden days, they were all fashioned by hand; but there 's where the story comes in, if you want to know about it."

"*Please* tell me!" Betty begged, as he looked a little doubtfully at the clock ticking busily on the mantel-shelf.

Mr. Clinton laughed. "Well I 'm not certain, my dear, that Billy Lee was thinking of Santa Claus when he went to work to devise a stocking-frame; but since Santa 's adopted the stocking as a sort of personal trademark, I suppose the incident makes an appropriate Christmas story.

"Lee, you see, was a quiet young man who, like Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh, lived in Merrie England, 'way back in the days when the great Elizabeth was queen. That was almost four hundred years ago, and some two hundred years before Englishmen began to turn their attention to the making of all sorts of fabrics by machines, instead of continuing to spin and weave them year after year clumsily and slowly by hand.

"At that time, America was a great wilderness, and there were no great mills, and no stores where stockings and all kinds of clothing could be bought, anywhere in this country. Nor were there any in England either, for every tiny cottage was a little mill in itself, where men and women, and children too, spun yarn and then fashioned it into various garments.

BETTY GETTING READY FOR SANTA CLAUS

"But Lee was not concerned about America, of whose savages and great forests he had heard only a little. Instead, he was thinking very seriously about becoming a minister, and his nose was buried deep in his books in the little room he occupied in the quaint old town of Cambridge, where he was a student at the university.

"Now Cambridge looks much the same today as it did in Queen Bess's time, and when you are older, perhaps, you may go there and see the beautiful surroundings in which Lee dreamed his dreams and thought out the invention which will make him remembered until the end of time. Because he was very much in earnest, and because his environment was so pleasant, young Lee was quite content to spend the rest of his life there, amid the peace of its chapels and the pleasure derived from the library attached to the college. In fact, although raised on a farm,

Lee was more interested in literature than he was in the rough, hard labor to be performed about his father's place. And because learning was not then looked upon as it is now, Lee was not thought to be worth very much or to have a very promising future.

"But he was not afraid of work, and he made up his mind to succeed in his chosen vocation, which was to teach other youths after he himself had passed his examinations. So in due time, he attained his degree and won the highest honors. Doing so, entitled him to a fellowship that provided him with a small annual income and permitted him to reside at the university as long as he choose to remain there and continue his duties.

"And in all likelihood he would have stuck to his task without any of us ever hearing of him, if it had not been that he fell in love with a buxom country lass. For exercise, when his classes were done, he would walk through the woods and the fields, and on one of his strolls he came across a pretty little thatched cottage. There lived a quiet, rustic maid, whose cheeks were as rosy as yours and whose sparkling eyes aroused Lee from his sober reveries. Like Lee himself, the girl was poor, and she was obliged to help out about her father's farm. In addition to household duties and occasional work in the fields, she was compelled to do her part in earning the family living. This she did by sitting at night by the light of a candle and working away for dear life at the making of stockings. So, when Lee came around, the girl was often far too busy to waste her time in talking with him.

"In those days, stockings were not the soft, light coverings you and I know to-day. They were heavy and coarse, and clumsily made, with no little difficulty, from woolen yarns that were spun on the family spinning-wheels. The men wore what were known as hose, of ordinary cloth, which covered their feet and legs all the way up to the waist, somewhat like the lower part of your nightie. And usually they did not fit a great deal better. Then, above that, they would wear fancy doublets, or jackets, just like the pictures you 've seen of the early explorers. King Henry VIII, who was Queen Bess's father, is said to have had his hose made of yard-wide taffeta, but silk was very expensive; and in fact, the laws forbade ordinary folk even to think of such a thing.

"The stockings worn by the women were almost as clumsy and long, and people to-day would laugh at the thought of such ungainly things. Yet because only crude methods of hand manufacture were known, poor Lee's little country maid had no easy task in fashioning even a single pair of the unsightly garments.

"Often he would watch her at work, as he paused by the window, but her mother would frown when her daughter blushed at his presence, and her father threatened to drive the bashful young minister from his door, unless he wished to buy stockings or was willing to help to make them himself.

"But Lee, like many other young lovers, was impatient to win his bride, and soon he suggested that they be married. Now in this the student was foolish, because the college insisted that only bachelors hold the fellowship posts. However, they ran away, and then tried to keep their secret; but Mrs. Lee's parents found it out and they were very angry. They went to the young husband's father and to the university authorities, which resulted in disaster for the newly married pair. Both his parents and hers cast them off, and Lee lost his place, which cost him the room where he lived and his tiny pension besides.

"However, they loved each other with all their hearts; and because they cared so much, the two set bravely about making the best of things. Lee, however, had never been taught any task that would help him to earn his living, since teaching was now forbidden to him, and he could not get any work to do, no matter how hard he tried. But his brave little wife only laughed and came to the rescue by going back to her making of stockings.

"So you see, poor as they were, and disagreeable as their thoughts must have been concerning the stockings themselves, it is hardly likely that Mrs. Lee had Christmas in mind as she plied her needles. In any event, the following December did not forecast a very merry Christmas for the pair.

"But although the work was tiring, and it paid them but little, Mrs. Lee persisted, with a smile and a happy song. Of course, Lee was glad to see her so cheerful, but it hurt his pride to watch her labor so hard to bring in such trifling sums, while he was forced to stand by, and she had to do without all the pretty things a man likes his wife to have.

"Then one day, while he was watching her nimble fingers, an idea came to him. He wondered whether he could not devise some sort of machine that would lighten and brighten her task. If he could, he suddenly

thought, he would not only make her happier, but he might possibly also win a fortune with his invention. It was certainly well worth trying, so he started in at once to make experiments.

"Naturally a student, he went at the problem as eagerly as he had devoured his divinity books, and before very long he had made a number of little models. But hopeful as he was about his machines, they would not work at first. His wife smiled indulgently and loved him all the more, but Lee was a born fighter and he would not be discouraged.

"So in time, success came, and, in 1589, Lee had a machine which proved to be practical. In the miserable room where they made their home, he proudly showed his wife a workable stocking-frame. With glee he pointed out to her how it imitated the movements of her own fingers, and so cleverly did it do it that the frame seemed almost human. Of course, it would be an absurd-looking thing to-day, yet in all the years that have passed, the principle that was Lee's is the basis of all machines which make our stockings now.

"But that was not the best of it, by any means. His machine would not only make stockings, but make them of finer texture and far more rapidly than could be done by hand. At first they were overjoyed, and the future seemed rosy enough; but as is always the case, the inventor's road is hard, and Lee, like many others, had suffering in store.

"Not knowing that, however, they were delighted when a gaily dressed page came to their house one morning. The neighbors all ran out in the street and stared at him in amazement, wondering what on earth he could want with William Lee, 'the crazy, lazy preacher who let his wife support him!'

"Then they gaped and they gasped when they learned that good Queen Elizabeth—the idol of all England—had sent this gorgeous messenger to fetch Lee to the palace. At first they thought that he must have done some wrong, but soon they learned that the queen had commissioned Lee to make her a pair of stockings! Thus fame had come to his humble abode and fortune seemed in sight, for the queen was greatly delighted when he showed her his machine.

"In time, the stockings were ready—

"OFTEN HE WOULD WATCH HER AT HER WORK AS HE PAUSED BY THE WINDOW"

clumsy enough, it is true,—but never had even the queen seen anything so fine. They were of smoother texture than ever before, more sheer and shapely and soft; and the queen vowed that thenceforth she would wear no other stockings than those made from silk on this marvelous frame of Lee's.

"Following her example, the great ladies of the court also discarded the coarse cloth garments which no one wanted any longer. And from that day Lee was kept busy making as many pairs as his unflagging industry possibly could turn out. The wealthy folk of the kingdom came to him for their hose, and of course he prospered as his business grew. His wife did not need to slave any longer, and with the first of his profits, Lee built himself a factory in the town of Claverton. It was only a tiny place, located near where he was born, but Lee was extremely proud of it and soon had a splendid trade.

"But in those days the laws were not as they are to-day, and a patent was a protection extremely hard to secure. Naturally, Lee had none, and both money and influence at court were necessary in order to obtain such a grant. You would have thought that the queen would have helped him in this, but, like many other rulers, Elizabeth was forgetful of those who conferred benefits upon her. Yet it must be said in her favor that, unfair as she seemed, her reasons for refusing Lee were based upon the belief that it would not be just to her people to give him what he sought.

A MESSENGER FROM THE QUEEN

"In the meantime, however, certain unscrupulous men peeped into Lee's factory and cunningly watched his machines. Then they went away and made others like them, copying exactly the methods Lee had devised. So it was not long before the real inventor found every stocking-maker profiting by his invention. It was a bitter pill, but he could do nothing until, at last, the queen died. Hopeful again, poor Lee appealed to her successor, only to meet again with a flat refusal. King James also told him that since his invention affected the livelihood of so many English subjects, he did not feel that the right to make the new type of stockings should be given exclusively to a single man—even though that man had made it possible to produce more and better stockings.

"So, feeling that he had been shabbily treated, Lee took his wife and his precious machine and set out for France. There he was warmly welcomed by King Henry IV, whose shrewd minister Sully had persuaded Lee to come there and make his home. Yet even these powerful men had but little real regard for Lee. Instead, they wanted his stockings, and they wanted them made in France, because they were very jealous of England's supremacy in their manufacture. However, the king did promise to protect Lee's invention, and, feeling greatly encouraged, Lee settled down in Rouen. There, with nine men to help him, he started another mill and set to work at once.

"His troubles seemed about over, and he had a cozy home in the beautiful little town. His wife could now sit at her ease and look after their children, and Lee himself had become a prosperous, prominent man. Then, out of a clear sky, politics, which did not concern Lee at all, shattered his happy dream. While riding in his state coach, the king was assassinated, and with his untimely death, Lee's troubles again began.

"A number of Frenchmen had envied Lee's monopoly; and now that his royal protector was dead, they lost no time in persecuting the clergyman. He tried his best to go on, but they made his life miserable, stole his ideas, and started mills of their own. So, before very long, the inventor was forced to flee from the neighborhood, and, sadly enough, he died in the direst poverty before reaching middle age. It is said that he was buried in an unknown grave in Paris, and what became of his family is not even known.

"But in spite of the fact that Lee was denied the fruits of his labors, he left the world in his debt, and as long as stockings are made, no doubt, his invention will be used. Of course, he never even dreamed that such would be the case; but, if it had not been for him, we might never have seen

the vast hosiery factories that form a mammoth industry throughout the world to-day. The machine Lee made to help his wife has since been improved upon, to be sure, but it forms the basis of every hosiery and lace machine in use to-day. His model, of course, was worked by hand; but now our machines are run by power, and so swiftly that Lee would be amazed if he could see them.

"So after all, like many another martyr of invention, Lee did not work in vain. And long after his death, for many years before it mysteriously disappeared, a tribute to the minister hung in the Stocking Weavers' Hall in the city of London. It was a strange sort of painting, done by an unknown hand, but it was meant as a monument to the divinity student. It portrayed Lee in the costume of his college, seated before his famous stocking-frame. Beside him was shown his wife, —who inspired its invention and shared in her husband's distinction,—busily plying her needles while Lee worked the machine.

"NEVER HAD THE QUEEN SEEN ANYTHING SO FINE"

"Beneath it, if I remember, was this quaint inscription, showing the great importance of the thing which Lee had done: 'In the year 1589, the ingenious William Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, devised this practical art for stockings (but being despised, went to France) yet of iron to himself, but to us and to others of gold; in memory of whom this be here painted.' "

For a moment Betty stared at the trio of stockings before the fireplace, and then she clapped her hands. "Oh, I 'm sure that Santa Claus must have been very good to Mr. Lee's little children," she said quite gravely, "and I hope they found lots and lots of things in the stockings their daddy made for them."

"No doubt they did," her father said; "and perhaps if you go to bed, you 'll discover something *you* want in the stocking Mr. Lee made possible."

Then, when Betty was half-way up the stair, she paused and peered down at her father over the balustrade. "Daddy," she asked, still wondering, "what did it mean where it said that Mr. Lee was iron to himself but of gold to other people?"

"That means, my dear," her father explained thoughtfully, "that while we may not always profit directly by what we may do to give the world better things, we can make life happier for every one if we strive to lighten the burdens of those we love."

REALITY

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

You boys and girls, the youth of our world, stand in the midst of life, interested in its thousands of aspects, knowing some things, wondering about others, indifferent to yet others. Mixed with what you know are your dreams and your fancies, a strange part of you, a part that sometimes seems more real than actual experience and more worth while. We do not get very far into life before we begin to ask ourselves what reality is—what is true and what is false, what "fake," what actual. To put all our dreams and fancies on one side and call them unreal is what few of us are willing to do; they may not be real, but they often are more precious than the real things, and life with them left out would appear a poor, dry thing.

To me it has always seemed that if we are to live our life richly, we must measure reality with a magic rod.

Science has proved that anger is a real thing,—not a mere mood,—so real that it can secrete a poison; and when we say that some one was so angry that he was sick in consequence, we state a simple fact. Let us not doubt, then, that joy and generous impulses are at least as real as anger and hatred.

Imagination, then, may be a reality. It may have a creative force. There is in each of us the power to imagine things we have never experienced. We can imagine a world where life will be better and finer than it is here and now. We can imagine ourselves in such a world.

And before the world can get better or finer, or we be fit for such improvement, imagination must blaze the way. It was imagination that made Columbus brave the ocean for the long and weary voyage; it was imagination that first turned the points of light in the night sky to worlds and suns. If our forefathers had been content with what they thought was reality, they would have gone right on living in the midst of the most astonishing errors.

Here you are, in a world that is at this time undergoing immense changes. We probably have only a slight idea of how profound these coming changes are to prove. It is a world in which, if you are to play a worth-while part, you must make free use of your imagination. You must be unafraid. You should feel that the bounds of reality are expanding, and that the life you are to live is to make realities of many things which now are regarded as dreams and fancies. And you will have vast possibilities of discovery in new and untrodden fields of endeavor. If you are ready to follow the dream that is in you, and to believe it to be reality, you can make strange and beautiful things come to pass. We are all fairly familiar with the shape of our world, with its construction, and the laws by which it exists; and we understand a part at least of the natural phenomena that surround us. We know that the world's story is a tremendous one, and day by day we unravel more of it. We know that it has come to be utterly different from what it appeared to be when men looked merely at apparent fact. And so we have learned that apparent fact is often not fact at all. Behind the appearance lies the truth.

As with the earth itself, so with ourselves. You want to be your true self. You want to develop in the fullest way possible. You want to do the work and live the life that will make you rich and happy.

By rich I do not mean that your aim will be to gather together a whole mass of possessions. You may or may not acquire a huge bank-account. The thing that matters is how richly your faculties of mind and spirit shall be developed by your life. In trying to discover reality, you will have to decide what is real in yourself. If you are moved by beauty, by art, by music, you want to be sure that these qualities in you are not going to be starved by the kind of life you lead. If you are attracted by science, you must try to plan a life that will cultivate and train the faculty for work in that direction. You should dig into yourself as though you were a kind of gold-mine, bring out the rich ore, and use it to the fullest value. You will get a life worth living by working for what is solid satisfaction to yourself. The man or woman who slaves and toils to make a showing before the neighbors is snatching at a shadow and letting reality go. You want to live your own life, not some one else's.

Sincerity is the beginning of wisdom, the

foundation of reality. An artificial life is rooted in insincerity, and is of precious little use either to itself or any one else. The beauty about being sincere with yourself, and therefore with the rest of the world, is that you are sure then to take a real place in the life of the world. You will do what you are fitted to do.

An enormous amount of our civilized existence is spoiled by sham, by affectation. These things are a dry-rot in the character of an individual or a community. Clean them out of the world, and we take a big step forward. They flourish wherever appearance is considered more desirable than truth; they clog the forward-moving wheels of time; they destroy and poison life. Sham! How close the word is to shame, and how linked are the two things themselves! Have no patience with sham. Stick to reality; there you have true metal that can be coined to buy precious things from life.

And we know sham when we meet it. We know it in ourselves, and we know it in others. It wears a clever look at times, but it is not really clever. It spoils whatever it touches and whoever makes use of it. It gives nothing worth having, and in the end it takes away the power to believe in reality at all. Life and the world and people are all frauds to the fraud.

Often one hears real life, reality, spoken of as though it were dull and hard. "You will find real life very different from that," people say, if you talk of things you mean to do or of what you hope for. But why should any one speak like that? For real life is capable of splendors and romance, as the real world is capable of the most exquisite beauty, and high adventure waits around every corner—if only you will go round the corner to meet it. John Burroughs said, not a great while before he died, that he wished he could have many, many more years in a world that was so wonderful, so beautiful, so full of things that are interesting and thrilling to study, as this one. Burroughs never wasted a minute over anything unreal. He was concerned with realities, and he found them endless in their variety and their appeal. Rough and severe, as well as lovely and kind, reality can be. What of that? We have stout hearts and strong muscles, and we surely do not expect to find all roads made smooth for us. You know the joy of a spring day, when the air is like silk, the sweetness of the flowers like balm, when you go idling and dreaming over fields as green as grass can make them, and birds sing to you, and butterflies drift across your path. And you know the wild enjoyment of keen winter, when the snow creaks underfoot, when the wind is sharp and snaps at you as you race and play, while the blood sings in your veins and you have to shout to prove how alive you are. Who can say which of these experiences is happier? They differ from each other, but they both give to you, who are so filled with countless powers for joy, keen delight. The rough ways of life can do this also. Sometimes they are hard to meet, hard to endure; yet when you look back upon them you would not have missed them—not for much! They were real, and you knew their reality, and met them with what was real in you. They left something in your soul, in your mind, in your body, that you would be poor without.

Life is going to bring you its problems, and I believe that you will get them in a far greater measure than the boys and girls who grew to manhood and womanhood before you, because I believe that you are going to be called upon to enter far more into the world jobs than they were. Authority used to be collected into a few hands. In time, it will be more and more the possession of all. You must govern, in this life we are entering upon. You, who are to be the nation, will have to do national work. Girls as well as boys, you have tremendous things to do. For nations are no longer isolated groups of people. They are linked close, and are so interdependent that what one nation does is reflected the round world over. Does it not stir you to think that you are to do your work in a world like this? Does it not make you feel that you must think honestly and straight, must have no patience with shams, with false sentimentality, with anything less than the truth as you believe it to be the truth?

Never mind what you are to be, what business you are to engage in, how plain your life may be, you are to govern, you are to help guide the nation and, with it, the world. To make yourself fit for that is a mighty job, and an interesting one. Don't be afraid of it, but don't belittle it, either. It holds romance and adventure, it will call out all your strength, it will need your fine faith and your courage. And who knows what you may not do, before you hand it on to your own sons and daughters? The world is waiting to see.

A CONTINENTAL DOLLAR

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "The Luck of Denewood," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT

ONE night in June, 1777, Patty Abbott, at Haddonfield, New Jersey, is awakened by the arrival of visitors and hastens down to prepare food for them. The kitchen door opens mysteriously and a note signed "E. P. U." is dropped on the floor, warning of danger on the Gloucester road that night. This does not alarm Patty until she learns that General Washington, who is one of the visitors, means to take that road into Philadelphia. She helps to persuade her father to go upon the general's errand, and the party has just set out when the sound of musket-shots tells the girl that they have met with trouble.

CHAPTER III

A PRISONER OF WAR

THAT first musket-shot, which startled me and set the old hound to baying, was followed immediately by a dozen or more similar reports, and I could plainly hear the shouts of men. There was no room in my mind for doubt as to where the noises came from. It was plain that there had been a meeting at the cross-roads between the little party that had just left and some enemy whose identity it was only too easy to guess. The Tory band, of whom we had been warned, tiring of waiting on the Gloucester road, had set out to seek their victim.

The sound of a door opening made me jump, with an outcry of dismay. Turning, I found Jinny, my waiting-maid, standing at the threshold, wide-eyed with surprise and fear.

"Land sakes, Miss Patty, what 's goin' on in this here house? I 'm plum scared—'deed I is!" In truth, she looked it, and came toward me timorously, glancing this way and that as if expecting to be pounced upon by something lurking in the corners.

"Oh, Jinny!" I cried, running to her, "I fear something has happened to the master. Did n't you hear the shots?"

"Yes 'm, I did; but it 's that hound dog what upsets me mos'. He has the dreadfulest and creepiest bark, like he done see a ghost wherever he look. I don't like that Hesper dog, nohow!"

It was evident that Jinny was more concerned with imaginary horrors than with the realities which quickened my heart-beats. There was little comfort to be got from her, and for the next few minutes I paid scant heed to her murmurings. It was true, as Father had said, that in an emergency our blacks would be of little use.

But I was in two minds what to do. My first impulse was to run to the cross-roads to find out for certain what had happened. It needed not a great deal of imagination upon my part to picture Father, dead or wounded, lying in a deserted ditch. I knew full well that he would fight to save General Washington, and I had no doubt that, whatever the odds, there would be a brisk battle. But I scarce dared think of the outcome, knowing that there were but four in our party.

I had about made up my mind to summon Wilkinson, and with him explore the road, when there came the rush of galloping horses to the rattling accompaniment of jingling swords. From the sounds, I judged that there must be at least a dozen intruders, and they made no effort to conceal their presence. There were shouted orders as they came to a halt, the noise of stamping horses, and the harsh admonitions of those who rode them.

I stood by the table, motionless. It was as if I had been stricken with immobility, as I waited for I knew not what.

Suddenly there was a step upon the porch and a voice called out, "Hello, in there! Open the casement, please!"

I turned and saw, framed in the window, a British officer in the uniform I knew so well. In his arms he carried a brother officer, whose limp form and hanging limbs showed plainly that he had been sore hurt. I hurried forward to unlock the fastenings, and in another moment the man entered and laid his burden on the sofa.

"I 'm sorry to come upon you thus unceremoniously, Mistress," the officer said with a smile, "but his lordship here hath been scratched, and I must patch him up as best I can ere we go on. I saw a light in the window and took the liberty of calling." He ended with a laugh and seemed in the gayest of humors; but I, looking down at the

white face of the young man on the sofa, felt no inclination to levity.

"Make haste, Jinny, and set water to heat at once," I cried, taking the girl by the arm and pushing her through the door in the direction of the kitchen. "Hurry now," I admonished, and ran myself to the medicine closet for bandages and lint.

I did not return to the study until the water was ready; then, bidding Jinny carry it in, I went back, to find matters quite as I had left them.

With a muttered word of thanks, the uninjured officer set to work, with deft and practised touch, so that the wounded man was soon bathed of the blood upon his face and his hand neatly bandaged. As the operation was finished the patient opened his eyes, gave a queer little squeak, and sat up briskly, looking around him with a puzzled look on his face.

"Egad!" he cried, in a high-pitched, girlish voice, "plague me, but I 've a beastly headache!" Then, apparently, he caught sight of me for the first time and fumbled about to find a quizzing-glass, through which he surveyed me up and down for an instant. "'Pon my soul! am I dreaming?"

"Nay, Algernon, my buck, you 're not dreaming. You 're as right as rain, save for a notch in that tough skull of yours," said his companion, standing off and viewing his compatriot with a boyish grin.

Neither of the two men could have been many years past twenty; and though they were British officers and my bitter enemies, still must I credit them with every courtesy toward me, both as to their speech and manner.

The young man called Algernon rose a trifle unsteadily to his feet and gave me a polite bow. "Sure, I could swear we 've met, somewhere," he said. "I 'm not one to forget so fair a face, Miss."

"Nay, I think not," I answered. "I am Patty Abbott, sir, and live here in Haddonfield."

He shook his head vigorously and with the action evidently stirred the pain in it, for he put his hand up and gave a most comical grimace.

"Plague me, but my brains rattle as if they were loose!" He turned to his companion. "Art sure I lost none of them?" he asked anxiously.

"I would not be sure, Algernon," the other answered, "although I would count the enemy clever to have found them. But your manners are clean gone. You must thank Miss Abbott, for 't is her bandages that are holding your brains together this minute."

"Your pardon!" the other cried, with another bow. "I thank you with all my heart for being so charitable to a poor soldier with a battered head, and one who is a stranger to you. May I be permitted to name us to you?"

I could do no less than curtsy, for, with all their levity, these two gentlemen were properly respectful and I could not but feel safe in their presence, despite the fact that I despised their red coats.

"My friend here," he who was called Algernon went on, with an airy wave of his hand toward his companion, "is Major Tarlton, of his Majesty's Light Dragoons, and I am Algernon, Lord Fairbrook, attached to his Majesty's forces in New York, and very much at your service, Mistress Abbott."

The major bowed elaborately, while his lordship, with a mincing step, drew back and bent almost double, only to straighten up again with a cry of pain as the blood rushed to his poor head.

"Nay now, Algernon," cried the major, "thy deportment will be thy death an thou hast not a care! Sit down, man, for five minutes to gather thy wits, and then we must on with our distinguished prisoner."

At his words my heart gave a great bound. It was plain that they had captured our commander, but what had happened to Father and Mr. Travers? I was on the point of asking, when Major Tarlton spied the tray upon which were the remains of the supper I had set out.

"Egad, food!" he shouted, and made for the table as if he were half starved.

"Where?" cried Lord Algernon, leaping to his feet, and together they fell upon the broken viands as if, indeed, they were in extremity. After a moment they turned toward me, each holding a huge piece of buttered bread, and of a sudden his lordship's face fell and he looked at me with an expression of chagrin.

"Your pardon, Mistress," he said plaintively, "this soldier's life makes perfect clowns and boors of us. Here we are eating your food with ne'er so much as a 'by your leave.' "

"The truth is, Miss Patty," said Major Tarlton, a slight flush coming into his boyish cheeks, "we 've not touched food since early morn and forgot all our manners at the sight

of your good fare. Please say you pardon us, else we shall—" he paused just an instant and a twinkle came into his eye,—"else we shall have to eat without your leave," he ended.

"At least are you honest," I returned,

"'HELLO, IN THERE! OPEN THE CASEMENT, PLEASE!'"

not able to hide an answering smile; "but indeed you are both welcome, if you will only tell me of this expedition of yours and who is the prisoner you spoke of."

"Aye, willingly," replied the major. "Though it may not be good news if your ears be Whiggish. We have captured your general, and he is at this minute trussed up on a horse out there in charge of a dozen troopers. We shall have him within the British lines shortly after daybreak, and methinks, Mistress Abbott, that we have made a fine beginning to end this little war your so-called patriots have stirred up for us."

"But what of the others who were with him?" I asked, fearful of the answer.

"Oh, they were off at top speed," the major answered. "We sent a shot or two after them, but I think none were hit. In sooth, we cared little about them, having taken the big prize we set out to capture."

I tried not to show the relief I felt, but I breathed easier at this news, though there was something about the tale that seemed not quite reasonable. 'T was hard to credit that Father and Mr. Travers would run away, leaving the general in the hands of the British; but I bethought me that they must have raced off for help, hoping to fetch aid and perhaps intercept Major Tarlton and his band of dragoons before they reached that part of the Jerseys still friendly to our enemies. The more I dwelt upon this idea, the more certain I became that here was an explanation which fitted not only with the temper of Father and of Mr. Travers, but which showed great good sense as well. Had all been taken, or worse, there would have been none to carry the news, whereas now a rescue-party might soon be on the way to bring General Washington a chance of escape.

This explanation seemed so plausible that I set my mind at work to see if I could not further the plan. It should be my task to hold Major Tarlton and his men at Springhill as long as I was able. This would give

Father and Mr. Travers more time to bring help, and I began to see a hope that Mr. Washington might be saved. At any rate, I meant to do what I could, and, seeing that my guests were so hungry, I took thought of what else might be in the house to tempt their appetites.

Nor had I any doubt that I should find something; for to judge by their earnest attacks upon the food already there, they would not be too critical of what was put before them. So I picked up the tray and started from the room with it, bidding Jinny follow.

"But egad!" exclaimed his lordship, "you are not going to be so cruel as to let us starve, Miss Patty?"

"Nay," I answered readily, "I but mean to replenish the supply, for 't is not our way at Springhill to let any go away hungry."

"And a most excellent practice!" I heard Major Tarlton cry as I quitted the room.

In the kitchen I found Wilkinson, brought there by the shots and greatly agitated.

"What is it, Miss?" he questioned anxiously.

"They have taken General Washington," I told him. "Our only chance is to delay them as long as possible. Father and another have gone off for help."

He was too much stunned by the news even to answer, and I, bidding him stay where he was in case of need, hastened to replenish the waiter.

As a matter of fact, there was naught more tempting that I could find to add to the variety I had already set before General Washington; but he and his aide had made sad havoc in the quantity, and this I replenished, taking plenty of time to the business and not returning till I heard Major Tarlton calling out to me.

"We must be on our way, Mistress Patty!" he exclaimed, when I went back laden with food once again. "Indeed, I doubt we should have tarried as long as we have. We shall have the country roused and at our heels before morning, and I am not minded to encounter a rescuing party."

"But you will satisfy your hunger ere you go," I suggested, and was ably seconded by his lordship.

"Trust us for that!" he cried, falling upon the viands with a right good will. "And you are an excellent and forgiving enemy, Miss Patty, to feed us so well, seeing that we have captured your Mr. Washington."

"Aye, and mean to have him safe within our lines, Algernon, so tarry not," said Major Tarlton.

They pledged me in a glass of wine and chattered like magpies, seeming to have never a care in the world, the while I plied them with such things as I had to tempt them with.

At length, hoping to keep them longer, I made a plea that their prisoner be brought in.

"He must be hungry, too," I said. "Nor do I think it right to keep so exalted a prisoner trussed up, as I heard you say he was. Surely 't is not customary."

"Faith and it is not!" Lord Fairbrook agreed. "Have him in, Tarlton. I love not treating the man like a raw trooper."

"He has only himself to blame for his treatment," the major replied. "He would not give his parole, though I begged him to do so. Nay, he means to make his escape—an he can."

"Well, have him in, anyway. I vow I 'd like to see him in the light," Lord Fairbrook insisted.

"But we are going in a moment," Tarlton said; and at that I offered my plea, to make any excuse for delaying them.

"Sure, and you might favor me, Major Tarlton, and at least let me see our general."

He took the meaning I had intended to convey.

"Hast never seen him?" he cried. "Faith, 't is no kindness to submit him as a prisoner."

"Still I should vastly like to clap eyes on him," I persisted.

"And so should I," his lordship put in. "Gad, there 's no such haste as you pretend. And what 's more, I 'd like to have the man free. Perchance he will give you his parole, an you ask him again, now that he hath had time to cool his hot blood."

Major Tarlton was in two minds, I could tell; but in the end he gave way to our pleadings and, striding to the casement, called into the night.

"Hello there, Sergeant, bring in your prisoner!"

I gave a sigh of relief, seeing that I had gained something, and then I fell to wondering if in some way I might compass the general's escape. Should he remain a prisoner, I realized that assuredly it would be a bitter blow at our liberty, and might be a fatal one. We had other generals, to be sure, some who would be very glad to take Mr. Washington's place and would hear the news of his capture with great complacency. But Father had

told me more than once that no man was so vital to our cause as his Excellency. Thus his capture was a most serious matter.

How his release might be effected I could not guess; but a half-formed plan came into my head and, excusing myself for a moment, I ran back to the kitchen to speak to Wilkinson. He was there, seated in a chair, staring gloomily into the fire.

"Wilkinson," I whispered, "go you at once and saddle my mare. Then take her to the back door and wait till some one comes. It is our only chance."

He nodded instant comprehension and, without a word, went off to do my bidding, while I hurried back into the study.

As I entered the room a sergeant was coming through the casement with his prisoner. But instead of seeing Mr. Washington, as I had expected, I looked into the face of my father, who returned my look with a smile upon his lips.

CHAPTER IV

A NEW USE FOR AN OLD TRAY

To find Father their prisoner, instead of General Washington, whom I had expected, so amazed me that for a moment I knew not whether to laugh or cry. There was great reason for rejoicing in that it was not the commander-in-chief of our armies who had been taken; but on the other hand, it was no source of pleasure to me to see my father a captive, with his hands bound behind his back. And I think this latter consideration overcame all others; for, with a gasp of dismay, I ran to him.

"Father!" I cried out, "what has happened?" Though in truth it needed not much thought to see how this substitution had come about, and in the back of my mind I had already summed up the matter—in the dark the British soldiers had mistaken him for the general. That was all the explanation I needed.

But at my words the two officers exclaimed in surprise.

"Egad, we 've been tricked!" Lord Algernon nigh shouted, his voice piping shrilly.

"Then 't is you who have tricked us!" Major Tarlton burst out; "you told me you had our man."

"And so I thought," his companion replied, and then turned to Father. "You said you were Mr. Washington, sir."

"Nay," replied Father, with a grin, "you accused me of being Mr. Washington, and I could scarce be expected to deny the compliment, in the circumstances."

" 'Pon my honor, you seemed a thought too easily taken," his lordship replied ruefully. " 'T is my beastly luck to catch a sparrow when I go hunting eagles."

"Sparrows are English birds, sir," Father retorted dryly. "We do not have them in the Americas."

" 'T is all one," his lordship murmured, dropping into a chair. "I 've my head broke', and naught to show for it."

"We 'll have a spy to show for it!" Major Tarlton said. He had been fuming to himself, striding up and down the room the while. "I think, sir," he went on to Father, "that we found you out of uniform in company with the enemies of the king."

"Seeing that I have no uniform and am not of the army, sir," Father retorted, "your charge of spy can hardly be maintained. As to the company I was in, how can you say they were enemies of the king, not knowing who they were?"

"We are aware that it was General Washington," Major Tarlton replied. "We had advices from Philadelphia saying that he would pass over the Gloucester road to-night. Who else could it have been?"

"The Gloucester road is a main-traveled highway, and many might be abroad upon it," Father replied evenly. "I do not remember saying who my companions were."

"Nay, you need not," Major Tarlton retorted. "There will be time enough for that when we take you to headquarters and see what disposition they choose to make of you. I doubt not, an you were searched, we 'd find plenty of evidence that you are far from loyal to King George. But that must wait until we reach our lines."

Now this remark brought me an added dread. I remembered that General Washington had given Father dispatches for Dr. Franklin, with a caution that they must not fall into the hands of the British. Should he be searched, not only would these papers be discovered by our enemies, but they might, indeed, so involve Father that a basis for the charge of spying would be found against him with good grounds.

"Indeed, then you are not fair!" I cried, greatly alarmed at this new twist of fate. "Father is not a soldier! You have no right to take him."

Major Tarlton seemed to lose all his ill-humor at this remark, for his frown vanished

and he became once more the happy, spirited, boyish youth he had appeared before.

"Fair or not, Miss Patty," he cried, seating himself beside his companion at the table again, "I must have something to show for

chair facing the two officers, so that the tray of food was between them.

But Major Tarlton made it plain that he had no intention of releasing him.

"I must have some one to show for this

"'I SHALL CUT THE BONDS,' I ANSWERED, AND TOOK UP THE KNIFE" (SEE PAGE 185)

this night's work, and your father must e'en be the victim. We were not told that there would be two over-sized men in the party, and it will not be easy to explain unless we have one such to show. But do not worry. I doubt not they will send him back to you in a day or two."

Now this, I knew, suited Father not at all. He had started with despatches for Dr. Franklin in Paris. The *Saucy Sally* would sail on the morrow, come what might, and though he should be released in a day or two, as Major Tarlton had said, this delay would entirely upset his plans and might have serious consequences.

"Sir," Father said to Major Tarlton, "I beg you to reflect that it will not serve you to treat a private citizen of the country as you propose to treat me. I have important business in Philadelphia which will brook no delay, and I must demand that you release me forthwith." As he spoke he crossed the room and seated himself on the edge of a

night's work," he repeated, again and again; nor was it to be wondered at that he would want all the evidence he could muster to excuse his failure. To have had General Washington in his grasp and yet not to have seized him would need much explanation, and his chagrin was understandable.

"Come now, Mr. Abbott," his lordship cried, "give us your parole that you will not try to escape. It irks me to see you sitting there bound while we munch your good food. Sir, I pray you give us your word."

"Nay, an you take me, I shall go bound," Father retorted angrily. "I shall insist that you use force, seeing that I can not admit that you have the shadow of a right in these proceedings."

"That will hardly trouble us, sir," Major Tarlton replied good-humoredly. "Our thought was only for your comfort. As to the rights and wrongs of the matter, egad! we 'll let Sir William measure the extent of your disloyalty."

Now all this while I was puzzling my head over some method to let Father know that there was a horse saddled and waiting at the back door. Oh, how I racked my brains to find a way to do this without telling the British officers as well. It was impossible to whisper. They were on the other side of the table, not three feet from Father, and I dared not do anything that might arouse their suspicions. Should that happen, they would be ready for any move he might make. Only by surprising them could he hope to win through the kitchen sufficiently in advance to mount the horse and get a start. Even if he did this, he was far from having escaped, but, knowing the lay of the land, I hoped there was a good chance that in the dark, on a fresh horse, he could ride across country and so evade them. But how to tell him this seemed beyond me. While the officers were arguing I walked about the room, thinking, thinking, thinking, yet finding no solution to my problem. I dared not speak in French, which I knew right well, for it was more than likely both officers also knew that language; and even if they did not, the fact of my talking in an unfamiliar tongue would set our enemies on the alert.

No, that would not do. I must communicate my news to Father before his captors without even a hint that I was imparting information. It seemed an impossible task and I was about to give up in despair when I saw, hanging on the wall, a small sampler worked by my mother, when she was a girl.

My spirits rose as I looked at it. I, too, was working a sampler and had been busy with it that very evening before going to bed. No one would suspect if I stitched while my elders argued.

At once I went to the closet where my sampler lay and, taking up the frame, went straight to Father's side and sat down in a chair on his left hand, behind the candleholders. My work was nearly finished, and the alphabet was gay with the colored silks I had stitched into the canvas; but what I was most happy about was the fact that among the several animals along the border were a cow, a sheep, and a horse. It was the last named in which I was interested.

Major Tarlton and his lordship watched me with a smile as I took up my needle, the latter saying something in an undertone about the busy housewife, which pleased me.

The little horse embroidered on the sampler was done in brown, and my needle being threaded in bright red silk, I sewed a cross-stitch on its side that could not fail to attract the eye. Slipping my foot over Father's toe, I pressed hard upon it and for an instant held my needle at the mark I had just made, without daring to look at him. Evidently he guessed that something secret was going forward, for he became more animated in his protests and leaned far across the table toward the British officers.

"I tell you, gentlemen," he cried, "it is an outrage that you insist upon taking me to Staten Island. I can find no excuse for it!"

"Excuse or no," I heard Major Tarlton retort, but that was all I heard. An answering touch on my foot had let me know that Father understood what I was after and had seen the horse I wished him to look at.

Then, drawing my needle through the letter A, I connected it with a T and again pressed his foot. In an instant, without a pause in his talk, I had an answering touch and went on with my work, beginning this time with a B and spelling out, in the same way, BACK, again giving my signal, which was presently answered. All that was left was to spell out door, and a few seconds later Father was possessed of the information that there was a horse for him at the back door.

So far, so good; but Father was still bound and the time was speeding. Major Tarlton was again urging the necessity for being on their way, although Lord Algernon still dallied with his food, protesting that he was in no hurry to start out upon a long ride.

Hoping that they would stop a moment longer, at any rate, I rose to my feet, saying that I would replenish the flask of Madeira wine they had consumed, in order that they might drink a stirrup-cup ere they left, and begged that Father should have a glass, also, ere they took him away.

Major Tarlton, always polite, made no objection to this, and, with the decanter, I flew into the kitchen, where Wilkinson was waiting in a fever of excitement.

"What is toward, Mistress Patty?" he asked breathlessly. "I know it is the master that is bound in there. I have heard the talk, but we can not let him be taken away by these redcoats."

"Nay, listen!" I whispered. "Is the horse ready?"

"Aye, saddled and ready!"

"Then what you must do is to stand behind the door, and, when Father runs through it, be swift to lock it behind him. If this can be done, he will have a chance to get away, otherwise—"

"Aye, the master knows the country," Wilkinson murmured, nodding to show understanding of what was expected of him. "But how will you free his hands?"

"I shall cut the bonds," I answered, and took up the knife I had used to slice the bread.

With the full decanter, I went back into the room, hiding the knife in my left hand under the folds of my apron. The two officers were still seated opposite Father, but Major Tarlton was drawing on his gauntlets, and I knew the time left to me was short.

I walked toward Father, who sat with his back to the door, in as straight a line as I could, thus sheltering myself behind him, and, reaching over his shoulder as I came up to him, placed the wine on the table. Lord Algernon immediately picked it up and began pouring out a glassful, and I, putting my free arm over Father's shoulder let my head rest against his and began to play my part.

"Oh, Father," I cried with a sob, "I can't let you go. They will do something cruel to you and I shall never see you again."

"Nay now, Miss Patty," Major Tarlton protested, "we are not monsters. Sure, Mr. Abbott is as safe as a church, and in two days he will be back. Pray be calm. It distresses me to have you weep."

And then Lord Algernon took up the tale, while I, leaning over Father and hiding my face on his shoulder, worked with my other hand behind his back to cut his bonds with the knife. It was by no means an easy task, for I was fearful of wounding his bound hands; but the cords were none too stout, and I was careful to feel the place with my finger ere I essayed to cut.

Sobbing as if my heart would break, and thus giving an excuse for the convulsive movement of my shoulder, I worked the blade up and down until I felt his hands part an inch or so. He was free, but he still kept his hands behind his back.

"Do not worry, Patty, my dear," he said gently. "I do not think Major Tarlton means to harm me; and although it is by no means convenient that I accompany him, I am sure you need not fear for my life. At any rate, it grows late, and the quicker we are off, the sooner I shall return. Let me up, and dry your eyes, my child."

I stepped back, keeping my head down as if still heartbroken, but in reality tense with excitement, and very slowly Father rose to his feet. Then, with a suddenness that surprised even me, who was expecting something, he swiftly brought his arms forward, and, picking up the edge of the tray, turned it over on Lord Fairbrook and Major Tarlton. Without a word, he wheeled in his tracks and in an instant was out of the room. The crash of a closing door warned me that he was in the kitchen and that Wilkinson had slipped the bolt.

This sudden and unexpected action of Father's had so disconcerted the British officers that they made no movement, but sat as if stunned amid the crockery falling about their heads. But only for a moment was Major Tarlton off his guard. With a cry, he jumped to his feet and threw himself upon the door to follow the escaping prisoner.

Finding it bolted against him, he wasted no time in vain effort to batter it down, but ran out through the casement, shouting orders into the night.

"Surround the house!" I heard him cry. "Our prisoner has escaped. After and shoot him down, an he halts not!"

Shouts and the clatter of mounting troopers answered, and in a moment there were galloping horses spreading out in the darkness.

As for me, I stood in the middle of the room and, in spite of my anxiety for Father, I could not help but raise peal upon peal of laughter at the sight before my eyes.

Lord Algernon, completely surprised by the sudden activities of the tray, was rising slowly out of the broken shards of china and glass. He looked at me with the most childlike and innocent expression of amazement that I have ever seen.

"What happened, Mistress Patty?" he asked, pathetically. "Was the house struck by lightning, perchance?"

"Nay, your lordship," I answered, as well as I might for laughing, "it was only Father, who carelessly upset the tray. You must forgive our clumsy, provincial manners."

He still looked vaguely at me, but after a moment I forgot him. Outside were the sounds of the pursuit, and my anxiety for Father's safety struck sharply at my heart. It was no light matter he was attempting. They would shoot him down, if need be, to bring him to a halt, and I was sure he carried papers that might well hang him for a spy. At least a dozen troopers were after him in hot haste. Could he win against odds of twelve to one?

(To be continued)

WHAT WE DOGS THINK ABOUT

An Explanation, by a Dog named Badger, assisted by

FRED C. KELLY

BADGER

I OFTEN hear so-called human beings asking one another, "Why do you suppose a dog wags his tail when he 's glad to see his master?"

My master's little boy inquired farther. "Does he (meaning me, Badger) wag his tail without thinking about it, or does he say to himself, 'I guess I 'll wag my tail for a while?' "

That was a sensible question, and the answer to it may clear up a lot of things that our human associates have wondered over.

In the first place, you two-legged folks must understand that we dogs get most of our traits from our savage ancestors—wolves, jackals, and the like, and, more recently, from wild dogs, such as the Australian dingoes. I 'm not ashamed to speak of my wild ancestors, because everybody, humans included, has ancestors that he would n't want to introduce into a nice kennel or parlor full of pedigreed friends. If you twit me about being descended from a wolf, I 'll bark back at you for being distant kin to monkeys. For that matter, if the picture-books are anything to go by, I don't see that the cavemen had much on wolves for either personal beauty or intelligence. Lots of wolves are smart and resourceful and have many of the very traits of cunning that prominent humans try to cultivate.

Be that as it may, in our wild state we had to work in packs, because our food problem was often serious and we had to attack larger animals than it would have been possible for any one of us to kill if he went on his own hook, like a cat. To work together effectively, we had to have a system of signals. We did n't appoint a committee on signals and get these up all at once, but evolved them gradually as our need required. Most important of these was our bark—to call the rest of the pack together. Whenever one of us caught a scent of game, a few loud barks brought other dogs who might be interested. Even though certain members of the pack were n't on any too friendly terms with some of the others, they had sense enough to work in harmony and unity until the game had been overtaken and captured. After that, if they wanted to quit coöperating and fight over dividing up the game, just as humans do after war, it did n't matter so much. Dogs of a pack sort of agreed, then, on the kind of bark that meant to get together and help. Even to-day any good dog has several kinds of barks for different occasions. My master always knows if I 'm just barking for practice, or because I hear a rat or somebody prowling about the house.

But the bark is n't our only signal. There are times when a bark would scare the game away before the whole pack could arrive on the trail. It is necessary, then, to have a silent signal. For this a dog's tail is a dandy contrivance. I suppose that 's what the tail was really made for—to wave information to other dogs approaching from the rear and aid in getting better coöperation. When close on the scent of game, I always wag my tail as rapidly as possible. I don't give much thought to this—don't have to; I simply follow the instinct I inherited from my early kinsmen. Hounds, I notice, make an especial point of this tail-wagging when chasing something. As the scent of the trail grows more promising they not only wag their tails, but carry them as high as possible. Many dogs have their tails white at the end, to make their signals all the more noticeable.

I suppose somebody is saying now, "Yes, but what 's all this got to do with wagging your tail when you 're glad to see your master?"

The point is that we dogs first got into the habit of wagging our tails when on the chase. In the old days—and even yet, for that matter—the chase was the most fun we had. It meant the sport of matching wits against some animal, getting delightful exercise, and, best of all, the hope of a good dinner in the end. So, don't you see, we early got tail-wagging identified with something pleasant. This idea became so deeply implanted in our little doggie minds that we now wag our tails

when joyous, no matter what about—whether it is the thought of chasing a rabbit or seeing somebody we love.

There is an equally natural reason for dropping one's tail between his legs when scared. When anything frightens me, I don't say to myself, "This is pretty scarey; guess I 'll pull down my tail." I do it without thinking about it. But for hundreds of years, I reckon, my ancestors were pursued by all sorts of wild beasts; and as the tail was the first thing a pursuing animal might grab for, dogs found it a good idea to tuck a tail as much out of reach as possible.

I would n't want to underestimate all the kindness and teaching we dogs have got from our human friends; but the fact remains that the most of the traits and abilities which now endear us or make us valuable to mankind we acquired in our wild state and in our own way; people have n't taught us nearly so much as we had already learned among ourselves.

Well, as I have just been telling you, we learned to hunt in packs and to coöperate even with dogs that we did n't always personally care for. Hence, we still like hunting, and men buy us to chase rabbits or birds or to round up the cows on a farm. Bringing the cows home is a good deal like hunting, except that there is n't any killing. I guess dogs used to circle about and round up the animals they intended to kill, and so it comes natural for certain breeds of dogs to work with cattle. A dog friend of mine became a nuisance on the farm where he lived, because, after he learned to bring the cows to the barn, he overdid the thing. Instead of bringing them in only at milking-time, he went out and got them whenever he found himself without anything else to do.

We dogs often have less trouble learning to do a thing than when *not* to do it. Take watch-dogging, for example. I have followed the watch-dog business all my life, and my family, as well as most of my breed, have specialized in watch-dogging for many generations. I am considered a good, reliable, painstaking watch-dog. Yet, frankly, I know little more about it than did my uncouth, savage ancestors, who lived in packs and caves and learned to bark when an intruder came near. We take to watching naturally, because it is one of the oldest instincts we have. Even tame wolves will guard a house, but they will let regular visitors come and go without paying any attention to them.

The bark of a watch-dog is for two purposes: to scare away any one who does n't belong there, and to notify other dogs to come to his assistance. This last is more traditional than useful, as most people do not keep more than one watch-dog and so there are n't any others to come. But because of their primal instincts, other dogs in the neighborhood answer the bark just the same, especially if it 's in the middle of the night. Watch-dogs get tired sitting around all night with nobody to bite and nothing special to do, and welcome an excuse to try out a few barks. I always bark my loudest and in my gruffest voice when I see anybody prowling around,—in a less shrill voice than if merely chasing some little animal,—my idea being to scare the intruder away without having to bite him. While I hate to have my teeth go entirely to waste, I try to be careful about whom I bite. When I was a little puppy I made one or two mistakes that got both me and my master into trouble.

I doubt if my bipedal friends realize what a ticklish job it is for a dog to watch a house. I must n't let just *anybody* come into the yard or into the house, but I also must n't bite or even bark too loud at any of my master's friends. It is n't always so easy to tell which is which. Of course, one soon gets to know people who come to the house regularly; but I am supposed to sense from a person's clothes and general behavior just how far to go. I frequently bark at individuals whom I know are harmless, just to have a little fun with them. When I 'm not sure what to do, I run at people and bark my loudest and make a big bluff, as if I intended to eat them. Then, if they are n't much afraid, I decide that they 're all right and have probably heard my master say that I seldom bite anybody.

I hear humans talking about people who are bluffers, as if they did n't amount to much. With us dogs it is a little different. Some of the most sensible dogs do a lot of bluffing. If I did n't bluff with a big bark, and scare people away, then I might feel it my duty to bite them. Even in dealing with other dogs, a good bluff often saves bloodshed. When another dog comes and growls at me as if he wanted to start something, I make the hair on my back bristle up, so that I 'll look like a bigger dog than I really am, and also pull my lips back to let him see my teeth. Many a dog, after seeing what large front teeth I have, has decided to saunter away and let well enough alone. After

scaring off a dog in that way, I can't help walking with a bit of a dignified strut. If I 'm inside of a fence and a bigger dog than I am comes along and barks at me through the fence, I never let him know that I 'm glad there is a fence between us, but run right out and call him names; and when I 'm sure that he is going on by, I bark louder than ever. These are what I hear my master call "compensatory" barks—anyhow, it was some big word like that. They are barks to sound big and prove to everybody that I 'm not afraid, even though I have n't quite proved it to myself.

It is said, I believe, of us Airedales, that we never start or stop a fight. That used to be true of me; but I was imposed upon so often by dogs that came up and got fresh, thinking they could lick me just because I was n't looking for trouble, that now I 'm rather suspicious of other dogs. Sometimes I start a fight not because I want one, but because I think there will be one anyhow and I might as well get the first hold.

I don't suppose there is anything that

BADGER DICTATING HIS STORY TO MR. KELLY

makes us dogs so popular with mankind as our obedience and willingness to learn the rules of a house. People often wonder why this is, and think it is because of our long association with folks. The truth is that we had this same disposition long before we ever had much to do with the human animal. My earliest kinfolk *had* to learn to pay heed to the older and more experienced members of the pack and follow their lead, else we might all have starved. Without thinking much about it, I find myself naturally accepting orders from my human boss, whoever he happens to be—just as if he were some wise old dog that was the leader of a pack. I 'll gladly go farther in taking orders from a person than from an experienced dog leader, because the human master seems to have even better ideas about what one ought to do.

This brings me to a point that few of my human friends seem to understand. I 've heard people read out of a book by a man named Maeterlinck that the dog is the only creature that has found its god. The idea is that the dog's god is his master. Quite true, in a way; but we dogs don't think about people exactly as people imagine we do—or at least we don't until we get to be fairly old dogs and have had lots of experience. When I was a pup and my master came around to feed me or take me for a walk, I always thought of him as an animal having about the same kind of ideas in his head that I did. In other words, I thought of him just as an extra-smart dog who walked on his hind legs. I did n't mean by this to underestimate the intelligence of a man; but a dog's mind was the only one I knew anything about, so I was obliged to think of my man leader in terms of dog. Thus it happened that I never liked to have my master come around and bother me when I was eating. Much as I loved him, if he tried to take a bone away from me, I would growl a little and try to scare him away. Once I so far forgot myself as to bite at him; but I learned never to try that again. Even yet, though I now realize that my master can buy all the bones he wants for himself, I sometimes absent-mindedly growl a wee bit if he takes hold of a bone that I 'm gnawing. How was I to know, when I was just a little awkward, muddle-headed puppy, that any big two-legged dog might not want my bone? I knew that other dogs would like to have it and that I must fight to uphold my rights to my own property.

This disposition to growl at any other dog near the food-supply is one of the most deep-seated of our traits, because at one time, if a dog let himself be too easily imposed on and lost his share of the victuals, it was a question of life or death. I now understand that human creatures don't have the same kind of ideas that we dogs do; but it took several years to get this into my head. My master likes to sleep late, and I let him. If he were

like me, or most any other wide-awake dog, he would be up at daybreak, looking about trying to find something interesting in the fields or woods. People seem to have much more trouble than we do to get fun out of life. My master often says, "That old dog," pointing to me, "would go out and walk with me in a thunder-storm."

Why not? It 's jolly sport to be out in a big storm, and I never get tired of taking a walk, because there 's always something to investigate or wonder over if I just use my wits and dash about here and there, exploring a little. Men never seem to learn as much or get as much fun out of a walk as they might.

One thing about many of us that our human associates seem to regard as highly desirable is our one-man quality. Almost any well-bred representative of my species will make it plain to all comers that he prefers the society of his master to that of anybody else. This is due to our old instinct to follow the leader of the pack. Why not, people ask, one-woman dogs, as well as one-man dogs? There are. We follow a woman about as readily as we do a man, provided she is really the leader of the household. It is hard to fool us dogs about who is the boss. In the long run, most of us take up with men because they do more of the things that we enjoy doing, such as taking walks and going hunting. Then I think men must be more vain than women, because a man seems to feel greatly flattered and derive no end of satisfaction when his dog likes him better than anybody else. If we were schemers, we would always let some man think we preferred him to anybody else, because then we could get more favors from him. A man always makes a big fuss, you 'll find, over a dog that has flattered him in that way. But we dogs are n't very subtle; and never pretend that we like anybody unless we do.

While we depend largely on our sense of smell, we use our eyes enough to develop various notions and prejudices about animals. I must confess that I don't care much for long-haired dogs. Undoubtedly, there must be plenty of excellent dogs with long hair, but I never feel at home with them. This is because I had a little misunderstanding some time ago with a collie. Since then I have been suspicious of nearly every collie or shepherd-dog I see; but sometimes I decide that they must be all right. While my feeling about collies is largely personal, dogs have always been dubious about any animal that has physical characteristics, such as length or color of hair, distinctly different from their own.

In many respects, I think we dogs exhibit more common sense than our human friends do. Take, for example, eating. People often make fun of us and say we have food

BADGER AND HIS FRIENDS

on our minds all the time. This is true, in a way, because we have a limited number of pleasures and little opportunity for intellectual enjoyment. Food is less important to you, because you know that you can always manage to obtain food when you want it. With us, food is n't always so sure. And away back yonder, in the earlier days of our species, we usually had to risk our lives for food before we got it. No wonder food is such a big item to us. Nevertheless, important as food is, we never eat just because it is meal-time. If we don't feel just right in our tummies, we let food alone, no matter how tempting it looks. When we are hungry and an assortment of food is placed before us, we pick out the thing we like best of all and eat it *first*, instead of saving it for dessert, when we 're all filled up with other things. Just the other day I heard my master talking about how much he wanted some strawberry shortcake. Yet he did n't taste it until the edge was taken from his appetite by eating soup, pork chops, and artichokes.

People who are smart enough about everything else, often seem to have hardly any sense about training dogs. If men would only give us the right association of ideas, they could teach us all we need to know in a short time. But many dogs' masters proceed backward. If my master calls me and, when I go to him, gives me a bite of dog-biscuit, or even a pat on the head, I soon learn that it is sensible to go whenever I 'm called. The idea can be carried farther by giving a dog an unpleasant association when he *does n't* come.

It 's surprising how many persons have n't sense enough not to make a dog *afraid* to go to them. I have seen a little boy call his puppy, and, when the puppy did n't understand that he was to come when called, he went and slapped him. That, of course made the puppy less likely to mind than ever. Another time, when the puppy finally did come to him, he slapped him for not coming sooner. The only logical conclusion the puppy could arrive at was that he 'd better not go to that boy at all.

I have heard people remark about the fact that when I go walking with my master on the street I don't race about in rattle-brained fashion or try to chase other dogs, but stay right at my master's side. The answer is that when I was little I never was allowed to walk along the street except on a leash, and I got so in the habit of staying right by my master that now I never think of trying to run ahead.

One of the first things I ever learned was to sit down when told. My master would raise one hand, at the same time, saying "Down," and with the other hand would push me down. The minute I sat down he gave me something good to eat. After a little practice, I got into the habit of sitting right down whenever he raised his hand, as far away as I could see it. This simple bit of my education once saved my life. I was about to cross the street toward my master. A big motor truck was coming, but an automobile standing near me hid it from view, and if I had taken three or four more steps, I should have been run over. My master, across the street, just raised his hand, and I stopped right where I was. I think every little dog should be taught that, and the earlier, the better.

While I don't like to be switched, there are times when mild punishment of this kind is a good thing. But it should *almost never* be done by the master. A dog should always look on his master as the one fellow from whom he may expect nothing but kindness. When I was about six months old, I felt so friendly toward everybody that I would follow anybody who stopped to pat me. My master knew that I might get into bad habits and maybe follow somebody who would take me and sell me. So he hired a man to entice me away from home, and then, as soon as I was about a block away, the fellow turned and hit me in the face with his glove. I thought this must have been an accident, and the next day I followed another man who impressed me as a nice acquaintance. But the same thing happened, except that this man, instead of using his glove, hit me with a small switch. That was enough for me. I play safe now and don't trust anybody. If anybody tries to coax me to follow, I growl.

I learned how to guard an automobile in the same way. At first, I just sat there and wagged my tail at everybody who came along. One night a man took a robe out of the car. I supposed he knew what he was about and paid little attention to him. The next day another man came up to the car, and, as I started to wag my tail, he hit me across the back with a light cane. A similar episode occurred the next day. Later, I realized that these men must have been hired by my master, for nobody else would have had any reason to come up and hit me. You can bet nobody gets a chance to hit me now when I 'm sitting in the auto. The minute anybody comes too close, I bark and show my front teeth to him, and that is usually enough to convince him that he must let me and the car alone.

I don't like to boast about my own species, but I 'll say that the average dog learns things, within the range of his mental capacity, about as well as a child does. We come into the world—both puppies and children—without much knowledge, and have to learn from those about us. If we have bad habits or a lack of good habits, it 's more apt to be the fault of somebody else rather than our own. We learn all we need to know readily enough when we have a fair opportunity.

Well, this is the last time *I* 'll try to collaborate on any literary stuff! I think I 'll go out now and amuse myself chasing a rabbit. *Woof! Woof!*

FARMER JONES was standing at his front gate one bright December morning when a quaint figure came hurrying along the road—a bent old woman in a long blue cloak, with the ruffles of a big cap flopping about her wrinkled face.

"Good day!" said she, as soon as she was near enough to be heard. "You 're Farmer Jones, I believe. I think you will do nicely to head the procession—just step right behind me and we 'll move on!"

"And, pray, who are you and what should I be doing in a procession?" cried the astonished man. "I 'm quite too busy to leave home to-day!"

"Never mind!" answered the old crone, "I know all about *you*, for I 've heard you grumbling over the weather many a time. As I came down the hill just now you were complaining at the cold and wishing it were June—you 're a regular "weather fretter!" I 'm the Grumble Collector, and you 'd better do just as you 're told or there 'll be trouble. My name is Dame Quimp, and my work is to hunt up grumblers and bring them to my old friend Santa Claus before Christmas. If there 's anything he hates, it is grumbling, and he says he is going to teach some folks a lesson this year.

"It 's no use to say a word—just follow me, and be quick about it, too!" So off started Dame Quimp with Farmer Jones behind her, grumbling as he went.

She soon stopped short before a little house by the roadside and listened a moment. There was a sound of violent stamping, and an angry voice cried out: "I hate that old dress and I won't wear the ugly thing! I never have any pretty clothes!" and out on the porch rushed the milliner's little daughter, in a fine temper.

"Hoity-toity!" cried the dame. "You 're a pleasant little girl, to be sure! Just the one I 'm looking for! Never mind asking 'Why?' but stop scolding at once and fall in line behind Farmer Jones."

The child looked crosser than ever and began to cry, but she could n't help herself, and away went Dame Quimp, Farmer Jones, and the milliner's little daughter.

As they neared the first corner, loud voices were heard and angry tones, and there stood the baker's boy and the grocer's clerk having a hot discussion. "It 's too far!" cried the first. "I can't tramp way over on the hill for *anybody!* I hate to be sent on errands from morning till night from one end of town to the other!"

"So do I!" exclaimed the grocer's clerk. "I 'm always being told to take something somewhere for somebody just when I want a little time to myself. The skating 's fine to-day and I ought to get off early, but I sha'n't be allowed to. It 's a shame to have to carry bundles instead of being on the pond!"

AND AWAY WENT DAME QUIMP, FARMER JONES, AND ALL THE OTHER GRUMBLERS ON THEIR JOURNEY TO CHRISTMAS TOWN

"Very well, young men!" cried Dame Quimp, "you shall have a nice long walk. I 'm very pleased to meet you! Just step next in line to the little girl and we 'll hurry along! No questions, please!"

So off went Dame Quimp, Farmer Jones, the milliner's little daughter, the baker's boy, and the grocer's clerk.

As they passed the doctor's house, the cook, in her apron and cap, was standing at the gate grumbling to the ice-man. "Shure an' 't is nothin' but cook, cook, cook, all day long, an' meals havin' to be kept hot fer a man that 's niver in the house when he ought to be! I 'm that tired of wurruk that I 've a foine mind to tell him he may cook fer himself fer a while!"

"All right, Bridget!" called Dame Quimp, sharply. "You step off right now! Just take your place next to the grocer's clerk and we 'll move on!" And away again went Dame Quimp, Farmer Jones, the milliner's little daughter, the baker's boy, the grocer's clerk, and the doctor's cook.

Pretty soon they came to little Tommy Brooks's house, and there was Tommy at the front door fussing with his mother. "I don't need any overcoat!" cried he, "and I can't wear rubbers,—they hurt my feet,—and I left my mittens at school! I hate to be bundled up just like a girl, anyway, and I wish people would let little boys alone!"

"Thomas Brooks!" called out the dame, severely, "you put on that overcoat and those rubbers at once and get behind the doctor's cook—you 're the boy for me! Step lively, now, all of you!" And off started Dame Quimp, Farmer Jones, the milliner's little daughter, the baker's boy, the grocer's clerk, the doctor's cook, and little Tommy Brooks.

A little farther up the street the shoemaker's wife was grumbling to a neighbor, as she shook out her duster on the porch. "I 've no patience with housekeeping!" declared the sharp voice. "I don't do anything but chase dirt from morning till night, and yet the place is never clean—and my work is never done. Yes, it *is* a comfortable and pretty house, but I 'm tired of the sight of it! I have to go and sweep the dining-room this very minute!"

"Oh no! not at all!" cried Dame Quimp. "That nice home of yours won't get any more cleaning *this* day! You can fall right in line behind Tommy Brooks, and no remarks, if you please!"

So off they went again—Dame Quimp, Farmer Jones, the milliner's little daughter, the baker's boy, the grocer's clerk, the doctor's cook, little Tommy Brooks, and the shoemaker's wife.

At the turn of the road there was the sound of excited talking and high words, and there

stood the minister's twin grandchildren quarreling over a sled and a pair of skates.

"I don't want the old sled!" cried the boy. "I do nothing but give you rides on it! You can just let me have the skates, and drag the sled, yourself, for a while!"

"Take the old skates!" answered the little girl, angrily. "I can't stand up on them, anyway, and I 'm tired of trying, and I don't want the sled, either. I wish people would give us some *nice* presents. What 's the use of being twins if you can't have a good time?"

"Sure enough!" cried Dame Quimp. "Two nice little children who can't be happy with a fine sled and a pair of new skates—I never heard of such a thing! Come right here and take places behind the shoemaker's wife; and don't cry about it, either, for there 's no time to lose!" And away hurried Dame Quimp, Farmer Jones, the milliner's little daughter, the baker's boy, the grocer's clerk, the doctor's cook, little Tommy Brooks, the shoemaker's wife, and the minister's twin grandchildren.

Before long they came to the beautiful big house where the banker lived, and there, just coming out of the gate, they met the governess, looking much distressed and almost in tears. "What can I do for you, my dear?" asked Dame Quimp, anxiously; "you seem to be in trouble. I 'm the Grumble Collector, and perhaps I can help you."

"Indeed you can," said the governess, eagerly, "if you will only tell me what to do with the banker's Dorothy. She has everything in the world to please and amuse her, and yet she's always in a fret. As for clothes, she has so many pretty things that she can't tell which she wants to wear. I ran away just now because I was quite worn out with her grumbling. I left her fussing over a pink, a blue, and a green frock, trying to decide which to put on, and in such a temper that she could n't look nice in anything."

"I see! I see!" replied the dame; "a very bad case indeed! Just bring her to me at once and she shall report to Santa Claus—Ah, here she is! Come right along, Dorothy; you 're just the kind of little girl needed in this procession! Stop fretting, directly, and step in line behind the minister's twin grandchildren and we 'll move on!"

And away again went Dame Quimp, Farmer Jones, the milliner's little daughter, the baker's boy, the grocer's clerk, the doctor's cook, little Tommy Brooks, the shoemaker's wife, the minister's twin grandchildren, and the banker's Dorothy.

"Let me see," said the dame, as they reached the end of the street; "I think I have heard that the barber's grandmother

was a terrible grumbler—I might try to find out." So at a little house at the corner they all waited while she knocked vigorously at the door. It was opened quickly by a sharp-looking little old woman who held on her arm a big basket of mending.

"What do you want!" she said crossly. "I have n't time to say a word to anybody, so I can't ask you in. I 'm just as fretted as I can be with all this mending to do! I do think that after darning socks for nearly fifty years I might be allowed to hold my hands for a bit; but every week here 's this great basket full and nobody but me to attend to it. It makes me so cross that I grumble over every pair of the old socks—I wish they were in Guinea!"

"Tut! Tut!" replied Dame Quimp, sternly. "I don't know much about Guinea, but I do know where *you 're* going! You 're the very one to finish my collection. Set down that basket at once and put on a warm cloak and hood and follow the banker's Dorothy, and we 'll go straight to Santa Claus—he 'll be quite horrified to see such a string of grumblers!"

So off once more went Dame Quimp, with Farmer Jones, the milliner's little daughter, the baker's boy, the grocer's clerk, the doctor's cook, little Tommy Brooks, the shoemaker's wife, the minister's twin grandchildren, the banker's Dorothy, and the barber's grandmother, all following behind her, one after another.

They walked and they walked—over the bridge and past the mill; out beyond the golf-links; up one hill and down another; across ploughed fields, and through narrow woodland paths, till they were all very tired and cold, and the barber's grandmother, being such an old woman, was quite worn out. Dame Quimp, however, would listen to no complaints, but kept them all strictly in line and hurried them on, until, in a couple of hours' time, they reached Christmas Town.

They found Santa Claus in his shop busily

"'IT IS TOO NEAR CHRISTMAS FOR ANY ONE EVEN TO LOOK CROSS, TO SAY NOTHING OF SCOLDING'"

engaged in tying up delightful-looking parcels in gay paper, with seals and labels, gold and silver cord, scarlet and green ribbons, and sprigs of holly scattered around him in every direction.

"Good day, old friend!" cried Dame Quimp as she entered. "I have done a good morning's work, as you see—all these are fine, first-class grumblers, and not one of them deserves a Christmas gift. Let me introduce them—here are Farmer Jones, the milliner's little daughter, the baker's boy, the grocer's clerk, the doctor's cook, little Tommy Brooks, the shoemaker's wife, the minister's twin grandchildren, the banker's Dorothy, and the barber's grandmother. Take a good look at them so you will make no mistakes."

"Oh dear, dear!" cried Santa Claus, in much distress. "Is it really as bad as that! I never should have thought you could find so many grumbly people in a town full of pleasant things, with so much to make them happy! I suppose I ought to give them a severe lesson to check this terrible habit, but I 'm afraid, Dame, that I should quite spoil my own Christmas pleasure if I were to pass them all by!

"What can be done about it? Don't you

think we might let them off *this* time with a warning? I 'm sure you must already have given them a pretty good scolding, for it seems to me you are getting to be quite a grumbler yourself, and I have no doubt you have been lecturing them all along the way."

"Indeed I have!" replied the dame, "and a thankless job it was! They 're a troublesome lot, I tell you, and you 'd better not let them off too easily! But, of course, you must suit yourself."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" cried Santa Claus again, as he tried to look sternly at the unhappy grumblers. "This is very sad—very sad indeed! It is too near Christmas for any one even to *look* cross, to say nothing of scolding!" And here his round face broke into a broad smile, and all the grumblers smiled, too.

"See, Dame Quimp!" cried he, eagerly, "these poor people are all in a good temper already, and I feel sure that, if I trust them, they will try very hard not to be grumblers any longer. Is it not so, my friends?"

And Farmer Jones, the milliner's little daughter, the baker's boy, the grocer's clerk, the doctor's cook, little Tommy Brooks, the shoemaker's wife, the minister's twin grandchildren, the banker's Dorothy, and the barber's grandmother, all promptly answered, "Yes!"

"Now hurry home as fast as you can," said Santa Claus, giving them each a big stick of candy. "You have been gone so long that your friends will be anxiously wondering where you are. Dame Quimp and the barber's grandmother will wait and have a cup of tea with me, and I will take them home in my sleigh a little later."

There was a perfect chorus of thanks and promises, a beaming smile from Santa Claus, a reluctant grunt of farewell from Dame Quimp, and each member of the grumbler procession set out at best speed on the return trip.

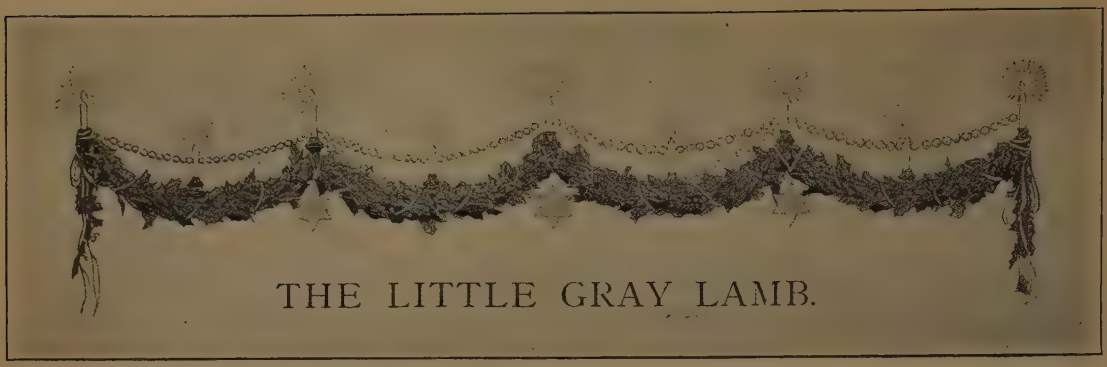
It was late when they all reached home, but, strange to say, with the exception of the doctor's cook, the baker's boy, and the grocer's clerk, not one of them had been missed, for the various friends and relations had been having such a delightfully quiet and restful afternoon that they had forgotten all about the departed grumblers.

VIEWPOINTS

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

HEAD downward hung the bat;
He looked on field and town.
"It 's plain," he chittered, "that
The world is upside down!"

"How funny!" laughed the pup;
"But then, it is n't true.
The world is right side-up;
What 's upside down, is *you!*"



THE LITTLE GRAY LAMB.

By ARCHIBALD BERESFORD D. SULLIVAN

(Reprinted by request from St. Nicholas, December, 1905)

OUT on the endless purple hills, deep in the clasp of somber night,
The shepherds guarded their weary ones—guarded their flocks of cloudy white,
That like a snow-drift in silence lay, save one little lamb with its fleece of gray.

Out on the hillside all alone, gazing afar with sleepless eyes,
The little gray lamb prayed soft and low, its weary face to the starry skies:
"O moon of the heavens so fair, so bright, give me—oh, give me—a fleece of white!"

No answer came from the dome of blue, nor comfort lurked in the cypress-trees;
But faint came a whisper borne along on the scented wings of the passing breeze:
"Little gray lamb, that prays this night, I can not give thee a fleece of white."

Then the little gray lamb of the sleepless eyes prayed to the clouds for a coat of snow,
Asked of the roses, besought the woods; but each gave answer sad and low:
"Little gray lamb, that prays this night, we can not give thee a fleece of white."

Like a gem unlocked from a casket dark, like an ocean pearl from its bed of blue,
Came, softly stealing the clouds between, a wonderful star which brighter grew
Until it flamed like the sun by day over the place where Jesus lay.

Ere hushed were the angels' notes of praise, the joyful shepherds had quickly sped
Past rock and shadow, adown the hill, to kneel at the Saviour's lowly bed;
While, like the spirits of phantom night, followed their flocks—their flocks of white.

And patiently, longingly, out of the night, apart from the others,—far apart,—
Came limping and sorrowful, all alone, the little gray lamb of the weary heart,
Murmuring, "I must bide far away; I am not worthy—my fleece is gray."

And the Christ-child looked upon humbled pride, at kings bent low on the earthen floor,
But gazed beyond at the saddened heart of the little gray lamb at the open door;
And he called it up to his manger low and laid his hand on its wrinkled face,
While the kings drew golden robes aside to give to the weary one a place.
And the fleece of the little gray lamb was blessed;
For, lo! it was whiter than all the rest!

In many cathedrals grand and dim, whose windows glimmer with pane and lens,
'Mid the odor of incense raised in prayer, hallowed about with last amens,
The infant Savior is pictured fair, with kneeling Magi wise and old,
But his baby hand rests not on the gifts,—the myrrh, the frankincense, the gold,—
But on the head, with a heavenly light,
Of the little gray lamb that was changed to white.

THE INCA EMERALD

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness," "The Blue Pearl," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

PROFESSOR AMANDUS DITSON has rediscovered the lost lake of Eldorado, into which for centuries the Incas of Peru threw the best emeralds of their kingdom. His ambition is to secure a bush-master. He calls on Donegan, a gem-collector, who agrees to finance the trip. Jud, the old trapper, Will, and Joe, the Indian boy, who together found the Blue Pearl for Donegan, agree to go with him. Jud and Professor Ditson bicker as to who shall lead the expedition. A whip-scorpion decides the discussion in favor of the professor. They have adventures with birds, butterflies, vampire-bats, an anaconda, and a giant catfish. They pass Treasure Rock, are shipwrecked, build a new boat and start on down the river. After adventures with peccaries, fire-ants, and a black jaguar, they come to the Slave Trail, which runs to the deserted city of Pichu, and meet a war-party of man-eating Muras. On the shores of a forest lake they have adventures with a cougar, an alligator, and piranhas, and find a little Indian girl lost from her tribe. Jud is upset by an armadillo and Will catches a bushmaster. They are pursued by a band of Miranhas. Professor Ditson locks the river for an hour, and they escape over Sky Bridge, a mile high. They reach Pichu, and stand a siege in the palace. Joe steals through the lines and brings back a rescue-party.

CHAPTER XII

ELDORADO

A DAY and a night on burro-back brought the treasure-seekers through the mountains to Yuca, the loveliest valley in the world, where, nine thousand feet above the sea, it is always spring. There, half a thousand years ago, the Incas built their country houses, as of old the kings of Israel built in the mountain valley of Jezreel; and among the ruins of stone buildings beautiful as Ahab's house of ivory, several hundred whites and half-breed Indians had made their homes. In Yuca, Professor Ditson found many old friends and acquaintances, and the party rested there for a week and, thanks to Jim Donegan's generous letter of credit, which had survived the shipwreck, thoroughly equipped themselves for the last lap of the dash to Eldorado.

One morning, before dawn of what felt like a mid-May day, the expedition headed back along the trail, mounted on mules, the best and surest-footed animals for mountain work. In order to prevent any unwelcome followers, the professor allowed it to be supposed that they were going back for a further exploration of the lost city of Machu Pichu. When at last they were clear of the valley, with no one in sight, the scientist called a halt and carefully consulted his map at a point where the trail led in and out among slopes and hillocks of wind-driven sand.

"Here is where we turn off," he said finally.

Jud suddenly produced two large, supple ox-hides which he had carried rolled up back of his saddle.

"So long as we 're goin' treasure-huntin'," he remarked, "an' Scar Dawson is still above ground, I calculate to tangle our trail before we start."

Under his direction, the whole party rode on for a mile farther, and then doubled back and turned off at right angles from the trail, Jud spreading out the hides, one before the other, for the mules to step on. Their progress was slow, but at the end of half a mile they were out of sight of the original trail and had left no tracks behind, except hollows in the sand, which the wind through the day would cover and level.

For the next three days Professor Ditson guided them by the map among a tangle of wild mountains and through cañons so deep that they were dark at midday. At night their camp-fire showed at times like a beacon on the top of unvisited peaks, and again like a lantern in the depths of a well, as they camped at the bottom of some gorge. Here and there they came upon traces of an old trail, half effaced by the centuries which had passed since it had been used in the far-away days when the Incas and their followers would journey once a year to the sacred lake with their annual offerings. Even though Professor Ditson had been to Eldorado before, he found it necessary continually to refer to the map, so concealed and winding was the way.

On the third day they reached a wide plateau which ranged just above the tropical jungles of the eastern lowlands. At first they crossed bare, burned slopes of rock, with here and there patches of scanty vegetation; but as they came to the lower levels they

found themselves in a forest of vast cacti, which seemed to stretch away for an immeasurable distance. Some of the larger specimens towered like immense candelabra sixty and seventy feet high, and there were clumps of prickly-pears as big as barrels and covered with long dark red fruit which tasted like pomegranates. Underfoot were trailing varieties, which hugged the earth and through which the mules had to pick their way warily because of the fierce spines with which they were covered. Some of the club-cacti were covered with downy, round, red fruit fully two inches in diameter, luscious sweet, and tasting much like huge strawberries. Jud, who firmly believed that eating was one of the most important duties and pleasures of life, nearly foundered before they reached the pampas beyond the thorny forest. There they had another adventure in South American foods. As they were crossing a stretch of level pampa, suddenly a grotesque, long-legged bird started up from the tangled grass and, with long bare neck stretched out horizontally and outspread wings, charged the little troop, hissing like a goose as he came.

"Don't shoot!" called out Professor Ditson, to the startled Jud, who was the nearest one to the charging bird. "It 's only a rhea, the South American ostrich. He 'll run in a minute."

Sure enough, the old cock rhea, finding that he could not frighten away the intruders by his tactics, suddenly turned and dashed away across the level plain, his powerful legs working like piston-rods and carrying him toward the horizon at a rate of speed that few horses could have equaled. In the deep grass they found the nest, a wide circular depression containing thirty great cream-colored eggs, the contents of each one being equal to about a dozen hen's eggs. The professor explained that the female rheas of each flock take turns laying eggs in the nest, which, as a fair division of labor, the cock bird broods and guards. After incubation starts, the shell turns a pale, ashy gray. The party levied on the rhea's treasure horde to the extent of a dozen glossy, thick-shelled eggs, and for two days thereafter they had them boiled, fried, roasted, and made into omelets, until Jud declared that he would be ashamed ever to look a rhea in the face again.

At last, about noon of the fifth day after leaving Yuca, the trail seemed to end in a great wall of rock high up among the mountains. When they reached the face of this cliff the path appeared again, zigzagging up a great precipice, and so narrow that the party had to ride in single file. On one side of the trail the mountain dropped off into a chasm so deep that the great trees which grew along its floor seemed as small as ferns. Finally, the trail ended in a long, dark tunnel, larger and higher than the one through which they had passed on the way to Yuca. For nearly a hundred feet they rode through its echoing depths, and came out on the shore of an inky little lake not a quarter of a mile across and so hidden in the very heart of the mountain that it was a mystery how any one had ever discovered it. Although it sloped off sharply from its bare white beach, Professor Ditson told them that it was only about twenty feet deep in the center. A cloud of steam drifting lazily from the opposite shore betokened the presence of a boiling spring, and the water, in spite of the latitude, was as warm as the sun-heated surface of the Amazon itself.

Leading the way, Professor Ditson showed them, hidden around a bend, a raft which, on their earlier visit, he and his party had built from logs hauled up from the lower slopes with infinite pains. Apparently no one had visited the lost lake since he had been there, and a few minutes later the whole party were paddling their way to the center of Eldorado, where lay hidden the untold wealth of centuries of offerings.

"If I could have dived, myself, or if any of the Indians who were with me could have done so," remarked the professor, regretfully, "we need not have wasted a year's time."

"Well," returned Jud, already much excited over the prospect of hidden treasure, "I used to do over forty feet in my twenties, when I was pearl-divin', an' now, though I 'm gettin' on toward fifty, I certainly ought to be able to go down twenty feet."

"Fifty!" exclaimed Will.

"Fifty!" echoed Joe.

"Fifty!" chimed in Professor Ditson.

"That 's what I said," returned Jud, looking defiantly at his grinning friends, "fifty or thereabouts. I 'll show you," he went on grimly, stripping off his clothes as they reached the very center of the little lake and poising his lean, wiry body on the edge of the raft. Suddenly he turned to Professor Ditson. "There ain't nothin' hostile livin' here in this lake, is there?" he questioned.

"I don't think so," returned the professor, reassuringly. "Piranhas are never found at this latitude, and we saw no traces of any

other dangerous fish or reptiles when we were here last year."

"Here goes then, for a fortune!" exclaimed Jud, throwing his hands over his head and leaping high into the air with a beautiful jack-knife dive. His slim body shot down out of sight in the dim, tepid water.

The seconds went by, with no sign of him, until he had been under fully three minutes.

"THE OLD RHEA DASHED AWAY ACROSS THE LEVEL PLAIN"

Just as they all began to be alarmed for his safety, his gray head suddenly shot two feet out of the water near where he had gone down. Puffing like a porpoise, with a few quick strokes he reached the edge of the raft and tossed on its surface something which clinked as it struck the logs.

There, gleaming in the sunlight, was a bird of solid gold, which looked like a crow, with outspread wings, and which was set thickly with rough emeralds as large as an ordinary marble.

With a cheer, Joe and Will gripped Jud's shoulders and pulled him over the side of the raft, where he lay panting in the sunlight, while the treasure was passed from hand to hand.

It was some six inches long, and so heavy that it must have handicapped the old man considerably in his dash for the surface.

"Pretty good for a start," puffed Jud, happily, as he too examined the gleaming bird. "Unless I miss my guess," he went on earnestly, "the great emerald that old Jim has set his heart on is down there, too. The bottom is pretty well silted over, but I scrabbled through the mud with my hands, an', when I struck this, I figured out that I had just enough breath left to reach the top. Just as I was leavin', my fingers touched somethin' oval an' big as a hen's egg. It was pretty deep in the mud, and I did n't dare wait another second, but I 'm sure I can bring it up next time."

For half an hour Jud rested, while Professor Ditson told them stories of lost treasure which he had heard in his wanderings among the Indian tribes or remembered from his studies of Spanish archives. He told them the story of the galleon *Santa Maria*, which was sunk off the Fortune Islands, loaded down with a great altar of solid gold incrusted with precious stones; of the buccaneer Sir Henry Morgan, who sacked Panama and burned and sank in the harbor what he thought were empty vessels, but which held millions of dollars in gold and jewels in double bulkheads and false bottoms, and which lie to this day at the bottom of Panama Harbor. Then there was the story of the two great treasure-chests which Drake of Devon captured from the great galleon *Cacafuego*. As they were being transhipped into Drake's vessel, the *Golden Hind*, both of the chests broke loose and sank off Caño Island, on the coast of Costa Rica. Still at the bottom of that tiny harbor, thousands of pounds of gold bars and nuggets and a treasure of pearls and emeralds and diamonds lie waiting for some diver to recover them. Then Professor Ditson launched into the story of Pizarro's pilot, who, when the temple of Pachacainac, twenty miles from Lima, was looted, asked as his share of the spoils only the nails that fastened the silver plates which lined the walls of the temple. Pizarro granted him what he thought was a trifling re-

quest, and the pilot received for his share over two thousand pounds of solid silver.

"That 's enough," said Jud, starting to his feet. "Here goes for the biggest treasure of all."

Down and down through the dim water he dived straight and true. Hardly had he disappeared from sight, before great air-bubbles came up and broke on the surface; and a few seconds later, wavering up from the depths, came what seemed to be his lifeless body, with staring, horrified eyes and open mouth.

As his white face showed above the surface, Will and Joe leaped in together, and in an instant had him out and on the raft again. In another minute the two boys were making good use of their knowledge of first aid, which they had learned as Boy Scouts. Working as they had never worked for merit badges, they laid Jud on the raft, face down, with his arms above his head and his face turned a little to one side. Then, while Joe drew his tongue forward, Will, kneeling astride his body, pressed his open hands into the spaces on either side of his ribs. Then, alternately pressing and relaxing his weight as the water ran out of Jud's mouth and nose, Will began the artificial breathing at the rate of fifteen times a minute, while Joe rubbed with all his might the old trapper's legs and body toward the heart. At the end of a couple of minutes of this strenuous treatment Jud gave a gasp and at last opened his eyes, and half an hour later was able to tell them what had happened.

"I did n't get more 'n about half-way down," he said weakly, "when a great greenish-yellow eel, five feet long an' big as my arm, came glidin' toward me. I tried to pass him, but in a second I felt its cold, clammy body pressin' against mine. Then came a flash an' somethin' broke in my head; an' the next thing I knew I was up here, with you chaps workin' over me."

Professor Ditson brought his hands together with a loud clap.

"That is what Dawson meant by saying the lake was guarded," he said. "The creature that attacked Jud, here, was a gymnotus."

"A Jim-what?" queried Jud.

"An electric eel," explained the professor. "The old priests must have brought them up from the lowlands, and they have thrived here in this warm water ever since. It carries an electric battery in the back of its head, and a big one can give a shock that will stun a strong man. Wait a moment," he went on, "and I 'll show you every electric eel within a radius of fifty yards."

As he spoke, the professor fumbled in his knapsack and pulled out a cylinder two feet long, wrapped in waxed paper, with a curious little clockwork attachment at one end.

"I brought along two or three sticks of dynamite, equipped with detonators," explained the professor. "They are really small

"THE GREAT REPTILE SHOT DOWN TOWARD THE SWIMMING BOY"

depth-bombs. I thought," he went on, "that if the mud was too deep at the bottom of the lake, a stick or so of dynamite exploded there might stir things up. I 'll set this one to go off half-way down, and the shock will stun every living thing in the water for a couple of hundred feet around."

Winding and setting the automatic mechanism so as to explode the bomb at a depth of ten feet, the scientist carefully threw it into the water some distance from the raft. Two seconds later, there was a dull, heavy *plop*, and the water heaved and shouldered itself up in a great wave which nearly swamped the raft. As it went down, scores of fish of different kinds floated, stunned, on the surface, among them a dozen great green-gold electric eels. As they floated by, Hen slashed each one in two with his machete.

As he finished the last one, Will began to strip off his clothes.

"I can dive twenty feet," he said, "and I am going to have the next chance at the Inca Emerald."

"No," objected Professor Ditson, "let Hen try it. He 's a great swimmer."

Jud also protested weakly that he wanted to go down again; but Will cut short all further argument by diving deep into the center of the still heaving circle of widening ripples in front of the raft. Even as he did so, Hen, who had stood up to take his place, gave a cry of warning; but it was too late to reach the boy's ears, already deep under the water. Just beyond the circle of the ripples drifted what seemed to be the end of a floating snag; yet the quick eyes of the negro had caught the glint of a pair of green, catlike eyes showing below the tip of a pointed snout, which looked like a bit of driftwood.

"It 's a big 'gator," he murmured to Professor Ditson, who stood beside him.

The latter took one look at the great pointed head and olive-colored body, now showing plainly in the water.

"It 's worse than that," he whispered, as if afraid to attract the great saurian's attention; "it 's an American crocodile. The explosion and the sight of the dead fish have brought it over from the farther shore."

Without paying any attention to the raft or the men, the great crocodile suddenly sank through the water, so close to them that they could see its triangular head, with the great tooth showing on each side of its closed lower jaw, one of the features that distinguish the crocodile from an alligator. Even as they watched, wavering up through the smoky water came the white figure of the boy from the depths below, swimming strongly toward the surface, his right hand clasped tightly around some large object. As they glimpsed the ascending body, a gasp of horror went up from the little group on the raft. Before their very eyes, with a scythe-like flirt of its long, flattened tail, the great reptile shot its fifteen-foot body down toward the swimming boy.

Not until fairly overshadowed by the rushing bulk of the crocodile did Will realize his danger. Then he tried frantically to swerve out of the line of the rush of this terrible guardian of the treasure-horde. It was too late. Even as he swung away, the cruel jaws of the great saurian opened with a flash of curved keen teeth and closed with a death-grip on the boy's bare thigh.

With a shout and a splash, the black form of the giant negro shot down into the water. Hen had learned to love the happy-hearted, unselfish boy, and, desperate at the sight of his danger, he swam to his rescue. No man, nor any ten men, can pull apart the closed jaws of a man-eating crocodile. The plated mail in which he is armored from head to tail can not be pierced by a knife-thrust and will even turn aside a bullet from any except the highest-powered rifles. Yet all the crocodilians—alligators, crocodiles, gavials, or caymans, have one vulnerable spot, and Hen, who had hunted alligators in Florida bayous knew what that was.

Swimming as the onlookers had never seen man swim before, the great negro shot toward the crocodile, which was hampered by the struggling boy, locked his strong legs around the reptile's scaly body and sank both of his powerful thumbs deep into the sockets of the crocodile's eyes. The great saurian writhed horribly as he felt the rending pain. Inexorably the thumbs of his assailant gouged out the soft tissues of the eye-sockets, until the crocodile reluctantly loosed his grip and sought refuge from the unbearable pain by a rush into the deeps beyond the raft. As the great jaws opened, Hen unwound his legs from the armored body, and, catching Will in his mighty arms, shot up to the surface with him.

In another moment the boy, gashed and torn, but conscious, was stretched on the raft beside Jud, while Joe and the professor bound up the gashes in his thigh, which, although bleeding profusely, were not deep enough to be dangerous. As the last knot of the hasty bandages was tied, Will smiled weakly and opened his right hand. There, in the outstretched palm, gleamed and coruscated the green glory of a great oval emerald fully as large as a man's clenched fist, cut and polished by some skilful lapidary perhaps a thousand years ago. Lost for centuries, the gem that had been worshiped by a whole nation had once again come to the earth from which it had disappeared.

THREE weeks later, Professor Amandus Ditson lay sleeping in a luxurious bedroom on the ground floor of the rambling house of an old Spanish friend whom he was visiting in the beautiful, historic, blood-stained city of Lima. In other rooms of the same house slept Will and Jud and Joe. Two days later the steamer would sail which was to take them back to the North. Pinto was already on

his way to his wife and children at Para, and Hen was visiting friends in the city and intended to join the party on the steamer.

The silence of the night was broken abruptly by a grating, creaking noise, and into the room of the sleeping scientist, through the veranda window, stepped a great masked figure. As the electric lights were switched on, Professor Ditson awoke to find himself looking into the barrel of a revolver.

"Give me the treasure from Eldorado," croaked a voice from behind the mask, "if you want to keep on livin'."

The scientist stared steadily at the speaker for a moment before he spoke.

"If you will take off your mask, Dawson," he said finally, "I am sure you will find it more comfortable. I was positive," he went on, as the other obeyed and showed the scarred face of the outlaw, "that I made a mistake in sparing your life."

"I 'll spare yours, too," retorted Dawson, "unless you make me do otherwise. I 'm goin' to take the treasure an' light out. It would be safer for me to shoot you, but I won't unless I have to—just to show you how grateful I am."

"I appreciate your consideration," returned the scientist, quietly; "but you 're too late. The treasure is not here."

"I know better," growled Dawson. "I 've had you shadowed ever since you got here. It 's locked in that leather bag, which never leaves your sight day or night, an' I 'm goin' to take it right now."

Suiting his action to his words, and still keeping his revolver leveled at the professor, the outlaw pulled toward him a big cowskin bag, which, as he said truly, the scientist had kept with him night and day ever since he purchased it the morning of his arrival.

"Dawson," returned Professor Ditson, earnestly. "I give you my word as a gentleman that the treasure is now in the safe on the steamer which leaves the day after to-morrow, and I hold the receipt of the steamship company for it. Don't open that bag. There is nothing in it for you but—death."

"I 'll see about that," muttered Scar Dawson. "Don't move," he warned, as the scientist started up from his bed. "I 'll shoot if you make me."

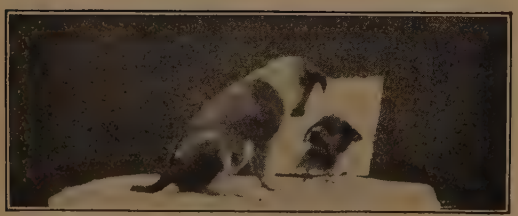
Even as he spoke, he drew a knife from his belt, slit the side of the bag and started to thrust in his hand.

As he did so he gave a yell of terror, for out from the opening suddenly appeared, wavering and hissing horribly, the ghastly head of the great bushmaster which the scientist had carried and cared for all the way from the Amazon basin. In another second, half its great length reared threateningly before the terrified outlaw. With another yell, Dawson threw himself backward. There was a crash of broken glass, and by the time Will and Jud and Joe and their host, aroused by the noise, had reached the room, they found only Professor Ditson, coolly tying up the damaged bag, into which, by some means known only to himself, he had persuaded the bushmaster to return.

TO-DAY, in the world-famous gem collection of Big Jim Donegan, in the place of honor, gleams and glows the Emerald of the Incas.

THE END

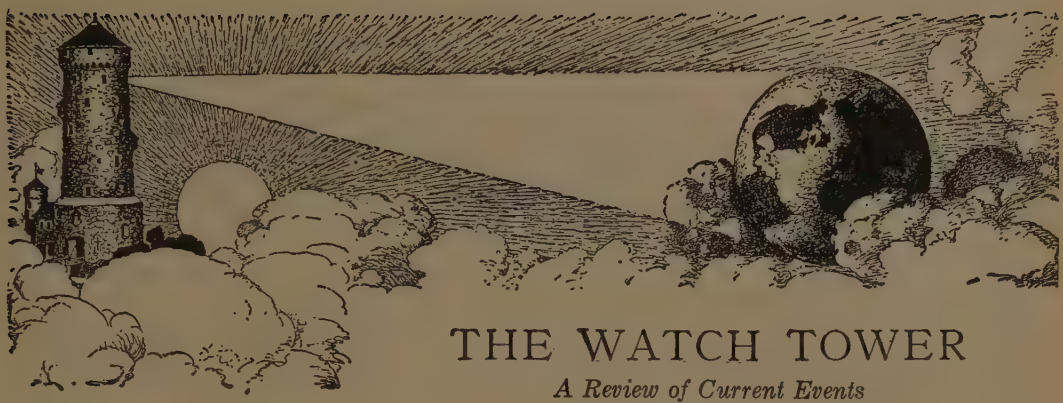
PUZZLED!



I PEEPED into a shining thing
To see what I could see,
And there, right close beside me, sat
A puppy just like me!

He stared at me; I stared at him;
We sat still as could be;
But when I cocked my ear at him,
He cocked his ear at me!
I touched his nose and it was cold,—
All puppies' are, I 've found,—
And when I barked at him, he barked,
But never made a sound!
Although I tried a dozen ways,
I could no closer get;
Where he came from, and where he went
I have n't found out yet!

Daisy M. Moore.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

THE SEASON OF GOOD WILL

MANKIND has always believed in the existence of good powers and evil influences. The savage sees a good spirit in the sunshine, a bad one in the darkness of night or storm. Every religion has its god and its evil spirit; sometimes, a number of each.

The Christian world celebrates the birth of Christ as a special season of good will. This month, Christmas will be observed in all parts of the world. The festivities of the day are appropriate, and assuredly ST. NICHOLAS would be the very last to cast over them any shadow of heavy solemnity!

But there is a most serious meaning back of the joyous observance of the day with feasting and gifts, and its joys will not be lessened, but enlarged, by the thought given to that meaning.

And so we wish you, one and all, a Christmas with some flavor of thoughtfulness along with the utmost of merriness; a Christmas that will contribute toward the sum total of peace on earth and good will among men.

Such a contribution is part of the power of the spirit of good in the world.

"THE LADY FROM GEORGIA"

A WOMAN in the Senate! Not actually serving in the Senate, but properly appointed by the governor of her State, and drawing a senator's salary. Yes—Mrs. W. H. Felton, of Georgia, appointed by Governor Hardwick to fill the unexpired term of Senator Tom Watson.

Mrs. Felton was born in Georgia in 1835. She is a Daughter of the American Revolution and a member of the Colonial Dames of America. She is an ardent suffragist and prohibitionist. She owns three cotton plantations, and runs them herself. It is said that she calls herself "an unreconstructed rebel."

Mrs. Felton's appointment was very pleasing to the suffragists, even though it did not bring with it actual service in the Senate, as there was to be no sitting of the Senate before the fall election, in which the people of Georgia would make their own choice of a successor to Senator Watson.

There were some mischievous persons who declared that Governor Hardwick, himself a candidate for the office, made the appointment in order to win the women's vote. But the women had their triumph, for one of them has actually had her name entered on the membership roll of the upper house of the national legislature.

And the toughest old foe of woman suffrage must admit that the country 's safe, even yet!

IS THERE HOPE FOR THE TURKS?

IN spite of all the horrors of Smyrna, we ought not to think that every Turk is a murderer and an inhuman monster. Please don't think that THE WATCH TOWER has "gone over to the Turks," or that we have been less shocked than others by the long record of massacre and brutality! But we do believe that the only hope for peace between the Turks and the European peoples lies in getting at the truth and attaining a better understanding on each side of what the other side thinks and wants.

The outstanding fact in the events of the last few months in the Near East is that the Turkish Nationalist Government is quite a different affair from the old Turkish Govern-

ment, the Sublime Porte. Kemal Pasha has not threatened a "holy war," Islam against Christianity. He has made his claims and threats, his promises and acts, political, not religious. It has not been the Crescent and the Cross, but the dollar and the piaster; that is to say, the Angora Government has dealt with the nations of Europe much as they deal with one another, arguing about territory, rights, and powers.

Underwood & Underwood

MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA

In the Near East you see Greece longing for the revival of its ancient eastern empire, and the Turks resisting pressure into smaller space than they formerly controlled. You see France and England striving for commercial advantage. You see Russia retaining her ancient interest in southern outlets for her trade; Bulgaria jealous of Greek influence in Thrace; the Balkan countries fearful of becoming surrounded by powers that would confine their activities and threaten their trade and prosperity. On all sides, ambition and greed.

Away back in the time of Charlemagne the Turks signed the capitulations with France which gave its citizens, when traveling with their emperor's authorization, freedom from Turkish control. Capitulations are like treaties whereby a government gives other governments jurisdiction over their own subjects in its lands. Extraterritoriality is the big name for it. It constitutes a confession of weakness on the part of the power that grants it.

It is a recognized fact that as a state becomes more civilized, it chafes under the restrictions imposed by the granting of capitulations in its early days of weakness. Thus it was both interesting and important when Kemal's representative at the conference with the Allies declared that the Angora Government would "demand" the abolition of the capitulations.

We do not for one moment think that this request should be granted. We think that the only proper course in dealing with Turkey is a firm one, with the Allies making no more concessions than are necessary to prevent a war, and not sacrificing any fair European claim in order to obtain peace.

But we do give much value to the indications that the Angora Government is anxious to gain recognition as a modern civilized power. We think the desire for abolition of the capitulations might be used as a persuader: let the Turks understand that they must earn it; and let them know that when they have proved themselves worthy of such confidence, it will be granted.

If at last, in the person of Kemal Pasha, there has arisen among the Turks a man of power who is willing to lead his people toward modern civilization, let him be encouraged! It sounds like a dream, for the Turks have written their history in blood, and their view of life is utterly different from ours. But it may actually be that at last the time has come when wise statesmanship can provide a new channel for Turkish ambition to flow in, and when Europe—itself not guiltless!—can help make the Sick Man of Europe well.

THE CHINESE-JAPANESE-GERMAN TRIANGLE

August 15, 1914, Japan delivered to Germany an ultimatum in which it demanded that the leased Shantung territory of which Kiao-chau is the center be turned over at once to Japan, "with a view to the eventual restoration of the same to China." Germany did not reply, and Japan declared war

Brown Brothers

KIAO-CHAU BAY, DURING THE ATTACK BY THE JAPANESE IN 1914

on her and at once blockaded the port. Kiao-chau surrendered November 6, 1914.

China, having leased the territory to Germany, took the position after its capture by Japan that it was illegal for Japan to hold it. It was also offended by the action of the Japanese Government in taking control of the whole Shantung peninsula.

In 1915, the Japanese Government promised the Chinese Government that "When, after the termination of the present war, the leased territory of Kiao-chau Bay is completely left to the free disposal of Japan, the Japanese Government will restore the said leased territory to China" under certain conditions. China thought that these conditions were skilfully worded to enable Japan to take the place formerly held by Germany without appearing to have used force to get what she wanted.

At the peace conference after the war, China demanded that Shantung be restored to her by direct act of Germany, and not by Japan. Japan resented China's act in bringing the matter up in the conference. President Wilson favored the Chinese contention; but when Japan threatened to withdraw, and England and France took sides with her, so that it looked as though the whole conference might be wrecked on that one point, the President yielded, and Germany was permitted to turn over to Japan all the rights and privileges she had acquired by lease from China.

In the autumn of this year the newspapers printed a dispatch from Tsing-tau, Shantung, declaring that the Japanese Government had decided to turn the territory over to China on December 2. "The Chinese flag," the message said, "will be hoisted over Kiao-chau for the first time since Germany acquired the territory in 1898."

"About this time," therefore, as the old almanacs used to say, "look for" the good news that the Japanese and German corners have been completely knocked off the triangle in the Shantung peninsula.

WESTWARD-HO IN 1840 AND IN 1922

"UNCLE JOE" Cannon, who was elected to Congress in 1873 and has been a member of the House of Representatives almost continuously ever since, was four years old when, in 1840, he moved with his parents from North Carolina, where he was born, to Illinois. That trip was made in a prairie-schooner. It is interesting to compare the journey of 1840 with the one the veteran congressman made last autumn over the same route, by automobile.

As he got into the car, ready to start, Uncle Joe remarked, "I like the bumps, for they remind me of life." That 's the sort of

philosophy for which Americans have always been famous. One wonders if we are quite as hearty and genuine about it as our grandparents and great-grandparents were.

Also, as we compare America of 1840 with America of 1922, we may wonder if any nation has ever passed through quite so much history in the course of a single lifetime as this nation has in Uncle Joe's eighty-seven years.

Keystone View Co.

THE "COAL PROBLEM" IN SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA, WHERE DIGGING COAL HAS UNDERMINED SOME OF THE STREETS

STUDYING THE COAL PROBLEM

In October, President Harding appointed the Fact-Finding Coal Commission authorized by act of Congress to investigate conditions in the industry and make recommendations to Congress for legislation intended to prevent the development of further labor troubles in the coal-fields.

The seven members of the commission are: John Hays Hammond, mining engineer; Ex-Vice President Thomas R. Marshall; Judge Alschuler, of Chicago, who acted as arbitrator between the packers and their employees; Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta "Constitution"; George Otis Smith, Director of the United States Geological Survey, a national authority on the subject of coal; Dr. Edward T. Devine, of New York, an authority on social and economic matters, and Charles P. Neill, of Illinois, formerly commissioner of labor, who has rendered distinguished service in gaining peaceful settlement of labor disputes. An excellent selection.

The commission will study conditions of work and pay in the anthracite and bituminous mines, and will suggest to Congress laws that will lead to reorganization of the industry with a view to preventing strikes that block transportation and business. It will consider the possibility of government ownership of the mines. For our part, we earnestly hope it will be possible to solve the problem without that!

SHOW YOUR FINGER-PRINTS, PLEASE!

Would you not be surprised if The Watch Tower were to present a plea for universal finger-printing? We might make a pretty good argument in favor of it, pointing out how useful it would be to the banks, for instance, when anxious to identify a person presenting a check to be cashed. We might explain that it would prevent fraud at the polls; if the election authorities had a finger-

print of John Smith, they could be sure that it was John Smith who voted, and not Jones or Robinson pretending to be Smith.

You would tell us that we had more imagination than good sense. You would ask us what the bank in Portland, Maine, would do when the chap who wanted the check cashed came from Portland, Oregon. You would remind us that there are 110,000,000 people in this country, and ask how so many finger-prints were to be taken—and at whose expense—and how they would be made available for use wherever they were wanted.

But exactly this suggestion has been made by the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York! The chamber adopted a resolution pledging it to "endorse and assist, so far as may be practical, any movement of Federal or other public authorities having for its object the promotion of a plan for general registration and finger-printing of all citizens and aliens."

Finger-printing is of much help to the police, and banks might be able to employ it to advantage, on a small scale. There is some prejudice against it, but, as an infallible means of identification, it is difficult to see how any intelligent and honest person could object to it except as an inconvenience.

Just the same, we feel toward the commerce chamber's suggestion exactly as we believe our readers would have felt if we had made the proposition originally ourselves.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THE statistics department reports that in 1921–22, the surface street-cars, elevated trains, and subways in New York City had 2,590,313,728 passengers. This is equal to 448 rides for each one of the 5,780,670 inhabitants of the city. In the previous year, the per capita number of rides was 427; and the year before that it was 421. Leg-power is not as important as it used to be.

NATURALLY, we turn our long-range TELESCOPE toward Ireland; but if we were looking for trouble, we should be disappointed. The stormy waves of civil war are not tossing as high and furiously as they were a while ago. The day is yet far off when every Irishman will be satisfied with the Free State Government, but the new nation—for such Ireland actually is—appears to be moving quite smoothly on the way of self-development. It appears to be entering upon such a period of peace and prosperity as the rest of the world has long wished for it.

NOW, turning the spy-glass at Italy, we take pleasure in observing the failure of the socialists to stick together in a way that would continue their power to divide the government. The long conflict between the Fascisti, or Nationalists, and the various groups united under the socialist banner was an expensive beginning of reconstruction. The socialists could not even agree which part of them really represented the proletariat, and the split wrecked their hopes of power. Italy is not yet ready to take soviet Russia as a model. But the Fascisti must prove worthy of power if Italy is to prosper.

IN the second week of October, 1921, there were in New York City seventy deaths by accident. In the same week this year, there were only twenty-two. That week of 1922 was Safety Week. Just how much of the gain was due to pleas for carefulness can not be known; but certainly the record does seem to show that street fatalities can be reduced in number by means of organized effort.

GOOD citizenship is not a deep mystery. It is made up of little things. For instance: Uncle Sam takes care of our mail, and it is a tremendous contract—millions of letters, millions of packages (probably it would be correct to say "billions" of them) every year. And do you know that about 90,000 letters are dropped every year into the boxes unaddressed? Bad addressing, failure to give return address, and poor wrapping of packages for the parcel post cause much extra work, as well as loss and inconvenience. If each sender were careful to avoid these errors, we should all fare better; the postal service would be still more efficient, and less expensive. Good citizenship—don't you see?

AWAY back in 1903, Theodore Roosevelt urged that the giant-redwood trees of California be saved. Since then, by cutting some of these beautiful trees, lumbermen have shown that business has no use for sentiment. The redwoods grow in a strip only about twenty miles wide, and extending about 450 miles, from Monterey County almost to the Oregon line. Part of this territory has been protected by being set aside as a park, and Californians are trying to raise funds to extend the protected area. The movement is of national interest.

RALEIGH'S UNIQUE DISCOVERY

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

It is more than three hundred years ago, that Sir Walter Raleigh, dauntless sailor, gallant soldier, and brilliant courtier, whose life history adds a pathetic touch of charm to the annals of England, sailed away to South America in the hope of discovering gold.

He did not find the traditional magnificent cities, temples ornamented with golden images, and palaces filled with dazzling treasures of which he dreamed; and upon his return to England, jealous enemies went so far as to say that he had never reached South America. These reproaches and falsehoods led the daring seaman to write "The Discoverie of Guiana"; wherein he gives the first account of what he called "Pitch Lake."

This lake, or great asphalt deposit, is found on the island of Trinidad, which lies off the north coast of South America. It has an area of about one hundred miles and is almost one hundred and fifty feet deep in the center, becoming shallower toward the edges, where it merges into the grassy vegetation of the country.

The mass is softest in the center and hardens gradually toward the shore. Even in the center it is clotted and tough enough to bear the weight of men who break out large chunks with picks, and sufficiently firm in places to support a team of horses. The excavations soon become filled by the plastic material flowing in from below and hardening. Scattered over the lake are little islands on which grow small trees and shrubbery. These island masses shift around from place to place with the movement of the asphalt.

In its purest form, this material is black or blackish brown in color, and frequently brittle at an ordinary temperature. Because of its adhesiveness, durability, and waterproof qualities, it renders yeoman service to mankind. It is invaluable in the construction of "damp courses" and as a water-excluding coating for concrete floors. It is largely employed in the manufacture of roofing felt, while from the purest form is made an excellent quality of black varnish.

But the paving industry claims the lion's share of this product. Its trail is found in all the improved roads which sinuously stretch themselves throughout this broad land. How seldom, when rolling over the public highways in our automobiles, do we think of the many uses found for this dark, pitchy substance. How almost like a human touch with its power to soothe is that expansive, resilent quality which breaks the shocks of vehicles and makes it grateful to the horse's hoofs.

Not only does it run the gamut of what we call the useful arts, but this same product that is poured in its crude state from the great vats to construct the highway, in a refined quality is used as a pigment by the artist when he paints his masterpiece.

As to its origin, no generally accepted conclusion has been reached. Petroleum is conceded to be the mother of this indispensable material. It is probable that the black liquid ooze is forced up from below by the presence of oil and gas underneath. This causes it to flow through a fissure, or fault, and to spread over a large area at the surface, where it hardens on exposure to the elements.

It is found in widely divergent parts of the globe. Venezuela claims to have a lake not so deep, but ten times the area of the one in Trinidad. The asphalt of Cuba is a well-known article of commerce. Small deposits called "tar springs" are found in some of our southern and western States. At the bottom of the Dead Sea, there are said to be large veins of asphalt. Masses of it become detached by earthquake shocks or shifting of the sea bed and float to the surface, where they are gathered by the natives.

It is believed that the Egyptians preserved the bodies of their dead rulers by wrapping them in cloth and then coating the fabric with liquid or melted asphalt. Some contend that it was used before the Deluge; that the pitch with which Noah treated the ark "within and without" was

asphalt. It is a plausible belief that the "slime pits" referred to in the Bible were similar to the asphalt springs or small lakes found in Mesopotamia; that the basket of bulrushes in which Moses was placed, daubed "with slime and with pitch," was made waterproof by asphalt.

Paris laid its first asphalt roadway in 1850. Ten years later it was used for paving in London and in the United States—no new idea, however, for excavations show that the Babylonians, more than two thousand years before, made roads and streets by laying blocks of stone in asphalt.

THE ASPHALT LAKE OF TRINIDAD, TAKEN FROM A POINT NEAR THE EDGE

If Sir Walter Raleigh, as he lay in those last years unjustly imprisoned in the bleak, cheerless Tower, could have looked forward with prophetic vision to the present century, he would have seen the practical fulfilment of many romantic dreams. The bold navigator would have seen that out of the dark, creepy lake has sprung a colossal industry, an industry that, in its manifold forms, employs every type of workman—the brawny laborer, the skilled chemist, the inspired artist. If from the lonely Tower he could have looked out upon the miles and miles of padded highways, more than enough to encircle the globe which he was so valorously exploring, he would have realized that the answer to his quest lay before him, symbolized in the black lake of Trinidad. Verily, the New World had treasure other than gold, and he had found it.

JANE BURTNETT.

ONE MORE NATIONAL PARK

BY an Act of Congress passed in July of this year, a unique tract of country in the far southwestern corner of our country has been set aside and becomes the latest addition to the splendid list of places dedicated to the pleasure and benefit of the people. When it is said that the new park is situated on the desert, it may safely be guessed that it is not merely another piece of beautiful mountain or forest land, but that there is something out of the ordinary about it. And, in fact, the Palm Cañon National Park does offer something entirely distinctive, something that even the experienced sightseer will view with a thrill of surprise, and that will give a jog to the notions of most Americans as to the geography of their native land.

The new park lies in Riverside County, southern California, a little more than one hundred miles east and somewhat south of Los Angeles, and in the northwesterly part of the Colorado Desert. It consists of 1600 acres, the most notable point of the area being a long ravine, known as Palm Cañon, which partly forms the dividing line between two fine mountains, San Jacinto and Santa Rosa. Adjacent to Palm Cañon are two other cañons, named Murray and Andreas, and these three spots make the special attraction of the park. Geologically they are typical desert cañons, ragged gorges slashed in the bare brown flanks of the mountains, their walls piled up—or hurled up, as one instinctively thinks—in huge

cubes and slabs of volcanic-looking rock. Their peculiar charm, however, is botanical, and consists in the presence of groves of the stately fan-palm, *Washingtonia filifera*. Many of the palms are sixty or seventy feet high, and the slender, smooth, round boles, some vertical, some leaning, some shooting up in a rocketlike curve, each topped with a burst of brilliant green, fanlike leaves, have a

A GLIMPSE INTO PALM CAÑON

strangely beautiful effect, especially in that wild and barren setting. After crossing miles of sandy, sun-blasted desert, with its scanty vegetation of cactus and gray, brittle shrubs, it seems impossibly startling and unreal suddenly to find one's self beside a tropical-seeming, palm-fringed stream where quail and doves are calling and orioles have swung their nests above each glassy pool. It is as if by a sort of "Open Sesame" you had unlocked the door of a magic green gallery in the heart of the mountain.

I have seen it stated in one or two magazine articles describing Palm Cañon that the Washington palms are found wild nowhere but there and in the closely adjoining cañons. As a matter of fact, I have enjoyed their shade and gracefulness in many a desert camp far from this particular locality. They are found as far north as the southern edge of the Mojave Desert, and are scattered in large or small colonies down to and beyond the Mexican border. The largest group is in Thousand Palm Cañon, the name of which does not exaggerate the number growing there. But in Palm Cañon they extend for miles and must amount to hundreds in number, of noble, full-grown specimens, and it is there that they have their most striking environment.

It is none too soon that steps have been taken to preserve these remarkable features of our national heritage, for with the coming of the automobile camper by scores, soon to be by hundreds, the danger of fire has lately become serious. It would be sad indeed if these delightful, Arabia-like scenes, on which until twenty years or so ago hardly a human eye had rested but that of the wandering desert Indian, were to be wiped out of existence through the match of a careless camper or the flashlights of some motion-picture outfit exploiting Nature for profit.

J. Smeaton Chase.

THE OLDEST OF LIVING THINGS

Since the far-off ages when, as we are told, Europe had a tropical climate, with immense palm-trees and ferns and other growths which need great heat, countless kinds of animals have lived and disappeared. Yet there is one species now existing which is a link between those ages and the present time. It is the oldest kind of living thing—the tuatera of New Zealand, half like a crocodile and half like a turtle, the only surviving member of a family of lizardlike creatures which existed hundreds of thousands of years ago.

Unluckily, it is itself in danger of being exterminated by the wild pigs, cats, dogs, stoats, and weasels which settlers have brought into New Zealand, where they were unknown before the white man came. Fortunately, it finds a degree of safety on the many small islands along the coast, and the Government of New Zealand has passed laws against killing this harmless and most interesting beast.

This strange animal is very friendly, and

prefers for its home the places where the sea-birds gather, the tuatera and these birds often living together in one burrow. When hatched out of the egg, the creature is about four inches long, and grows till it is almost thirty inches in length. The eggs, like those of the turtle, are always laid on the same day of the month, year after year, usually in a burrow about twelve inches deep, where they are covered with sand or earth by the parent tuatera and left to be hatched out by the heat of the sun. This takes from ten to twelve months.

The tuatera keeps to the same burrow year after year, and very seldom travels far from it in the quest of its food—spiders and other insects. When the rainy season, or winter, approaches, it goes into the burrow, and sleeps till it is over. Then it comes out and lies without movement, basking in the sun, looking like an animal of stone. Usually it is brown in color until it slips out of its skin, like the crawfish; then its new coat has green and bright brown spots.

Though the tuatera seems to move very slowly and with difficulty, it is exceedingly nimble when catching its food, and is not at all afraid of mankind, whom it surveys with a pair of calm and meditative eyes. It has the distinction of having a third, though a blind, eye on the top of its head.

New Zealand has many singular and remarkable features in her wild life, but nothing stranger than this animal, which existed in the early, almost unknown, stages of creation. She has the unique flightless parrot, and the bloodthirsty kea, that bird which slays the sheep and lambs, also the silver-throated tui, sweetest of her singers, and many others. Till a generation ago she also had the giant moa, that descendant of the huge birds of the primeval ages. The tuatera now becomes the link between those remote times and ours, and the small islands of New Zealand have become the sanctuaries of the oldest of living things.

A. TEGNIER.

Brown Bros.

A GREAT NEW YORK SKY-SCRAPER SOON AFTER SUNRISE

SUNLIGHT IN A SKY-SCRAPER

IT is strange to think that some people really have a longer day than others dwelling in the same city. If you lived at the top of the highest sky-scraper in New York, you would have a good hour more of sunlight than your neighbors on the ground floor. Some interesting experiments have been made which show that, as the sun sets, the shadow of the earth climbs up the great building at the rate of a foot in two seconds and a half. Thus, if you saw the sun set from the first-floor window, and then took the elevator to the top of the building, you would see the sun still some distance above the horizon. Actually, at the top of a building nine hundred feet high the sunset would be thirty-seven minutes later than at the foot. Since the sun in the morning takes a corresponding time to climb down the building, the top rooms would get an hour and a quarter more sunlight than those on the ground level.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

The Night before Christmas

by Alice Byrne Pape

THE night before Christmas was frosty and still;
A blanket of snow lay on Hollyhock Hill;
And Rosemary Smithkins and Moppet and Ted
Had hung up their stockings and long been abed.

Their mother alone in the living-room sat—
That is, all alone but for Peter, the cat,
Who crouched on the hearth-rug, a spot he preferred,
With paws folded in as he toasted and purred.

The grandfather's clock on the stairs chanted ten,
Resuming its solemn tick-tocking, and then
A jingle of bells on the road far away,
Foretold the approach of a swift-moving sleigh.

The mother of Rosemary, Moppet, and Ted
Looked gravely at Peter. "There 's Santa," she said.
"I think we 'd both better retire for the night."
She picked up the pussy and put out the light.

Now every one else in the house was a-sleeping
When little fur Peter came downstairs a-creeping.
His paddy-paws made not a sound on the floor
As he cautiously stole toward the living-room door.

He peered round the edge, and a sight met his eyes
That caused him to hump up his back with surprise—
An evergreen tree decked in festive array
With garlands of tinsel and ornaments gay,

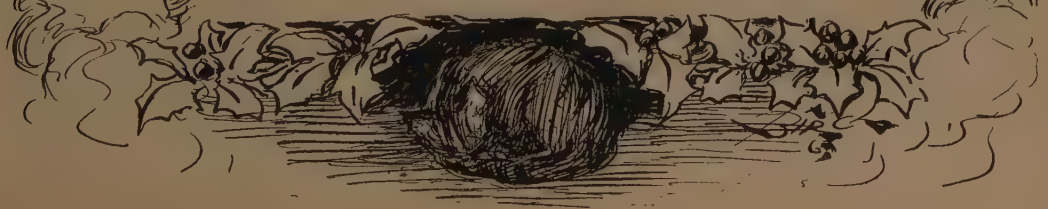
And, moving about with much haste, minus noise,
In the midst of a great helter-skelter of toys,
A fat little man in a jacket and hood
Was working away just as fast as he could.

Said the fat little man: "Here are snow-shoes for Ted;
For Moppet, this dolly asleep in a bed;
A desk set for Rosemary; gloves lined with fleece,
Three warm knitted mufflers, a sweater apiece;

"Some pictures to hang on the nursery wall·
A brand-new toboggan, a bat and a ball,
And handkerchiefs bordered in every hue,
And striped Christmas candies, and oranges, too."

When all of these things were arranged near the tree,
The spectacle truly was gorgeous to see.
Then up through the chimney, without more delay,
The fat little gentleman hastened away.

Fur Peter returned to the hearth-rug to keep
A vigil for mice; but he soon fell asleep.
When midnight rang out through the slumbering house,
No creature was stirring—not—even—a—mouse!



ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

BY FLOYD FLINT, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)

ST. NICHOLAS—as becomes the namesake of the patron saint of Yule-tide—is always happiest at the Christmas season; and this month it has reached the crest of rejoicing, because it has enrolled under its banner during the past twelve-month a greater number of young folk than ever before in its long history of almost fifty years. The ardent letters of appreciation constantly received throughout the year encourage us to believe that never has the magazine been more joyously welcomed in American households than at the present time, and that seldom, if ever, has it brought to its readers a greater measure of the good things in literature and art that have long been associated with its name. And we are no less proud of the LEAGUE than of the other contents of the magazine—perhaps a trifle *more* proud of it, if the truth must be told, because the LEAGUE pages represent the girls' and boys' own contribution to this ascendancy and to the hundred and twelve pages so eagerly awaited month by month. These loyal young folk have given of their best, both in text and picture. Nor has their fine bestowal been limited to cheer and enlightenment merely. Often it has conveyed inspiration and touched the things of the spirit and the finer feelings of our nature. Several offerings of this sort are to be found in the verse for this December; and so, with earnest gratitude to each and all of our young contributors of 1922, and wishing them and every member of the LEAGUE a joyous Yule-tide and a glad New Year, we commend the following pages to all ST. NICHOLAS readers, and conclude, here, with this little Christmas hymn by one of our Honor Members:

THE WONDROUS STAR

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER (AGE 17)
(*Honor Member*)

WISE Men rode through the Eastern night,
Three great monarchs from lands afar;
They followed a path of silver light—
The light of a wondrous star;
Gleaming high in the purple sky,
The beautiful, Christmas star!

Monarch and shepherd, led by the light,
Coming from lands and hills afar,
Knelt to a greater King that night,
While angels sang, and a wondrous star
Stopped in the sky at a baby's cry—
The beautiful, Christmas star!

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 273

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

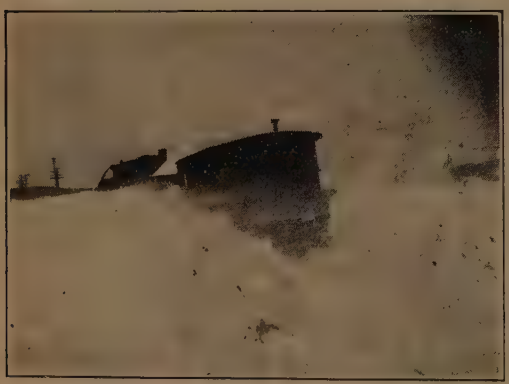
PROSE. Gold Badge, **Agnes Mongan** (age 17), Massachusetts. Silver Badges, **Elizabeth Miller** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Tom Smith** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Evelyn P. Waite** (age 14), Rhode Island; **Katherine E. Root** (age 13), Ohio; **Margaret Dawes** (age 12), Illinois.

VERSE. Gold Badge, **Elinor N. Cobb** (age 13), New York. Silver Badges, **Eleanor Louise Smith** (age 15), South Carolina; **Dorothy Curtis** (age 15), South Dakota.

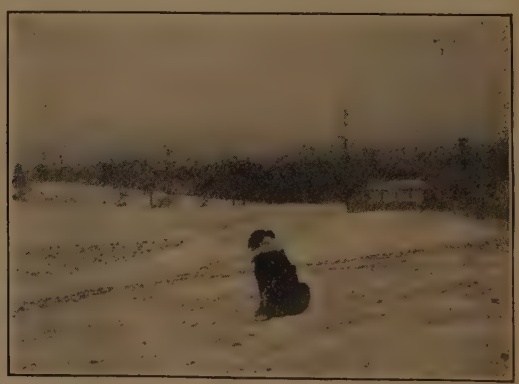
DRAWINGS. Gold Badges, **Eileen Blackburn** (age 15), New York; **Kathleen Murray** (age 13), Canada. Silver Badges, **Rosamond Lane** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Floyd Flint** (age 15), Washington; **Emelyn Wyse** (age 16), New Mexico.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badge, **Harriet Dow** (age 16), Maine. Silver Badges, **Dorothy Baker** (age 14), Mass.; **Frances Blackler Kennedy** (age 14), Mass.; **Peggy Doucette** (age 13), Oregon; **Frances Tuck** (age 15), Me.; **Coressa Eberhart** (age 16), Ga.; **Jean F. Paul** (age 11), N. H.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badges, **Clara Brogan** (age 15), N. Y.; **Helene Rosentreter** (age 17), N. J.



BY FRANCES TUCK, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)



BY FRANCES BLACKLER KENNEDY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

"IN WINTER-TIME"

THE WONDROUS STAR

BY ELEANOR LOUISE SMITH (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

'T WAS night, and in the fields near Bethlehem
Some shepherds o'er their flocks a vigil kept,
When lo! an angel of the Lord appeared,
And all the firmament o'erhead was swept
With dazzling light, and then the angel spake:
"Fear not, glad tidings unto you I bear.
Go forth unto the town of Bethlehem,
And you will find the infant Savior there."

Three wise men, versed in lore of star and sky,
Were watching in a foreign land afar,
When in the eastern heavens they descried
A scintillating glow—a wondrous star!
And so they left the land of their abode
And journeyed toward the setting sun for days,
Until at last they came to Bethlehem—
All guided thither by the star's bright rays.

Within a lowly stable, on the hay,
The wise men found the little Christ; and there,
They knelt and worshiped Him, and at His feet
Laid gifts of gold and myrrh and incense rare.
Rejoicing filled their hearts that they had come
To pay Him homage, from their home afar;
And gleaming softly, in the sky still hung
The wise men's guiding light—the wondrous star.

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

BY AGNES MONGAN (AGE 17)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July, 1922*)

ON a warm July day in 1921, the two-masted schooner *Bowdoin* slipped her moorings in East Boothbay, Maine, where she was made, and sailed down the Damariscotta River to the ocean. There she pointed her nose to the north, a pretty picture with her flying white sails and her shining white paint.

Thus it was that the intrepid arctic explorer Donald MacMillan and his picked crew left their native State for the North where they were to stay over a year exploring where no white man had been before them.

In Boston, several days before, the little ship had been loaded with supplies. Besides food and clothing for all on board, there were dolls for the Eskimos, books on navigation, guns, ammunition, and furs for the coldest weather. When all was ready, there was lowered into the boat a large wooden box. Many conjectures were made as to what the box contained, but all questions remained unanswered.

During the long voyage north, the box and its contents were probably forgotten by all except Mr. MacMillan.

The days went on and the work of the explorers continued, until, at the captain's orders, on the twenty-fifth of December, a large wooden box was brought forth from the captain's cabin and opened.

You can imagine the surprise of the men, who had been exploring Baffin Land, sailing uncharted waters, and shooting seals and northern fowl for fare, to find before them a regular Christmas dinner! For packed away in that box were innumerable good things, including tins of turkey, dried vegetables, plum-puddings, cake, nuts, and candy! For those men, so many hundreds of miles away from their homes and families, it must have been a most welcome Christmas surprise.

The *Bowdoin* is expected back here the twelfth of September, after 274 days in the frozen North, packed in by ice. She is now on her way from Battle Harbor, Labrador.

"GETTING READY." BY KATHLEEN MURRAY, AGE 13
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON SEPTEMBER, 1920)

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

BY ELIZABETH MILLER (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

"No, no, that won't do!" Margery Weatherby sighed, and threw the paper into the waste-basket. "Oh, dear! 'A Christmas Surprise.' I wish I could think of something to write about. It would n't be so bad if this was n't the last chance I 'll ever have of winning the gold badge. I almost wish I were going to be seventeen, instead of eighteen, to-morrow. But—" Margery thought a minute and then began to write. She filled one page and then another. "There!" she said finally, signing her name, "that 's the best I can do, though I know it won't win the gold badge. I 'll send it, anyway."

It was four months later. Christmas had come. Outside, the snow lay thick upon the ground, and the biting wind piled it in great drifts about the hedges and stone walls.

But inside was only warmth and cheer. The Weatherby family was celebrating the day. Margery had just been handed a present from the Christmas tree, and the family was watching while she untied its red ribbon.

"Oh," she cried suddenly, "it 's ST. NICHOLAS! Thanks so much, Aunt Esther! And here is the subscription for another whole year. Is n't that nice?" She ran through the pages. "Here 's THE LEAGUE. Let 's see who won the badges this month. Why—Mother, *I 've* won a gold badge for that story I wrote last August! I really have! That 's the best surprise I 've ever had, and it 's a Christmas surprise, too!"

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

(A True Story)

BY EVELYN P. WAITE (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

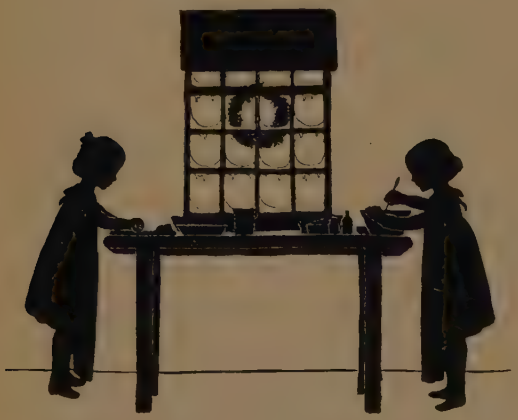
YES, it was quite a surprise to me when, on one Christmas morning, we were all gathered in the parlor.

This Christmas I had wanted a big doll, and so as to have some fun about it, I told them to tie it to a string winding through the house. The question was, how did I know I was going to get the doll? I told them I was quite sure of it.

Now listen hard, for this is the surprise I got.

It came time for me to find what was on the end of the string. Of course, I expected nothing except the doll. So I took the string and began to wind in and out of the rooms until it brought me to the stairs; and just as I got to the bottom, I heard a squeak, and thought it was the rocker my grandmother was sitting in; but, lo and behold! it was not. Can you guess? It was a canary. I was much more pleased than if it had been the doll. And the best part of it was I got the doll, too.

It happened that I had been teasing for a canary, and they had said, "No," because canaries were high priced at the time. So it was really a very good surprise for me. The name of the canary is Cheery, because he *is* so cheery!



"GETTING READY." BY ROSAMOND LANE, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE)

THE WONDROUS STAR

BY DOROTHY CURTIS (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

O WONDROUS star—a point of light
Against the deep blue-velvet night,
Pulsating with a changing fire,
Now shrinking low, now leaping higher,
Tinged blue, or gold, or red, or white—
Wondrous indeed in beauty's sight.

O wondrous star—a mighty thing,
Immense beyond imagining;
Distant—some score or hundred years
Pass ere its light to us appears;
A fiery globe poised in the sky—
Wondrous indeed in science' eye.

O wondrous star—herald of Him
Whose story time can never dim,
That long ago in Bethlehem
Led wise men far, and brought to them,
And to all men, release from sin—
Wondrous indeed the gift therein.

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

(A True Story)

BY TOM SMITH (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

YEARS ago when my father was small, the house where he lived was on the slope of a hill.

One cold, crisp Christmas eve, when the snow lay on the ground, my grandmother started out to attend services at a near-by church. She was in a hurry, so she did not stop to examine a dark object which she noticed in the road.

On her return, however, it was still there. Grandma bent over and saw to her great surprise that it was a large turkey. It was too heavy to carry, so Grandma dragged it home by its neck.

Grandma awoke Grandfather and showed him the turkey. Neither of them could think how a dead turkey should happen to be lying in the road.

Christmas morning, Grandfather called in a neighbor and showed him the turkey. The neighbor noticed that there was a bullet hole in the head. This led him to believe that it had been killed at a turkey-shoot,—a sport which was common at that time,—and had fallen out of somebody's sleigh coming up the hill. As there was no means of returning it to the owner, Grandmother decided to cook it for Christmas dinner.

It certainly was a fine turkey. Why, it was so big that Grandmother had to cut the legs off to get it into the oven! It surely was a Christmas surprise to Grandmother and Grandfather, picking up their holiday dinner in the road!

THE WONDROUS STAR

BY MARGARET HUMPHREY (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

OH, where is the Christmas spirit;
That spirit of long ago;
The love and the great rejoicing
For the Baby, born in the snow?
Has it fled away from the world of men,
This world, with its sin and woe?

Ah, this seems the truth as we look about:
"Give what you will get, no more."
"My, I 'll be glad when this rush is done!"
"Christmas is such a bore!"
"My good man, you 'll get no gift from me!
It 's your own fault if you 're poor."

But lift your eyes to the winter skies,
Ye people of earth, for lo!
There shineth the eastern guiding star,
As in Bethlehem, long ago!
That wondrous star with its gift of peace
And good will to all men below.

In its silvery shine is the spirit true
Of all the world's Christmas days;
And we feel that the world 's again in tune
As we look on its clear, sharp rays.
It is Christmas day! Let your voices lift
To the King, in heavenly praise!

BY ANNIE LEE PICKETT, AGE 13

BY GRACE L. GOULD, AGE 15

BY BETTIE CAMPBELL, AGE 12

BY CHARLOTTE LUZ, AGE 14

BY HARRIET DOW, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1917)

BY EDITH REEVES, AGE 14

BY PEGGY DOUCETTE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

BY DOROTHY BAKER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

"IN WINTER-TIME"

BY EILEEN BLACKBURN, AGE 15
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON AUGUST, 1922)

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

(A True Story)

BY KATHERINE E. ROOT (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

A FEW days before Christmas, several years ago, Father said he had one thousand and one presents for me. Of course, I was much surprised and interested and asked many questions; but he would say nothing more.

At last Christmas came. I found pinned to my stocking, which I had hung by the fireplace, a little note which said, "Look under the bath-room rug." I looked there and found another note, telling me to look on the fourth stair to the attic. There I found still another note, and it said, "Look in the front seat of the automobile."

By this time I was beginning to wonder if I were being fooled, but I ran out to the garage. I fell down on the slippery snow in front of the door, but jumped up and looked in the car. There on the front seat was—a little typewriter, that I had wanted very much.

I was greatly pleased, but I had to go back and get my other thousand presents. When I got to the fireplace I saw a long box. I opened it and found one thousand envelops with my name on the corner! Evidently, Father wanted me to be very literary and write lots of letters that year.

So I got one thousand and one presents from Father, and I surely was surprised.

THE WONDROUS STAR

BY MOLLY BEVAN (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

CENTURIES ago, in sacred Bethlehem city,
Cradled in a manger lay the new-born King,
While the simple shepherds, on the hillsides,
Marveled to hear the host of angels sing.

Centuries ago, in the hush of midnight,
Three Eastern Wise Men came riding from afar,
Laden with gold and myrrh and rarest incense,
Guided by a wondrous, shining star.

Centuries have passed since the gladsome tidings
Were borne by the angels to the Holy Land,
The years slip away unheeded in their passage,
Vanish—as a footprint fades in sand.

Centuries have passed since that ancient Yule-tide,
And once again the joyous festival draws nigh.
O'er the drifted snow the happy chimes come ringing,
And lo! to the eastward, one star lights the sky!

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

BY MARTHA LACY (AGE 12)

I HAD lost my LEAGUE pin last Christmas while playing in the parlor. Every day since, I had been hunting, hoping, and wishing for it.

Father had said last Christmas not to get myself another until after this Christmas; but to keep looking for it. I knew I would *much* prefer to have the one I had first received, if there was any possible chance of finding it. I was quite sure that if by Christmas eve I had not found it, that Santa would have one for me.

There had been a great deal of whispering among the family, which I was not let into, so I *knew* there was something up! As the doors were opened that Christmas morn, what did I see the first thing, but a LEAGUE pin, *the* LEAGUE pin, pinned on a piece of paper, at the top of the tree!

Mother had found it among the tree trimmings. This was not merely "*A* Christmas Surprise," but "*The* Christmas Surprise."

BY PERRY S. CLEMENT, AGE 16

BY JAMES C. PERKINS, JR., AGE 17
(HONOR MEMBER)

"IN WINTER-TIME"

"WINTER-TIME IN GREECE." BY GERALDINE DROPPERS, AGE 14

"IN WINTER-TIME." BY CORESSA EBERHART, AGE 16 (SILVER BADGE)

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

(A True Story)

BY MARGARET DAWES (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

It was two weeks before Christmas, during the great World War. Mothers and children at home in America were preparing for Christmas, and, although the absence of perhaps more than one of their dear ones hung heavily on their hearts, they attempted to make Christmas more beautiful than ever before, more serious, more spiritual.

While "over there" some of the boys were in muddy trenches, fighting amid sleet, snow, danger, and misery, others were more fortunate, and were allowed a few days leave for Christmas, in tiny, lonely, little French towns, thousands of miles from home.

My brother, who was among the fortunate ones, was passing a funny little shop when two French dolls in the window attracted his attention.

"I wonder if my sisters would like them?" he thought, and the next day two French dolls, safely packed, were put into a French post-office, "Somewhere in France."

That sad Christmas came and went, yet in our home no delighted heads were bent over packages from France.

Three years passed. So did a certain November that will never fade from the memories of our people. The Great War was over!

A happy Christmas was celebrated in the homes of the boys who came back, ours being one of the happiest.

A ring announced the postman's arrival, and there was a rush to the door.

What a Christmas surprise to my brother when we opened the boxes to discover two French dolls! What a happy one to my sister and me! for we delighted in the dolls. And what an interesting one for all, when he told us the story you have read. The queerest thing about it all was the arrival of the parcel on Christmas day!

Often in idle times, with the famous dolls before us, my sister and I used to relate the adventures they might have passed through.

THE WONDROUS STAR

BY ELINOR N. COBB (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1922)

When, in the ages long ago,
The Wise Men saw the heavenly star,
They came their loving faith to show,
With gifts from out the Orient far.

They knelt around the manger sweet,
In reverent joy their Lord to see,
And laid their offerings at the feet
Of Him who came to set us free.

That age is past and now we wait
To see the blesséd Christ's return;
And though the present hour seems late,
Still in our hearts His star shall burn.

So, as His day of birth returns,
Its wonder stirs the hearts of men;
And still the weary seeker learns
To see the Star's clear light again.

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

BY HELEN C. FURER (AGE 15)

It was a bleak, windy Christmas eve, and Lois Graham was curled up comfortably in the big Morris chair by the fire, reading. After a few minutes she threw down her book and sighed.

"Oh dear, if only Flash were here!" she murmured; "it takes part of the fun out of Christmas. Poor doggie! I wonder where you are to-night."

It was a month since Flash, the little spaniel and

most petted member of the household, had disappeared. Lois had asked and searched, but to no avail. Nobody in the neighborhood had seen for many a day the little brown dog with the long, silky ears. As Christmas had drawn near, everybody had forgotten him, except his little mistress, and she alone had entertained a faint hope that some day he would return.

And now the wind seemed to howl and moan around the house and verify what most people already thought—that Flash was lost forever.

"The wind almost sounds like Flash's whine," mused the girl; "how I wish it were!" And just from force of habit she went to the door. The wind and snow swirled into the room and with it—a small furry dog!

"Flash!" cried Lois, "you 've come back to me, and on Christmas eve. You are the best Christmas surprise of all!"

And hugging him close to her, she carried him over to the big chair by the fire.

"IN WINTER-TIME." BY JEAN F. PAUL, AGE 11 (SILVER BADGE)

THE WONDROUS STAR

BY PATSY KELLEY (AGE 16)

ONE night, three wise men scanned the sky
In endless quest of truth:
Now two were wise through years gone by,
And one was wise through youth.

The first two watched till earth grew cold,
Then slept upon the sand.
The third still watched when night was old,
And day was near at hand.
He watched the stars grow slowly dim;
He watched the east grow bright.
A cockcrow echoed faint to him,
And marked the end of night.

He sighed because the night was done;
But as he turned to rest,
A star more radiant than the sun,
Hung, shining, in the West.
It slowly northward took its way.
"Awake! my friends," he cried,
"Awake and rise before the day
And follow yonder guide!"

They rose and followed where it signed,
In endless quest of truth.
Three sages, two with years behind,
And one with eyes of youth.

BY EMELYN WYSE, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

BY ALBERT HODGES (AGE 13)

ONLY two weeks before Christmas! We must hurry. Mother had already procured the necessary supplies to stain Dad's tool-chest for Christmas. So we set to work immediately, we doing the actual work, while Mother supervised. It went fast, because there were three of us.

Finally, Christmas morning arrived. The night before, we had put the stained chest beside the tree. There was a seemingly unnecessary delay, while Mother and Dad made the final arrangement of our gifts.

When the sliding doors were opened, we had the surprise of our young lives, for there, beside the tree, stood the tool-chest, *not* empty, as we had left it, but full of *real* tools! In place of our sign "Dad," was a card which read as follows:

"The Boys *from* Dad."

Don't you think that was a *real* Christmas surprise? I do.

BY ROBERT RODGERS, AGE 14

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Guiliana Tabernacolo
Mary McKenna
Regina Wiley
Helen S. King
Elizabeth B. Clarke
Louise R. Piper
Samuel Cramer
Ellen Douglas Gordon
Doris Cox
Betty Macdonald
Margaret P. Coleman
Miriam Abelson
Josephine Miles
Martha McCowen
Mabel R. Williamson
Elizabeth B. Cattelle
Elizabeth Clo
Esther R. Girton
Florence E. Beaujean
Barbara Simison
Elizabeth Evans Hughes
Ruth Caldwell
Phoebe Randolph Harding
Maxine Wiley
Elizabeth L. Powell
Margaret Mann
Louise G. Isfort
Marianne Dean
Margaret Swift

VERSE

Margaret W. Hall
Elmira Horning
Lael Tucker
Elizabeth Brainerd
Mary Abby Hurd
Elizabeth S. Zaliskij
Caroline Harris
Beatrice Ward
Albertine Rice
Charlotte Mary Reynolds
Frances Burke Haley
Carolyn Moser
Kathrine Jerome
Eleanor Adler
Christina Threlfall
Johanna Hein
Mary Kate Anderson
Margaret Blake
Natalie Poor
Sarah King Huey
Margaret Thompson
Virginia Fowler

DRAWINGS

Ruth Asire
Lilla A. Roberts
Louise Abramson
Margaret K. Jervis
Helen Sewell Johnson
Marjorie Barter
Grace Herman
Sally Fulton Haley
Constance Virginia Carrier
Marjorie Miller
Virginia Crim

Cornelia H. Macintyre
Gertrude Turner
Susan U. Taylor
Margaret M. E. Sutherland
Shirley Strouse
Marjorie E. Root
Alexander McGavick
Nancy Parker
Beatrice R. Parvin
Edwin J. Smith, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHS

L. O. Field
Robert V. C. Whitehead, Jr.
Charlotte Millis
Alice Buckwalter

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Betty Fry
Mary Bryan
Hoyt Hilton
Shirley Armitage
Elspeth Blodgett
Hope Bishop
Maria Fletcher
Gertrude Hosford
Elizabeth Sussman
Bessie Terrell
Winifred Orr
Gloria F. Finch
Margaret V. Atkins
Mary P. Goodrich
Caroline G. Thompson
Anne Thacher
Magdalen Haskell
Helen Felton
Jay S. Willcox, Jr.
Eleanor Gilbert
Conchitina Belnato
Jane Heath
Marshall Murdoch
Roslyn C. Keller
Peggy Thomson
Jean Dewar
Malvena Fried
E. Jaquelin Smith
Martha Eberhardt
Helen Henley Symons
Catharine Beard
Ellen Stowers
Florence Johnson
Rose Ginsberg
Mary Perkins
Dorothy Bladin
Catharine MacDowell
Mary Relief Rumely
Caryl Duke
Ruth Walters
Margaret Liggett
Hutson Carny
Helen Malin
Hallie Orr
Elisabeth Gruener
Dorothy Horton
Katie Morgan
Catherine Codman
James H. McClurg
Grace Harper Glover
Katherine Andrews
Marjorie Bronner
Mary Louise Huffman
Jean Barber
Katharine Parr Johnson
Ellen Forsyth
Aline Frances Newman
Marjorie Peacock
Pauline Dudley
Barbara Jane Truman
Clara Bill
Winifred Martha Strayer
Muriel King
Virginia Frey
Elizabeth Dargan
Blanche Cornell
Dorothy D. Crook
Lucy Bush
Jean Saliers
Mary E. Comstock
Frederica Kleiber
Edna Collins

VERSE

Rosalie Stark
Edith S. Baxter
Florence Laws
Sallye Holman
Margaret Gould
Shirley Waehler
Catherine A. Crook
Helen Calvocoressi
Ruth Eleanor Bell
Helen Louise Whitehouse
Elizabeth Bradfield
Alice T. Carter
Margaret Abercrombie
Mary Everett Swift
Marah Stevenson
Warren Stone
Harriett Weaver
Josephine R. Howell
Isabelle Truman
Margaret Schiff
Mary C. Truxton
Imogene Garner
Evelyn Whittemore
Marucci Capuzzi
Wilma Seavey
Katharine Sage
Jane Rush
Lucile Whitcomb
Elizabeth June Hall
Theodore Gott
Virginia Mills
Fred Schulman
Isabel P. Bosworth
Cora M. Sadler
Virginia Dewey
Margaret Montgomery
Lucile Hutton
Harold Farkas
Janet H. Coffin
Isabel Maria Hudson

DRAWINGS

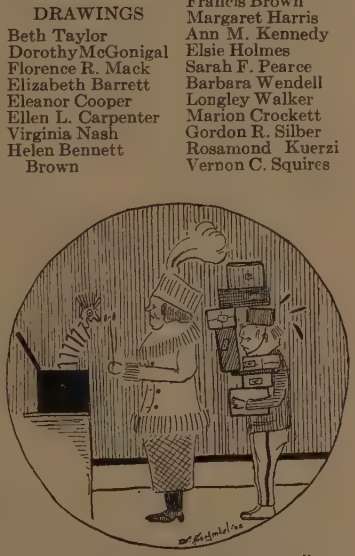
Beth Taylor
Dorothy McGonigal
Florence R. Mack
Elizabeth Barrett
Eleanor Cooper
Ellen L. Carpenter
Virginia Nash
Helen Bennett Brown
Josephine A. Gregory
Virginia Snedeker
Ruth Fowler
Dorothy Robins
Helen G. Pentz
Mary Brewster
Laura Margaret Haley
Elsa M. Meder
Winifred Collins
Sarah Brent Ridley
Elizabeth Eddy
Ruth C. Thulin
Elizabeth S. Thulin
Anna Arnold
Aretha Ferris
Vivian Wakefield

PHOTOGRAPHS

Jeanette Nebel
Marie Ruben
Alita Scott
Mary Beeson
Irene Fedrow Kendell Van Deventer
Helen Sexton
Marjorie Dinning
Alice Goedecke
Grace Taylor
Dorothy Adams
Louise C. Gardner
Virginia Morris
Marybeth Fyle
Virginia Fernald Nye
Kura Tamura
William Inglis, Jr.
Betty Woods
Marian Johnson

PUZZLES

Alma Miller
Harlan J. Murphy
Esther, Paul and Philip
Francis Brown
Margaret Harris
Ann M. Kennedy
Elsie Holmes
Sarah F. Pearce
Barbara Wendell
Longley Walker
Marion Crockett
Gordon R. Silber
Rosamond Kuerzi
Vernon C. Squires



"GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS"
BY SAM GARFINKEL, AGE 14

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and now is widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 277

Competition No. 277 will close January 1. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for April. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"An April Day."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"A Conspiracy."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not develop and print their pictures themselves. Subject, **"Taken this Year."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"A Good Model,"** or **"A Heading for April."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

WATERTOWN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you ever since I can remember. My sister and I have taken you for four or five years.

I am very much interested in THE LETTER-BOX. I am making a scrap-book out of the letters. I have letters from twenty-two of the United States, from France, England, Africa, Australia, China, Japan, Korea, Philippine Islands, Brazil, Jamaica, New Zealand, Ireland, Hawaii, Bahama Islands, Germany, Rumania, British Guiana, and many far-away lands.

I am learning, at least I am trying to learn, to speak French. I correspond with Jean Solaberry, a little girl who lives in Ciboure, France. I always eagerly read the letters in THE LETTER-BOX that come from France, for I hope she can get hold of ST. NICHOLAS to read; and if she does, I hope she writes to you.

I have just returned from a trip to New York City, and last year, I went to Niagara Falls and went across to Canada. Both trips I made by automobile.

Before I close, I want to tell you that I think you are the best magazine in the world.

Your faithful reader,
ALICE CRITCHETT (AGE 10).

LAKE CHARLES, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for only four months, I like you better and better every copy. I like "The Mystery at Number Six" and "The Turner Twins" very much.

We live at Prien Lake, Louisiana, in the summer, and a half a dozen other girls and I have lots of fun, fishing, hiking, swimming, riding a pony, and other sports.

A few weeks ago we went to the Gulf of Mexico, which is about forty miles from here, and from the boat we saw many porpoises. We went in swimming and we got lots of pretty shells.

Your devoted reader,
VIRGINIA ROCK (AGE 12).

PHOENICIA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to thank you for the silver badge. It came several days ago and I have worn it ever since. I could n't be more proud of it if it was laid in jewels, gold, silver, diamonds, rubies, and all the rest of the jewels in the world.

I was never so thrilled as when I saw my picture —*my picture*—in that wonderful magazine! I had waited, oh, ever so impatiently, and half fearfully, and one night Father came home with the magazine and put it at my place at the dinner-table. I turned the pages over so fast that I passed it about three times. When I did find it, I jumped around like a wild Indian, and the rest of the family with me. It was open beside me all through dinner, and all of a sudden I saw a piece of green paper. I just glanced at it, then I realized it was a bill—five dollars—from Father! And I had n't even seen it! Can you imagine such a thing!

I was on my uncle's farm in the Catskill Mountains last summer and it certainly was glorious. My sisters were with me part of the time. My cousin and I had great old times together—riding the farm-horses, swimming—oh, we did everything there was to do!

I certainly do enjoy your magazine, but you must get tired of hearing that, because you know any one who reads you does!

Sincerely yours,
PHYLLIS REEVE (AGE 15).

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about the land in which I live. I call it "The Land of Make-Believe." Not far from our house, Sherwood Forest looms up. Nottingham Town and Nottingham Castle are there, too. They are all on the Fairbanks' lot. A great many other movie towns surround Hollywood.

Last Sunday we drove to Beverly Hills. Most of the movie people live there. We drove very near the Fairbanks' home. It is a very pretty place. It is built in the colonial style. There is a swimming-pool in the back yard.

Your loving reader,
BETTY HALES (AGE 11).

VALAIS, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are nine American girls in a school in Switzerland. Each month you come to us, and you should see the excitement! Not only the Americans, but girls of every nationality, read and love your stories, especially, "The Turner Twins," "The Mystery at Number Six," "The Inca Emerald," and THE WATCH TOWER, which keeps us in touch with the happenings at home.

We are up in the châlet that belongs to the school. It 's in the "Alpes Valaisannes," and we take wonderful long hikes up the mountains. We have a marvelous view of Mont Blanc. It looks like an American sundae (which is absolutely unknown here!). Our school is in Lausanne, on Lake Geneva, which is really tiny in comparison with our American lakes, but much prettier.

After Christmas we go up into the higher Alps for winter sports—skiing, skating, and sledding.

At Easter we go to Italy and see the wonders of art which we have heard so much about. We like it lots, but there 's no place like America —we all agree on that!

We remain your devoted readers:

ANNE CROFTAN, VIVIAN HELD,
RUTH AMSTERDAM MARIAN BROWN,
HAZEL AMSTERDAM, ALICE LAWRENCE,
DORIS ELMIRA HELD, ELIZABETH CROFTAN,
GEORGIANA WHITCOMB.

ON page 1325 of the October ST. NICHOLAS there was reproduced a photograph with the caption: "Gathering the crop in an Oregon apple-orchard." A subscriber to the magazine called our attention to the fact that apples are not barreled in Oregon, as the picture showed, but are packed in boxes. Upon our inquiry, Underwood & Underwood, who supplied the photograph, said that an error had been made in labeling it, and that it had been taken in an orchard in one of our Eastern States. We thank our friendly correspondent for calling attention to this mistake.

The Riddle Box

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Jackson, Santa Fe, Trenton.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Thanksgiving Day. 1. Art, tar. 2. How, who. 3. Eat, tea. 4. Tan, ant. 5. Ink, kin. 6. Has, ash. 7. Gab, bag. 8. Eli, lie. 9. Nav-al, van. 10. Pit, tip. 11. Run, urn. 12. Hug, ugh. 13. End, den. 14. Act, cat. 15. Dye, dey.

DIAGONAL. Turkey. Cross-words: 1. Throne. 2. Summit. 3. Corner. 4. Locker. 5. Broken. 6. Weekly.

DIAMOND. 1. W. 2. Win. 3. Wires. 4. New. 5. S.

LETTER GROUPS. Wendell Phillips; born November 29, 1811. 1. World. 2. Ebony. 3. Never. 4. Deals. 5. Evoke. 6. Lucid. 7. Liken. 8. Plain. 9. Harpy. 10. Indue. 11. Lapel. 12. Laver. 13. Idiot. 14. Pagan. 15. Sable.

AN HISTORICAL OCTAGON. Cross-words: 1. Marne. 2. Allenby. 3. Roosevelt. 4. Charlemagne. 5. Hay-Pauncefort. 6. Thomas A. Edison. 7. Aix-la-Chapelle. 8. Fort Necessity. 9. Triple Entente. 10. Andrew Jackson. 11. Demosthenes. 12. Augustine. 13. Monitor. 14. Scott. Upper left, March; lower left, Adams; circles, Taft. From 1 to 6, Beatty; 7 to 14, Socrates; 15 to 22, Cromwell; 23 to 33, Magna Charta; 34 to 42, Joan of Arc; 43 to 51, Henry Clay; 52 to 57, Vergil; 58 to 63, De Soto.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Fame. 2. Amen. 3. Mead. 4. Ends.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Primals, Thanksgiving. Cross-words: 1. Thanksgiving. 2. Hippopotamus. 3. Amphitheater. 4. Nevertheless. 5. Kinetoscopes. 6. Subscription. 7. Geometrician. 8. Inflammatory. 9. Vociferation. 10. Immeasurable. 11. Nonagenarian. 12. Geologically.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, Greece; fourth row, Athens. Cross-words: 1. Great. 2. Rusty. 3. Elihu. 4. Ellen. 5. Crane. 6. Exist.——PROSE CHARADE. Ok-la-ho-ma.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than DECEMBER 27 and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 221) and give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were duly received from Esther Laughton—Jean Montgomery—Helen A. Moulton—"The Three R's."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were duly received from Louise Dana Cowen, 9—R. M. Straus and H. P. Becton, 9—Priscilla Manning, 9—"Sun and Moon," 9—Katherine C. Klenke, 9—Elizabeth Tong, 9—Kemper Hall Chapter, 9—Helen H. McIver, 9—Vera A. Skillman, 9—"Three W's," 9—I. D. R., 8—John F. Davis, 8—Gertrude R. Jasper, 7—Valerie Tower, 7—Jay L. Leyda, 7 —Emil Dessonneck, 7—Mary A. Hurd, 6—Marion Crockett, 6—Mary Scattergood, 5—Marion Mitchell, 4—Margaret Cobb, 4—Jean R. Guiterman, 4—Louise Pforzheimer, 4—Allan D. Langerfeld, 4—Kingsley Kahler, 3—Ann Donnell, 3—Isabel Crawford, 3—John C. Kane, 3—Elizabeth T. Blossom, 2—Rosmond Kuerzi, 2—Janet Ross, 1—Esther V. Jenkins, 1—Georgene Stowers, 1—Marian Powell, 1—Eleanor Young, 1—Cornelia Vanderhoof, 1—Jennie Blank, 1—Margaret Murray, 1.

CHARADE

My *first* is but a gentle strike;
My *next* is in your boot;
My *third*, a grain that many like;
My *fourth*, a nickname cute.
My *whole*, an eagle or a hawk
Will best describe, so do not balk.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will name a famous poet, and another row of letters will name one of his poems.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. System. 2. Ogles. 3. That which is set in. 4. Changes direction. 5. Mistake. 6. Proportion. 7. To salute. 8. More aged. 9. A basin in which to wash. 10. To force. 11. Balm. 12. A group of islands near India. 13. Angry. 14. An animal. 15. Parts of the feet.

MONA MORGAN, *Honor Member*.

ENDLESS CHAIN

To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first word described to make the first two letters of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the twenty-first word will be the first two letters of the first word. The words are of equal length.

1. To stretch out. 2. To pursue. 3. A plant. 4. Mother-of-pearl. 5. To repulse. 6. Exalted in spirit. 7. One of ten equal parts. 8. The leading subject of a composition. 9. The wife of Jason. 10. A bird. 11. Lawful. 12. Foreign. 13. Completed. 14. A masculine name. 15. One of a primitive people. 16. Something used by a blacksmith. 17. Ancient Troy. 18. A brown pigment. 19. Blunder. 20. A mountain nymph. 21. To worship.

ALMA MILLER, *Honor Member*.

ANAGRAM WORD-SQUARE

REARRANGE the letters in the four following words so as to make four new words which will form a four-letter word-square.

COON, EDEN, SEEN, VEND

BILLY O'NEAL (age 14), *League Member*.

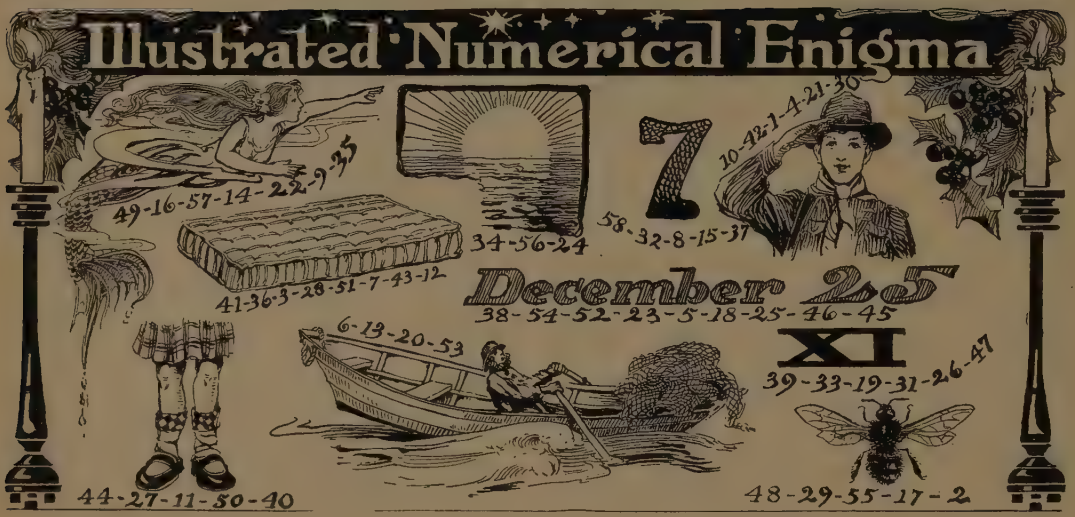
CONNECTED DIAMONDS

. . . I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1.
. . . . . . In snail. 2. A
. . . . . . leguminous plant.
. . . . . . 3. Portions. 4.
. . . . . . Grave. 5. To expiate. 6. To entreat. 7. In snail.
. . . . . II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1.
. . . . . . In snail. 2. A
. . . . . . quick, light blow.
. . . . . . 3. A fortified work.
. . . . . . 4. A flatiron. 5. Shaved off. 6. To make a slight bow. 7. In snail.

III. LOWER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In snail. 2. A spring of mineral water. 3. Room. 4. Pertaining to a country famous for hardy soldiers. 5. A stage player. 6. Attention. 7. In snail.

IV. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In snail. 2. Plump. 3. Mortal. 4. Normal. 5. To delay. 6. A song. 7. In snail.

HUBERT BARENTZEN (age 16), *League Member*.



In this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of fifty-eight letters, is a quotation from Shakespeare.

A HOLIDAY PUZZLE

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

```
*  . 18  .  . 11
*  .  . 16  . 26
*  . 15  .  .  .
*  .  9 14  . 31
*  . 21 29  .  .
*  . 17 27  2  .
* 22  .  8  .  .
*  . 23  .  .  6
*  . 10  .  7  .
*  .  1  . 25 30
*  5  . 24  .  .
*  .  3  . 12 28
*  .  .  . 19  4
*  . 20 13  .  .
```

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One who sacrifices life to sustain a cause. 2. A word meaning "I have found it." 3. To rescue by a payment. 4. The handle of a printing press. 5. An aromatic plant. 6. An illustrious Roman. 7. A masculine name. 8. Rural. 9. A pronoun. 10. A magical password. 11. To color the flesh indelibly. 12. A graceful dance. 13. To influence. 14. A fabled creature who propounded a famous riddle.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will spell a seasonable greeting. The letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 10, from 11 to 18, and from 19 to 31 spell words often heard nowadays.

CLARA BROGAN (age 15).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in Holland, but not in Poland;
My second, in Poland, but not in England;
My third is in England, but not in Roumania;
My fourth is in Roumania, but not in Denmark;
My fifth is in Denmark, but not in France;
My sixth is in France, but not in Turkey;
My seventh is in Turkey, but not in Spain;
My eighth is in Spain, but not in Holland.
My *whole* are enjoyed by all.

JANET ROSS (age 13), *League Member*.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a man who was born in December, more than a hundred and fifty years ago.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A Russian coin. 2. A sleeping vision. 3. Odor. 4. A silky fabric. 5. To detest. 6. A Turkish pavilion. 7. Devastation. 8. The head of an Arab clan. 9. To burn slightly.

GEORGE H. GREENWOOD (age 10), *League Member*.

PI

Wolg, cartic glith!
Dan tei ym reath, kile shunbride sleet,
Hatt thibrg, gemtanic fleam valere
Chiwh linksed ropesup, thaif, dan laze
Rof rutht dan thirg.

AN INK-BOTTLE PUZZLE

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. In blotter. 2. Wicked. 3. Aged. 4. Pertinent. 5. Pains. 6. A confused mingling of sounds. 7. Cautious. 8. Returning from time to time. 9. The quality of being healthful. 10. Certain ships. 11. Development. 12. Repression.

When rightly guessed, the central letters, from 1 to 2, will spell the name of a man who must make constant use of his ink-bottle.

HELENE ROSENTRETER (age 17).

DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the name of the oldest New England town. The first letter of each word is the same.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To shut out. 2. Pertaining to the common people. 3. Psychology. 4. Web-footed. 5. A captive. 6. Deep. 7. To mitigate. 8. A substance obtained from wood ashes.

WALTER GUTMANN (age 13), *Honor Member*.

LETTICE FEEDING THE TAME PIGEONS

(*See Page 263*)

ST. NICHOLAS

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MARCIA AND THE FAIRY GODBROTHER

By MARGARET JOHNSON

"HULLO, string broke! Run up and get me that box on my bureau, Marsh, there 's a good girl! I 'd go myself if I could get out of this."

Rupert, his long body wedged in at one end of the sofa to which he and Bob and Jess and Laura had betaken themselves so as to leave the chairs for the company,—the Birds had come over from next door to spend the evening,—nodded to Marcia and went on tuning his guitar.

"And tell Ada to hustle, will you, Marsh?" called Roger from the hearth-rug where he stood waiting, very grown-up and elegant in his evening clothes. "Play begins at eight-thirty, and Sam 'll be here with the sleigh any minute!"

He turned to bang the fire impatiently with the tongs; banjo and mandolin instantly set up a tinkling racket at Rupert's command, and gay chatter, music, and laughter all rang together in Marcia's ears as she ran away up the stairs.

It was clear, snapping cold weather, of the kind one always expects after Christmas, when winter has been a month or so at the making and has fairly got his hand in. Everybody was at home for the holidays—boys and girls from boarding-school, Roger from college, and Ada from New York, where she had been visiting her grandmother and had gone and got herself engaged to be married, and Mr. Bromley, the gentleman she was engaged to marry.

The house had simply bubbled over with gaiety for a week, Rupert, in particular, never allowing the fun to flag for a moment. He it was who had set the orchestra playing just now. They had all been up very late the night before, seeing the New Year in, and, after a very late breakfast, they had gone out skating and come in with enormous appetites for dinner, and then gone out skating again, because the ice was simply too splendid, and stayed till time to dress for tea. And Father and Mother having motored over to Aunt Ann's,—to save their reason, as Father declared,—would not be home till midnight, and Ada and Roger being about to start for the amateur play at the Pendragon mansion, a slight lull had fallen upon the proceedings, which Rupert was doing his best to fill with festive song.

"Why don't you go to the play yourselves?" inquired one of the Birds, ignorantly, as he paused for breath.

"Not invited," replied Rupert, briefly.

"Me either," Mr. Bromley complained, from across the room. "And I don't think that 's fair, when I 'm going to marry Ada!"

"You did n't begin soon enough, old man," laughed Roger, with importance. "Invitations date from the year before last, at least; and as for Rupe and the rest, they 're kids

yet. You 're lucky if you so much as get your foot on the waiting-list for the Pendragon play!"

"I 'm so sorry it comes to-night," Ada was saying warmly to Marcia upstairs, tucking the last hairpin into her beautiful hair and catching up her beautiful rosy gown from the bed, "when I 'm going right away again to-morrow! It does seem as if I had n't seen anything of you at all this week, darling; but you know how rushed we 've been!"

"I know," said Marcia. She dropped a little kiss on her sister's charming neck as it came out of the rosy folds. Surely Ada was the loveliest and most adorable thing in the whole world, as Roger was the wisest and most splendid! The prince and princess of a fairy-tale, they would go stepping together down the stately halls of the Pendragons' beautiful house, and—

"Mar-*cia!*" came a stentorian cry from below; and down ran Marcia, only stopping for a word to six-year-old Nancy, at play in the nursery.

"That 's the girl!" cried Rupert, catching her by one of her brown braids as she gave him the box. "Ever meet our Sewing-machine Society, ladies and gentlemen? No? Permit me! Laura 's the Singer, Jess is the Wheeler, and Marcia is—ahem!—the Light-running Domestic, eh, Marsh?"

He cocked an affectionate and teasing eye upon her as the rest laughed. Everybody loved Marcia. She was the most capable little thing, and the handiest to have around, being only fourteen and having the temper of an angel.

"Now, then!" ordered Rupert, his string being fitted, " 'Moonbeams on the Mississippi.' One, two,—everybody sing!" And away they all dashed at a lively pace, stopping on a high note and a prolonged trill that called for applause.

"Why don't you clap?" Mr. Bromley asked of Marcia, who had dropped down beside him, himself clapping away like an automaton. He was a tall and very serious young gentleman, with eye-glasses which had a way of jumping off his nose at the most unexpected moments and being caught and put on again before one had had time to wink. Marcia woke from a little dream of Ada and Roger speeding away together over miles of snow in the enchanted night and clapped obediently.

"Great thing, holidays!" said Mr. Bromley, with enthusiasm.

"Great!" agreed Marcia.

"Never saw people enjoy themselves so—"

"Now a dance! Play for us, will you, Marsh?" cried Rupert, rising from the sofa with a leap that sent his comrades flying. And again Marcia jumped up and ran to obey his behest.

Up and down the long room romped the dancers, and industriously Marcia's little fingers pounded the keys. As a matter of fact, she was glad to be sitting down on anything, even a piano-stool, long enough to rest her tired feet. It did seem to her that she had been running somewhere, for somebody or something, every minute since she had finished her breakfast that morning and dusted seven rooms without stopping; and one's feet may be tired sometimes even if one is only fourteen and as willing as the wind. Of course, it had been worse than usual to-day, she thought. The house was in *such* a state after the dance last night; and they had no sooner finished the dinner-dishes than it was time to think about the supper ones, and Delia had had to have an evening out, because the upstairs maid had left and Delia's temper was wearing very thin. She could n't be expected to do everything, of course, with such a houseful, and neither could Mother; and of course, Marcia, being the only girl still at home, was the one to help. Anyway, if there was a seamy side to the glory of the holidays, Marcia and Delia and Mother were the only ones that knew it, and *that* was a comfort!

"Did n't see you on the ice this afternoon," said Mr. Bromley. Marcia jumped to see him leaning on the piano, looking at her gravely through his twinkling glasses.

"No," she said, and stopped discreetly. There was no need of telling Mr. Bromley about the dishes!

"Or this morning, either," he continued. And again Marcia said "No," and forbore to mention the dusting.

"Probably you don't care for skating," mused Mr. Bromley. "Or sleighing, now I think of it, or—"

"Oh, Marcia!" Bob dropped his partner, a Bird much taller than himself, in mid flight, and rushed up to her. "Rupe wants to have a party!"

"Get the Barnes and Beebes over," called Rupert, dancing by, "and have a little supper!"

Marcia's hands fell on the keys with a crash. "Oh, Rupert!" she exclaimed in dis-

may. "Delia 's out, and there is n't any—"

"Ta, ta!" cried Rupert, gaily, whirling his breathless partner to a seat. "Don't you worry! We won't put on any style—just have things that are no trouble, you know, like—well, say sardines!"

"Sardines!" echoed the Birds, enraptured.

"On toast," proceeded Rupert, imperially. "And omelet—everybody like omelet?—and coffee—Marcia makes elegant coffee, eh, Marsh?—and—"

"'EVER MEET OUR SEWING-MACHINE SOCIETY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN?'"

Perhaps even the temper of an angel may be ruffled, if it is tried too far! Marcia's soul was ruffled, if her temper was n't. "Oh *dear!*" she wailed to herself, in a sort of desperate discouragement with life, feeling at that moment that the holidays were *all* seamy side.

And that was the very moment when, as Fate would have it,—or Love, which is often just another name for the same thing, —the pattern was about to be whisked over, with a "Presto, change!" and revealed as something more golden and glorious than Marcia had ever even dreamed. For before she knew it, two tears came tumbling over her lashes and rolled down her cheeks; and as she whirled around to hide this disgraceful sight from Rupert, she found herself face to face with Mr. Bromley.

"Bless me!" cried that gentleman, starting. But his glasses immediately hopped off his nose, and by the time he had got them safely on again, those two tears had been summarily disposed of and Marcia was at the other end of the room, where Ada had just entered amid a chorus of admiration and envy.

If Marcia had not been so absorbed in her sister, she might have seen Mr. Bromley, rousing himself from a brown study into which he had suddenly fallen, making urgent and unaccountable gestures to Roger over the heads of Bob and Jess, and getting him away at last for a strenuous and strictly private interview in the little cubby under the stairs. But Marcia's hands were full, settling Ada's wraps, tying the soft veil over her lovely head, and seeing her into the library to watch for the sleigh. Then Laura, who had gone up to put little Nancy to bed, called down to know where on earth they kept the child's nightgown; and Marcia ran up to get that, and stayed to finish Nancy off herself, Laura being in a hurry to get downstairs.

Passing through the hall on her way back to the living-room a little later, she heard earnest voices just inside the library door. "I declare, he 's right, Ada," Roger was saying. "It *is* a shame!"

"So it is, Roger dear," Ada responded warmly. "We 've all been so busy and so selfish, we have n't noticed—and now it 's so late! I wish—I believe—Oh, don't you suppose we *could*—" Then the voices dropped suddenly, and after a moment Roger came out into the hall humming a tune and looking violently surprised to find Marcia there.

She was all over that little ruffle of the soul by then,—Nancy's hug would have cured almost any ache,—and she hummed a tune herself as she went on out into the kitchen to light the gas-stove and put the kettle on.

"I might as well grind the coffee," she said to herself, getting down the mill. "They 'll be sure to want it." And thus busily occupied, she heard the bells come up the drive, heard

the front door open, and the merry tumult of voices call out their good-bys, wisely concluding that she might much better stay where she was and not have her feelings torn up any more. The door shut again presently with a bang. The voices went back into the living-room. The bells melted away into silence.

"SHE FOUND HERSELF FACE TO FACE WITH MR. BROMLEY"

"Now they 're down the drive," mused Marcia, grinding away in the hush, and never hearing the soft step that came stealing back through the darkened dining-room. "Now they 're over the little bridge, and now-*ow!*"

The words ended in a startled shriek, for somebody, coming stealthily up behind her, had put a long arm over her shoulder and had taken the coffee-mill plump out of her hands.

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Bromley, appearing in front of her chair. "Don't shout like that—somebody 'll hear you!"

He wore a mysteriously important and excited air, and went dancing across the kitchen in the most extraordinary way, as if the world had got to be turned upside-down in about two seconds, and he was there to do it.

"But I 've got to grind the coffee!" cried Marcia, making a clutch after the vanishing mill.

"Oh no, you have n't," he returned, tossing it unconcernedly on the table and darting back to tip her swiftly and skilfully out of her chair. "You 've got to go to the Pendragon play with your big brother and sister! Ada 'll get you in, if soft words can do it. If not—well, Roger 's a strong man for his size!"

The Pendragon play! With Ada and Roger! Paradise opened before Marcia's astonished eyes.

"Come now, fly!" cried Mr. Bromley, making a judicious grab at the strings of her apron. "They 're waiting! Not a minute to lose!"

But the feet of the Light-running Domestic refused to move. She stood, staring. "I have n't—any—things!" she gasped.

"Things!" echoed Mr. Bromley, dashing noiselessly to the closet under the back stairs. "What 's this?—and this?" He began pitching out coats, caps, and hats.

"They 're not mine!" laughed Marcia, hysterically. "That 's Laura's cape, Mr. Bromley, and Bob's—"

But she might as well have argued with a whirlwind. "Not yours?" he answered. "What of that? Just as good things, are n't they? Could n't be better, could they?" He was already jamming her into Bob's coat, pulling Roger's cap over her eyes, and, intentionally or not, extinguishing her protests in the thick folds of Laura's cape.

"There now!" he exulted, pulling her to the door. "Warm as toast, are n't you? You can run, can't you? One, two—" And before she could open her mouth to question, she was whirled, laughing, dismayed, breathless, out of the back door and down the steps, and was going round the house and down the drive on a run, hand in hand with her guide. At the gate a dark object appeared, standing in the snow. There was a soft jingling of bells, a pawing of impatient hoofs. "That you, Marcia?" called a soft voice out of the dusk—Ada's voice! "Hop in!" cried another —Roger's voice! "Give her a lift, Bromley! Whoa, Dick! Steady, now! *There* we are!"

And there we were indeed—Marcia tucked snugly into the sleigh between the prince and the princess, with the warm robes about her and the frosty starlight glittering overhead and the wind humming and the bells

jingling and the runners singing over the snow as they flew away down the road in the enchanted night.

"THEY 'LL come!" announced Rupert, entering the living-room after a lively conference with the Barnes and the Beebes at the telephone. "Now, then, supper!"

"Where 's Marcia?" asked Laura, looking around.

"She was here a minute ago," said Jess. She poked her head out into the hall and called, but nobody answered.

"Out in the kitchen, maybe," suggested Mr. Bromley, who appeared to be a little out of breath. Bob went to look, and came back in consternation, reporting that the back door was open, the light burning, but Marcia was not there.

Not there! Why, where in the world—! She must be upstairs—out on the porch—down cellar—

There was a great shouting and calling all over the house. Doors slammed, draughts of frosty air blew in. "Marcia!" called Laura and Jess in a breath, running into each other in a dark passage. "Marcia!" cried Bob, tumbling over the cat, as she flew out between his legs from the pantry.

Laura ran and opened the front door, listening. The distant jingle of bells came to her faintly through the sparkling air. "She 's gone over to Jeanie Todd's," said Laura, shutting the door with a bang. Jeanie was Marcia's best friend, but being just now convalescent from an attack of mumps, she had been absent from all the holiday festivities. "I heard her telling Mother she had n't had a chance to go over there since Christmas, there 'd been so much—" Laura stopped. "Anyway, that 's where she is," she concluded shortly. "A queer time to go, I should say! But— Come on, let 's get supper!"

"Supper!" rejoiced the Birds, making a simultaneous rush for the kitchen.

A slight frost seemed to have fallen upon the enthusiasm of the others. The mere fact of Marcia's having deserted, at such a moment and in such a manner—the coffee strewn from end to end of the kitchen testified to the haste with which she had left—would have been dampening to the spirits even if her presence had not been needed at every turn. "You 'll have to do a little Light-running Domestic business yourself, Rupe!" wittily suggested one of the Birds; but for once Rupert failed to see the joke.

As for Bob, he fell an easy prey to anxiety and depression. "Say!" he laid a detaining hand on Mr. Bromley's arm, as that gentleman issued with an armful of silver from the pantry. "It 's pretty queer about Marcia, don't you think?"

"Why, my goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Mr. Bromley, his glasses jumping

"'NOW A DANCE! PLAY FOR US, WILL YOU, MARSH?'"

from his nose. "You don't suppose she could have gone and tumbled off, do you?"

"Off what?" asked Bob, irritated. "There is n't anything to tumble off of."

"Why, yes, there is!" affirmed Mr. Bromley. "Roofs and— Well," he added hastily, seeing the scorn on Bob's face, "what do *you* think?"

"I don't think anything," returned Bob, with heat. "But I know it is n't a bit like Marcia to go off and leave us in the lurch like this—not if she could help it."

Mr. Bromley rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Maybe she could n't help it," he suggested, inspired. "Maybe she—"

"Will you help me look for her," asked Bob, desperately, "without scaring the others?"

"Sure!" said Mr. Bromley, dropping his forks with a crash. "Where shall I look?"

"'BUT I 'VE GOT TO GRIND THE COFFEE!' CRIED MARCIA"

This was too much for Bob. "Anywhere you choose," he answered shortly. "I suppose Ada likes him," he muttered to himself, walking off, "or she would n't marry him. But how she can see anything in a chump like that—!"

Mr. Bromley, left to himself, poked ardently behind radiators and up chimneys, and was presently observed answering the telephone in the hall, which nobody had heard ring. "What 's that?" he called. "Oh—Marcia? You 're at—Oh yes! Yes, I 'll tell them. *Good*-by!"

"Marcia's all right," he announced, coming out into the tumultuous kitchen. "And you need n't bother, she says—she 'll be pretty late, but they 'll see her home."

"I knew she was at the Todds'," Laura answered, not without bitterness. Rupert had just emptied the entire tin-closet out on the floor in his search for a frying-pan while she had her back turned, beating the eggs, and Jess was silently removing the second batch of perfectly black toast from the rack under the gas-oven. The Birds were supposed to be setting the table, but having taken down most of the china and strewn it over the board with the joyous abandon of the irresponsible, they stampeded at the sound of the door-bell, and with one accord took it upon themselves to remain and entertain the newly-arrived guests. Their voices could be heard at this moment mingling with those of the Barnes and the Beebes in rapturous mirth.

"It 's just as well—they were no good," said Laura. "Come on, Bob, see if you can open this sardine-can. I can't do a thing with it!"

"MARCIA RAN DOWN THE DRIVE WITH HER GUIDE"

Bob came, and proved very shortly that

he could n't do a thing with it, either. "Marcia always opens them," he grumbled, yielding up the tool to his brother, who battled with it in silence for a few seconds, when the can came open with so much success that the sardines leaped from their prison-house and flew all over the room.

"Not at all," declared Mr. Bromley, extricating himself from the scuttle and brushing the coal-dust from his clothes. "I have always wondered," he went on mildly, "how you managed to get up such delightful meals and so many of them, in this house. I see now,—many hands make light work—"

"'SUFFERING SNAKES!' CRIED RUPERT, 'IF THESE ARE THE JOYS OF HOLIDAYS!'"

"You boys are n't the least help," cried Jess, petulantly, pushing the hair from her flushed face. "My, how hot this kitchen is! Bob, take that pot off the fire, quick,—the coffee 's boiling over!"

Bob, obeying, burned his fingers on the pot and dropped it with a howl. The hot coffee splashed over and scalded his hand; and Mr. Bromley, backing precipitately out of the way, sat down on the nearest object in his path, which happened to be the coal-scuttle.

"Suffering snakes!" cried Rupert, in the confusion that followed, "if these are the joys of the holidays! Here, somebody bind up Bob, while I collect the sardines—and Mr. Bromley. Not hurt, Mr. Bromley, are you?"

"It would n't be like this if Marcia was here!" cried Bob, hotly.

"Marcia?" wondered Mr. Bromley. "Does Marcia—"

"*Does* she!" Bob's feelings were intensified by pain. "Who does, if she does n't, I 'd like to know! If you think Mother and Delia can run this house, with forty thousand people dropping in, and meals every other minute—"

"But there 's Laura," fluttered Mr. Bromley, "and Jess!"

"A fat lot they do!" jeered Bob.

Laura's cheeks were the color of the flame under which she had just put a fresh batch of bread. "We 've had company!" she protested.

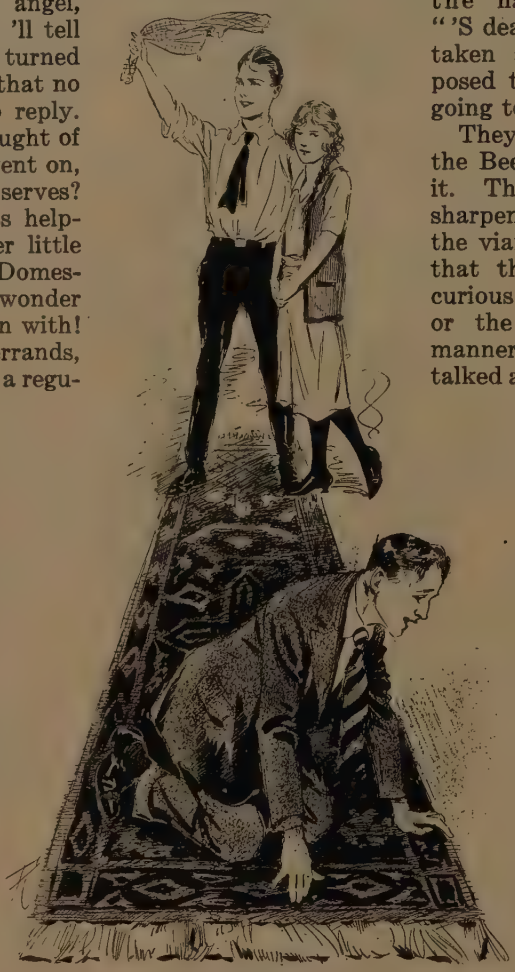
"Yes, and worked yourself to death," said

Bob, "taking them places and skating and dancing and leaving Marcia to— Ow!"

Rupert had laid hold upon the speaker's ear with a brotherly and unflinching hand. "Shut up!" he said briefly. "You leave this to me. Marcia 's an angel, and we 're—Turks! I 'll tell the world we are!" He turned upon them so fiercely that no one even attempted to reply. "Has anybody ever thought of taking *her* places," he went on, "as Bob elegantly observes? I trow not! Much less helping her with any of her little chores. Light-running Domestic, indeed! It 's a wonder she has a leg left to run with! We 've let her do our errands, fetch and carry,—made a regular galley-slave of her, and never thought she was n't enjoying it all just as much as we were,—never should have thought of it if she had n't cleared out and given herself away like this!"

"She nev—" began Bob.

"Good thing she did!" cried Rupert, giving an extra twist to the ear before he let it go. "I only wish she 'd done it before. Marcia ought to have had the time of her life, these holidays. If I 'd been Roger, I 'd have taken her to the Pendragon play! By Jove, I would, if they 'd killed me for it! What 's that? I beg pardon, Mr. Bromley?"



"MR. BROMLEY WAS DOWN ON THE FLOOR, LOOKING FOR HIS GLASSES"

"No—no,—I did n't speak," choked Mr. Bromley, waving him off feebly. "It 's just a little—little kind of a catch I have in my throat sometimes. Kerchoo! Ker— There could n't be anything burning, could there?" He stiffened up suddenly.

Jess rushed to the oven and flung the door open, but too late! Again the toast was a mass of blackened cinders.

"We won't have any old toast!" she declared, casting herself desperately on the floor beside the wreck.

"Or any old supper, either!" Bob chimed in, plunging after her.

"'S death!" exclaimed Rupert, between his teeth, assisting his brother grimly to his feet, as a fresh burst of gaiety broke from the happy revelers within. "'S death! but you are mistaken about that! We proposed this supper, and we 're going to get it or die!"

They got it. And the Barnes, the Beebes, and the Birds ate it. The guests, their appetites sharpened by delay, fell upon the viands with so much zest that they never noticed the curious flavors of the dishes or the somewhat distracted manners of their hosts. They talked and laughed and feasted, and when at last they took their gay departure, they cast not a glance behind.

"If we might just leave the dishes over till to-morrow!" ventured Laura.

"Bet you Marcia has n't washed less than forty thousand dishes this vacation," murmured Bob, stealing a furtive hand to his ear.

But Rupert did not need the hint. "Those dishes are going to be washed," he announced grimly, "*now!*"

And they were. There was no shirking or shilly-shallying about the business, either. Rupert's conscience, once aroused, knew no mercy, and every dish was pursued to its lair before he was satisfied.

It was a subdued and chastened group that rushed out into the hall, their task finished, just as the cheerful sound of bells came surging up the drive. The front door flew open to admit the returning party, and in they came, stamping and blowing, Ada in her furs, Roger in his big coat, and behind them—who in the world! muffled, glowing, in her borrowed wraps—!

There was a moment of amazed silence.

"Marcia Bowen!" said Laura, in a tragic voice. "Where in the wide world have you been?"

"Been!" cried Marcia, radiantly. "Why, to the Pendragon play, of course!"

Rupert tottered to the stairs and sat down. "Well, I 'll be—jiggered!" he gasped, mopping his brow weakly with the dish-towel, to which he still clung. "The Pendragon play! And *we*—!"

"Why, what have *you* been doing?" asked Marcia.

"We?" faltered Rupert, with a wild look about him, "we have been having a—a little —supper!"

Even the victims joined in the shout of laughter that followed. "Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Bromley, the loudest of all. Something in his face made Rupert stop laughing suddenly and look at him, and Mr. Bromley stopped too, with his mouth still open.

"I believe," began Rupert, slowly, "I do believe you knew it all the time! I believe—" he came to his feet with a spring—"you did it yourself, Mr. Bromley! You—you *kidnapped* Marcia!"

"I—Why—" began Mr. Bromley. But he realized it was no earthly use to protest.

"I knew she never went of her own accord —I knew it!" squealed Bob, spinning around like a top while the storm of accusation broke over Mr. Bromley's guilty head. "Hurrah for Marcia!"

"Of course he did it!" cried Marcia, when she could make herself heard. "I thought he told you!—swooped me right out of the kitchen while you were all talking, just like a—a Fairy Godbrother!"

There was another shout at this. "Hurrah for the Fairy Godbrother!" cried Bob.

"Hip, hip,—" seconded Rupert, waving the dish-towel over his head; and again the startled echoes were waked out of their midnight sleep. For, after all, was it not New Year's night, when everything must be forgiven and forgotten, and the world started fresh and fair? Besides, there was Marcia's radiant face—and the thought of those dishes!

"The holidays are n't all they 're cracked up to be, are they, Marsh!" sighed Rupert, tumbling over, spent, upon the stairs, as she ran, laughing, to his side.

"I think they 're the loveliest things in the whole world," declared Marcia, who had forgotten that there ever was such a thing as a seamy side. "Don't you, Mr. Bromley?"

But Mr. Bromley was down on the floor, looking for his glasses, which in the joyous excitement of that last shout had hopped off his nose, this time, apparently, for good and all.

PEOPLE OF THE STREAM

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness," "The Blue Pearl," and "The Inca Emerald"

BACK of the beyond lies Black Swamp, last and loneliest of all the many marshes that flank Seven Mountains. Through its depths Lost Creek coils like a slow brown snake. It is wide and shallow, with mud banks, and in places merges with the marsh; nor has any man ever followed all its windings. In the very heart of the swamp, ringed around with quaking bogs, is Wolf Island, a great granite ledge where lived the last wolf pack of the State.

It was near Black Swamp that Jacob Quiggle, the trapper, one night heard a panther crying along his trail like a lost child, and shot it underneath the light of a cloud-swept moon. There, too, is Big Spring, the sinister pool where, before the Revolution, Joab Enos once found a great elk brought to bay by a pack of hunting wolves, and where, later, Daniel Rogers was drowned while trying to save a bogged heifer.

The wolf, the panther, and the elk have been long gone from Black Swamp. In their place has settled a beaver colony, driven down by forest fires from the far-away Beaverkill. Deep in the marsh they have built a dam and made a pond. There in a windowless lodge, built of poles and thatched with turf and mud, one April day a little beaver was born. It had been a hard winter for the colony. Late in the season a cloud-burst from back in the mountains had swept away a pile of food logs that represented weary weeks of work. Many of these the ice had locked in beyond recovery before they could be towed back. Then, too, one of the storage pools, in which a part of the winter's supply was kept, froze into a solid mass. The colony had been overworked and underfed.

So it happened that when Mother Beaver came out into the sunlight one still morning full of killdeer calls and bluebird notes, only one little beaver followed her. The year before there had been five, and, the year before that, eight. This one was a wise, serious little chap; but instead of being a study in browns, like all the others, he was black; likewise, he was big. As he lay stretched out in the sunlight on the side of the lodge he was almost a third larger than any month-old beaver had a right to be. Suddenly, round brown heads popped out of the water close beside him.

Blackie never moved. One after another his big brothers sniffed him over, for the wild folk have found that the nose is quicker and more accurate than the eye. Every wild animal has his own scent, which is as different from all others as is the thumb-mark of a human, and in a moment the new little beaver was catalogued for life in the colony. Henceforth he would be recognized instantly by day or dark, near by or at a distance. Last of all appeared the enormous head and shoulders of Father Beaver himself. After sniffing Blackie over he suddenly nibbled at the cheeks of his last-born, which is a sign of great affection among the undemonstrative beaver-folk.

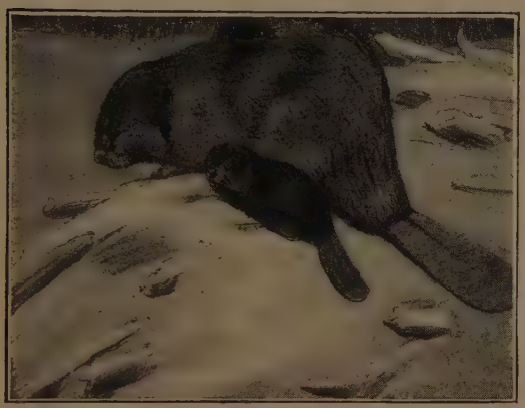
Thereafter followed a course of training such as rarely falls to the lot of a young beaver. All the attention and education which Mother Beaver had been accustomed to distribute among a number of little beaver were concentrated on Blackie. Some things he knew without being taught. With his hind feet webbed like a goose, he swam as naturally as he breathed, and he used his supple little fore paws far better than a human baby uses his hands. He knew without being told that the curious double nail on the second toe of each hind foot was meant for a comb, and every day he sat in the sun and combed out every inch of his soft, plushy fur.

Neither did he need lessons in the use of the four self-sharpening, orange-colored chisels which he carried in the front of his mouth. In fact, the very first time that he went ashore he sat up on his haunches like a chipmunk and, with tremendous energy, gnawed down a tree about the size of a lead-pencil.

When it came to his flat black tail,—shaped like the end of an oar and which looked as if it were covered with scales, but was n't,—he found that he had still something to learn. To be sure, he knew that it was useful as a scull and a rudder in swimming and as a stool, a prop, and a cushion on land. It was Mother Beaver who showed him another use for it. Near the edge of the pond, several pairs of red-winged blackbirds had made nests of grasses and

weed-stalks in the tussocks, where they guarded jealously their pale-blue eggs. Whenever Blackie swam near that part of the pond the males, would dash at his head, which showed like that of a great squirrel above the water. The birds should have known that a beaver is always a vegetarian. Yet each time that he came anywhere near their shore they would flutter their wings around his head and peck his soft nose so sharply that he would dive under and not come up again until well beyond blackbird territory.

Then one morning Mother Beaver convoyed him around the pond. As usual, the



"THIS ONE WAS A WISE, SERIOUS LITTLE CHAP"

blackbirds dashed out with an irritating chorus of alarm notes. The old beaver ignored them entirely until they fluttered down within pecking distance. Then suddenly her broad tail shot up and accurately flipped a couple of quarts of water all over them. Squawking, drenched, and bedraggled, the whole company flew back to their bog and annoyed the beaver no more.

The most important lessons in tail-tactics, however, came later. In a May twilight the colony was making some additions to the dam. As usual, the huge bulk of the beaver chief was stretched athwart the lodge. There, in some mysterious way unknown to humans, he directed the work without sound or motion. Suddenly his ears—short enough, but among the quickest of all the wild-folk—caught the sound of a broken branch. Instantly his tail struck the water with a sharp spat and he dove into the pool. At the very beginning of the signal every worker went under. Only Blackie stayed on the stub where he was lying, until the head of Mother Beaver shot up beside him. Gripping him in her great teeth, she gave him a sharp punishment-nip and dragged him down to safety under the surface. A second later the tufted ears and gooseberry-green eyes of a wild-cat peered through the brush.

Two days later, Blackie again had impressed upon him how short is the life of a beaver who does not instantly obey. In the late dusk, a wood-cutting party climbed up the bank. Two of them were full-grown three-year-olds, while the third was Mother Beaver. She was in charge, for every beaver-gang has a foreman. Blackie tagged along with her. As all four of them waddled along they seemed the most stupid of animals. Only when they sat up on their haunches did their awkwardness and dullness drop from them like a mask, and they appeared the alert, capable beasts which they are. Near the bank was a little grove of aspen.

Each of the wood-cutters chose a tree over half a foot in diameter and, folding his tail beneath him for a stool, squatted on his hind legs and began to chop, beaver-fashion. Bobbing their heads from side to side, they sank first their upper and then their lower cutting teeth in a regular up-and-down motion, prying out wide chips at regular intervals in a kerf some sixteen inches from the ground. Some distance away, and close to the pool, the old beaver took her stand and stared up intently into the tree-tops, while her nose and ears were on guard, too, for any scent or sound of danger. Blackie stationed himself directly behind her and likewise looked aloft with all his eyes, although he had no idea what he was expected to see. A full hour passed, with the big and little sentinel on duty. As chip after chip was wedged out, the groove deepened until the soft trunk was cut half-way through. Suddenly, the old beaver saw against the starlit sky the top-most twigs of one of the trees sway ever so slightly toward the pool. Instantly she brought her tail down on the ground with a hollow thud, whereupon Blackie did the same, although his small tail made no sound whatever. Then she dived into the pool, followed by Blackie and the beaver farthest away.

The other wood-cutter lingered to dig out the last chip which he had just cut. The soft, brittle fibers of an aspen break all at once when the tree goes down, without the creaking, snapping warning which a hard-wood tree gives. Wherefore it happened that just as the unfortunate wood-cutter thrust his head into the deep cutting which

he had made, the heavy trunk crashed down toward him, catching and crushing his head as in a trap a warning to all disobedient beavers.

Before long, Blackie was drafted into the working squad. The dam was continually being repaired. Here and there a leak would develop, or the sticks of which it was made would settle, so that there was always a constant plastering and patching going on. Blackie's part was to bring up a supply of soft mud from the bottom of the pond, which was then spread over the dam face by more expert plasterers. He soon learned to pack a load of this natural mortar against his round little body, clamping it with his tail from below and encircling it above with his fore paws. Thus laden, he would scull himself up to the dam like a little mud-barge.

Then came the day of his first fight. Beaver children dive and race and wrestle and play in the moonlit water and sunshine and shadow of the shore. Sometimes, like human children, they lose their tempers. But, whatever the reason, one sunrise in early summer, while the whole colony were busy digging a short ditch to a near-by aspen-tree, without the slightest warning, Blackie and a beaver brother suddenly clinched and rolled over and over on the bank. In accordance with beaver etiquette, the others worked steadily on without paying them the slightest attention.

Although both brothers bit and scratched and nibbled with tremendous energy, neither was able to make much impression on the other's thick fur. Back and forth they tumbled, making a subdued mumbling sound, which among the beaver-people is the equivalent of the loudest shouts and screams and shrieks of more emotional folk. At last the older and more experienced of the two, twisting almost double, managed to nip sharply his opponent's tender and unprotected tail. With a loud and sorrowful squeal of surrender, Blackie backed away; whereupon the other instantly let go his hold, and Blackie dived to the bottom of the pool and with a pink little tongue applied first aid to his injuries. Such is the usual ending of a beaver fight. Other animals may maim and kill their own kind; but among the beaver, the one who first gets a tail-hold wins a bloodless victory.

Shortly after this battle the long summer vacation began. Beaver are the best workers of all mammals; they build dams, cut down forests, dig canals, and change the face of the earth; and all because they know how to work. Reduced to its lowest terms, their formula is coöperation, concentration, vacation. From June until September a beaver colony is deserted. Burrows and lodges are laid open to the cleansing sun and wind, while all except the very young beaver, with their mothers, wander in twos and threes far afield, hunting, exploring, and picnicking. Wherefore it happened that the fifth month of Blackie's life found him with Father and Mother Beaver many miles from Black Swamp on the shores of Raven Brook.

The month had been one long adventure for him. He had learned to grub up the sweet, glutinous roots of the spatter-dock, which grows from one to two feet long, and tubers of the swamp-potato, large as hen's eggs, besides sampling new grass, cowslips, water-cress, and mushrooms. While the old beavers explored the stream, adding to the knowledge stored up in their wise round heads of possible homes and food-supplies, Blackie shuffled around on the bank on his short legs, conscientiously filling himself full of good things to eat.

At last his sniffing little nose caught the savor of a patch of sweet flag that grew a hundred feet inland. Father and Mother Beaver were out of sight for the moment around a bend; but the shore seemed safe, and a moment later Blackie was happily engaged in grubbing up the pungent, jointed roots. Suddenly his quick ears caught the grit of hobnailed shoes on gravel. He turned like a flash, but too late. Between him and the safety of the stream towered old Jud Adams, who had been out cruising for lumber.

"A young black beaver, b'gosh!" exclaimed the old man, delightedly, as he hurried toward Blackie. Many years ago Jud, then a trapper of sorts, had owned a tame little beaver whose mother had been killed. He had named it Nip, and it took long journeys perched on his shoulder. When the two came to water, Nip would go swimming in the stream, but would come to his master's whistle like a little dog. If frightened, he would scurry up to Jud and scramble under his coat like a big squirrel, and when hungry would sit up on his hind legs and whimper beseechingly until fed. When Nip was shot by mistake by a hunter, his passing left a lonely place in the old man's heart that had never been filled. To-day he planned to have another pet.

As he started toward Blackie, the latter, terribly frightened, gave a long wail like a

scared baby and just managed to dodge Jud's clutching fingers. Immediately, there was a great splashing in the stream and the head of the mother beaver appeared in the water, swimming desperately for the shore. In a second she was out on the bank, writhing, tossing, and dragging herself along the ground at Jud's feet, as if terribly wounded. When he tried to catch her, however, she managed to dodge him, edging away all the time toward the stream. The trapper was not to be fooled so easily, but turned back again toward Blackie, although the old beaver flapped against his very legs in a desperate attempt once more to distract his attention.

Suddenly, there was another tremendous splash from the brook, and Jud turned to see the largest beaver of his life rushing toward him. The old beaver chief had his own system for attracting attention. Clattering his great gnawing teeth together like castanets, he came on like an avalanche, whereupon Jud did a very creditable performance in the standing broad-jump. As he landed he heard a scuttling rush from behind, and in a second Blackie had passed him, scampering along on his short legs with surprising speed. Jud started to follow him, but was again confronted by the grim teeth of the great beaver. As he paused, there was another rush. This time it was Mother Beaver who dived into the water, with a triumphant whack of her tail. Then slowly and warily the beaver chief backed off, and, with a splash that sounded like a falling boulder, gained the refuge of the run.

For a moment the old man stood and stared after him. Then he gazed sadly at the unresponsive stream. "I 'd have taken mighty good care of that little chap!" he sighed, as he turned away.

Late in August there came a frosty night. The very next day the wanderers began to come back to the pond. At the first touch of cold in the air, every beaver remembered that, before winter locked the lake, cords of food logs must be cut and carried. On their return, the old chief decided that another dam must be built in order to open up new groves of food trees. A hundred yards from the pond, the overflow of the springs which fed the bog seeped away in a tiny trickle of water some six inches wide and two inches deep. From this little rill, the chief engineer of the colony planned to make a reservoir an acre in extent, with a maximum depth of about seven feet.

No human engineer would have taken the job. This hydraulic expert, however, knew his business. At a point where a gray nodule of clay showed above the mud, he started the dam; for a beaver builder always prefers a clay foundation. Mud sinks, while a dam built on a rock foundation is apt to be swept away in the spring freshets. Then followed days of concentrated work. Every beaver in

"EACH TIME HE CAME NEAR THEY WOULD FLUTTER THEIR WINGS"

the colony, big, little, old, and young, worked in day and night shifts. At first, all cut down and dragged to the site saplings of willow and aspen from three to ten feet in length. These were laid parallel to the current, instead of across it as humans build their dams. The butt-ends pointed up-stream and were raised a foot or so higher than the down-stream ends. Each stick was set in clay dug up from the stream bed.

In a few hours the structure was two feet high, and the ends were brought in, making the dam arch slightly down-stream. As the water backed up, it spread into a little pond, and the dam was lengthened until at last the curved ends touched two little knolls covered with trees on either side of the pond bed. In three days the work was finished,

"A BLACK FORM CROUCHED ON THE VERY EDGE OF THE LITTLE CAPE"

and a pond several feet deep reached to the trees on either bank. Then the dam-builders became wood-cutters and canal-diggers. Some squads felled aspen and birch-trees and cut them up into logs four and five feet long, while the rest dug a canal three feet wide, two feet deep, and as straight as an arrow, which connected the two ponds. Through this, the food logs were floated, until, by the time the first snow flew, the bottom of the home pond was covered with logs. On the bark of these, beneath the ice, the beaver would live throughout the winter. When the last log was safely anchored in the mud the whole colony became plasterers, and, with Father Beaver as foreman, covered the great family lodge from three to six inches deep with soft mud. When this froze, the colony had a stone house into which neither man nor beast could break.

In the very midst of their work, the little colony was beleaguered by its worst enemy. According to Indian legends, running clear back to the Stone Age, the wolverine, or carcajou, has always been the hereditary foe of the beaver. This one had been prowling along the banks of Panther Run, when he saw floating in the water a peeled stick. It seemed to have been cut with a blunt knife with a nick in the blade, for through the center of each cutting ran a little ridge, the sign and seal of the beaver-people, marking the tiny space between each of the two cutting teeth.

For weeks, with uncanny patience, the great weasel searched every brook and spring and stream which flowed into Panther Run. On the first night of the full moon he came. Just as the moon showed over Seven Mountains, every beaver, big and little, in the colony popped up out of the pond. On the top of the lodge, huge and black in the still white light, lay Father Beaver. He seemed asleep. Yet there was never a motion on the shore nor a ripple on the water which his small eyes did not see. His pricked-up ears caught the faintest shadow of a sound, and every fleeting scent that crossed the still night air was winnowed through his nostrils. Because there was to be hard and heavy work that evening, the whole colony played with all their might. Up and down, under and around the pond, they chased each other in some game of which only beaver know the rules.

Suddenly, there came the sharp spat of the sentinel's tail, followed by the plunge of his great bulk as he dived. Like echoes, from all points of the pond came sucking gurgles, as every swimmer dropped like a stone to the bottom. A little puff of air had brought to the old chief a sinister taint, nor

"THE WOLVERINE'S SHORT, BOWED LEGS SHOT HIS HEAVY BODY THROUGH THE AIR"

did he need the sight of five-clawed tracks on the shore the next morning to know that his enemy was upon him. There was no more work nor play that night, nor the next, nor the next.

Still the wolverine stayed. To the fierceness of the wolf and the craft of the fox, the uncanny beast added a patience all his own. As long as one beaver remained in the pond, he would lurk and prowl—and wait, while winter would not. Every day was needed to store up enough food to carry the colony through the ice-bound months which were coming, and it became necessary for the old chief to choose at once between fight and flight. Unhesitatingly he elected the fight, although he had no illusions in regard to his chances.

A wolverine can kill a wolf and make even a bear back away. Against the fierce claws and full set of fighting teeth of the wolverine, the beaver could oppose only his four front chisels and the best brain of all the rodents. It was this brain which made him turn to the one ally which the water-people always have. With the odds of the stream in his favor, he would have a chance with any of the land fighters.

That night, as soon as it was dark, a brown squat beast, with humped-up hind quarters and a bushy tail, stole down to the shore. On either side of its flat muzzle gleamed the fierce, green-lighted eyes of the wolverine. Without a sound it circled the pond. There was no sign of the frolickers of the night before. Yet as the wolverine came to where a little point of land jutted into the pond, his wide-spread nostrils caught a whiff of the sweet, steamy scent of the beaver. Stealing noiselessly through the bushes, the great weasel glimpsed a black form crouched on the very edge of the little cape. Nostrils and eyes alike assured him that the dark shape was that of a beaver, yet a beaver of such size and bulk as he had never seen before. Moreover, it lay strangely still and unheeding for so wary an animal.

Like a shadow the wolverine crept through the brush. Ten feet away, at the edge of the bushes, he crouched. Suddenly, like uncoiling springs, his short, bowed legs shot his heavy body through the air. Still there was no movement on the part of the other, and in a second the wolverine had clamped his long claws deep into the beaver's side and was trying to pierce with his sharp teeth the folds of fat and fur that guarded the old chief's neck. Suddenly the beaver's head shot out, and his four great cutting teeth gripped a fore paw of the wolverine like a trap. Before the carcajou could brace itself, the beaver plunged into the pond, dragging

his opponent after him into the water. Sinking his teeth deeper and deeper into the folds of flesh that guarded the beaver's neck, the wolverine fought desperately to stay on the surface of the water. Even with all its paws free, it could not have hoped to swim against the beaver.

Lower and lower in the water the struggling animals sank until, with startling suddenness, both heads shot out of sight. Only the eddies and bubbles told of the battle under water, grim as that between Beowulf and Grendel in the haunted mere. Desperately, but vainly, the wolverine wrought with tooth and claw to reach the life of the beaver before water should claim her toll for overtime. All his fierceness availed nothing against the tactics of his foe. Gripping the great weasel's fore paw with jaws of steel, the beaver bored his head down into the mud deeper and deeper and simply waited, knowing that he could stay under nearly three times as long as his opponent. Slowly, slowly, the jaws of the wolverine relaxed and his tense muscles went limp. Then, on a stream of silvery bubbles, his fierce life fled away, and the grim body floated to the bank.

Hardly had the last pat of plaster been laid, before winter fell with all the suddenness of the North. In a night the pond was frozen across. Then came the snow and the bitter cold which locked earth and water until spring. Under the ice in their warm room, safe from hunger and danger, the beaver people slept and played and ate, the long winter through.

Then came a second spring in Blackie's life, and, a year before his time, he reached his full growth and strength. The ice had hardly left the pond when he was out exulting in his new strength and size. Even before the beginning of the summer vacation he had become an explorer.

Most beavers are born stay-at-homes. Yet, in every generation, there are a few wanderers who become the pioneers and founders of new colonies. The first of his many journeyings came near being his last. Again he was exploring Raven Brook. Where the stream wound its way out of the woods, Blackie took to the bank, ready to plunge for his life at the first sign of danger. At last his nostrils caught the scent of distant smoke and he turned to go back, since evil is apt to overtake wild-folk who linger near where men live. As he turned back, Blackie caught sight of a long smooth slide down a mud-bank into the stream, just beyond where he stood. He knew that it was made by the muskrat people who, like the beaver, are players as well as industrious workers.

Although both are water-folk, the beaver hates the muskrat, because he digs holes through his dams and lets the water off from his ponds. That did not prevent Blackie, however, from trying their slide, for like all young beaver, he dearly loved to coast. Waddling to the top, he made a toboggan of his ever-useful tail and, with little round ears pricked up and mouth half open with excitement, whizzed joyously down the slope. As he struck the water, there was a grinding click, and the fierce jaws of a trap closed on one of his chubby fore legs. Jerry Wickwire, whose father farmed that hidden valley, had set a muskrat trap at the foot of the slide. At the first pang of the grim jaws, Blackie dived into deep water, only to be brought up short by the chain fastened to a near-by stake. A muskrat, weighed down by the trap, would have drowned; but it was easy enough for Blackie to scramble up on the bank, dragging trap and chain after him.

There it was that Jerry found him an hour later. Crawling carefully down the slope, he approached the trap with uplifted club. Blackie did not try to hide shamefacedly, as does a trapped fox, nor face death frothing and fighting, as a lynx or raccoon would have done. Instead, he looked steadily and a little sorrowfully at the boy. As Jerry struck half-heartedly, the beaver, without a sound managed to ward off the blow with his free hand. Again Jerry raised his club, and Blackie sat up and regarded him bravely, and, as it seemed to the boy, reproachfully. There was no sign of anger nor of fear as, with a curiously human gesture, he again tried to shield his head from the uplifted club, keeping his eyes fixed on Jerry.

It was fortunate for the beaver that the boy was not an experienced trapper and still had something of the mercy in his nature which he who lives upon the lives of his lesser brethren must forego.

"I just can't do it!" he muttered, lowering his stick as he looked into the brave, steady eyes of the animal. Then he pressed down the springs of the trap and the jaws gaped apart. Feeling himself free, the beaver swiftly drew out his prisoned paw, and, with a last, questioning look at the boy, plunged into the deep water.

FIRE-WOOD

By EDITH BISHOP SHERMAN

It was during a winter in the early eighties. For three days a snow-storm had held the little town of Dubuque, Iowa, in its relentless grip. All pretense of traffic had stopped after the first day. Everywhere, people had withdrawn to the shelter of their homes, only the tunnels or frantically cleared paths lazy and short-sighted and, that year, had not placed their fuel under shelter, split and sawed, as he should have done.

But at last came a morning when the sun shone, after weary days of falling snow, and Jessie opened her eyes to a scene of fairyland outside her window. She sprang

"'I 'LL LEAD DOBBIN AND YOU JES' SIT QUIET, MARY'" (SEE PAGE 247)

to wells and stock-barns proclaiming defiance of the bitter cold and the drifting snow.

Jessie Hardman, a pretty girl of sixteen, lived with her widowed mother and a thirteen-year-old sister upon a small farm not far from Dubuque. As it happened, their farm-helper, Nathan Strong, had been called home just before the severe storm had swept down upon them from out of the north, and he had been unable to return to them. So, snow-bound, Jessie and her mother had had hard shift to keep the stock alive. Upon Jessie, too, had devolved the additional task of supplying fire-wood for the kitchen range, a difficult one because of the fact that Nathan was habitually briskly out of bed to dash into her clothes, for the zero atmosphere of bedrooms in those days was conducive to speed.

"Come, get up, Mary," she commanded, trying to control her spasmodic shudders from the cold. "It—it—it—is n't s-so very c-c-cold!"

"No," remarked Mary, eyeing her rather sarcastically from the bed and burrowing deeper beneath her warm blankets, "you don't act as if it was!"

The two sisters were dressed at last, however, and bursting into the warm kitchen below, they greeted their mother boisterously. But Mrs. Hardman kissed them good morning with a preoccupied frown.

"I don't know what we 're goin' to do about food, Jessie," she remarked, during the course of breakfast. And now her tone was frankly worried. "I declare, I don't. We 're almost out of everything. Nathan was to bring home flour and sugar and coffee an' all, when this storm kep' him tied up in town. And it seems like the year I did n't put up many things in the way o' canned vegetables and fruit was the very year we needed them."

Jessie laid down her knife and fork.

"Why can't I take Dobbin and the sled and go to town?" she proposed. "Mary can come with me, of course, and I 'm sure we can make it."

"Land sakes, child, I guess not!" answered her mother. "You could n't do it! Why, the drifts have hidden every speck o' road and you can't see a fence f'r miles." She glanced at the window, where the snow, drifted almost to the top of the upper pane, gave the usually sunny kitchen an air of gloom and mystery. "No, no," she went on, decidedly. "You 'd get off the road, sure, an' get lost."

"Get lost! When I 've traveled that road for sixteen years! Now, Ma, that 's foolish." Jessie shook her head stubbornly. "There 's no tellin' when Nathan 'll get back,—that old poke!—and we don't want to live on cornmeal mush any longer."

"Aw, Ma, we can do it!" Mary spoke up. "Me and Jessie have driven in lots o' times."

"But never after such a storm as this, Mary," answered her mother. "Really, Jessie, I don't like to have you go—"

Jessie, however, had detected the signs of weakening in her mother's voice. She jumped up gaily.

"Come on, Mary! Get into your things!" she cried. "I 'll go out an' hitch up."

Twenty minutes later the two girls started off, Jessie flapping the reins with a flourish over old Dobbin's broad back. Both Mary and she looked comically fat, bundled into sweaters and coats as they were, Jessie even wearing hip-boots.

"You 'll need them," Mrs. Hardman had said firmly, silencing her daughter's protests. "You 'll probably have to get out and lead Dobbin a dozen times through the drifts, and it 'll be awful wet work."

"But, Ma, there 's such a crust to the snow, I 'm sure even Dobbin can walk on it," Jessie had answered. She eyed the boots with great disfavor. "They 're all right for jes' around here on the farm. But think how I 'll look, shufflin' into the store with those things on!"

"Looks don't matter," returned her mother, sensibly. "Health is what counts. No boots, no trip to town, Jessie. We 'll live on cornmeal mush till Nathan comes."

The alternative had been too trying. Jessie had given in. And now, a mile from home, when she climbed down into the snow into which Dobbin had all at once sunk, she was glad that her mother had insisted upon the boots. Mighty comfortable and protecting they felt against the wet, cold snow. It was quite a task to coax Dobbin through that drift; but at last it was accomplished and Jessie hoisted herself back upon her seat with a weary sigh. Dobbin started off over the crusty snow upon a trot. A few miles farther on, however, Mary suddenly exclaimed.

"Why, Jessie, are n't we gettin' off the road?" She pointed to a farm-house to their right. "The road goes right in front of Smiths', and we are 'way over here."

Jessie pulled their horse up with a jerk.

"Those awful drifts!" she ejaculated, looking around her in dismay. "We must have come over the fence into Smiths' fields."

Suddenly her eyes met Mary's with a look of terror. And the younger girl's answered.

"Goodness, Mary!" Jessie spoke almost in a whisper. "Are n't we in the lead-hole field?"

Mary gazed around her with frightened eyes. Her round, red cheeks began to pale.

"I believe we are, Jessie," she quavered. Her lips began to tremble. "And there ain't a mite o' use in tryin' to stir,—there 's holes all over this field. The snow covers them all, too."

For a minute Jessie's heart leaped and thumped in her girlish bosom as she stared across the smooth, deceiving expanse of white snow between Mary and herself and safety. Then her ordinary common sense came to her rescue.

"Stop sniffling, Mary," she ordered. "We 've got to get out of this field, back onto the road, and cryin' won't help. Now, let's see." She looked over at the farm-house calculatingly, trying to drag from the depths of her memory a picture of the land in summer. "This is the field to Smiths' left, isn't it? It 's the one where there are those three leadholes—two half-sunk ones and that big, deep one, that we used to throw stones down in, last summer, with Nell Smith."

Dubuque was—and is still—surrounded by lead-mines. As Jessie spoke, memory responded to her efforts and the "big hole" came quite clearly before her mind's eye. It was an abandoned mine-shaft, about six by eight feet, in which the ore had given out at about eighty feet below the ground. Water had begun to fill the hole following the years of abandonment and, unbelievable as it seems, no cover had been provided save some boards which, in the course of time, had rotted away, leaving a dangerous opening. It was this opening, now covered by the smooth crust of snow, which so alarmed the girls.

Jessie got down and moved to the horse's head.

"We can't all go down that hole," she said reassuringly. "It 's too small. I 'll lead Dobbin and you jes' sit quiet, Mary."

But after a few, cautious yards forward, Jessie grew tired of their slow progress.

"We 'll never get back to the road this way," she said. "I 'll go ahead and sort of feel the way. You drive on slowly, Mary; try to follow me exactly. Though I 'm sure that that big hole is down at the other end of the field, anyway.

As she spoke, she dropped Dobbin's bridle and moved forward alone. And then the thing which they had been dreading happened! Suddenly, with no warning whatsoever, the snow gave away beneath Jessie's feet and with a brief, frightened cry, she disappeared from sight, leaving Mary to stare in utter horror at the black opening that looked like a great ink-spot on the white snow.

Down, down fell Jessie, swiftly, like an apple dropped from the highest branch of a wind-swept tree, feet foremost, until she reached bottom and plunged into thick, oozy mud to her waist.

For a short space of time she was too stunned to move, too breathless to do more than gasp. Then, afar off, like a voice from another country, came the faint cry of her sister.

"Jessie, Jessie, are you killed?"

Jessie nodded her head in the grim darkness. Then, recollecting, she looked up, toward the glimmer of light above her.

"No—but I 'm pretty nearly killed!" she called back forlornly.

The light above was obscured for a moment, as Mary bent over the edge of the hole.

"'ALL RIGHT, JESSIE. LOOK OUT FOR THE ROPE'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"Don't come near! You 'll fall, too!" shrieked Jessie. "Go get a rope, Mary! Get Smiths and a rope!"

Back flashed the light and Jessie knew that Mary was flying across the snow toward the farm-house.

She, herself, could not move. Strain as she might, this way or that, she could not move her feet. She was held fast in the mud. She extended her hands, groped blindly before her, around her, and discovered that she could touch the wall to her right. Then, becoming desperate, she clawed madly at the wall, trying to draw herself up, up, out of the treacherous, tenacious clutch of the mud, and, in fighting thus, loosened pieces of earth and small stones that, to her horror, not only splashed into the mire she was immersed in, but *went on through*, to fall with a dull *plop* into water below her. Then she knew that, contrary to her belief, in falling she had not reached the bottom of the hole, but had dropped, instead, forty of the eighty feet and was at that moment standing upon some boards used in the construction of the shaft. These boards, during the years, had caught the "cave-ins" and various droppings of dirt and earth until a bed of soft mud had been built there and it was into this that she had dropped, feet foremost. Thirty feet below her was ten feet of water!

"What if these boards give 'way! They 're old and rotten! What if they do!" Jessie whispered it to herself. She was actually speechless, momentarily, from fright. She wrung her hands. "I 'll drown, like a rat—like a rat caught in a trap!"

Tears came to her. She cried convulsively until a new terror assailed her. Overhead, far above her, upon the hard crust of the snow, she could hear Dobbin moving about, left there to wander at will by Mary! Jessie's face, streaked with mud, cut by a falling stone, blanched beneath the dirt and mud. Not only did she stand a good chance of being drowned—the old horse might, at any moment, come crashing down on her!

Then, as to so many persons in deadly peril, vivid memory pictures of her past life began to pass before her—everything she should have done and had not. The calls upon sick friends she had been too busy to bestow, times she might have helped others and had not, impatient words spoken in haste or vexation to her mother, ill-tempered ones to Mary. And, most torturing thought of all, came the remembrance that she had not that morning filled her mother's wood-box. That empty wood-box! In her excitement at going to town, at breaking the monotony of storm-bound country-life, Jessie had neglected the big-little task which meant so much to her frail mother during Nathan's enforced absence. And now, crippled by rheumatism, worn out by her arduous labor of caring for the stock, her mother must go out and saw the wood needed to keep her warm.

Poor Jessie! That little, neglected duty capped the climax of her self-reproaches and she writhed and struggled all the more frantically to escape from the trap of mud. Overhead, Dobbin moved about restlessly, so that the girl, every now and then, when a shadow seemed to hover over the hole's opening, caught her breath in gasping fear.

But mortal suspense can not endure forever. At last there was the sound of excited voices, the crunching of footsteps across the snow above Jessie's head, and, gazing upward, the imprisoned girl saw the light obstructed, while the encouraging voice of Ed Smith, Nell's big brother, shouted down to her, innocently ironical.

"Still there, Jessie?"

Jessie's relief was so great, for a second, that she could not speak. Finally, however, she managed to shout back to them in a weak little voice that surprised herself as much as it did Mary, who promptly burst into anxious tears.

"Better hurry," said Ed Smith, in a low voice to the man who was with him. He leaned over the edge of the hole. "Any bones broken, d' ye think, Jessie?" he asked.

Jessie felt as much of herself as she could, and tried again to move her helpless feet.

"I don't think so," she answered doubtfully. Then making out, even against the light, Ed's good-natured face above her, a little glow of courage suddenly began to expand within her. "No, I 'm pretty sure I 'm all right. Tell Mary not to cry," she added.

"All right, Jessie. Look out for the rope." And Ed began to lower the stout rope he had grabbed up almost mechanically at Mary's excited entrance into his big barn.

Jessie watched that rope, fascinated. Impossible, it seemed, that she was going to be released from her perilous position, impossible that she was going to see Mary again, see her mother and the jolly kitchen at home once more, be able *to fill her mother's wood-box!* Yet the swaying, swiftly de-

"SOME ONE LIFTED HER GENTLY IN STURDY ARMS" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

scending rope meant all of these things; and when the end of it reached her at last, she caught its slip-noose with both hands, pulled it over her head and beneath her arms and cried, "Ready!"

Instantly, the rope tightened around her chest in such cruel pressure that Jessie almost fainted. She reached up and grasped the part above her head frantically with both hands. "Stop! Stop!" she cried.

Fortunately, her rescuers heard her. The rope slackened at once. And Ed's cheerful voice rumbled down to her in mild astonishment.

"What 's the matter, Jessie? Want to stay down there?"

"No!" She shook her head violently, unmindful that he could not see her. "But the rope—something 's wrong with the rope! It hurts me when you pull on it."

All at once another voice spoke above her:

"Land o' Goshen, Ed! You did n't send down no slip-noose, did ye?"

There was an instant of appalled silence. Then Ed's sheepish voice admitted that he had.

"Well, no wonder the pore girl almost choked. Here, lemme have that rope!"

And the rope, which Jessie had removed, was drawn rapidly up to the top of the hole. Alas for Jessie! Now it seemed as though she could endure no more. She was tempted to cry out: "Stop, I 'll try to bear the pain! Don't take the rope away! What if these rotten boards give 'way, now? I 'll be drowned—with help so near! Don't take the rope away!" But her very agony of fear rendered her speechless, and at last the rope was lowered to her again. It was adjusted properly this time, and Jessie lost no time in slipping it again over her head and under her arms.

"One, two, three!" she heard chanted above her, and, at the word "three," she felt herself jerked violently out of the mud, her feet leaving it with a sighing, swishing sound. A moment of breathless dangling this way and that, bumping against one side, against the other side of the lead-hole, and then she was lifted out upon the snow, was laughing and crying, with Mary's arms around her neck.

For awhile the snow glare blinded her, so that she had to shut her eyes, and before she could open them again, some one slipped a warm blanket around her, some one lifted her gently in sturdy arms. She felt herself being borne over the snow to the Smiths' farm-house, where Mrs. Smith received her in the big warm kitchen with many exclamations of pity and, what was more to the point, warm blankets and hot milk.

It was not until Jessie was stripping off her wet clothing, to change into dry apparel of Nell's, that she made a strange discovery.

"Why, what—" she began, staring down at her feet.

Mrs. Smith turned around questioningly, a cup of hot milk in her hand.

"What 's the matter, Jessie?" she asked.

"Why, my boots—Ma made me wear my boots, and—and—they 're not on my feet any more," stammered Jessie. "Hip-boots, they were, too."

"F'r the land's sake!" Mrs. Smith placed the hot milk carefully upon the kitchen table and sat down to laugh. "If that ain't the beatin'est! Why, they must 've pulled ye clean out o' y'r hip-boots, Jessie!"

Needless to say, the trip to town that day had to be given up. By the time Jessie's clothing had been dried and pressed by kind Mrs. Smith, and she had rested upon the old haircloth sofa in the kitchen corner, it was long past the noon dinner-hour.

Ed Smith took the two girls home in his cutter, old Dobbin hitched to its rear and trotting staidly along behind them. When they reached the Hardman place, Ed insisted upon going in to "put up" Dobbin, and, Mary going with him, Jessie ran into the kitchen alone, where she poured out her day's adventure to her mother. But suddenly the girl stopped, whirled around toward the kitchen stove. The wood-box behind it was empty!

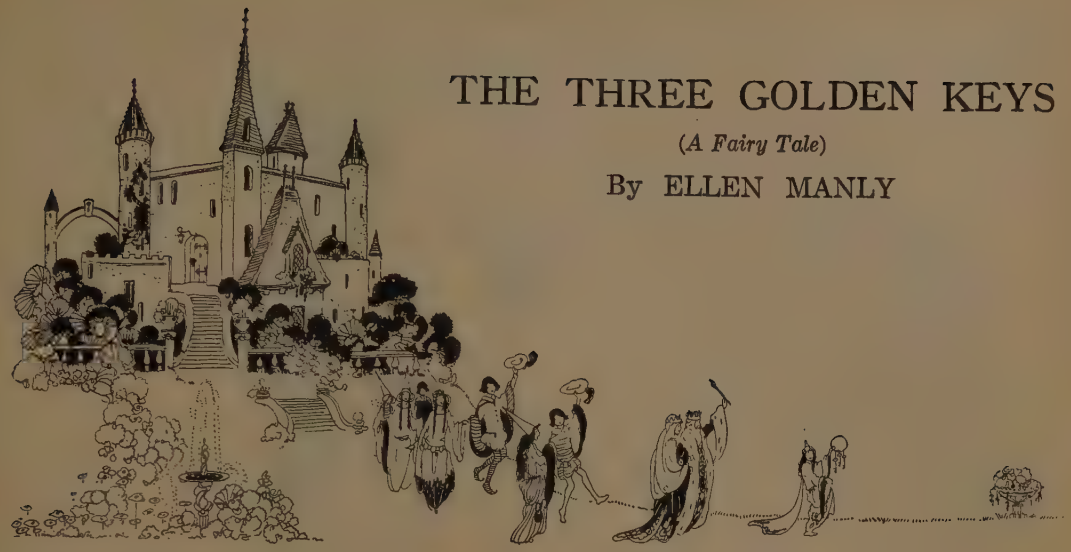
Without another word, Jessie ran out of the kitchen, leaving Mrs. Hardman to stare after her in surprise. Fifteen minutes later she was back. Voices came to her as she fumbled with the kitchen door-knob. Her shoulders ached, every bone in her body ached, the cut upon her forehead smarted; but in her arms was stacked high a pile of fire-wood.

Three people faced her as she entered the kitchen—her mother, Mary, and Nathan, who had just arrived from town. It was Nathan who demanded:

"Why, Jessie, what be ye a-doin', after such goin's-on as fallin' down a lead-hole?"

Jessie stalked grimly across the room, threw her burden down with a crash of splinters, turned around.

"I 'm fillin' Ma's wood-box," she said crossly. "The horrid old thing was empty!"



THE THREE GOLDEN KEYS

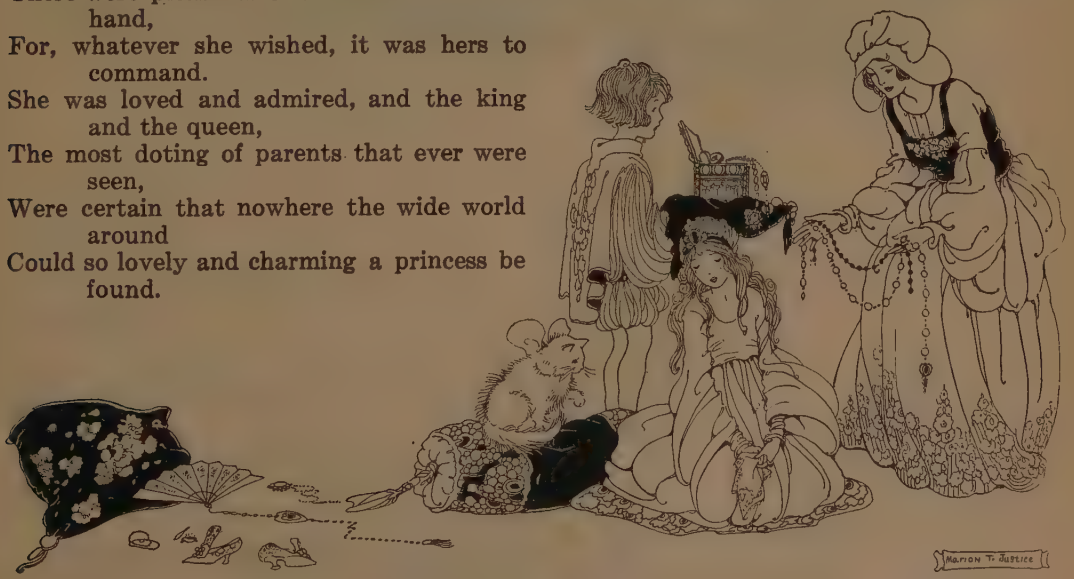
(A Fairy Tale)

By ELLEN MANLY

In a beautiful country far over the seas
Once lived a young princess, whose name was Louise.
She had everything lovely that heart could desire;
Her wardrobe was all that a queen would require,
With necklaces, lockets, and bracelets galore,
Rings, coronets, fans, and a thousand things more.
She slept upon pillows of satin and lace,
And her boudoir of pink was a fairylike place.

There were pleasures of all kinds forever at hand,
For, whatever she wished, it was hers to command.
She was loved and admired, and the king and the queen,
The most doting of parents that ever were seen,
Were certain that nowhere the wide world around
Could so lovely and charming a princess be found.

Now, usually, this princess was happy and gay,
With kind words and laughter a-plenty all day;
But at one time she strangely grew gloomy and sad,
Despite all the pleasures and comforts she had.
She wept, and her temper was none of the best,
And all in the palace were greatly distressed,
For, whatever was done, there was nothing could please
The unhappy, disconsolate, Princess Louise.



"SHE HAD EVERYTHING LOVELY THAT HEART COULD DESIRE"

"JUST THEN A WEE FAIRY, WITH SILVERY WINGS, APPEARED ON THE SCENE"

Just then a wee fairy, with silvery wings,
With a wand and a star and all suitable things
For a fairy's equipment, appeared on the scene
And said to the anxious old king and his queen:
"The trouble is this—your fair daughter Louise
Has carelessly lost her three magical keys.

"Three doors in the princess' apartments there be,
Each opening with none but its own special key.
With all standing wide to the air and the light,
The day will be golden and all will go right.
And, as now they appear to be fastened quite tight,
This is plainly the cause of the lady's sad plight.

"They 're remarkable doors, and you 'd never suppose,"
Said the fairy, "what trouble they make when they close.
One is apt to fly to, where the weather is bad,
And, as long as it 's latched, all is gloomy and sad.
And the *next*, with a bang that is easily heard,
Shuts fast at a cross or unkind little word;
While the *third* has been known to slam perfectly tight
If all that one wished was not promptly in sight.

"If the keys to these doors are not used every day,
They are apt to be lost, or get hidden away,
And, with all of the beautiful sunshine shut out,
And a princess inclined to a fret or a pout,
There 's no luck in a palace, no matter how grand,
Were all the fine things in the world at command.

"The lady must look for these treasures, herself,
In desk or in closet, on table or shelf,
For 't is her hand alone that can open with ease
These magical doors with the three golden keys.
"And, now," said the fairy, "to help her to find,
And to keep them forever hereafter in mind,
I will whisper the secret to Princess Louise
And tell her the names of her precious lost keys.

"'THE LADY MUST LOOK FOR THESE TREASURES'"

"'T is 'Cheerfulness' unlocks the sunshine," said she,
"No matter how gloomy the weather may be.
And 'Kindness' is key, it has always been found,
To courtesy, smiles, and good-nature, all round.
To the third of the doors 'Self control' is the key—
Most important, whatever the matter may be;

"'I WILL WHISPER THE SECRET TO PRINCESS LOUISE'"

For, unless one is master of self, there 's no 'way
To be sure of enjoying a true golden day."

Then the princess awaked from her sad state of mind
And firmly determined her lost keys to find.
The fairy's suggestions she eagerly took,
And was quick to explore every corner and nook;
And with so much good-will and so briskly sought she,
That, in no time at all, she discovered all three.
And then she made haste the three doors to undo,
And oh, what a difference when open they flew!

When the *first* she unlocked, 't was delightful to see
The instant effect of the magical key—
The sunshine streamed in as she opened it wide,
Though the weather seemed shockingly rainy outside.
As the *second* unclosed, to the general delight,
There were smiles and good-humor and courtesy in sight.
And, at last, when she eagerly opened the *third*,
A marvelous change in the princess occurred.

Her old sunny self re-appeared on the scene,
And great was the joy of the king and the queen.
All hearts were relieved as the gloom cleared away,
And the prospect was fine for a true golden day.
Then said the good fairy: "More missions have I,
So I 'll bid you farewell, as away I must fly.
I can quickly return should there be any need,
For a cricket could bring me a message with speed."

There was no further trouble, the chronicles tell,
For the keys never failed to respond to the spell;
And never again did they vanish from sight,
But the doors stood wide open from morning till night.
Then life at the palace was bright and serene,
And a happy old pair were the king and the queen;
While none so beloved as the Princess Louise,
In that beautiful country far over the seas.

They tell us the "wee folk" no longer are near—
That never again can they kindly appear,
With friendliest counsel to cheer a dark day,
And with wave of a wand to drive trouble away.
Perhaps it is true, but we know very well
That the secret still works of *this* wonderful spell,
And, at need, we can always unlock, if we please,
The magical door with the three golden keys.

SKATES AND THE LAW

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "The Turner Twins," etc.

THREE boys alighted from the afternoon train, dragging after them duffle-bags, blanket-rolls, and bundles until, as the train once more took up its leisurely journey, they were fairly surrounded by luggage. Leaving his companions on guard, Chick Holt directed his steps toward a rambling white structure whose front bore the faded legend, "Timkins' Livery Stable." The station-agent disappeared into the waiting-room, and the door closed behind him with a most inhospitable "*Bang!*" Bert Leonard yawned and then settled his chin more snugly into the upturned collar of his mackinaw.

"Nice lively sort of a dump," he observed.

Arthur Cashin smiled. "How far is it to the camp, Bert?" he asked. The sudden jangling of sleigh-bells broke the silence, and across at the stable a man in an old bear-skin coat led a black horse to where Chick was holding up the shafts of a double sleigh.

"Eight miles, he said," answered Bert. "Gee, we 'll never get all this stuff in that sleigh!"

But they did; and presently they were jingle-jangling along a narrow road, leaving North Pemberton behind. The sun was setting behind Little Rat and Big Rat Mountains and the winter sky was aglow. The road wound and wound, following the cleft between Little Rat and Marble; but there was almost no grade. The runners scraped across the boards of a rude bridge, and below them they could hear the muffled gurgle of a frozen stream.

"Glover's Branch," said the driver. "Rat Brook 's over there about half a mile. Glover's runs into it."

Coming out beyond the shoulder of Little Rat, they found the sunset paled to a faint streak of lemon yellow and the long purple shadows stalking across the valley floor. Big Rat loomed ahead, wooded, dark, and mysterious. Chick pointed westward. "Old Forge Lake 's over there," he said. The boys in the back seat looked, but only a flat forest of new-growth maple, oak, and beech rewarded them. Then, suddenly, a streak of tarnished silver met their gaze for an instant ere it was swallowed up by the trees. "Rat Brook," Chick informed them. "If we followed it, we 'd come out at the lower end of the lake. It would n't be more than two miles, I guess."

"Thanks," said Bert, "I 'm quite comfy where I am, only when do we eat?"

At a corner they turned left on a broader road, and before long the woods on one side gave way to open meadow and just ahead lay the lake, a mile-long sheet of ice. At intervals along its farther shore small camps nestled under snow-powdered pines or leafless hardwood, four or five in all, deserted every one. There had been several snowfalls up here in the hills already,—to-day was the twenty-seventh of December,—but they had been light, and the surface of the lake had been swept clean by the wind after each flurry. The driver said he guessed there was a good four inches of ice there, and the boys rejoiced.

"Great!" said Bert. "That 's more than enough to skate on, and we won't have to cut through much to fish."

"You aimin' to fish?" inquired the driver. There was a tolerant note in his voice that caused Chick to assume that he thought they 'd be wasting their time. But no—he guessed they 'd catch some pickerel if they were lucky. "I could n't ever see any fun in freezin' my feet that way, though," he added.

"Well, it is rather cold work," laughed Chick; "but if you build a good fire on shore, it 's not so bad."

The driver grunted doubtfully and the sleigh swung from the turnpike into a narrow lane that wound between pine and spruce. The branches sometimes flicked their faces and spattered dry snow about them. The lake came into sight again close beside them, its darkening surface seeming now like a great sheet of shimmering metal. Then the jingling bells ceased and there, in a small clearing, stood the camp, its modest bulk silhouetted against the ice. A rustic sign overhung a little path that led down to the cabin, and on it the word "RESTHERE" was printed.

There followed a busy five minutes, during which the bags and rolls and packages were carried to the cabin and the driver accepted his modest fee of three dollars, prom-

ised faithfully to return for them four days later, and climbed back to his seat. There, having pulled three of the robes about him and gathered his reins in hand, he paused to cast a dubious look about the twilit surroundings.

"Mean to stay here all alone?" he asked.

"Sure," agreed Chick.

"Hm," said the man. "Well, every feller to his taste. Too blamed lonesome to suit me, though. Good evenin'. Get ap, Judy!"

They "made camp," as Chick phrased it, and then set about getting supper. There was a pump outside the kitchen door, but it failed, of course, to work, and Bert went off with a pail and a hatchet to get water from the pond. Chick filled the wood-box beside the stove and piled fagots in the fireplace, while Arthur tore the wrappings from the groceries and set out the tea and bread and strawberry jam and potted tongue and butter. Presently the fire was crackling merrily in the stove, Bert came back with the water, blowing on numbed fingers, and Chick unearthed the can-opener from the knife-box in the cupboard. A quarter of an hour later they were seated around the table in the big room with the hickory and birch logs snapping and blazing beside them. Everything tasted better than it had ever tasted before in any one's recollection, and Arthur made two trips to the small kitchen at the back for more bread. Dish-washing fell to the lot of Bert, and Chick wiped. Arthur drew a canvas chair to the fire, stretched out tired limbs, and was nearly asleep when the others finished. An early rising, a tiresome journey, the long drive in the cold air, and now the lulling warmth of the fire were too much for them. Long before nine they were all in bed and asleep.

They were up before eight, which, used as they all were to being called, coaxed, and threatened into wakefulness, was doing pretty well. Breakfast over, they put on skates and went out on the lake. It was a gorgeous morning, with a blue sky and golden sunlight. The air was cold, but dry; and while the thermometer which Chick had hung out overnight proclaimed the temperature to be eighteen above, they seemed scarcely to need the heavy clothing they had donned. Bert, who was seventeen, was an excellent skater, and Chick, a year younger, was almost as good. Chick, indeed, had won several prizes for speed skating. Bert's inclinations ran more to fancy "stunts" and tricks, and this morning he fairly outdid himself. Arthur, a mere beginner and a most unpromising one, moved diffidently about and watched, at once admiring and envious. Presently they set out together to follow the shore and explore. It was n't long before Arthur had fallen behind; but he was fairly content with his progress since, at least, he had managed to keep on his feet; and that was something of a triumph for Arthur! He caught up with them when they stopped to climb ashore and investigate the first of the neighboring camps, and lost them again beyond the turn of the lake. They shouted laughing encouragement to him now and then, but they did n't wait for him, and he overtook them next when they rested on the edge of the little bridge that carried the pond road across the mouth of Rat Brook. Old Forge Pond was fed by springs and by dozens of trickling rills that wound down from the encompassing hills, but it had only one outlet, and that was Rat Brook. It, too, was frozen solid on top, although by listening intently they could hear the soft rippling and gurgling of the water beneath. It was about twelve feet broad at its widest and flowed off eastward between birch and alder and witch-hazel toward North Pemberton and, eventually, the Chicontomoc River.

"It would be sort of fun to skate down the brook," suggested Bert. "How far could you go, do you think?"

"Most to North Pemberton, I guess," said Chick. "There is n't much fall to it. Maybe you 'd have to walk around here and there, though. We 'll try it some time, eh?"

They fished through the ice that afternoon and caught four pickerel. Arthur fried them in a covered skillet for supper and they tasted wonderful. The next morning when they awoke it was snowing, and a good two inches already covered the world, save where in places a kindly wind had brushed the lake clear. Three sticks and a block of wood provided an hour's sport at shinny, during which Arthur fell down, on an average, once every minute. He limped noticeably while getting dinner. Afterward they tried fishing again. Perhaps, though, pickerel do not like to go out in a snowstorm, for the boys sat around the fire they had built on shore, talking and listening to the hiss of the snow-flakes against the embers, for a long time without interruption. When interruption came it was a hail from across the ice, where a sleigh had stopped on the turnpike and a form was descending the slope

to the lake. The boys skated across. The man on the shore was a big, burly, red-faced individual in a rough ulster and a blue cloth cap with visor and ear-tabs. A second man remained in the sleigh.

"You fellows been here long?" asked the man, gruffly.

"Since day before yesterday," answered Bert. "We 're staying at Mr. Holt's camp over there."

"Seen any one else around here this morning?" he asked.

"No, sir, not a soul," Bert assured him.

The man's gaze roamed across the lake and he nodded toward the deserted cabins there. "Ain't seen any one around any of those camps?"

"No, they 're closed up tight. We were over there yesterday."

"Ain't been around to-day, though, have you?"

"No, sir, not yet."

The man nodded. "Guess I 'd better take a look," he said, more to himself than to them. "My name 's Collins," he added then. "I 'm sheriff down to Pemberton. A couple of thugs walked into Robbins's hardware store at North Pemberton last night about nine o'clock and got away with three hundred and sixty-eight dollars in money and two Liberty Bonds.

"Well, you fellows keep your eyes open, and, if you see any suspicious characters around, get in touch with my office right away—understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Bert, "we 'll keep a lookout. Only I don't just see," he added dubiously, "how we could let you know if we did see them. I don't suppose there 's any telephone around here, is there?"

The sheriff pursed his lips. "Guess that 's so, too," he acknowledged. "There 's a 'phone at Old Forge, but that 's pretty nigh six miles. And there 's one at Lincoln's, up — No, there ain't, neither. He had it taken out last summer. Well, there 's telephones down to North Pemberton, anyway, and—"

"How far would that be?" asked Bert, innocently.

The sheriff blinked. "'Bout eight or nine miles, maybe, by road; 'bout six if you take the trail."

Bert grinned. "I 'm afraid the robbers would get away before we reached the telephone," he said.

"That 's my lookout." Sheriff Collins spoke sternly. "It 's your duty as a citizen to let me know just as soon as you can if those fellers turn up around here, and mind, I 'm holdin' you to it."

The boys skated back to the fire, replenished it, and discussed the exciting event.

The sound of sleigh-bells coming ever nearer told them that Sheriff Collins was following the road around the lake to the empty cabins. Presently it passed behind them and became fainter.

Arthur looked thoughtfully along the curving shore. "You know," he said, "those robbers might be around. We don't know that they are n't."

Bert sniffed. "Pshaw!" he said, "they would n't stay around here. They 'd hike out for the city."

Arthur presently arose and slid out onto the ice, where, thinking himself unobserved, he attempted a figure eight and promptly sat down. The resultant concussion was sufficient to attract the attention of the others, and Bert asked disgustedly:

"Gee, Cash, are n't you *ever* going to learn to skate?"

"I don't believe so," replied Arthur, dolefully.

"Well, you never will until you *do* believe it," said Chick, decidedly. "You 've got to have confidence, Cash. Just—just forget yourself a minute, you dumb-bell; forget that you 're skating and strike out as though you wanted to get somewhere and did n't know you had skates on at all! Just—just let your skates do it!"

That may have been excellent advice, but Arthur did n't act on it. Discouraged, he returned to the dying fire. Bert viewed him with disfavor.

"You 're scared," he said. "That 's your main trouble. You 're afraid you 'll fall."

"So would you be if you were black-and-blue all over," replied Arthur, spiritedly. "I don't mind falling now and then—anyway, I ain't afraid; but I don't like to fall all the time!"

Chick laughed. "Why don't you try tying a pillow behind you, Cash?"

Arthur echoed the laugh, though faintly. "I guess it would have to be a—what do you call it?—bolster!"

"We are n't going to get any fish to-day," said Bert, "and I 'm getting frozen. Let 's pull up the lines and go in." Chick agreed, and, when the lines were up, he and Bert started toward camp. "Are n't you coming, Cash?" Chick called.

"Not just yet," Arthur replied. "I guess I 'll stay out and—and fall down awhile!"

Back in camp, Chick aroused the smoldering fire in the chimney-place, and he and Bert, having removed their damp mackinaws and damper boots, drew chairs to the fire, and sank luxuriously into them. "Funny about Cash," observed Bert, after a silence. "You 'd think a fellow as old as he is—fifteen, is n't he?—would have learned to skate better."

"Oh, Cash has never had much time, I guess," answered Chick. "You know he works after school in his father's store. Does n't get on the ice very often."

"Folks are poor, are n't they?"

"Sort of. The old man has a little store over in Meadow Street. Hardware and such. Guess he does n't make much money."

"It was decent of you to ask him up here," said Bert.

"Oh, I don't know. I like Cash. And I knew he 'd get a lot more fun out of it than some chaps who were used to good times."

"Sure," assented Bert. "He 's a good kid. He can cook, too."

"Yes, and—say, Bert, I wonder if we 're putting it on him a bit. Making him do the cooking. Maybe we ought to take turns."

"I don't believe he minds," answered the other, comfortably. "Besides, neither of us could do it, I guess. There he comes now."

But it was n't Arthur who threw open the door and entered. It was a stranger. And it was a second stranger who entered on his heels and closed the door behind him. They were an unattractive couple—one, small, wiry, smirking nervously; the other, thickset, dark-visaged, and scowling. They wore thick woolen sweaters under their jackets, but their shoes were thin, and it was n't difficult to surmise that when they continued their journey they would be more appropriately clad for the weather, and at the expense of the occupants of the camp. Neither of the boys had a moment's doubt as to the identity of the visitors. The sheriff's story was too fresh in their minds. It was Chick who found his voice first and gave them a dubious "Hello!"

"'HOPE HE DON'T GET LOST. IT 'S AS BLACK AS MY POCKET'"

The men waived amenities, however, and the big one spoke. "Say, kids, we 're hikin' down to Weston an' we 're sort of up against it. Get me? We ain't had nothin' to eat since mornin' an' we 're fair perishin'. We seen the smoke an' come over to see could we get a snack."

"Why, yes, we can give you something to eat," answered Chick, a trifle tremulously; "but we have n't started supper yet. If you want to wait—"

"Aw, where do you get that stuff?" interrupted the smaller man, thrusting forward to the fire and holding his hands to the warmth. "We ain't society folks, bo. We can eat any time!"

"Shut up, Slim," growled his companion. "Sure, we 'll wait. Somethin' hot 's what I 'm cravin', an' not no cold hand-out."

"Say, listen—" began the other, but he stopped at a menacing scowl and only muttered, darting a nervous look toward a window. Bert and Chick had exchanged troubled glances that had in some manner established the understanding that Chick was to do the talking and Bert was to take his cue from him. Chick pulled another chair to the hearth.

"Better get warm," he suggested. "It—it 's sort of cold, is n't it?" He seated himself on Bert's cot, yielding his chair to the man called Slim.

"You said it," agreed the bigger man, almost amiably, as the chair creaked under his weight. "You guys live here all the time?"

"Oh, no, we 're just here for a few days. We 're from Mercerville."

"Huh, must be sort of lonely." Chick agreed that it was, sort of. He was doing a good deal of thinking, a lot more than he was accustomed to, was Chick; and he was ready for the next question when it came. "Guess you don't have many visitors," went on the man with assumed carelessness. "Bet you ain't seen a stranger, before us, for days."

Chick laughed with a fine imitation of amusement. "You lose, then. There was a man here just this afternoon; two of them, in fact." He heard the smaller visitor draw his breath in sharply, but his amused look did n't waver from the other man's face. The latter narrowed his eyes suspiciously.

"That so? Two of 'em, eh? What did they want?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Chick, carelessly. "Something about a robbery somewhere. Where 'd he say it was, Bert?"

"Pemberton, was n't it?" asked Bert, uninterestedly.

"Yes, I guess it was. One of the men said he was a sheriff. They did n't stay long. Went around the lake and came out again and drove off toward Thompson."

"Lookin' for a robber, was he?" asked the big man, calmly. "Well, say, I hope he catches him. There 's a heap too many yeggs round the country nowadays. Ain't that so, Slim?" Slim agreed unenthusiastically that it was. Slim did n't look, however, as though he enjoyed the subject. He sat on the edge of his chair and failed to share his companion's apparent comfort. "Thompson's about twelve miles, ain't it?" continued the other, idly.

"Thirteen, I think," replied Chick. "Gee, I would n't much care about chasing robbers this kind of weather. Bet that sheriff won't get back to Pemberton to-night."

"Ain't that a shame!" commented the man. "Say, I ain't meanin' to butt in, sonny, but what about the eats? We got a fair ways to go yet. Lineville 's our next stop."

"I 'll start supper right off," said Chick. "Must be 'most time, anyway." He raised his voice and spoke with surprising heartiness. Had the man been watching him just then, which he was n't, having transferred his gaze momentarily to the leaping flames, he might almost have thought that Chick was trying to make his tones carry beyond the farther window, on which his eyes were set. "I don't know how good it 'll be, though; for you see, the fellow that 's our regular cook has gone to North Pemberton, and I guess he won't be back yet awhile. But I 'll do—"

"Eh?" exclaimed the big man, startled. "North Pemberton? What 's he gone for?"

"Oh, for some things we needed," answered Chick, rising from the cot, stretching and moving aimlessly toward the front of the cabin. "It 's about eight miles, I guess, and he is n't likely to get back for a couple of hours." Chick stopped at one of the two windows and stared out. "Hope he don't get lost. It 's as black as my pocket to-night."

It was black, if one excepted the lake. That was darkly gray, and the moving form close to the nearer shore was momentarily visible ere it melted into the shadows. Chick turned away from the window. "Well," he announced cheerfully, "guess we might as well light up."

As it happened, Arthur had been coming back along the shore when the two men had emerged from the woods at the left of the cabin. They had not, he was certain, seen him, for he had instinctively swerved behind a clump of brush. His instant suspicion had become certainty when, watching, he had seen the strangers peer cautiously about them before slinking hurriedly to the front door. When they had entered, Arthur stood for a long minute, his thoughts racing. He visioned his friends robbed and beaten, perhaps murdered! His first, not unnatural, impulse, was toward flight; but it was brief; and after that he set himself to find a practical means of helping the others. Several more minutes went by, and the twilight deepened. At last Arthur approached the cabin, keeping to the shadows. The windows were warmly lighted by the flickering flames of the fire as he crept across the porch toward the nearer one, and he could hear the low murmur of voices; sometimes he could distinguish a word. His first hurried glance over the sill brought a sigh of relief. The scene inside was reassuringly different from what he had feared to find. Yet he was sure that the elements of tragedy were there, and he was striving desperately to think of some plan to circumvent the intruders when, looking again, he found Chick's eyes on his. Then came Chick's voice, suddenly raised, in the words: "I don't know how good it 'll be, though, for, you see, the fellow that 's our regular cook has gone to North Pemberton, and I guess he won't be back yet awhile."

An instant later, Arthur was tottering cautiously over the frozen ground to the lake, his skates catching in hidden roots or colliding with snow-covered snags. Fortunately, the distance was but a dozen yards and he covered it without misadventure. Then he was skating along the deeper blackness of the margin, slowly, that the sound of the steel blades on the ice might not be heard back at the cabin. And as he skated he thought hard. From the little he had seen and heard he had gathered a very correct idea of the situation back there. The robbers, who had doubtless been hiding in the hills between North Pemberton and the lake since the night before, had come to the cabin, chilled and hungry. Doubtless they had demanded food, and Chick had agreed to cook supper for them. Then he had happened to see the face at the window and had sent his message. "Hurry to North Pemberton and give the alarm," was the way Arthur had construed it. "We 'll keep them here as long as we can."

And now, past the curving point of the land, Arthur set his thoughts on the far end of the lake, and put every bit of effort into his swaying body. Just when the plan to follow Rat Brook on skates, instead of seeking road or trail, came to him, he could not have told. It was there in his mind the moment he reached the turn of the shore. He no longer sought concealment nor smooth ice, but headed as straight as his sense of direction pointed. The farther shore leaped out at him from the darkness suddenly, and he had to check his speed to duck under the little bridge. Then he was off again, the ice-roofed brook stretching ahead of him, plainly discernible in the faint, early radiance of the stars. Often the forest closed in on both sides, and Arthur must perforce trust to luck rather than to vision; yet, save once or twice, he held true to his course. Branches slashed at him, and now and then a protruding root or fallen tree strove to trip him. But somehow, in some instinctive fashion, he passed them all safely and without decreasing his speed. Had he stopped thinking of his errand long enough to consider that speed, he would have been tremendously surprised, for he was skating just about twice as fast as he had ever skated in his life, and, moreover,—which, if Chick was right, was possibly the reason for it,—doing it without conscious thought.

The brook had been turning slowly to the right for some minutes when, reaching a clear stretch, Arthur saw trouble ahead. The brook broadened where a second stream entered, and a blacker patch there told him that he was looking at open water. He might stop, with difficulty, and veer into the inhospitable arms of the trees and shrubs, or he might keep on, trusting to luck to find ice along the margin. He chose the latter. Then there was a gurgling and murmuring of water in his ears, a wide pool of moving water at his feet, and the swift realization that for at least three yards the ice was gone from bank to bank!

He had frequently seen Bert leap over a fairly high obstruction set on the surface of the ice, such as a barrel or a low hurdle, and he had witnessed others fellows make broad-jumps on skates; but how these feats had been accomplished, he had no very clear notion. Nor had he time to consider the matter now, for almost as soon as he had sighted the crisis he was up to it. His heart

did a little somersault about under his front collar button, as it seemed, and then he had brought his gliding skates together, had bent at the knees, had snapped his body straight again, and was flying through air!

He landed in darkness, yet on a solid surface. His left foot, trailing, caught its skate point on the edge of the ice and brought him to his knees; but by sweeping his arms

His journey by ice ended at a stone bridge near where the town's one illuminated sign proclaimed "Telegraph and Telephone." He climbed the bridge abutment and floundered across the roadway. In the telegraph-office a girl blinked startled at the sound of his skates as he waddled from door to counter.

"I want to get the sheriff's office in Pemberton," gasped Arthur, his breath just

"HE WAS SKATING SLOWLY SO THAT THE SOUND MIGHT NOT BE HEARD BACK AT THE CABIN"

wildly, he somehow kept his balance and somehow got both feet beneath him once more and again struck out. A moment later a sudden sharp bend found him unprepared, and he had to spread his skates wide apart and throw his body hard to the right; and even so, he almost came a cropper, and only saved himself by a complete spin that must have looked more surprising than graceful. Yet that was the only time he really slowed down from lake to town, the town that scarcely a minute later shot its lights at him through the trees. Even the bridge failed to halt him, for there was head-room if one skated low; and after that the trees, and even the bushes, were gone, and he was speeding through a flat meadow, with the church and houses of North Pemberton standing sharply against the winter sky ahead.

about all gone now., "I—it 's important!"

The girl came to life quickly. "Sheriff's office?" she asked briskly. "If you want the sheriff, he 's here at the hotel. One block to your left!" The last sentence was in a higher voice, for Arthur was already clanking through the doorway.

CAMP RESTHERE'S uninvited guests did full justice to the meal that Chick finally set before them, the more so, doubtless, because Chick had encountered all sorts of difficulties and delays. One thing after another had, it appeared, been mislaid, so that it required both his and Bert's most earnest efforts to find it. At such times, there were opportunities for hurried conferences. Then Chick cut his finger while slicing bread. At least, Bert spent fully five minutes bandag-

ing it, although, strangely enough, there was no scar visible the next day. The visitors, especially Slim, displayed more or less impatience; but the fire was comforting, they were fairly certain of a long respite from unwelcome attentions on the part of Sheriff Collins, and they contented themselves with grumbling. In the end, even Chick's resourcefulness in the matter of inventing delays was exhausted and supper was served. But there was none too much for the half-famished guests. They ate fast and wolfishly of everything and displayed no hesitation in asking for "seconds" or even "thirds."

The meal ended at last, however, by which time Chick's watch indicated ten minutes past six. It had been twelve minutes before five when he had stood at the window and seen that dark form speed away down the lake. Of course, Sheriff Collins could n't by any possibility reach the scene until well after the robbers had gone on; but there was snow on the ground now, and it ought not to be hard to trail them. There was no telling how long it would take Cash to reach North Pemberton, but, with luck—

A low ejaculation from Bert, across the table, aroused him from his conjectures, and he looked up into the muzzle of a revolver in the hands of the big man. He felt much relieved when the muzzle turned to the right and covered the disturbed Bert again. The big man was talking. "Sorry to trouble a couple of decent guys like you fellows," said the spokesman, in gruff apology, "but Slim and me are a little short of the ready. Get me? And we could do with a couple of coats, too, and maybe a couple of pairs of shoes if you happened to have any to fit. Don't bother to move, friends. Just sit easy and Slim 'll take up the contributions. If you did happen to move, you 'd be mighty sorry for it, believe me!"

There was such a grim tone in the last utterance that neither Chick nor Bert doubted the truth of its assertion. They remained absolutely motionless while Slim's fingers explored pockets and afterward rummaged bags and all likely places of concealment. The net result was some eighteen dollars in coin and three return-tickets to Mercerville. Chick hoped that the latter would be rejected, but not so. The big fellow seemed very much pleased with them. Then there was a thorough examination of the boys' wardrobes, and Slim and his companion took a fancy to some underwear, two pairs of shoes,—though Chick doubted they 'd fit,—Bert's and Chick's mackinaws, and four pairs of woolen hose. Chick hoped that the men would prolong their visit to change into their new clothes, but they did n't. They put the mackinaws on, to be sure, but the rest of the plunder they took with them—or started to. That they did n't was only because just at the moment they were ready to depart the door opened most unexpectedly and a burly, red-faced man, said pleasantly:

"Stick 'em up, and stick 'em up quick!"

It was somewhere about midnight when Camp Resthere settled down to normalcy. The three boys had then been in bed for more than an hour, but that hour had been, like the several hours preceding it, devoted to excited conversation. Now, at last, the excitement had abated. They had relived the whole experience, discussed and re-discussed every incident. Bert had told his actions and reactions, Chick had explained in full detail his every thought and intention, and Arthur had, more briefly, sketched his part in the successful affair. For it certainly had been successful. The boys had recovered their property, Sheriff Collins had in his keeping the money and bonds stolen from Mr. Robbins, and the robbers were doubtless by this time safely ensconced in the Pemberton jail. There seemed absolutely nothing left to discuss or explain, and silence had lasted for quite four minutes, when Chick broke it.

"Say, Cash," he observed out of the warm darkness, "you must have made quick time to North Pemberton. How long did it take you, do you think?"

"I don't know," replied Arthur. "It was eleven minutes past five by the church clock when I went into the hotel down there."

"What? Why, you did n't leave here until twelve minutes of! That makes it—makes it—er—why, that makes it twenty-three minutes! And it must be all of five or six miles! Gee, Cash, who told you you could n't skate?"

"Maybe your watch and that clock are n't alike," offered the somewhat sleepy voice of Bert. "How many times did you fall down, Cash?"

There was a moment's silence. Then Arthur answered in tones charged with incredulity and wonder, "Not once!"

"There!" exclaimed Chick, triumphantly. "What did I tell you? Did n't I say you could skate if you did n't—did n't *try*?"

THE DOORWAY OF THE DAYS

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

A DAY is a wonderful thing. It is like a great doorway flung wide for you to pass through into all manner of adventures. One after the other, these doorways open to you, each different, each opening on a fresh prospect. Fresh, yourself, after the rest and the stillness of night, you stand each morning on the threshold, and then you step through and are launched on what that day has for you.

Of course, the day, being as it were just this welcoming doorway, can not make you go out to meet what it holds. You can refuse its mighty invitations. It may be a day that opens on shadowy forest paths, on blue headlands, a day where nature is at her most beautiful best. Again it may hold a splendid hour or two of companionship with some one who could tell you much of this nature, who could give you a new sight into her mysteries, who could explain what hitherto you had never understood. It might be a day made for running feet and for laughter and joy. It has opened the wide doorway to all this. But of course you can refuse it all. You can turn your back on the prospect before you, spend your hours indoors, fail to meet the friend who was waiting, sulk over some fancied slight or trouble, worry and exhaust yourself in various ways. The doorway of the day will swing close, at last, and the possibilities on which it opened will have gone, perhaps forever.

Supposing you had only one day to live in, like some of the ephemera, whom you may watch in summer, dizzy with their dancing, in a sunbeam. Just one day! Well, it would hold twenty-four hours. How splendid! How much you could do in that time. And how much to choose for the doing, the seeing, the hearing, the feeling, the thinking! A sunrise and a sunset, stars, a moon maybe, winds waying tree-tops or ruffling water; and then comrades to play with, a fine book to read, music to hear; a ride, perhaps, in a motor-car or on a horse, a walk in a country lane or along a street filled with all manner of things worth looking at; there would be meals to eat, a lesson to study. You would have the joy of bodily exercise, the joy of loving, the delight of conversation with friends. Each hour would hold its own miracle.

At the end, before sleep came, you would find no words to describe the marvel of a day. Room in it for the exercise of all your faculties, for dreams and for reality, for play and for work. A great round day, and you alive in it.

You see, just because there is more than one day, we get too used to them to remember what they really are. We let them slip through our fingers, with their adventures unlived, their beauty unseen. Many a day has been treated as though it were just a bore, when it was simply bursting with exciting thrills. Many a day that held in it a wonderful thing, which you would have cherished all your life, has been allowed to pass away empty. For only what you take from the offerings of each day is yours.

Do you ever think over the manifold ways in which each world-day is spent by the people on this earth? How an Eskimo spends the day you have given over to school, to football practice, or a game of tennis or to skiing, to a matinée or a quiet time reading while the storm beats on the windows and shouts over the house? How that same day is being spent by a savage in Africa, by a Russian refugee, a coal-miner, a seaman? You can get some notion of all that a day opens on if you let your mind wander a bit in these directions.

It seems to me that the great difference between those who lead a full and interesting life and those who don't is that the first do not let the fact that there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year dull the wonderful possibilities of each individual day. They look before and after, of course, for the past and the future add richness to the present. But the day itself is the thing. Because to-morrow you are to go on an entrancing journey, or to the dentist, there is no reason for slighting to-day. It too has its worth and its gift. Live it. The combination of you and a day is too wonderful to be missed. People throw days away as if they were worthless pebbles, and then complain that life is a poor affair. One of Emerson's noble sayings was, "Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous"; and as you grow older you will cherish also in your memories

his brief poem on "The Days." It is a vivid picture in words of what I have been trying to set forth; and every earnest boy and girl can imagine the days going on about their tremendous business rather bewildered and rather amused. Here we are, they say, full of everything. And look how we 're treated and hear how we 're reviled! What 's the matter with these people, anyway?

And then the Days will show each other the unused things they had ready, which were never asked for, like handfuls of fine jewels shining in the light, but which no one stooped to pick up.

"Funny business!" sigh the Days, and if they had heads, there 'd be reasons a-plenty for shaking them.

It is interesting to realize that the day that opens its great gate to you is for you only. No one else has just the same day. Even though you go every hour of the twenty-four close with a sister, a brother, a dear friend, and though what happens to you happens too to him or to her, as the case may be, yet the day will not be alike. Half of everything is the thing itself; the other half, its effect on you; and that effect can never be exactly duplicated. That is why it is that one person will get joy and interest out of a day that another will find merely tiresome.

The best will in the world can not keep dull days and dark days entirely away. You are going to miss quantities of things, that you could have enjoyed, because you are tired or out of sorts or disgruntled. Other things will come to you that will be hard to bear and sad to live through. But for all that, the greater portion of your days are good days. The doorway they provide leads to much, and it is your own fault if you get only a little.

The fun of being alive and of having these days opening up, one after the other, is tremendous. Out you go to meet them, with your body, your mind, your senses, your questing spirit. You find matter to laugh over, or cry over. You find things that set your mind to keen working or that strengthen your muscles or train the faculty of sight or of hearing, that make more proficient your hands, more skilful the whole bearing of your body. You meet something new to you, and have to readjust yourself and your ideas to take it in. To something else you say good-by for the last time. You will have your own interests, however, and the more, the merrier.

As your mind grows and develops, so the interests of your days should grow and extend, and each day coming ought to be more than the one gone, for you yourself are more. The trouble often is that one drops something for each new thing taken up. The play and the ecstasy of youth is lost with the deeper feeling and growing cares of maturity. But the girl or boy who goes on into maturity without losing too much of that young rapture becomes the best sort of man or woman. Don't let your life go dry; let it keep its sap and freshness. Artists usually excel in this wisdom. The child lives on in them, making them richer and their days more radiant because it has not withered out of them. Keep what has come, and go on to what is due, and you will not be likely to find life a bore or a burden.

I remember how long a day appeared to me when I was a child—not too long, I enjoyed every moment of it, but so much longer than it does now. I had a better understanding of how great a day is, then. Now it seems short; sometimes I feel as though it merely winked at me and vanished. I can quite imagine that when I move on into eternity that eternity will soon seem to be short enough for all I want to do and be. Think of standing and waiting while the great door of eternity swings open and lets you through! But of course a day is after all a portion of eternity, and maybe it is because we are close to one end of eternity in childhood that days are eternal to us then. Why, any spring morning that was fair and welcoming I remember how I would go to lie under a certain apple-tree where the grass grew thick and the bending branches swept it, making a bower of bloom. And there I would dream away several days in a space that must really have been only a couple of hours. I would like to get back the glorious leisure of those days, to feel the promise of eternity in them; but though I have n't lost the sense of the magnificence of a day, I can't hold on to its vastness.

Except always in what it offers.

Now and again a day will come with a gift so splendid that you can not help but recognize it and acclaim it. You will say, as you have heard others say, "That was a great day in my life!" But don't disdain the other days, that blow no trumpets and open no golden treasure-chests. They have their own wonderfulness, that calls to the wonderfulness in you, and through their mighty doorways you step to everything in life.

Mistress Lettice

by

Margaret L. Knapp

ONCE there was a little girl, born in a time of trouble and change, who lived long enough to see seven sovereigns on the throne of England. Her life was full of contrasts. In her early girlhood comparatively poor and unimportant, she became a court beauty, and married three times. She lived magnificently, yet was more than once in difficulties; her son was executed, her son-in-law imprisoned for years in the Tower, and both her daughters died before her; yet she had a high heart for living and knew much happiness.

Her name was Lettice Knollys.* Her mother, Catherine Carey, was the daughter of Queen Anne Boleyn's sister Mary and so was first cousin to Princess Elizabeth. Her father, Sir Francis Knollys, spent nearly all his life at court, and was a good type of the trusted public servant, always employed, if not highly rewarded. Lettice was one of a large family of brothers and sisters, and when she was born, in 1540, they were living in Lower Winchendon, Buckinghamshire.

She had a happier childhood than her royal cousin, who was seven or eight years older than herself. While Lettice was making cowslip balls, feeding the tame pigeons, or sitting at her mother's side learning to sew her first seam, eleven-year-old Elizabeth was in disgrace with her father, King Henry VIII, who refused to see her for a whole year. "I have not dared to write to him," says the poor little princess, in a letter. In the end, he forgave her her fault, whatever it was; but even after his death her lot was no better, for the councilors of the boy-king Edward would not allow his half-sisters to live with him, fearing their influence; and once, when Elizabeth went to see her dying brother, she was turned back. Lettice, on the contrary, had many of her own to love and to love her, and was a warm-hearted and joyous girl.

She was not so well educated as her cousin, who spoke several languages and could make an impromptu speech in Latin on occasion. Girls then were taught to dance, to play the lute, to manage a house, to do fine needlework. Ladies were not above superintending the making of preserves; but it was the exception when they were encouraged to be bookish. Sir Francis was all his life a lover of books, and would certainly possess a copy

* Pronounced Nōlz.

of the new Coverdale Bible; but the older books were the ones the children loved best, with their quaint woodcuts, where every picture told a story.

While the boy-king lived, Sir Francis, a strong Protestant, was in favor, and it is possible that his family was near him sometimes when he was at Whitehall. London was a small, bright, smokeless city, with fields and gardens coming close up to its walls. Outside the gates stood three or four ruined monasteries. The streets were narrow, with picturesque, gabled houses, and very dirty; but when the king rode through the city they were freshly sanded, and rich tapestries were hung out of the windows. Both above and below the one bridge the river swarmed with boats, for it was the great highway. Sometimes the king's barge could be seen coming up from Greenwich.

When Queen Mary was crowned, many prominent people fled to Geneva or Frankfort, fearing that their lives were in danger. Among them was Sir Francis Knollys. We do not know whether his family went with him, or whether the younger children were left at home in the care of some old servant. When we remember the hardships of the Pilgrim Fathers, we must not forget that the earlier exiles suffered too. Much money it cost to break up a home and settle in some foreign city for no one knew how long. There were no Liberty Bonds, no savings-banks. When people had most of their money in land, if their rents were not forwarded promptly, they were forced to borrow ready money, or pawn a piece of plate. Nor were they welcome everywhere, for these exiles often quarreled among themselves.

These family troubles explain why life for Lettice must have been dull; and to make it harder, she was becoming an extremely pretty girl. It would not have been human nature not to have longed for a little admiration and gaiety—at least a gown of rich taffeta, instead of sober hoods and kirtles. But she seems to have been born with a happy heart, and made the most of every little pleasure.

One thing the exiles could do—they kept up a tremendous correspondence with friends at home. News came slowly in those days before railroads and telephones, but it reached them. Princess Elizabeth, after her imprisonment in the Tower, was living quietly at Hatfield, but had no liberty. The country was going bankrupt. England was at war with France, and Calais, which the English had held so long, was threatened, and, some said, was likely to fall.

Early one December came more exciting news, which quickly passed from one to another. Queen Mary was dead, and Elizabeth, who had been kept in the background, like *Cinderella*, was queen! And she had given signs that those who had fled would now be safe. No time was lost after that in taking passage for home.

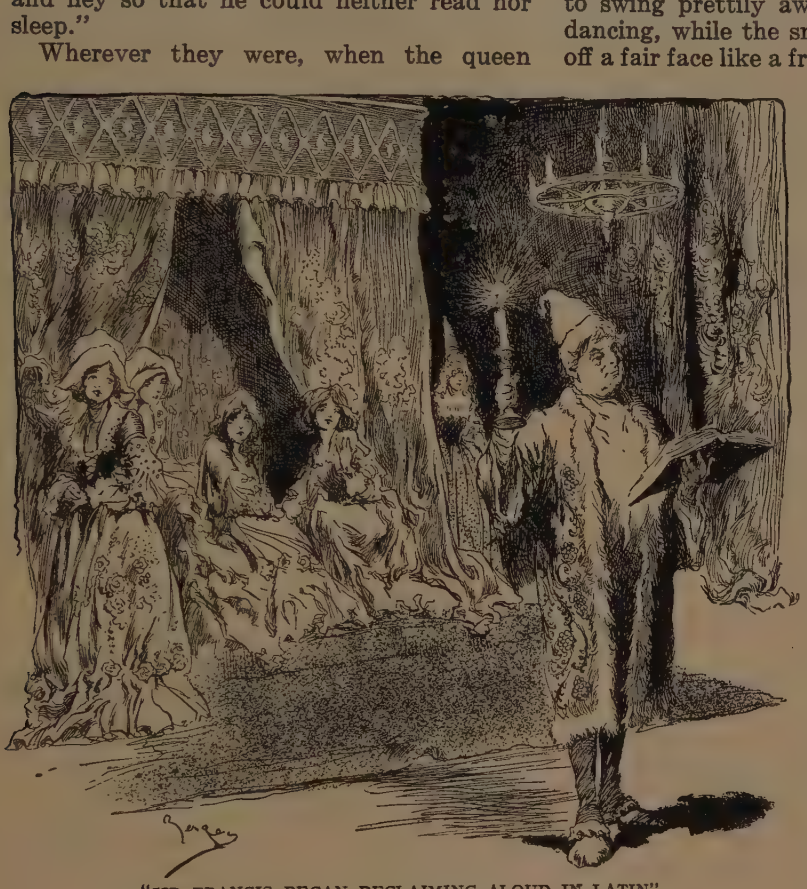
How sweet the air of England was to those exiled people! It was Christmas, and the snow lay on the ground as the first to come home gathered around the Yule-log in joy and thankfulness. The Knollys family soon had new cause for excitement, for what was the Cinderella queen doing but sending for her mother's kindred and her mother's friends to stand by her and her throne? Already Lady Knollys's brother Henry Carey had been made Baron Hunsdon; and now a letter came from Elizabeth to Sir Francis, calling him her "good cousin," as her pleasant habit was with her relatives by marriage, not only making him a privy councilor, but naming Lettice as one of her maids of honor.

It seemed a dazzling prospect to the girl of eighteen, though a modern girl might think it not so much fun as it sounded. To begin with, the queen often went from one palace to another. The Elizabethans did not travel; they moved! They might own a dozen unfurnished manors, but their beds, their hangings, their stew-pans traveled with them. It took several hundred carts to carry the royal goods and chattels from palace to palace; and if boxes went astray, there was a great to-do! Then, there were no furnaces, and only the queen's and the state chambers had fires; the floors were the poorest feature of the houses, and the rushes with which they were covered were seldom renewed. Elizabethans talked with good reason not of "cleaning," but of "sweetening," their houses.

The girls were in charge of an older lady, known as "the mother of the maids." They got up at seven o'clock in winter, but not to a hot breakfast of eggs, toast, and marmalade. "Breakfast foods" had not been invented, and there was not a teacup in the palace, for there was no tea. They had their morning allowance of "the three B's—beef, bread, and beer." Forks were unknown. The meat was cut with the knife, and taken up with the aid of a small piece of bread. The girls shared a dormitory, and often sat up late to "talk it over," instead of going to

bed. One evening, Sir Francis, who occupied the next room, marched in with his nightcap on his head, a candle in one hand and a book in the other, and began to walk up and down, declaiming aloud in Latin. He told them severely that they "did frisk and hey so that he could neither read nor sleep."

Wherever they were, when the queen entered, down they all went on their knees until she told them to rise. The Cinderella queen, with the rather tall, straight figure, the fair skin, and red hair knew well how to exact respect. "When she smiled," says one courtier, "it was a pure sunshine that every one did choose to bask in; but anon there came a storm . . . and the thunder fell in wondrous manner on all alike,"—which is a poetical way of saying that she sometimes lost her temper; but that was written later. At present, they were all young together. Dressed usually in white, they attended her in public, the lady of highest rank bearing her train. There were jousts on the anniversaries of her accession day, when the winner was led by two of them to receive her thanks and favors, there were Christmas revels and plays. One of them was written by the queen's cousin, Thomas Sackville.



"SIR FRANCIS BEGAN DECLAIMING ALOUD IN LATIN"

Dress was more becoming than it was later in the reign, when the farthingale and ruff became enormous. Skirts were full enough to swing prettily away from the ankles in dancing, while the small, cobwebby ruff set off a fair face like a frame. Bodices were low and pointed, but sleeves were long. It was the fashion to give one another aglets of gold or silver filagree work. When Elizabeth appeared in public, I am sorry to say that her loving people pulled off her aglets and carried them away as souvenirs.

Among the gay people at court were Lady Catherine Grey, of the blood royal, Jane Seymour, Margaret Willoughby, Charles, afterward Lord Admiral Howard, the Earl of Sussex, and the high and mighty Robert Dudley. Of them all, Lettice was first for beauty and charming ways; and now there came a suitor in the person of Walter Devereux of Chartley, one of the noblest men of his time, unselfish, patriotic, and high-minded. Elizabeth did not like her favorites to marry, but nothing could be said against such a match. The other maids of honor gave her a linen shower, though it was not called by that name; embroideries, cushions, worked covers for stools—store of all these she had; and one day in 1561 there was a pretty wedding. In fairy-tales, the hero and heroine marry "and live happy ever afterward," and that is the end of the story; but it was not the end of Lettice's story, for she was to live seventy-two years after her marriage.

Chartley was a beautiful old house, built around a courtyard. The window-glass showed the family coats of arms, and there was a great park full of red deer. Walter

Devereux was very musical, and composed verses for his musician to set to music. Lettice was a notable housekeeper, and loved to have her mother come to visit her in her own house, to entertain her brothers and sisters. Children were born, four of whom lived to grow up. Little Walter was his father's favorite, but the mother was proud of Penelope, afterward to be celebrated as Sir Philip Sidney's "Stella."

When the captivity of Mary Queen of Scots caused a rising in the North, Walter Devereux raised a troop of 150 horse on his own estate, and was made second in command of the army. He won such praise at this time that Elizabeth made him Earl of Essex, and commander of her forces in Ireland. But there was one man who was jealous of every one who showed unusual ability; this was Robert Dudley, now Earl of Leicester. When Essex offered himself for this duty, therefore, Leicester was delighted to have him out of the way. The lord deputy, too, Sir William Fitzwilliam, was jealous of him in Dublin, and Essex found his post a hard one. He discovered that the queen was being cheated, which did not make him more popular with the officials there. He had to pay part of the soldiers' wages himself, and got into debt; yet he persevered in his task, encouraged by the queen, who knew when she was well served. "With rare affection, if we did not cherish, we should show ourself unworthy of so rare a servant," she wrote him, while the privy council admonished Sir William to coöperate with him, saying, "how uncorrupt he is, how painful in watch . . . and how frank of his purse in Her Majesty's service, I will not speak—" But they rubbed it in for all that.

No doubt, Lettice missed her husband; but her hands were full, for she had to attend to his affairs at home; besides, a great event was at hand, the famous visit of Elizabeth to Kenilworth, and Lady Essex was invited. Those who have read "Kenilworth" will remember that Scott makes Amy Robsart, Leicester's wife in secret, encounter Elizabeth there; but this, although a wonderful tale, is not history, for, that summer of 1575, Amy Robsart had been dead fifteen years. Leicester did make a secret marriage two years after this, and the queen was very angry; but the bride was Lettice, Lady Essex.

"THE ELIZABETHANS DID NOT TRAVEL; THEY MOVED"

Nineteen days the pageants lasted, until the guests must have felt as though they had sat up all night. There was no rest for Lettice yet, however, for she was to have the honor of receiving her royal cousin at Chartley. She made a charming hostess, and Leicester must have wondered where his eyes had been not to have admired her more when she was a poor maid of honor. But he had hoped then to marry the queen, and now he

knew in his heart that she would never marry her subject.

While at Chartley, Elizabeth wrote to Essex, calling him "cousin mine," and giving him the earl-marshalship of Ireland for life. Alas! a few months afterward, Essex died at Dublin, in his last hours begging the queen to be good to his children. She promised to remit his debts and to provide for his heir, Robert. By the harsh custom of the time, the children were taken from their mother and placed as wards in other families. Life for Lady Essex was indeed changed. Perhaps it was not strange that, when Leicester came riding over to Chartley to see her in her loneliness, she should have listened to his wooing, and allowed him to persuade her into a secret marriage at Kenilworth. Nevertheless, it was the mistake of her life. Sir Francis insisted upon her being married over again in his presence. Such an open secret could not be kept long, but it happened that nearly all the court knew it before the queen, which was a slight she never forgave. She imprisoned Leicester for a time, and admitted his wife to her presence but once afterward.

"IT TOOK SEVERAL HUNDRED CARTS TO CARRY THE ROYAL GOODS"

To make up for that, Lettice was now Lady Leicester, and a great personage. Her brother-in-law lived at Warwick Castle, and the two houses were centers of hospitality. When Leicester was turning the buildings we know as Leicester's Hospital into a home for poor men, he must have discussed his plans with his wife, as they walked about the gardens or sat in the great hall together. Their only child died, but Leicester was fond of her other children, and seems to have been really quite a nice stepfather.

In 1585 he was sent to represent the queen in the Netherlands, and Lady Leicester was making ready to go too; but when Elizabeth heard exaggerated reports of her grand preparations, her fine equipages, gowns, and jewels, she vetoed that plan! She did not propose to have her own cousin, who had kept her in the dark about her marriage, queening it abroad. If banquets and pious speeches, white satin suits, a herald, and a train of followers could have pulled the Netherlands out of their troubles, Leicester would have been a success; but somehow, things did not march, and at last he came home to die of a fever, the year of the Armada, leaving his London house to young Essex and a "rope of fair, white pearl," with an emerald and diamond pendant, to the queen, praying his "dear wife" to see his bequests performed. The queen promptly took back some of the lands she had lavished upon him, and Lettice was left in difficulties. The next year she married Sir Christopher Blount, a gentleman of whom there is not much to be said, except that he was better able to spend her income than to increase it.

Meanwhile, Robert had been made Elizabeth's master of horse, after much urging by his mother to be presented at court. She was ambitious for her son,—what mother would not be?—and could not foresee that his faults would bring him to an early end. Essex had all good qualities except self-control; the lack of that wrecked his life. He was brave, generous, and magnanimous. He won great praise at Cadiz. He loved truth and hated injustice, spoke his mind rashly and made enemies. Sir Francis rebuked him for his extravagance. Elizabeth more than kept her promise to his father. Like a fond grandmother, she alternately spoiled and checked him, and, in his turn, he forgot that when people are growing old they need to be loved and wanted, and he was disrespectful to her. For a long time she was patient with him. She made him, like his father, commander of her forces in Ireland; and he disobeyed orders and came home without leave. He was

put under restraint at the lord keeper's house. Lettice, not knowing exactly what had happened, wrote to him anxiously, bidding him to "have ever God and your own honor before your eyes," and signing herself, "Your mother, dearliest loving you."

At length he was released, and she was allowed to see him, with his wife and sisters. If he had acted wisely now, all might have gone well, but believing that the queen's councilors were her enemies as well as his, he made a rash attempt with his followers, including his stepfather, to arouse the city against them, failed, and was arrested. It was treason in fact, if not in intention. Elizabeth hesitated long before signing the death-warrants; but one dark day, a little band of women in deep mourning sat in an upper room, weeping and praying, for the ax had fallen that morning.

One would think that Lettice would have been crushed, to lose son and husband at the same time; but Elizabethan women were very hardy. She retired to her manor of Drayton Basset for the rest of her life. Time softened her grief. James became king, and, then, Charles. The Pilgrim Fathers took refuge in Holland, and she must have thought of her Puritan father. She was adored by her grandchildren: the three Rich boys, her namesake Lettice, Penelope,—who married Sir Gervyse Clifton,—the Percys, and, afterward, the little Sidneys. There were weddings at Drayton Basset, and holidays when she told them stories, and they said how strange it was that Great-grandmamma could remember what happened when she was a little girl, but forgot what had happened last year! As long as she lived, she went to visit the poor and the sick, growing more feeble all the time, until one Christmas Day, as she lay surrounded by her great-great-grandchildren, her life sweetly ended.

They laid her beside Leicester and their child in the Beauchamp Chapel, and there her tomb may be seen to-day. In his lines for her epitaph, Sir Gervyse Clifton writes of her as

"She that in her youth had been
Darling to the maiden queen.
. . . . . .
She that did supply the wars
With thunder, and the court with stars."

But the word that brings her nearest and makes her a real person to us to-day, is her own little word in her letter, "Your mother, dearliest loving you."

THE BOOK-PLATE OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

By JENNIE M. ELROD

MR. JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, the Hoosier poet, was superstitious. His intimate friends say that he preferred not to start upon a journey on Friday and frankly objected to being one of a party of thirteen. In his later years he would often humorously explain the untoward incidents that sometimes befell him as being pranks that were played on him by the returned spirits of his old friends Bill Nye and Eugene Field.

In the autumn of 1906, a bust of one of Indiana's illustrious sons was placed on exhibition in the Indiana State Library, where I held a position as reference librarian. This piece of sculpture attracted wide attention, and one day Mr. Riley, accompanied by another gentleman, also of Indianapolis, came in to see it. After they had admired the likeness of their old friend, this gentleman inquired concerning my collection of book-plates, to which, as he knew, I had devoted considerable attention.

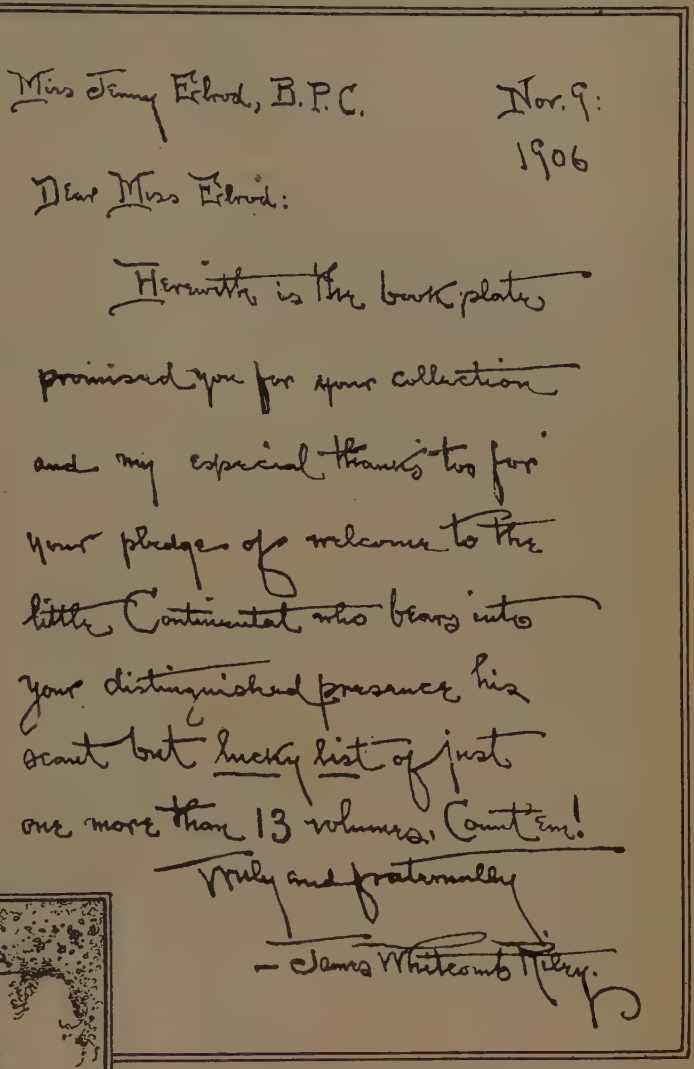
Mr. Riley listened to the conversation for a few moments and then inquired, "Why did you never ask me for my book-plate?"

To this I replied that I did not know that he had one, and then he told this story:

Some one had made and sent him a book-plate, and a sufficient number of prints from it to mark all his library. It represented what appeared to be a flagged court, showing in the distance a glimpse of a street with trees and dwellings. In the foreground was a garden wall topped by an iron grille and overhung with vines. Standing boldly out against this wall was the figure of a conti-

nental lad with his arms full of books. Below was the name James Whitcomb Riley, and under it a winged hour-glass. When they arrived, all ready for use, he hastily counted the number of books that "the little Continental" bore in his arms, and made the number just *thirteen!* Fearing that to use the plates would bring down upon him the unlucky fate that is supposed to pursue those who are associated with that number, he put them away, and it was not until some time later when, upon closer examination, he found the number of books in the pack to be *fourteen* that he decided to use them.

The next day the mail brought me the following letter and his book-plate.



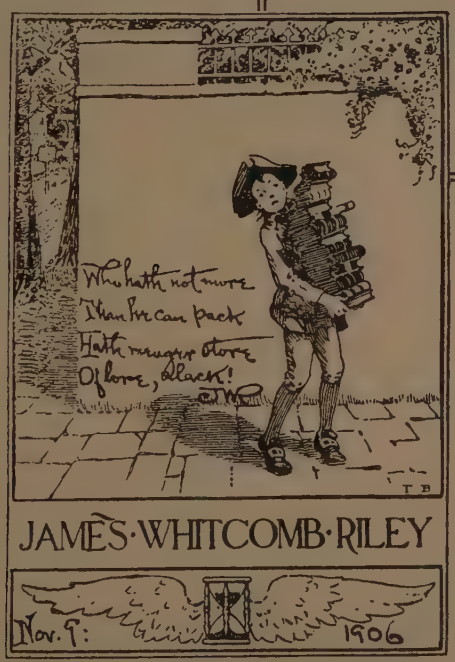
Miss Jenny Elrod, B.P.C. Nov. 9: 1906

Dear Miss Elrod:

Herewith is the book-plate promised you for your collection and my especial thanks too for your pledge of welcome to the little Continental who bears into your distinguished presence his scant but lucky list of just one more than 13 volumes. Count 'em!

Truly and fraternally

— James Whitcomb Riley.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S BOOK-PLATE

Nov. 9:
1906

Miss Jennie Elrod, B.P.C.
Dear Miss Elrod:

Herewith is the book-plate promised you for your collection and my especial thanks too for your pledge of welcome to the little Continental who bears into your distinguished presence his scant but *lucky list* of just one more than 13 volumes. Count 'em!

Truly and fraternally,
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The book-plate which was enclosed bore across the face of it the following verse and date:

Who hath not more
Than he can pack
Hath meagre store
Of lore, Alack!

J. W. R.
1906

Nov. 9

THE LAST PARRAKEET

By GEORGE INNESS HARTLEY

Author of "The Boy Hunters in Demerara"

CHAPTER I

MR. WHITEHOUSE OF FLORIDA

"It does n't resemble the jungle much, does it, Fat?"

Only six hours ago, for the first time in a full twelvemonth, the two boys had set foot on their native Broadway. The never-to-be-forgotten bustle of the great city, the inconceivable turmoil, the honking of automobile horns, the clang of surface-cars—yes, and the thin blue haze of gasolene fumes and oil, satisfied the longing which had been in their breasts for many months past. New York City did more than that. The rush, the systematic confusion, the hurrying crowds, filled them with awe and not a little trepidation. So long had they been absent that its daily ways were no longer their ways. They had lost the city habit. The rapidity with which life there moved found them unaccustomed and almost fearful.

For months the boys had tramped the Brazilian wilds, wandered, lost, through vast Amazonian swamps, and more than once had escaped alive by the timely intervention of Providence, coupled with their own good hard common sense. In Demerara they had hunted and killed the giant armadillo; in Peru they had nearly succumbed to thirst on an arid plateau; and on the coastal islands of that great country they had been attacked by pirates. And now the two of them, Paul Jenkins and Fred Milton, had returned to their native city—and were afraid.

"I 'd rather buck up against a wounded jaguar any day than try to cross a street through this traffic!" Paul declared, staring in dismay at the endless stream of taxicabs, trucks, and touring-cars which swept past the curb in apparently reckless confusion.

Fred gave a hearty nod. "So would I, Fat," he ruefully agreed, placing a thin, weather-browned hand on the shoulder of his stout, equally tanned chum. "It 's different from anything we 've lately been used to. Great day! I don't remember that it was as bad as this! Crossing a street here is worse than trying to swim one of the cataracts in Demerara. I say let 's stay on *this* side of the street."

"You 've read my identical thought, Skinny," chuckled Paul, "though how are we going to reach the uptown subway if we don't cross over? Talk about dangers of the jungle—for real thrills give me Broadway in the early evening! The jungle is a calm, sleepy bit of New England woodland compared to this."

"I suppose we 'll have to get used to it in time," said Fred, smiling, "so let 's commence now."

Awaiting a lull in the relentless, speeding stream, they presently darted across the broad thoroughfare and reached the far side without mishap. There they proudly paused, as if at the successful performance of a perilous act, and looked back.

"Phew!" ejaculated Fred, half humorously shaking his head and drawing a deep breath, "those fellows don't slow down for any one."

Paul uttered a short laugh and, jerking his head toward an approaching automobile, said: "Look at that machine full of people staring at us. They think we 're a pair of rubes just come to town—and I reckon they are just about right!"

There were several blocks to be traversed before the first subway entrance could be reached, and the pair continued on foot up Broadway. Midway on their journey they halted, held by the sudden clanging of a bell and the harsh wail of a siren. As if at the touch of a magic wand, an open passage appeared in the street; the rushing traffic paused in mid-air, as it were, and crowded close to the curb. A monstrous fire-engine whizzed by, belching smoke from its burnished superstructure, to be followed a minute later by a great, fiery-red hook-and-ladder which swayed dangerously as it roared toward them.

An old gentleman who had stood near the boys while the engine surged past, pushed through the barrier of waiting vehicles and started across the open space. Half-way across he was startled by the warning clang of the approaching hook-and-ladder, and paused uncertainly, bewildered by the sudden din, while the roaring, shrieking truck bore down upon him.

But before it could reach him, the man dimly realized that two boyish figures had appeared beside him. He felt himself seized

by the arms and dragged aside just as the metallic monster tore by. An instant later he stood safe on the sidewalk between the two boys. Broadway returned to life. A hundred cars surged forward as one.

"That was a narrow escape, sir," Paul declared a trifle breathlessly, with a smile. "The fire department stops for nothing."

over there, and I quite lost control of my movements. I should never have left my ranch."

"Texan, probably," thought Fred, then said aloud: "Shall we hail a cab for you, sir? Perhaps after your experience you 'd rather ride to your destination?"

"Thank you, suh, I would!" The man

"HE FELT HIMSELF SEIZED BY THE ARMS AND DRAGGED ASIDE JUST AS THE METALLIC MONSTER TORE BY"

The man they had rescued was old, approaching his seventieth year, with long white hair partly hidden by a broad-brimmed felt hat. His clothes were well tailored, but, as one could see, foreign to New York. Even before he spoke, the boys were certain that the city was not his home.

For a moment the old gentleman said nothing. He seemed too dazed for coherent thought. Then, gathering his scattered faculties together, he nodded to his rescuers and a twinkle entered his eyes.

"Yes, suh, I reckon you are right about that," he said dryly. "I wish to thank you two gentlemen fo' saving my life—yes, suh, you did!"

He drew a deep breath, and continued: "I am deeply beholden to both of you. As you may have judged, I am not used to such a whirlwind of flying vehicles as you see

chuckled outright. "I 'll ride this hyar range in a car after this."

"You come from the West?" politely inquired Paul.

"No, suh! The South is my home—Thrasher, Florida, and I 'm returning there to-morrow."

"But you spoke about a ranch?"

"Yes, suh, I did—the Thrasher Ranch, Thrasher, Florida."

"But, sir, I thought ranches were found only in the West. Do you raise cattle?"

"Indeed I do, suh, a good many thousand head. The Thrasher covers some fifty thousand acres, and I don't know exactly how many head I own."

"By Jiminy!" murmured Fred, in amazement, "that 's a new one on me! Are there many similar ranches there?"

"Bless yo' hearts, my boys," laughed the

old man, laying a kindly hand on the shoulder of each, "of course there are! More than half the state is used as a cattle-range—millions of acres. There must be a score of ranches larger than mine, though they don't always call them ranches."

"Where is the ranch?" inquired Fred, during a pause. "In what part of the State?"

"Quite a bit south of Tampa, on the Gulf Coast. Part of it runs clear into the Everglades."

"Those must be interesting," ventured Paul.

The old gentleman laughed softly. "They are, suh," he said, "if you like alligators and diamond-back rattlesnakes, with a few cottonmouths and a lot of herons and a stray parrakeet thrown in. The Glades are not considered over healthy."

"Those are just what we *do* like," returned Fat. "Not the unhealthy part, but the 'gators and herons and all those things. We have just returned from a long collecting trip for that kind of thing in South America."

"Have you, now?" was the hearty response. "That *is* interesting. May I venture to ask if you were successful?"

The boys gave a short sketch of their adventures, speaking of their interest in natural science and their insatiable thirst for jungle lore. The man listened, evidently charmed by the way in which they told their story. At its conclusion, a taxicab, in answer to a call from Fred, drew up to the curb, and the old gentleman prepared to enter.

"You must come and visit me sometime, my young friends," he said. "The door of the Thrasher is always open to you whenever you decide that the Everglades need exploring. My name is Robert C. Whitehouse, at yo' service, suhs, and yours are—?"

A few moments later, with a final wave of the hand to his new friends, Mr. Whitehouse bade the chauffeur drive on. A whir of tired gears, and the taxi was lost in the maelstrom of traffic. The boys watched until it disappeared, and then continued their interrupted walk to the subway.

CHAPTER II

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD FOR A PARRAKEET

SEVERAL weeks slipped by and the incident on Broadway entirely passed from the minds of the two young naturalists. Their time was wholly taken up with hard work in the museum laboratory to which they were attached. Thousands of bird-skins must be unpacked, hundreds of mammal skeletons, and there were countless dried insects to be sorted over. Their recent journey to the South American jungle had been fruitful, and the collection was one of the finest and most complete that had ever been taken for the museum.

When the skins had been unpacked they must be placed in groups according to the locality from which they came, and then the real labor would begin. Each specimen must be given a name and each name must be the correct one.

So commenced the work of comparison. A dozen books of description were required, and scores of older, already named "type" specimens. Slowly the scientific names appeared on the hitherto blank labels, but at best it was tedious work. Now and again a new species was discovered which, until that moment, had been unknown to science, and then the skin was subjected to a most minute description, carefully written down by each of the lads in turn and afterward compared to make certain that it was correct. This description was put aside to take a conspicuous place in the detailed report on the collection, which later must be submitted to the museum.

But Fred and Paul found that their time in the laboratory was not entirely consumed in this everlasting work of cataloguing and describing. More than once, during the six weeks they remained there, packages were brought in for inspection which contained sheaves of feathers—bird-plumes. One day it would be feathers of the bird of paradise; on another, the lovely plumes of the snowy egret or the gorgeous plumage of a brilliant-hued oriental pheasant. At such times the boys dropped the dried skins and, with the aid of other members of the museum staff, strove to determine the species of bird from which the feathers originated. It was not a game they were playing, but an effort to aid Uncle Sam's custom service.

The practice of smuggling any particular object is as ancient as the first law which forbade its importation. For nearly a generation, now, the killing of egrets for their plumes within the United States, or the importation of their feathers, has been forbidden by federal law. In the same way, birds of paradise and the plumage of numerous other birds, foreign to this continent, have been prohibited. In spite of the law,

however, smuggling still goes on at a great rate, and causes the custom-house inspectors much trial and trouble. The owners of the feathers may claim that the plumes do not come from egrets or birds of paradise or crowned pigeons, and then the poor inspector must prove that they do. Hence he resorts to expert advice, obtained mainly from a museum or zoölogical park.

One fine spring morning, when the boys' thoughts rambled out of doors toward some sunny stretch of grassy meadow, as thoughts often do in May, a more formidable bundle than usual was delivered at the laboratory and carried to them for inspection. Uttering a sigh of complete boredom, Fred untied the string and opened the package.

"This is the third one this week," he grumbled, spreading the feathers on the long counter in front of him. "Why do people have to keep on breaking the law and make other people work themselves to death to detect them? It would be easier in the first place for every one concerned if they 'd let the birds live."

"There are a good many thousand women lookin' for hat plumes, Skinny," rejoined Paul, stifling a yawn and grinning, "and the plume hunter does n't like to disappoint 'em, —that 's the reason. Hullo, these are different from the usual kind sent here!"

Instead of the mass of lacy, white feathers of the snowy egret, as they had expected and which a majority of the customs' seizures contained, these were of a reddish tint. Sprinkled among them, however, were a few white aigrettes, a number of great blue wings, and many nondescript skins.

"Red egrets!" exclaimed Fred, picking up one of the delicate dark-tinted plumes and examining it in the light of a window. "I wonder where they got them? The birds are extremely rare, almost on the verge of extinction. Whew, whoever collected these must have got into a rookery! What a shame it is that there are people in the world who will do a thing like that!"

"It sure is!" growled Paul, with an indignant snort. "There must be two dozen of these plumes alone, besides all the rest. Yes, sir, I would like to wring the neck of the chap who did it!"

"I 'd help you with great pleasure," savagely agreed Fred. "And look at the wings! Here are ten belonging to the great blue heron and several to the little green."

He laid the aigrettes in a separate pile and the wings in another. Beside them he deposited the skins of half a dozen red cardinal-birds.

"It 's a cinch to tell where all of these came from," he observed.

"Where, Skinny?"

"Florida! I guess about the only place where there are any red egrets left is in that State, and as I said, they 're mighty scarce. And these big wings, which I said belonged to great blues, are really from the Ward's heron, which is the southern variety of the great blue."

"What kind do you call this?" demanded Paul, picking up a pair of small green wings tinged with bright yellow at the bend, to which adhered bits of skin bearing tufts of pale green feathers. "Looks to me as if it had come from some sort of parrot—don't you think?"

"By Jove!"

What Fred further intended to reply was cut short by the entrance of a uniformed attendant.

"Dr. Keene would like to see both you young gentlemen in his office at once," the man said, and, casting a keen glance at the feathers on the counter, left them.

"Wonder what 's up now?" muttered Paul. "Have any idea, Skinny?"

The other shrugged his shoulders. "About our report, I suppose," he hazarded carelessly "Come on."

They were shortly ushered into the presence of the head of the museum. Dr. Keene, a man of near sixty, took a fatherly interest in all the members of the staff, and Fred Milton and Paul Jenkins held not the lowest place in his affections. Jack Milton, Fred's brother, was still away in South America, and, during his absence, Dr. Keene had taken the boys, so to speak, under his wing.

"Sit down," he invited them; and when they had found chairs, he broached the subject of the consultation with an abrupt question.

"How would both of you like to take another trip?"

For a moment the lads were so taken aback by the sudden inquiry that they could find no answer. Finally, Fred managed to stammer, "V-very good, sir!"

At which Dr. Keene vouchsafed him a kindly smile and, speaking rapidly, began to question them concerning their work.

"Are you nearly finished with your collection?"

The boys in turn were forced to smile at

this. "No, sir," quietly replied Paul, "we are merely at the beginning. There are several months' work still ahead."

"Too bad, too bad!" grumbled the older man, forcing back a twinkle which had crept into his eyes. "A very important matter has come up which requires immediate attention, and I hoped you would be far enough along—"

"We are, sir," eagerly broke in Fred; "we can leave at any time you say."

"But, my dear boys, you still have your collection to work up. Are you willing to leave it to some other man?"

"B-but, sir—" commenced Fred.

"There, there, I see you are not. Too bad! you were the very persons to undertake the job."

"What do you wish us to do?" bravely inquired Paul, swallowing hard.

"Nothing, sir, oh, nothing at all. It does n't matter—I will send some one else."

"But I 'm sure, sir, we could—" began both lads at once.

Dr. Keene slapped his knee and broke into a roar of laughter. "Of course you can!" he chuckled. "But you must let an old man have his joke. Your collection can wait. I 'm going to send you away the first of the week."

"You don't mean, sir, that we are to be discharged?" came the anxious query from Fred.

"Bless your heart, no!" answered the old gentleman, with another chuckle. "I am going to send you both to Florida—or rather, I will give you a leave of absence to go, if you so desire."

"*Florida?*"

"Yes, gentlemen, you will prepare to go south on a short collecting expedition. That means supplies and all necessities for a month in the field. You don't need to be advised in that respect. Here is the why and wherefore of the trip.

"At a recent meeting of the United Ornithological Societies a question was brought up concerning the Carolina parrakeet, now supposed to be extinct. The last of these birds ever authentically seen was in the Everglades, some twelve or fifteen years ago, when a small flock of about a score were observed in the northerly part of that swamp region. From that day to this not a single specimen has been reported. The chances are a hundred to one that they are entirely extinct, though fifty years ago they were common even as far north as the Virginia coast."

"Why, sir—" interrupted Fred, but Dr. Keene cut him short with a wave of the hand, and continued:

"The U. O. S. have offered a prize of five thousand dollars to the person or persons who can produce proof that the parrakeets still exist—and that is the object of this expedition. Both of you are in need of a vacation, and I thought that you might be willing to spend it in Florida for the sake of earning—that is, if you are fortunate enough to discover the birds—five thousand dollars. What do you think of it?"

"Great!" cried Fat, almost in a joyous shout. "When did you say that we 'd better start, Dr. Keene?"

"As soon as possible, Paul. If the birds are there, the sooner you locate them the better off you will be. Both the Union Museum and the big museum in Chicago are sending men, so it will be a race between you. May the best one prosper; and remember, it is as much for the honor of our own museum as for the money that you go. And another thing, don't forget that the parrakeets are probably extinct and that all three expeditions are likely to meet with failure."

"Not ours, sir!" eagerly cried Fred. "The parrakeets are there—I know it!"

"It 's well to be optimistic," smiled the doctor.

"Of course I 'm optimistic and I 've good reason to be," returned the boy with happy emphasis. "I say those birds are not extinct!"

"How do you know?" queried the man, a bit puzzled by the boy's earnestness.

"I 've seen a comparatively fresh skin of one this very day!"

The doctor almost bounded from his chair in astonishment. "What do you mean?" he demanded, now almost as excited as Fred.

"The wings and part of the skin came to the laboratory from the custom house this afternoon, mixed with a lot of red egret plumes and miscellaneous feathers. We were just examining it when you sent for us."

"You are sure of its identity?" roared Dr. Keene.

"Positive, sir."

"By Jove, sir, then that settles it! If that skin did n't come from the last living parrakeet, then there must be others. You don't know exactly where it did come from?"

"No, sir, but we know positively that it came from Florida."

"All right then, Fred and Paul, get ready to start as soon as you are able. We 'll keep dark the secret of that skin for the present.

"'HOLD ON THERE!' SAID PAUL, 'THESE FEATHERS ARE N'T IN THE SAME POSITION AS WHEN WE LEFT'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

If it became public property, the Everglades would be overrun in a week with people trying to earn that five thousand dollars. We want you to bring back with you a single skin, if there are enough birds so that one may be spared; and if not, photographs. Now get along with you and hurry!"

CHAPTER III

OFF FOR THE EVERGLADES

The boys *did* hurry. They hastened back to the laboratory and, without loss of a moment, proceeded to return their South American collection to a series of moth-proof lockers and drawers from which it had been taken earlier in the day. Satisfied that the material would remain there untouched during their prolonged absence, they next gave attention to the more important subject on hand. The plumes from the custom-house still remained scattered over the long counter which acted as a desk. Picking up the partial skin of the Carolina parrakeet, Fred was about to shuffle all the rest into a pile when Paul held his hand.

"Hold on there!" said Paul, "these feathers are n't in the same position as when we left."

"What 's the matter with them?" demanded the other, in surprise.

"Don't you remember—the aigrettes were in one pile, and now they 're scattered all over the place. And the parrakeet wings were n't down there at the end of the counter—they were chucked right in front of your place. You tossed them there yourself when we were called away."

Fred studied the counter intently, striving to recall the exact arrangement of its contents as he had left them.

"I believe you 're right, you old eagle-eye," he finally admitted. "The heron wings are scattered, too. Somebody has been snoopin' around, but I guess they did n't take anything. Probably one of the men from the other rooms. He came in to see how we were getting on, and, finding we were absent, looked things over a bit, just as you or I would do—that 's the answer. We 'll send in our report on the plumes and keep the parrakeet skin, turning back all the rest. The museum is allowed to hold out anything they want, you know, provided it is property that has been confiscated."

The wings of the parrakeet and their few adhering shreds of skin were placed in a drawer separate from the rest of the collection, and the remainder of the plumes were bundled up preparatory to being returned to the inspector who had brought them and who still remained in the building.

"Now, what 's the dope on our trip?" inquired Paul, in a businesslike voice when this duty was concluded. "To what part of Florida do we go, and how?"

"To the Everglades, I suppose," was the uncertain rejoinder, "though exactly where, I don't know. The thing to do is to pick out a place which we can use as a base, and then head out from there. As for getting to Florida, the train is the quickest route."

He walked across the room to a shelf on which were piled sheaves of various colored pamphlets. Selecting one with a blue cover, a map of Florida, he returned to his chum.

"There are the Glades," declared Fred, indicating a section of the map with his finger, "down at the southern extremity of the peninsula. Miami, over on the east coast, is almost on the center line. On the west coast there seem to be a number of rivers."

"Whew, here 's a jaw-cracker for you!" ejaculated Paul. "Listen— the Fahkahratcheea River! You have to be taken with a bad cold before you can say it right."

"And here 's another," grinned Fred, "Lake Okeechobee, up at the northern part of the Everglades. They 're Indian names—Seminole, I guess, for that is the only tribe which inhabits that region."

"They must be an unhealthy lot," Fat muttered.

"How do you make that out?" curiously demanded his companion.

"From the names they give places," was the cool response. "They must pretty near sneeze to death every time they talk."

Fred chuckled and continued to study the map. "There don't seem to be many towns on the west coast," he presently observed. "They 're all concentrated along the Atlantic seaboard. Hold on a minute, here 's one called Everglade over near the Gulf Coast, and another just below it called Chokoloski—"

He was interrupted by a grunt of disgust from Paul. Unheeding, he continued:

"There 's another named Thrasher and one called Survey."

"What was that last?" suddenly demanded the other lad.

"Survey."

"No, I mean the one before that."

"Thrasher? What do you want—? Why that 's so!"

The man whom they had rescued from

being ground beneath the wheels of the flying hook-and-ladder several weeks ago had come from that town.

"That 's the place!" cried Fat, sitting back in his chair and banging the counter with his fist. "Mr.—Mr.—what was his name?"

"Whitehouse?"

"Yes, that 's it. He invited us to visit him and stay as long as we wanted—remember?"

"Of course I do! That 's where we 'll go, Fat. We 'll telegraph him to-night, and ought to receive an answer by to-morrow."

They fell to studying the map with increased ardor. Thrasher appeared to be situated toward the center of the peninsula, not far from the Everglades proper, and some twenty or thirty miles south of Lake Okechobee—an ideal spot for their base. But the ranch had its drawbacks.

"There 's no railroad within thirty miles of the place!" mournfully stated Paul, when he had in vain searched the map for the telltale crooked black line. "The Atlantic Coast Line runs only to Fort Myers, and there seems to be a branch running over toward that unpronounceable lake you tried to name a while ago—that 's all. It stops before it gets there, and it looks as if the rest of the journey had to be made on foot."

"There must be roads," suggested Fred, "and we can hire a wagon of some sort to cart our things. I vote we make a try at it."

"I suppose we 'd better," grumbled the other, though with a good-natured gleam in his eye. "I always did hate walkin'—but, still, business is business. Think Mr. Whitehouse really meant it when he asked us to come?"

Fred nodded as if certain on that subject. "But to make sure," he added, "we 'll get a telegram off as soon as possible. In the meantime, we might as well start getting our stuff together. Shot-guns are all the firearms we 'll need for the trip. You go ahead and gather up what forceps and scalpels will be necessary, and all that sort of stuff, while I slip down to the Penn Station to make reservations for to-morrow night. There 's no need of waiting until Monday, do you think?"

"No, I should say not!" the other pronounced decidedly. "The sooner we 're off, the better. Dr. Keene gave us plenty of leeway in regard to that; but don't forget that we 'll have to await an answer to the telegram and it may not come for two days."

"That 's right," agreed Fred. "I 'd forgotten it. I 'll make a reservation for to-morrow and one for the day after, and we can cancel the one we don't need. And one more thing, Fat—you might see if the four-by-five camera is all right while I 'm gone."

He turned to hurry from the room, but scarcely had he reached the door when he was startled by an excited whoop from Paul. He whirled, and in a second was back at his chum's side.

"What 's the matter, Fat?" he cried in a tone of amazement not unmingled with alarm. "What 's happened? Are you in pain?"

For a moment Fat was unable to answer. He merely stuttered and waved his hands inanely about. His round face was as red as a beet and his blue eyes flashed with excitement.

"What 's the matter?" again demanded Fred, entirely at a loss at this sudden change in his chum.

"D-don't make the second r-reservation!" the latter finally managed to stutter. "We 're goin' to-morrow night!"

"What?" came from his puzzled friend.

"To-morrow night, I tell you!" roared Paul, who had now regained the full use of his lungs. "Don't wait for the answer to the telegram—we 're goin', anyway!"

"Are you crazy?"

"No—they 're there! They 're there, I say—and we 're goin'!"

"Of course they are, and of course we are going," soothed Fred. What a terrible calamity had happened! The mind of his chum had given way!

"You 'd better come downtown with me, Fat," he continued, kindly. "We 'll go home first and then to the station later."

At this, Fat broke into a roar of laughter. "Do you really think I 've gone crazy, old Skinny-shanks?" he chuckled, slapping the other on the back. "I 've not, but don't you remember Mr. Whitehouse telling all about the things that inhabit the Everglades, all the alligators, the wildcats, the herons, and the *parrakeets?* Remember now?"

For answer, Fred gave a shout which, in comparison, made Fat's first whoop sound like a feeble cap-pistol fired during a barrage of seventy-fives. As if hurled by a hidden spring, he sprang for the door. With a parting "I 'm on my *way!*" he slammed it behind him, and Paul heard his feet doing a hurried tattoo down the long corridor.

(To be continued)

TRAIN USED IN TESTING THE SPRAGUE DEVICE, BROUGHT TO A STOP UNDER THE LATEST TYPE OF SEMAPHORE
(SEE PAGE 281)

WATCH-DOGS OF THE RAILROAD

By ALLEN R. DODD

"HELLO, John! Watching the trains again?"

"Hello, Uncle Irving! Yes, I 'm watching them again."

The speaker was a stocky, freckle-faced boy of about twelve, clad in an old khaki suit, much stained and frayed—a city boy, spending his first summer on his uncle's farm in western New York. But greatly as he enjoyed the life of the farm, there was something that attracted him still more, and that was the double-tracked highway of the railroad, which bounded the southern side of his uncle's favorite pasture. He had discovered a cozy nook in an angle of the old rail fence, and here he would sit for hours, watching the long freights trundle slowly by down the easy grade, and waiting with bated breath while the limited flashed up out of the east and vanished toward the sinking sun in a cloud of golden dust.

To-day, John noticed with pleasure that his uncle wore the air of a man whose tasks were, for the time being, completed, and hopefully made room for him as the farmer jumped the fence, followed by Pete, the long-haired collie.

"I was just wondering, Uncle Irv," John began, as his relative found a comfortable spot on the dry grass beside him, "just what those things mean." And he pointed to a round steel mast with two slanting arms near the top of it, which stood beside the track.

"That?" replied Mr. Mayo, lazily scratching the ears of the collie, who had curled up contentedly at his feet; "why, I guess you might call that a watch-dog, like Pete, here. It 's a better watch-dog than Pete, even, because it never goes to sleep, but stays at its post night and day and in all sorts of weather."

"Please tell me about it," begged John.

"Well," Mr. Mayo began, "it 's a rather long story and I guess you 'll understand me better if I commence by drawing you a diagram."

He took a piece of paper and a pencil from one of the pockets in his overalls, and drew a diagram like the one on the next page.

"There," he said; "we 'll suppose that that represents a stretch of railway track, let 's say about three miles long. Now that stretch of track is divided into equal sections called 'blocks,' in the language of the railroad, and at the end of each block is placed a 'block signal,' like that one there." He pointed to the steel mast in front of them,

and John nodded his head to show that he understood.

"Now suppose a train, running along the track, enters the first of these sections, or 'blocks.' As soon as it has passed the first signal, those two arms stand out horizontally, at right angles to the pole. Then if another train is following close behind, when it comes to the signal, the engineer will see those two horizontal arms and will bring his train to a stop. For they say to him, 'There 's a train in the block just ahead of you, and you must wait until it has gone on, or you might run into it and cause a wreck.' "

Just as Mr. Mayo finished speaking, a long freight-train rumbled slowly by them, and the two arms on the signal-mast, which until then had been slanting downward, rose until they stood out at right angles to the pole.

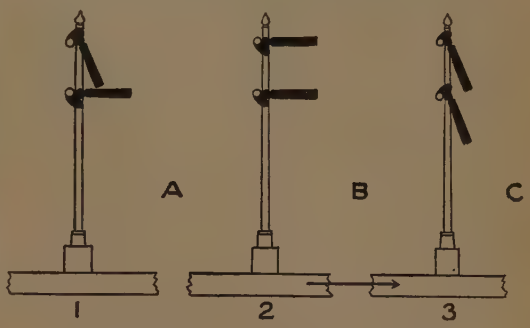
"There!" exclaimed Mr. Mayo, as the freight-train disappeared over the summit of the grade; "you see, the signal is now set at danger, and if another train should come along on the same track, it must wait until the signal changes."

"And another train *is* coming!" cried John. "Now we 'll see how it works!"

Sure enough, a second freight came puffing laboriously up the grade, slowed as it approached the signal, and, just before the front end of the locomotive reached it, stopped dead, with much grinding of brake-shoes and clanking of couplings.

"Now watch!" said Mr. Mayo, pointing to the signal. At the end of perhaps five minutes, the upper arm, which was painted red, with a white band running vertically across it near the end farthest from the pole, slowly sank from its horizontal position to its former inclined one. The locomotive of the waiting freight-train uttered four long whistles, and in a minute or so, with much puffing, got its heavy string of cars under way and steamed on up the grade.

"You see," resumed Mr. Mayo, "when that upper arm changed its position, the engineer knew that the train ahead of him had passed from the block just in front of him to the next block beyond, and that it was safe for him to proceed. That upper arm is called the 'home signal,' and it protects the block at the beginning of which the signal mast is placed. The lower arm is called the 'distant signal,' and shows whether or not there is a train in the *second* block beyond the signal-pole. That is, when only the lower, or 'distant' signal is raised horizontally, the engineer of an approaching train knows that the block just in front of him is clear, but that the block just beyond the one in front of him is occupied; and though he can go ahead, he must run cautiously and be ready to stop if the next signal he comes to is set at 'danger.' When both arms are inclined downward, the engineer knows that the track is clear for two blocks ahead of him, and that he can safely run at full speed. This system of signaling is called the 'block system,' and it is now in use on all first-class railroads. It is one of the devices which has done much to make railway travel safe."



THE BLOCK-SIGNAL SYSTEM IN OPERATION

A train, represented by the arrow, is in Block B. On signal No. 1, which protects Block A, the upper, or "home," semaphore arm is set at "clear" and the lower, or "distant," arm is in a horizontal position, indicating that Block A is clear, but that there is a train in Block B. On signal No. 2, both semaphore arms are in the horizontal position, showing that Block B is occupied. If a second train should enter Block A, it would have to wait at signal No. 2 until the first train had passed on into Block C. On signal No. 3, both semaphore blades are in the inclined position, showing that both Block C and the next block beyond it are unoccupied.

"But," said John, who had been following his uncle's explanation with the closest attention, "how can the engineers tell what position the arms of the signal are in at night?"

"Do you see," answered Mr. Mayo, "those metal disks at the end of each signal-arm, or 'blade,' nearest to the track and farthest away from us? In each one of those disks, round pieces of colored glass are placed. At night, a light is set behind each disk, so that it shines through the colored lenses in the direction of the approaching trains. When the signal-arms are in the inclined, or 'clear,' position, the green lenses are brought in front of the lights, so that when a train comes along, the engineer sees two green lights in front of him and knows that the track is clear. When the signal-arms are raised to the horizontal position, the upper arm shows

a red light and the lower one, a yellow light, and the engineer knows that the signal is set at 'danger,' and that he must stop until the upper light changes to green again."

"What is it that makes the arms move?" asked John; "is there a cord, or wire, or something of that kind?"

"No," replied his uncle, smiling, "not with these signals. In the early days of the block system, the arms were moved by means of wires, and it was necessary to have a man stationed at each signal to operate it. This type was known as the manual system, because the signal-blades were moved by hand, and the manual block is still used on railroads too poor to install the most modern types of signals. One of the great objections to the manual system is that the signal operator may be forgetful or for some reason fail to set the signal at danger after a train has passed. The block-signals on this road are known as the automatic type. The rails of the track are connected by wires with each signal, and when the block is clear, an electric current, flowing through the rails and to the signal, holds the signal-arms down in the 'clear' position. When a train enters the block, the electric current is interrupted, and the signal-arms are pulled up to the horizontal position by the weight of the metal disks which hold the colored lenses. The same thing would happen if the electric current was interrupted by a broken rail or open switch, or if anything went wrong with the electrical system which operates the signals, so you see that our railroad watch-dog is a very faithful and dependable sort of animal."

John assented with great enthusiasm and gazed at the signal-mast with greatly increased interest; but then, as another question occurred to him, he turned again to his uncle and asked, "Are the blocks always a mile long?"

"Oh, no," returned the farmer, hastily, "I only used that distance as an example. On railroads, or divisions of railroads, where there are only a few trains a day, the blocks may be several miles in length. But where the traffic is heavy and a great many trains are run close together, the block-signals are placed often much less than a mile apart. And I must explain to you that the kind of automatic block-system used on this road is only one of a number of different types. For example, on some important trunk-lines, like the New York Central, the signal-arm remains at danger, in the horizontal position, until a train approaches. When the train enters the block next to the one just in front of the signal, the signal-arm swings upward to a position half-way between horizontal and vertical. When it enters the block just in front of the signal, the signal-arm rises to a vertical position, showing that the block beyond is clear. And there are still other kinds of block-signals, such as the 'banjo' type, which, instead of arms, uses a red disk in a signal-mast, shaped something like a banjo, to indicate danger. When the track is clear, the engineer simply sees a round glass-covered opening in the banjo-shaped mast. But if there should be a train in the block, the red disk drops down from its resting-place inside the mast and covers the round opening, warning the engineer to stop."

"And must the engineer always stop when he comes to a block-signal set at danger?" John inquired. "Suppose he can see that the track ahead of him is safe clear to the next signal?"

"He ought to stop," replied Mr. Mayo, "and on the best railroads, the rules compel him to stop when a block-signal is at danger, or 'set against him,' as railway men say. For even if he can see that the track is clear, the danger warning plainly shows that something has gone wrong. It may be that there is a broken rail, or a misplaced switch, or something of that kind. But occasionally that there may be some engineers who, if they are late, will run past a block-signal set at danger and take a chance that they will get through all right. That is something that even the best block system can not guard against, and the block system can not be blamed then, any more than we could blame Pete if he saw a tramp in our barn and we did not come when he barked.

"But so careful are the men who manage our great railroad systems to guard against any possibility of a disaster, that even on roads equipped with the best and most modern types of block-signals, men are carried on all trains whose duty it is to go back down the track with a red flag as an additional precaution when their train has, for any reason, to stop between stations."

"Thank you ever so much," said John, jumping to his feet, "for telling me about the signals. Come along, Pete. You 've got your tail set at 'clear,' so there 's no use in your waiting any longer."

And he vaulted lightly over the fence, with the delighted collie bounding after him.

"LISTEN, LOOK—AND STOP, MR. ENGINEER!"

THE SPRAGUE DEVICE FOR MAKING RAILROAD TRAVEL SAFER

By M. TEVIS

ALL over this broad continent of ours runs a shining network of steel rails like a great spider-web. Over them, hundreds of trains are rushing in every direction by day and by night—passenger-trains, bearing people on various errands of business and pleasure, taking boys and girls to the country at the beginning of vacation, and hastening home-

BRAKE-APPLICATION MAGNET IN THE CENTER OF A BLOCK

ward with them when school begins; freight-trains, moving more slowly, but carrying safely their precious contents, coal and grain, lumber and iron, and manufactured products to every part of the land.

You can get a very vivid idea of this traffic if you will take a map and put a dot at the point where your own dinner-table is located, and then draw lines to represent the path followed by the different good things upon it from their place of origin—fruit from California or Florida, sugar from Louisiana, rice from South Carolina, bread from the golden grain-fields of the West, fresh vegetables from truck-farms within your own State, and so forth.

Have you ever stopped to think what ceaseless care is necessary to secure the safety of all these thousands of cars and their valuable contents? First of all, we owe our safety to the skill and prudence of the engine-drivers, a splendid body of men; but other safeguards are necessary to assist these men in the performance of their duty. Thus, every train is equipped with powerful air-brakes, to begin with; secondly, there is a very careful system of schedules and of signals to enable the trains to move without interfering with each other, so as to reduce the danger of collision, even where numbers of them use the same track and pass over it in both directions. In spite of these safeguards, there have been many shocking accidents, due to some unforeseen condition of weather, of land-slides, or of human error. Because of this, the Interstate Commerce Commission has recently ordered some fifty railroads to install further safety devices. One of the most interesting of these has been perfected, after nearly ten years of work, and the expenditure of something like half a million dollars, by the distinguished electrical engineer, Mr. Frank J. Sprague (some of whose important services in electric traction were described in "The Story of the Trolley" in ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1922), in collaboration with his son, F. Desmond Sprague. It was the privilege of the writer, as a representative of ST. NICHOLAS, to have a long interview with Mr. Sprague and to visit his laboratory and see a working equipment after examining its structure.

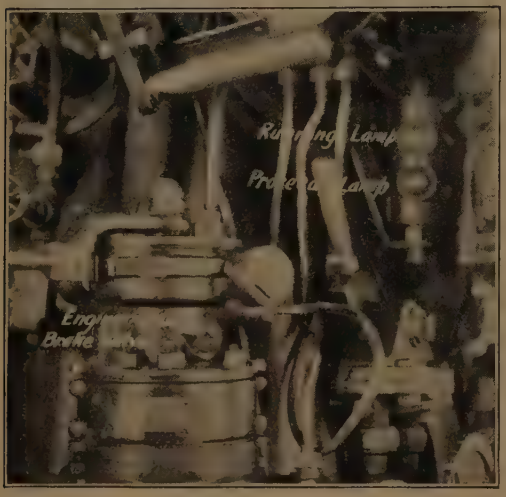
The device of these modern magicians is like a good fairy, ever at the elbow of the engineer, warning him if there is danger

THE RESET MAGNET, NEAR THE END OF THE BLOCK

ahead, and actually bringing the engine to a standstill when, through inattention, illness, foggy weather, or other cause, the engineer

fails to heed or see the warning of the block-signals. In order to understand this, it is necessary to give a brief explanation of the way in which the automatic block system is operated.

The two rails of the track are insulated from each other and from the adjoining rails



SPRAGUE APPLIANCES INSIDE THE ENGINE CAB

at each end of the block. At the outgoing end, there is an electric battery, the current from which flows through one rail to the entering end and then into the magnet of a relay, which controls the movement of the signal at that point; the current then flows back through the other rail to the battery, thus completing the circuit. Let us see now how this works:

Just as water flowing down hill always takes the easiest path, which accounts for the graceful windings of our streams, so electricity always tends to take the easiest path —the path of least resistance, as it is called— when flowing from one point to another. In fact, that is why we erect lightning-rods—so that the electricity may have an easy path from sky to earth without damaging our houses!

Now when a train enters any given block, the current flowing through the rails finds that the path of least resistance happens to be through the wheels and axles of the train. In this way it makes a "short circuit," and this short circuit deënergizes the magnet of the signal relay, so that the armature of the relay is no longer held tight, but drops, thus setting the signal behind the train at "Stop." Now if there is any obstruction on the track, or if a rail is broken, the current is likewise prevented from flowing through the relay magnet, so that the signal is set at stop just as if there were a train in the block. The arm of the semaphore is moved by an electric motor whose current comes from batteries sunk in the ground at the foot of the mast.

We are now ready to comprehend the working of the ingenious apparatus by means of which a series of signals is set in action in the cab of the engine itself, so that the man at the throttle is made *to look, to listen, and, if need be, to stop.*

Though the Sprague invention is intended primarily to assist the engineer, while leaving him in full control of his engine, it is so adjusted that if the engineer ignores the signals both without and within his cab, the apparatus first applies the brakes where caution is indicated, and, if the engineer still pays no attention, brings the train to a full stop before the point of danger is reached.

The force employed for operating the signals is magnetic induction, the "twin sister of electricity." This is that invisible force, or "flux," which surrounds magnetic substances. Though invisible, this force is readily made manifest by the following simple experiment, which perhaps you have already performed: sprinkle iron filings on a sheet of paper laid upon a magnet, and they will at once begin to dance as if bewitched, arrang-

THE MAGNETIC RECEIVER REMOVED FROM THE ENGINE

ing themselves along certain curving lines, which we call "lines of force."

These lines of force constitute the *magnetic field* surrounding the magnet, and any substance capable of conducting magnetism which passes across these lines of force at a

sufficiently short distance (which depends upon the strength of the magnet) comes under the influence of the latter. Doubtless, you have played with a horseshoe magnet, watching it create a commotion in a saucer of iron filings, or deftly snatching needles from your mother's work-basket, or pulling toward itself the soft bit of iron which we call

THE MAGNETIC RECEIVER UNDER ENGINE TENDER

an armature and which completes the circuit, allowing the magnetic force to flow from one pole to the other.

But this force is much more than a plaything. It is this, indeed, which we rely upon in the working of such every-day necessities of life, as we have come to consider them, as the telephone, the trolley-car, the electric motor, and the huge generators from which we get current to furnish us with light, heat, and power.

In the Sprague system, there are three magnets placed in each block of the line. Two of these are permanent magnets, that is, magnets whose magnetic field is constant and exerts its force all the time unless neutralized by special means. The third is an electro-magnet—that is, it becomes active only when a current of electricity flows through it, and is normally "dead." It is the function of the first two to apply the brakes so as to slow down the train, and that of the third to "reset" the train equipment—which means to restore it to its original position after it has been set in action, or "energized" to use the technical term, by the first two magnets. All these magnets are controlled by the wayside system of signals, described above, and they get the necessary current from the storage-batteries which, in their turn, are kept in proper condition by a power-line which extends along beside the road.

The two permanent magnets are sunk in the track bed a little below the level of the ties, to which they lie parallel. The reset magnet differs from them not only in being non-permanent, but in being placed parallel to the *rails*. Each of the brake-magnets is really composed of a group of bar-magnets enclosed in a casing of manganese steel, which acts as a protecting casing. (Manganese steel is steel which has had added to it a small amount of the metal manganese to lower its magnetic conductivity.)

Now suppose a train enters a block just preceding a block whose signal is set at "clear." The position of the semaphore causes an electric current to flow to the permanent magnets, which neutralizes the action of the magnetic field of the working poles to such an extent that they no longer act upon the brakes of the train, and the latter, therefore, proceeds unchecked. At the same time, two green lights inside the cab, one in front of the engineer and one in front of the fireman, shine out their cheerful message that the track in the block ahead is empty.

But suppose that the semaphore in the next block is in the caution position. In this case, when the train enters that block and reaches the first of the permanent magnets (the "brake-application" magnets), the green lights are extinguished warning the

VARIOUS VALVES CONTROLLED BY THE SPRAGUE DEVICE

man at the throttle that the next block is occupied and he must slow down.

However, for fear the engineer may overlook this warning for some reason, at the same time the powerful air-brakes are automatically applied and reduce the speed of

the train until it comes to a given rate of speed decided upon beforehand. When the brakes are set in action, thus automatically, the handle of the brake-valve (which is in front of the engineer and upon which his hand rests most of the time) shifts in accordance with the action of the brakes, thus giving a second warning to the engineer. At the same time a whistle is sounded, so that the ears as well as the eyes of the engineer and the fireman are appealed to.

If the engineer wishes for any reason (such as being behind time) to disregard the first warning, he can release the pressure of the brakes on the wheels by shoving hard against the brake-valve handles; but if he does this, then, as soon as his locomotive passes over the second brake-application magnet, the brakes will again press hard against the wheels until the speed has been reduced to the proper rate.

If, on the other hand, the train has been manually locked, according to the speed of the train, then there will be no automatic brake action at the second magnet; but if, after having been brought down to a speed at which it is safe to proceed without brakes on, the speed is increased, then there will be an automatic action.

While, ordinarily, the brakes may then be released from within the cab, it is quite possible to make it necessary for one of the engine crew to leave the locomotive and effect a release from the ground, in coöperation with his partner.

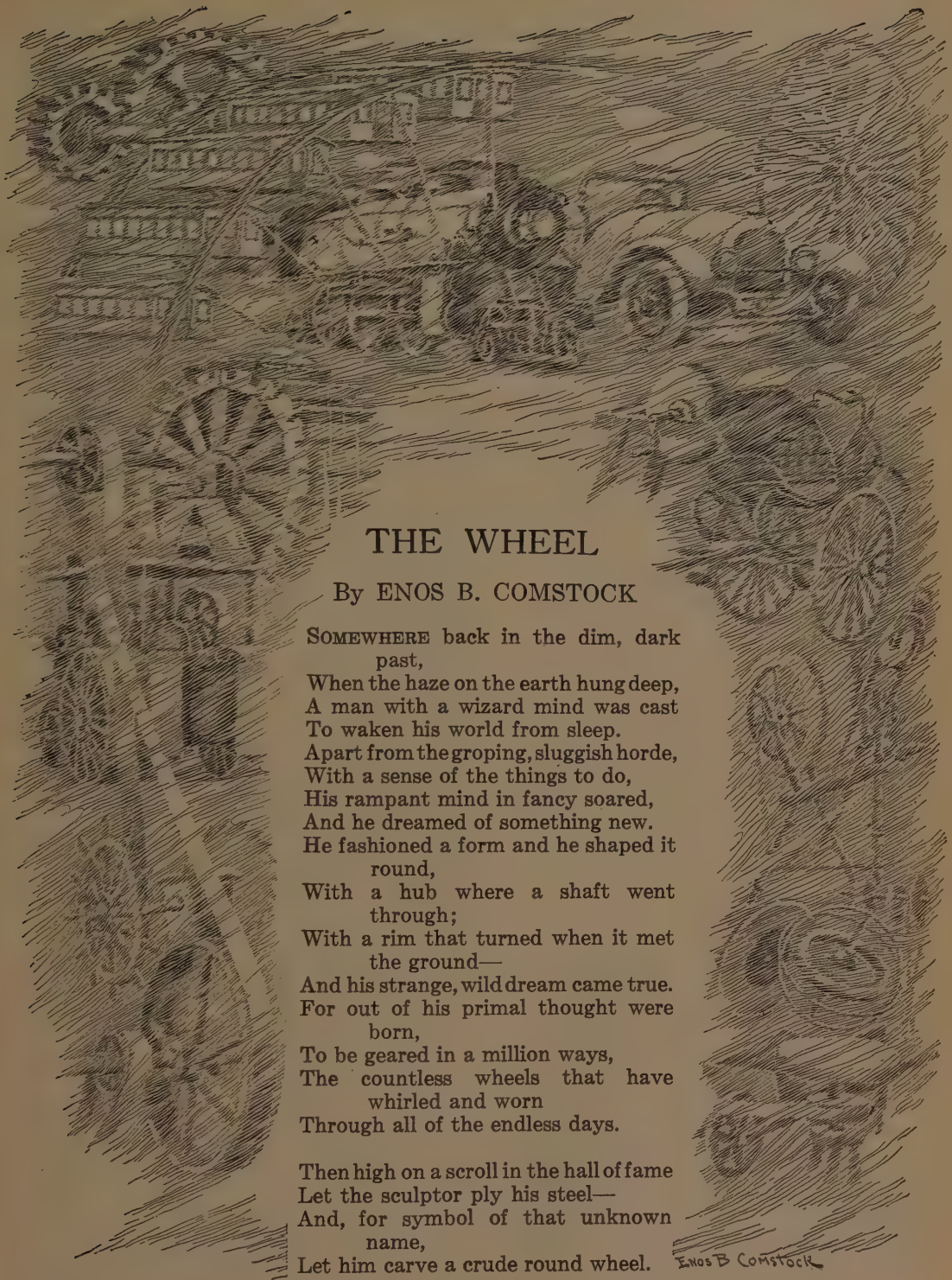
At the end of the block, if the traffic conditions have cleared up, the train, on passing over the reset magnet, will have its automatic apparatus restored to normal and the speed restrictions reduced. If the block has not cleared, then the train is held under control until an active reset is passed.

Let us now attempt to explain the method by means of which the three magnets act as described above. The magnetic impulses received by the track magnets from the relays connected with the wayside signal system must be transferred to the apparatus inside the cab. This is done by means of a so-called double-receiver, suspended by adjustable supports beneath the forward end of the tender (which is immediately behind the locomotive). This receiving device consists of a box, called a carrier-box, which contains a sealed magnetic device. Attached to the box on the under side are four plates of soft iron called collector-plates, whose business it is to pick up the magnetic impulses from the track magnets and pass them on to the device inside the box. Two of these collector-plates are placed parallel to the *rails* (like the reset magnet), while two of them are parallel to the *ties* (like the brake-application magnets). Hence they are responsive, respectively, to the reset magnet and to the permanent magnet. They sweep through the magnetic field of the track magnets at a distance above them of only seven or eight inches. When a train is running at high speed, these collector-plates cross the magnetic field in a very brief interval of time —from 1/100 to 1/150 of a second. Nevertheless, they unfailingly pick up the magnetic impulse and pass it on to the apparatus inside the box.

The apparatus inside the box includes two small moving armatures. These are pieces of metal which generally control certain electric circuits, but which break or make these circuits when acted upon by the magnetic field of one or other of the track magnets. The making or breaking of these circuits sends electrical impulses to a metal box, containing three relays, which is mounted on one of the running-boards of the locomotive. These relays, which are coils so sensitive that they respond to electrical impulses lasting only 1/1000 of a second, in their turn call into play electrical currents which regulate the valves that control the air-brakes.

These valves are adjusted, in such a way that they may be made to admit varying amounts of compressed air to the brakes, thus causing the latter to exert a light pressure, a medium pressure, or a heavy pressure, upon the wheels, and correspondingly reducing the speed of the train to an amount which is determined beforehand in accordance with the state of the traffic and other conditions.

Finally, the apparatus is completed by a device called the "speed-control mechanism," which is enclosed in a metal box, supported at one end by a spring, and at the driving end by one of the axles at the forward end of the engine. This mechanism consists of two component parts, or "elements," as engineers say, one of which is responsive to the rotation of the axle, while the other connects up with the air-brakes. The result of this arrangement is that when certain speeds are exceeded after the second track magnet is passed, the brakes receive an emergency pressure which brings the train to a dead stop.



THE WHEEL

By ENOS B. COMSTOCK

SOMEWHERE back in the dim, dark past,
When the haze on the earth hung deep,
A man with a wizard mind was cast
To waken his world from sleep.
Apart from the groping, sluggish horde,
With a sense of the things to do,
His rampant mind in fancy soared,
And he dreamed of something new.
He fashioned a form and he shaped it round,
With a hub where a shaft went through;
With a rim that turned when it met the ground—
And his strange, wild dream came true.
For out of his primal thought were born,
To be geared in a million ways,
The countless wheels that have whirled and worn
Through all of the endless days.

Then high on a scroll in the hall of fame
Let the sculptor ply his steel—
And, for symbol of that unknown name,
Let him carve a crude round wheel.

ENOS B COMSTOCK

THE WRONG MR. WRIGHT

By A. MAY HOLADAY

TUBBY WELLS was engaged in serious thought, his plump figure stretched comfortably out in an easy-chair in his room at Encina, feet elevated to the study table, eyes half closed. It was Tubby's habit to do the thinking and leave the acting to "the other fellow"; but sometimes it did n't work out that way.

The drive to finance Stanford's new stadium had brought about a lively competition between the frats and the various eating-clubs for first place in securing pledges. Encina's most formidable rival proved to be the El Segunda Club, whose aggressiveness was deepening the puzzled crease in Tubby's forehead. Suddenly an idea gripped him, and a smile that was Tubby's greatest charm spread itself over his round, fat face.

"Oh daddy!" he exulted. "If the rest of the committee would only come!"

As if in answer to his wish, they burst in upon him: "Slats" Fraser, president of the Encina Club; Sidney Walburn, member of the student control-board; and Dexter MacDonald, soph president—all boosters for Encina.

Tubby raised himself up on one elbow and waved languidly toward the chairs. "Good thing you fellows came. I 've an idea."

"Good! We have n't any. Don't let it get away!"

"Here 's hoping it 's better than your usual inspirations, Tub," began Sidney.

"I know exactly what you 're going to say, Sid, and you need n't say it. This scheme is *not* the kind that looks like a million dollars at first and twenty cents afterward. It 's a whale! And after you think it over awhile and get chummy with the idea, you 'll say so too."

"For the love of Pete, spill it!"

"As you know," Tubby went on serenely, "we 've tried carnivals and every other money-raising plan until the territory around here has been literally combed. But up in the hills back of the campus, there 's a Mr. Wright,—a wealthy old Stanford grad,—who 's as close as a fourteen collar on a sixteen neck, though he 's contributed, at times, to athletic funds. What say to two of us driving up there and exchanging a little diplomacy for a check to shove Encina's total to the top?"

"Seems to me," Sidney reflected dubiously, "that one of the frat committees called on old What 's-his-name and came away empty handed."

"There were two good reasons—a bulldog and a Scotch butler!" laughed Dex. "The story leaked out—as good stories, most always do."

"The difficulty lies in slipping past the outer guard," Tubby pointed out. "I 'll bet that frat committee did n't use any more tact than a mosquito! Diplomacy would do the trick."

"That lets *me* out!" Slats declared.

"Dex and Sid have barrels of tact," Tubby put in quickly. Like a doctor shying at his own prescription, he was fearful of being drafted for this diplomatic mission. It was one thing to plan—

"Let 's flip a coin."

Slats flipped it expertly. An unkind fate singled out Tubby and Dexter, who groaned in unison, but made no complaint.

"You 're in luck. Gives you a chance to try out that diplomacy theory, old top!" Slats chuckled.

"To-morrow 's Saturday; how 's for you and Dex driving up to Mr. Wright's in your green bug, Tub? Know the road?" Sidney asked.

"You bet! Can't lose me in these hills."

"Fine! Is the fliv in running order?"

"Ought to be. Just paid eight-sixty to bail her out of the garage."

"Don't get the idea that the E in Julian E. Wright stands for 'Easy,'" cautioned Sidney. "It 's my guess the little green bug will hold his donation, all right."

"Just wait! But keep mum! If the El Segundas get wind of our intentions—"

"If you have any luck, 'phone us," Slats suggested hopefully. "We can't wait to spring it on the El Segundas. It 'll knock 'em cold!"

"We 'll do that little thing!" Tubby boasted.

EARLY on Saturday morning, Tubby Wells waited at the foot of the Encina steps in the little green bug that was the joy of his life and the despair of his pocketbook. He had racked his brain for a scheme clever enough to secure admission to a man who was safe-

guarded by butlers and bull-dogs. But the entire list—from falling desperately ill in front of the house, to impersonating a messenger-boy with an important telegram—had been discarded as impracticable. Circumstances would have to decide their course.

Dexter MacDonald took the steps three at a clip, and as the diminutive car swung smoothly along the palm-lined avenue and up into the hill-road back of the campus, Tubby heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"We 've given the El Segundas the slip. We 'll go the La Honda road, and I know a short cut through the Searsville Pass."

"Take the shorter road, Tub. Do you know the house when you see it?"

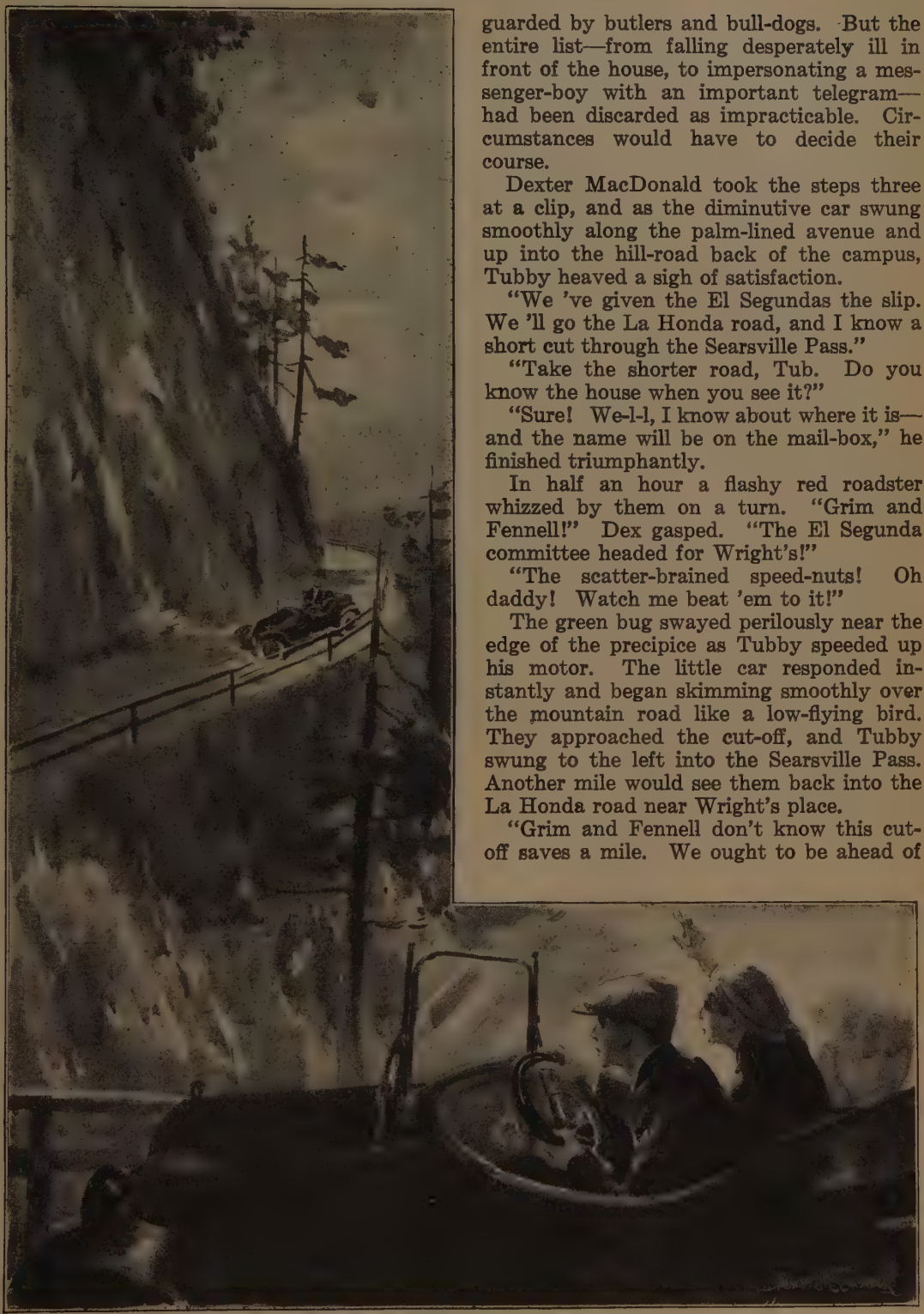
"Sure! We-l-l, I know about where it is—and the name will be on the mail-box," he finished triumphantly.

In half an hour a flashy red roadster whizzed by them on a turn. "Grim and Fennell!" Dex gasped. "The El Segunda committee headed for Wright's!"

"The scatter-brained speed-nuts! Oh daddy! Watch me beat 'em to it!"

The green bug swayed perilously near the edge of the precipice as Tubby speeded up his motor. The little car responded instantly and began skimming smoothly over the mountain road like a low-flying bird. They approached the cut-off, and Tubby swung to the left into the Searsville Pass. Another mile would see them back into the La Honda road near Wright's place.

"Grim and Fennell don't know this cut-off saves a mile. We ought to be ahead of



"THEY SAW TUBBY, WITH ALL THE SPEED HE COULD MUSTER, *BACKING UP* THE HILL"

them when we turn into the La Honda again," Tubby said hopefully.

And they were. Dex clung dizzily to the seat as he turned to look back. The red roadster was toiling up the La Honda grade. "They 're coming!" he called out.

Another hill loomed up ahead. "Shoot on the gas! You can make it in high," Dex urged. But the motor would not respond, and, crimson with annoyance, Tubby attempted to drop back into low. The result was startling—the car came to a stop with a sullen, grinding jerk.

"Same old trick!" Tubby muttered in despair. "She 's lost her low, and she won't start up hill in high."

"That 's easy. Reverse her."

Quick as a flash, Tubby threw in the reverse, whirled the little car around, and, with all the speed he could muster, began *backing up* the hill. The green bug snorted at this indignity, but chugged steadily on. And just as they topped the hill the pursuing red roadster began the ascent—its two occupants staring in open-mouthed astonishment at the animated "crawfish" ambling backward around the turn above them.

An arched gateway loomed up at the right. "Quick! Under the arch! It says 'Wright's Villa!' " Dex sputtered.

They shot backward through the opening and behind the friendly protection of the hedge, while the red car flashed past along the road with never a move in their direction.

"Well, that 's that!" Tubby mopped his dripping face. "And now for the interview."

Up the broad driveway they hurried, for the El Segundas might return any minute. But their repeated rings at the front door failed to bring a response. As they made for the side entrance, a stooping figure, clad in patched shirt and faded overalls, straightened up and dropped something with a thud into his bucket.

"The gardener!" Dex muttered.

"Good morning!" Tubby greeted pleasantly. "Can you tell us if Mr. Wright is in?"

"He is not!" the man returned firmly, "and is n't likely to be in this morning. Funny it took you so long to get here. The appointment secretary 'phoned you 'd be here at seven. Hang your coats on that tree and step lively! We must get these bulbs all out of the ground before the rain comes."

Dex swallowed a chuckle at Tubby's start of dismay. If he could avoid it, the fat boy never engaged in anything more strenuous than thinking—or driving the green bug. So it was with amazement that Dex heard the question, "Er—where do we begin to dig?"

"Don't ball things up by refusing, Dex," Tubby counseled in a hoarse whisper. "Mr. Wright won't be here at all this morning, this gardener says; Grim and Fennell won't hang 'round that long; and we *could n't* have a better excuse for staying. Me for the shovel!"

The gardener was a tall, thin man, apparently about forty-five. His eyes held a harassed look, and his face wore a perpetual frown. Apparently his was a single-track mind, for he could think and talk of nothing except the enormous quantity of bulbs that must be dug, sorted, carefully labeled, and stored in the dry cellar for spring planting. The garden was a large one, and to Tubby the rows seemed endless. In ten minutes his best collar, donned for the occasion, was moist and melting rapidly. In half an hour he had raised a row of blisters on the tender flesh of each palm, with prospects of more to follow. Glancing out toward the road, he called to Dex, "Duck! The El Segundas!"

Dex smiled his satisfaction. "They 're going back to the campus. Missed the place entirely. Hooray!"

Presently the faint tinkle of a telephone-bell came from within the big house. Again it jangled impatiently. The gardener tore himself from his work of labeling. In five minutes he returned with a flicker of a smile hovering about his set lips.

"You must like flowers," Tubby ventured, drawing the back of a moist hand across his dripping forehead.

"Yes," the man replied simply. He was sorting the plump brown bulbs from Tubby's bucket. "That 's my hobby. My brother and I try to outdo each other in propagating and developing new varieties. Mr. Wright wins many prizes at the flower-shows in the city."

"Is your brother a gardener, too?"

"He—er—is taking care of the gardens of an estate about a mile down the road."

Tubby returned to the end of the row where Dex was busily digging. "See anything of Mr. Wright coming?" he asked.

"No. Looks as if we 're in for all day. The place is so quiet I 'm hoping Mr. Wright took the butler and the bad-tempered bulldog with him."

The morning wore on. Occasionally Tubby straightened his tired shoulders, or opened his hands to stretch his cramped

fingers. The blisters had broken and the flesh burned like fire.

Dex was more accustomed to work and suffered little inconvenience. "How are you comin'?" he asked sympathetically.

"'YOU FELLOWS HAVE DONE PRETTY WELL,' THE GARDENER ADMITTED"

Tubby picked up his bucket. "Can't say I 'm any too keen on this sort of thing, but if it gets us the interview— When do we eat? Seems about a week since we had breakfast."

"We 're lucky if we eat at all. Is your 'diplomacy bug' still working strong?" And then Dex dodged a well-aimed clod.

It was not until half past twelve that the gardener consented to leave the work for a few minutes, for the sky had become dark and threatening. "We 'll eat in the kitchen," he said. "Folks are away, but they left a lunch for me and my helpers."

The food and rest seemed to soften the worry lines in the face of the older man, while it did wonders in reviving the spirits of the two younger ones. It was n't so bad. They 'd see Mr. Wright shortly and laugh over the gardener's mistake. Surely this would pave the way for that all-important interview.

"You said Mr. Wright would be home at noon?" Tubby questioned, as he finished his sixth sandwich and reached for another.

"No, I said he *would n't* be home this *morning*. He *may* not be in again until evening. That depends. Let 's get back to the garden."

Tubby felt dazed. This seemed a stiff price to pay for an interview, especially when the result was uncertain; still—he himself had advocated diplomacy, and what could be more diplomatic than helping to save Mr. Wright's prize bulbs? Encina was behind with her quota—Mr. Wright's donation was needed to put her in the front rank—they had already spent half a day—they 'd see it through! Dex was a good sport, and Tubby was sure he would agree.

When the work was finished it was nearing four o'clock, and Mr. Wright had not yet returned. Tubby had watched the driveway.

"You fellows have done pretty well," the gardener admitted, "though I don't believe either of you ever used a shovel before. I 'll pay you for the full day. Mr. Wright will be generous when he finds his bulbs all safe. It 's beginning to rain right now."

"What sort of man is Mr. Wright?" Dex questioned.

"He has lots of foolish notions, if you ask *me*. He 's caused me many a bad half-hour. Are you friends of his?"

"Hardly! He 's rich as Crœsus, is n't he?"

"No indeed! His brother, Julian Wright, has all the money; lives about a mile down the road."

Tubby felt as if the entire universe had tumbled about his feet. He sank down weakly on a garden bench. "The *wrong* Mr. *Wright!*" he groaned dismally.

"Too bad you started in with the mining course, Tub," Dex said flippantly. "You 'd stack up high as a detective. Your deductions are wonderful!"

But Tubby heard nothing. The day had been worse than wasted. As a committee they had proved to be a flat failure. The affair would leak out—trust the El Segundas! —and he and Dex would offer a legitimate target for the jeers and gibes of the campus.

"Might as well be going," he said grimly. "No, we don't want pay for it," he protested, as the gardener drew a purse from his pocket. "We were n't working for pay."

The man stared his amazement. "Why did you do it, then?"

"We heard that Mr. Julian Wright had often donated to Stanford's athletic funds, and we hoped to interest him in helping Encina raise her quota for the new stadium. When you took us for the boys you had hired—well, I thought Mr. Wright would be in a more favorable mood if he found us working for his interests. The Stanford boys you hired must have missed connections someway."

"They could n't get any way to come up. They 'phoned."

"And you let us keep on working—"

"Why not? The work had to be done, and you seemed entirely willing." The gardener gave a throaty chuckle; then he pondered a moment. "Stay right here. I 'll be back as soon as I can."

The long interval was spent in silence on the porch. A drenching rain was pouring down, but the bulbs were safe in the cellar, where they would neither decay nor sprout.

Dex was frankly disgusted, but he said nothing. As for Tubby, his plump, soft hands were blistered and sore, and from head to foot he was just one solid ache; but the worst blow had been dealt to his pride. Failure! After all that bragging, too! The El Segundas were, no doubt, chuckling over the donation they had secured from "the" Mr. Wright. If only he had been more sure of the place!

"Look, Tub! He 's coming through the rain—with a check!"

"*Two* checks!" Tubby corrected excitedly. "Or maybe I 'm seeing double."

The signature of Julian E. Wright graced one precious check, and Eldon B. Wright the other. The amounts were identical, and the sight of them made Tubby's eyes pop. Without doubt, Encina would top the list!

"Mr. Julian Wright is glad to contribute to the fund through Encina," the gardener explained. "The idea seemed to strike him just right, though he had refused to see the El Segunda boys who called there this morning. And Mr. Eldon Wright, while not a wealthy man, told me he could not let his brother outdo him in generosity, especially since your determination to make a good impression saved a thousand dollars' worth of rare bulbs." He could hardly restrain his lips from twitching.

Then to Tubby Wells, groping in a bewildering mental fog, there came a flash of enlightenment. "You 're no gardener!" he declared. "You are Mr. Eldon B. Wright himself, and I 'll say you 're a brick!"

"You 've walked to your brother's in the rain—and persuaded him— Why, you 're not the *wrong* Mr. Wright after all!" Dex cried approvingly.

Somehow the green bug was induced to start down the first slippery hill in "high," and after that no "low" was needed for the descent to the campus. Slipping and sliding through the mud to the stadium committee's general headquarters, mud-spattered, wet, and weary, the two jubilant passengers climbed out of the little car.

"Well, old Grandpa Fixit, you 've done it again." Dex clapped him on the shoulder. "How are the blisters?"

"Blisters? Why, I 'd forgotten all about them!" Tubby's stiff fingers patted his inside pocket where lay the two fat checks that assured Encina the lead.

"What 'd I tell you! Huh!" he declared. "It 's easy to get what you want. Just use a little diplomacy, that 's all."

IGOR AND LASKA

By COUNTESS VERA TOLSTOY

In Russia the winter sets in early and it lingers late. It is still the depth of winter in that unhappy land as I write this story of a little boy who in his way played a hero's part, and, through his determination to do a duty he dreaded, brought comfort and rescue to those he most dearly loved.

"IGOR'S MOTHER SCANS HIS FACE EAGERLY. 'IGOR, DID YOU GET ANYTHING?'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

An unhappy land—yes. Not that it is deep under winter snows, for Russia has always had "winter and rough weather" to meet; but because two wicked usurpers have brought a blight upon the land; and where there was once plenty, they have sown desolation. And now there is hunger, hunger everywhere!

My story is merely an instance of many happenings in yonder great, grim, silent city—the once fair proud capital of the North. There, once, were bright, decked-out shop windows where were displayed the most beautiful things and wonderful temptations for children's eyes in the way of ingenious toys and varied sweets. Now most shops are dismantled, the windows stare with broken panes; open doorways, with wrenched-out doors, yawn on black emptiness behind them. The street pavement, formerly of thick wooden squares, is all dug up; the once smooth surface is now heaps of rubbish and mottled earth.

But we have loitered somewhat in talking of these sad things. Now we will speed on, and find the little boy who is the hero of my story, and who in this grim, silent city is doing his own illuminating deed of love and service. We have only to go over yonder bridge arching the broad river, all bordered with granite quays and princely palaces, now ruined and deserted. On the other side of the great river are the factories. Silence here, too. Once, on coming near, you heard the turning of enormous wheels, the clashing

of iron, the crackling of furnaces—all tokens of intense life and industry. There is now nothing but emptiness throughout.

At last I have brought you to the place. It is Christmas day, and in yonder window, high up under that roof, do you not see, as I do, a little boy standing quite close to the panes? What is he doing there? The window is all frozen, and on its icy surface mimic flowers are growing, great sheaf-like ferns, and other nameless, but beautiful, designs are forming in silvery white. Now and then a stray sunbeam touches the window-pane picture with the radiance of a thousand diamonds, and the little boy stands entranced. The room he is in is icy-cold and bare, but he heeds it not. He sees only the wonderful frost-flowers on the pane. In his imagination he is off to lands of sunshine, of rare adventure, romantic deeds. He is a sailor on the high seas, saving a drowning crew; he is a brave knight, fighting the dragon, rescuing the maiden; he is a great artist, painting pictures that will carry his fame over the world, and—

"Igor, Igor!" calls a faint, gentle voice.

The boy starts. Scattered are the visions. The artist, the knight—they are no more. There is only one small helpless boy, with a great anxiety lying heavy on his loyal young heart. "Yes, Mother darling, I am here." And he goes over softly to where his mother is lying. There is no carpet, no furniture, no bedstead. The mother is lying on a hard mattress; and, drawn close beside her for warmth, is a curly-haired little girl, fast asleep.

Igor's mother scans his face eagerly. "Igor, did you get anything?"

"Nothing, Mother; I could get nothing!"

The boy throws himself down beside his mother, and, taking her cold hands, covers them passionately with kisses.

There is a long silence, broken finally by the boy's voice: "Tell me you are not angry that I brought nothing! I have been everywhere, asking and imploring some bread for you and little Dousia; but they only shouted at me to go away, or they would beat me. And they said they were *almost* sure that you were not an artisan's wife, but an officer's; and if they found out for certain—then I ran off, roundabout, so that they should not follow me and see where you lived! But don't think I was afraid for myself. I would have let them beat me as much as they pleased if only they would have given me bread for you and Dousia!"

The mother's hand passed gently over the boy's hair, while she said softly, "I know it—you are your father's own brave boy, and you would do anything for me." Then, as if a sudden thought had struck her, her gaze wanders over the room and rests on a small round white bundle lying near the door.

The boy follows his mother's gaze, and then sees it turn searchingly to his own face. He has grown deadly pale. "Mother," he falters, "surely not Laska—we could not sell Laska!"

The mother looks away from the white, suffering face, murmuring, "Is there anything besides that we could sell?"

This is not a question, it is rather a reminder. They both know that there is nothing—nothing left to sell. The boy understands, and his heart grows sick with apprehension. Laska is his dog, his playfellow, his friend. Ever since, when but a baby himself, he had the white, fluffy puppy, the two have been inseparable; Laska—a name that means "a caress"—has shared his cot, his meals, his walks, and his games.

"Mother," he murmurs, "say that we can not sell Laska! I can not do it—I should be a coward to sell her. Father would never have—"

But even as he speaks, the memory of his father's last words rises in his mind, "Do your duty always like a man, even if the duty is harder to face than the enemy's bullet." This is the terrible duty he must face. He must sell Laska.

"My boy," his mother is reminding him gently, "how long do you think you will be able to keep Laska? If there is no food for us, neither is there for her. Perhaps some rich commissaire's child would buy her. Then she would not be hungry, as now, with us."

Igor is silent. He knows that so long as he has a morsel of food he would share it with Laska. When there is no more food, however much they seek for it, well—then they will lie down together, with Laska huddled close against his breast, just as always since he can remember, and then they would not get up any more—it is so good to sleep! Then you do not have the sick, gnawing pain of hunger; you do not have to fight off this drowsiness, but you would feel and remember no more. Oh, it would be quite easy! Again comes the thought of his father. "What would he say," thought Igor, "if I should yield to this temptation, and should go away first?" Had he not given

Mother and little sister into his charge, that never-to-be-forgotten day when he had rushed home, closely pursued, to say good-by!

That father had belonged to the small group of heroes who would not vow allegiance to the men who had seized control to destroy Russia. He had taken Igor into his arms and had blessed him. He had told them all that he should try to reach the frontier, and from there, if he was alive, he would let them know. It was months since they had heard from him. But Igor could not be false to his father. He went over to an angle of the room where an old icon was hanging, a great artist's vision immortalized in clay. He knelt. He prays to Him who knew all the suffering and pain of the world, and who overcame it all. The poor boy's prayer is concerning his little dog: "O dear good Lord, help me to give up Laska; and make it that she finds a kind master."

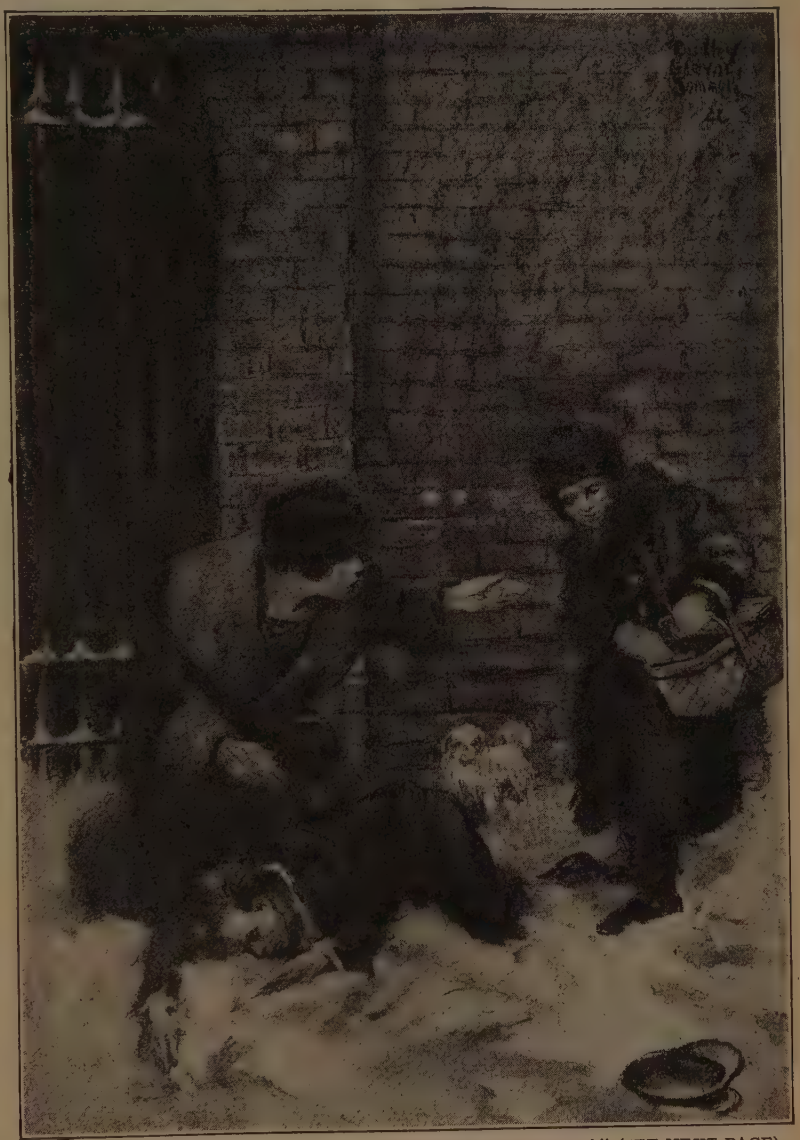
He rises; and a great resolution fills his soul.

Igor reaches for his cap, lifts up Laska, opens the door, and, turning on the threshold, says softly, "Mother I am going out to sell Laska."

He is just about closing the door when his mother calls after him: "Igor, Igor, put on your fur coat! You must not run out without something warm."

But Igor does not stop. He knows that for many days his fur coat has been sold, and that he has nothing left but the little jacket in which he is now going out into the bitter cold. He buttons Laska tightly beneath his jacket, that she, at least, may be warm. He tries to cover her little inquisitive nose. Had he not been hunted by a whole troop of young ruffians who hooted at him the other day when he was out with Laska?

Now he hastens on. And now a little girl is passing, holding the hand of a big man.



"'QUICK, VANIA, OPEN THE BOTTLE THAT IS IN MY BASKET'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

Igor unbuttons his jacket and holds out Laska. But the little girl glances indifferently at the white curly toy spaniel. For a moment, Igor feels indescribably relieved—Laska is still his! The next moment a great doubt seizes him. What if no one buys her and he has to go home empty-handed? Since yesterday his mother and he have tasted

nothing; the last morsel was given to the little sister; and now she will be waking and crying for food. And how will his poor mother bear that? He offers again and again his precious burden—no one wants Laska!

At last the shops are being shut up; no more people are going in or out; the lights begin to wane; it will soon be dark. Igor's strength is failing; overcome by the cold, he reels and falls, and lies huddled up against the wall. He has no strength, no wish, to rise. Why should he try? He can not go home—he has nothing to take to Mother. The big tears roll slowly down his pinched cheeks, and the frost seizes them and turns them into icy drops. His eyes close, and the hand that has clasped Laska falls helpless to his side. He moves no more.

Thus he lies, and the song of the snow-queen is in his ears. It is the song she sings to the children that the frost-king has taken into his icy clasp. She lulls them to a sleep that is sweet and painless and without dreams. Then she shakes her white flakes over them, and, as they fall and fall and cover up slowly and tenderly the small, lifeless forms, the snow-queen stoops and kisses them a long good-by.

But there is one—one faithful friend near him who will not let him die! Laska, lying half uncovered on her little master's breast, is uneasy. The continued silence does not please her. She feels that something is not right; she creeps out of the jacket and looks up into her master's face, and then she gives a long, lamenting howl. Again and again she licks Igor's face; she scratches urgently at his breast; but the little boy gives no sign. Then Laska rushes off, barking and running to and fro, as if looking for some one to come and help.

A lady and a little boy, carrying many parcels, come hurrying down the street. Suddenly a little white, fluffy ball hurls itself at their feet, hindering them from walking on, jumping up and barking and barking and dragging at the little boy's cloak. Laska manages to bring the two to where poor Igor lies huddled up on the ground.

"Oh, the poor child!" exclaims the lady; "see how thinly he is dressed—no wonder, the cold has been too much for him! Quick, Vania, open the bottle that is in my basket."

He quickly obeys, and the lady pours some drops between Igor's blue lips and rubs him and folds her thick fur collar around him. A little color steals into the white cheeks, the closed eyes open slowly, and Igor looks about him with a dazed, perplexed look.

Laska, who has been standing by, all her little body tense and quivering with excitement, now throws herself upon her little master in a frenzy of delight. She not only licks his face and hands, but jumps upon Vania, licking his hand, too, as if in gratitude for the timely help given.

And recollection comes back to Igor. Slowly he remembers his resolve, and, raising himself weakly on one arm, with the other he holds out Laska toward Vania. "Little boy," he says, in a faint, hoarse whisper, "little boy, do buy my Laska! She is the dearest, the best, the cleverest dog in all the world!"

Vania looks questioningly at his mother, and the latter, in turn, questions Igor, very gently. "Do you want to sell your little dog, which you seem to love so much, because you have n't enough to feed her?"

Igor replies, "Not only that, but because my mother and Dousia will die of cold and hunger if I can not sell Laska."

"Dousia?" exclaims the lady, who all the time has been scrutinizing Igor closely. "Your sister is called Dousia— Tell me, are you not called Igor, Trina's son?"

"Yes," answers Igor; "but how can you know my name?"

"Oh," said the lady, "I knew it as soon as I had a good look at you! You are the very image of your mother, my dear friend and schoolmate. Tell me, has she never spoken to you of Sasha?"

"Oh, many, many times she has spoken of you!" cries Igor. "She has been so anxious to know where you were!"

"Yes," sighed the lady, "the present sad times have separated us. Your mother married an officer who fights against the intruders, and my husband serves them! And we lived in different towns, and so did not meet. But come quickly; we will go to your mother; she shall have everything she needs!"

His mother's friend helps Igor to his feet, and, clasping him with her supporting arm, he finds that he can walk along fairly well. She wants to hear the whole pitiful story of their life. Igor tells her everything—his mother's illness, so that she could no longer work; how they were living in a wretched garret, where even part of the floor had been taken away for fuel, and how they are always hoping for news from his father. "And no one of us has had a morsel to eat since yesterday." The lady tells Vania to run on ahead

to their own house, which happens to be in the same street, to tell the servant to take over to Igor's house warm blankets, fuel to make a fire, and plenty of good things to eat—they would make a real feast of it!

And so we may leave them—at least one happy little group in the stricken town. But there is another thing that is pleasant to record. In the midst of their new-found happiness, there came a furtive step up the staircase, a hand opened cautiously the garret door, and, throwing down a letter, was hastily withdrawn. It was from Igor's father, this mysterious letter, telling them he had crossed the frontier safely and that they should try to join him. And the lady who had been Igor's mother's schoolmate promised she would arrange it all for them, so that they need not fear or worry any more.

When Igor said his prayers that night, a great gratitude overflowed his heart. He went to his mother and whispered softly, "Oh, if God had not given me the courage to sell Laska, we should never have met Vania and his mother; and we must have died of cold and starvation!"

His mother, kissing the young, earnest face, murmured fervently, "Yes, Igor, my son, you were as brave and loyal as your father!"

ONCE upon a time there lived a dragon. He was a fierce, terrible-looking creature, with a very long tail and with jaws that could easily close over a horse or a cow. His body was covered with green and gold scales that glittered in the sun, and along his whole length he was armed with sharp horns, one blow from any of which was enough to kill a man. His eyes shone like fire. Two great teeth protruded from his mouth, and his brilliant red tongue, forked at the end, was like a two-headed serpent as he thrust it in and out between them. He struck terror to the heart of every one who saw him, and all the people in the land were afraid of him. But he was misjudged, for he was not fierce at all. On the contrary, he had a kind heart and a sweet nature, and was like a great dog who follows his master all day and who is always grateful for a pat or a pleasant word.

But there was no one to pat the dragon—he was all alone. There was no other dragon in that part of the country. Not a beast of the field or a creature of the woods would come near him; and as, since their earliest childhood, men had been taught to tremble at his name, one whisper that he was abroad was enough to send them all into their houses. They were even afraid to be seen at their windows.

The dragon never did any harm. He fed on the grass and roots that grew in the woods, and he never killed a creature—not even a grasshopper. But that made no

difference. At one sight of his glittering scales all the animals would dash to cover; and whenever he appeared a strange silence lay over the land; not a bird sang; not a cricket chirped.

So the poor dragon was the most lonesome creature that you can imagine. He had not a friend in the whole world, and as time went on and no one ever came near him to speak to him, he became more and more unhappy. Day after day he would lie in his den, big tears would roll down his cheeks, and he would sob and moan, and all the animals in the forest round about would warn each other. "Have a care" they would say; "we hear the dragon groaning; he will be after us soon."

This went on year after year, and the dragon grew old. Finally, one day as he lay brooding on his unhappiness, a tiny mouse came out of a crack in the rock and, keeping at a safe distance, taunted him.

"Call yourself a dragon, do you?" he squeaked. "Why, I 've been here a whole week, and not a bone have I seen in the den all that time. You 're no dragon! You 're nothing but a sheep!"

The dragon was consumed with bitterness. "You ungrateful creature!" he thundered, "I 'll show you whether or not I am a dragon!" And he made a dash at the mouse, but the little animal was ready for him and scurried away down a crevice in the rock.

"Takes more than a dragon to catch me!" he called. "Now, if you were a cat!—"

The dragon went back to the mouth of his cave, but he did not lie down. "Perhaps that is what they are all thinking," he said. "What 's the use of trying to be good. Nobody cares. I shall go forth and behave as other dragons do, and make all the mischief I can. I 'll find me a princess and bring her back to my den and devour her!" And he roared and gnashed his teeth and tried very hard to feel as fierce as he looked.

Then he started out and journeyed far into unknown lands, and he came to a country where the inhabitants had never heard of him. He was very careful to keep under the trees and out of the sunshine, so that no one would see the glitter of his scales. Near a broad highway he lay in cover and waited for what might pass.

Now on that day, it chanced that the king's only daughter, a lovely maiden, was returning home. She had been visiting at the court of a near-by kingdom, and with her ladies and a large retinue of servants, she came down the road near the dragon's hiding-place.

"THE PRINCESS LOOKED AROUND TO SEE IF THERE WAS NO ESCAPE"

The dragon watched them passing by, and, when he saw the lovely lady riding in the center of the party, he rejoiced. "Oh," he cried, "my chance has come! So beautiful a person can be none other than a princess." And with a terrible roar he sprang upon the company.

At once all was confusion. In spite of the frenzied efforts of their riders, the horses fled in all directions. The steed that carried the princess would have run with the rest; but with one sweep of his tail, the dragon felled him to the ground, and grasping the princess firmly in his huge jaws, he hurried again into the woods and set off at a rapid pace for his home.

When at last the servants gained control of their steeds and returned, they found the horse of the princess lying stunned upon the ground and their mistress gone. Great was their distress, and they knew not which

way to turn. "We must follow the track of that terrible creature," said their leader; and, having dispatched a company to carry word of the disaster to the king their master, the others set out on the trail of the dragon.

When they saw the marks of the creature's claws and realized what a great beast it was that they were pursuing, they became more and more terrified and, fearful of overtaking him, they moderated their pace. "Surely," they said, "there can be no hope that our mistress still lives if such a frightful animal has her in his clutches."

The king, hearing of the fate that had overtaken his daughter, was filled with wrath. "What," he cried, "my daughter stolen when guarded by fifty armed men, and not one sword lifted in her defense? Call out the royal army! Let all be made ready! We follow at once!"

"THERE WAS NO HORSE WHO COULD OVERTAKE HIM" (SEE PAGE 299)

Without delay, the flower of the kingdom, mounted on coal-black steeds with glittering trappings, gathered in front of the palace. The king himself came out to lead them. They set out at once and the whole company went forward at a rapid pace. The king was fearless; little he cared for any dragon, however fierce. He loved his daughter and longed to save her; and if that could not be, he would at least avenge her death.

It was not long before the army of the king overtook the company that had gone on ahead. Then, indeed, was the king angry. "You miserable cowards!" he cried. "Why have you not already overtaken the dragon and slain him? If so much as a hair of my daughter's head is injured, you shall pay for it with your lives." And he urged them all on to greater haste.

And the poor princess—what of her? Stunned by her fall, she recovered consciousness only to find herself in the jaws of a horrid animal. She realized that she was being carried rapidly over the ground, and she thought that every minute would be her last. She was afraid to move, for fear that his teeth would crush her. But as she came to no further harm, gradually she took heart. "I will be ready to escape," she thought, "the instant he releases me." You see, she was as brave as a princess should be.

The dragon swiftly made his way to his den and, setting the princess down within, he withdrew and settled himself in the entrance. He looked at her steadily and sighed at intervals. The princess very nearly swooned again when she had her first look at him, and she would have fallen had she not steadied herself against the wall of the cave. Her courage ebbed, and she wrung her hands and wept. "What a horrid beast!" she cried. "Surely there is no hope for me!" But the dragon made no move toward her. He lay at a distance and his sighs gradually changed to moans. The princess, waiting for she knew not what, looked around to see if there was no escape. She moved back, hoping to find another exit from the cave.

"Stand still!" said the dragon. "Soon I shall eat you." And as he said this the princess saw his eyes fill with tears and the drops run down one after another. She

trembled, but in the midst of her terror she was filled with amazement.

"Can it be possible that he does not wish to eat me?" she thought. "Surely in that case there may be hope for me yet. My royal father will come to my rescue as soon as he hears of my distress. If I can delay the dragon until he comes, I shall be saved." And she bethought her of another princess who had kept her royal head on her shoulders by her cleverness. She had beguiled the sultan, her master, with her stories, so that every day he put off yet one more day the death he threatened.

So she took courage and addressed the dragon. "You are a beautiful creature, dragon," she said. "Any princess would be proud to be eaten by such a one as you. When will you begin?" And she smiled at him.

The dragon looked at her in surprise. "You say you would like to be eaten?" he said, as if he could hardly credit what he heard.

"Indeed, dragon, it would be an honor, I assure you," she answered, making him a low bow.

"Then it 's useless going on with it" said the dragon. "I only brought you here because I wanted to do something wicked. I 'd rather die than eat you, anyway. I can't bear to think how you would taste. It must be true what the mouse said—I 'm nothing but a sheep." And he fell to moaning and sobbing again.

"Most extraordinary beast!" murmured the princess. "What can be the matter with him?" Then she went on aloud, "Well, dragon, if you really will not eat me, I suppose I shall have to bear the disappointment; but why do you sob and weep?"

"Because I 'm so lonely," sighed the dragon, "so dreadfully lonely! All the years I 've lived alone, and now that I have captured a princess, it does me no good. I don't want to eat you. What are you good for, anyway?" he asked suddenly, stopping his sighing and looking at her with interest.

"Well," answered the princess, "opinions differ. Some say that I have charm; others, that I am beautiful to look upon; and still others, that I have a pleasant voice. Why not tell me why you are so unhappy? Perhaps I could help you."

Then the dragon, stopping once in a while to wipe away the tears with his nearest claw, told her his sad tale. "You see," he said, as he neared the end, "life is a cruel disappointment—nobody loves me, and I can not even be wicked successfully."

The dragon looked so unhappy that the princess was actually sorry for him. "Of course I can help you, you poor old dragon," she said. "Would you like to come home with me and be my pet? You may live in a corner of my father's palace, and every day I will come and talk with you."

The dragon leaped up. "You will actually do that for me?" he cried. "Then you are indeed a comforter. Nothing would please me more." And in his eagerness he would have gone toward her, but she waved him back.

"So be it," she said; "but you must always do as I tell you and obey at once. Now I will mount you and we will return to my father's kingdom. I would much prefer traveling on your back to being carried in your mouth."

So the princess came up to him and patted him on the cheek, and as he bent his head, she climbed from one horn to another and seated herself comfortably in the crest of his neck, where she was high enough to see over his head. There was a horn conveniently near on each side by which she could steady herself. "Now, good dragon," she said, "proceed."

The dragon started off at a rapid pace, and the princess found his long, gliding gait very comfortable and began to enjoy herself. "This is splendid!" she cried. "I prefer you to any horse I ever rode, and you are worthy to be the friend of a princess."

The dragon curvetted with pleasure and increased his pace.

They were covering the ground with great rapidity, and it was not long before the princess saw in the distance the gleam of swords and spears and heard the tramp of many horses. She guessed at once that it was an army from her father's kingdom and she commanded the dragon to stop. The dragon obeyed and she climbed down. "Now," she went on, "you, my pet, are to wait here. I shall go on alone and explain to the commander that you are my friend. Thus you will come to no harm. When I blow my whistle you will come to my side."

The dragon bowed low before her. "It shall be as you say, gentle mistress," he answered. "I will come at your command."

With an affectionate pat on his head, she left him and walked on ahead to meet the rapidly approaching host.

When the riders in the lead recognized their princess coming toward them, they set up a mighty shout, which was echoed by all the army. The king sprang from his horse. "Oh, my beloved daughter!" he cried out in joy as he embraced her. "May the gods be praised! You are safe! You are returned to us again!"

"Darling Father," she answered, "I am indeed safe, and I come craving a boon."

"Ask what you will, my child," he said, and held her from him to feast his eyes upon her.

"I bring a friend with me," she answered, "and if you would give him a corner of your palace, I should be glad."

Then the king's face clouded and he spoke with sorrow. "What!" he cried, "are you not going to marry Prince Perfect, the son of our neighbor? Remember, our royal word is given and you said you loved him truly."

The princess laughed merrily as she hastened to reassure him. "I am indeed going to marry my prince," she told him. "This one whom I bring will in no way interfere. I will call him to my side, so that you may see for yourself. But let it be known that it is my friend who comes and let no one harm him."

She raised her whistle to her lips. And scarcely had the shrill notes sounded, when down the broad road at a rapid pace came the dragon, the smoke pouring out of his nostrils and the sun on his scales making him look like a cloud of fire.

Horror seized upon the horsemen and they would have scattered. Even the king was appalled, but the princess called out in a loud voice: "Let no one move. He who comes is my friend and will do my bidding." She turned to the dragon. "Come here to me, my good dragon," she said. Then as the dragon bent before her, she again mounted to his neck, and sat facing the army. "Let us go home, Father" she cried. "I challenge you to a race. My new steed will outdistance your fastest horse."

She spoke to the dragon, and he charged down upon the army. The horsemen made way, scattering to both sides of the road, and the dragon went through the host like a great flash of light. With a shout and cry, the entire army turned and galloped after, but there was not a horse in the company—not even that of the king—who could overtake him or even keep him in sight.

On reaching the palace, the king set aside a beautiful garden to be the dragon's home. He ordered that a den be made in one corner,

"THE DRAGON'S GREEN AND GOLD SCALES WERE POLISHED DAILY"
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

and rocks were brought from a great distance and set up so cleverly that they looked as if they had always been in that place. He assigned to him a score of servants to look after his wants, and gave orders that the dragon's green and gold scales be polished daily. At first, he was careful to stay outside the garden walls; but when he saw that the dragon was really harmless, he imaginable. He loved the princess and did all he could to repay her for her kindness. As time went on and the princess was married and little princes and princesses came to the palace the dragon helped bring them up. Instead of a hobby-horse, the royal children rode him round and round the garden, and the princess would laugh as she watched them, and she would clap

"INSTEAD OF A HOBBY-HORSE THE ROYAL CHILDREN RODE HIM ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN"

often went in to talk to him, and in time grew as fond of him as was his daughter. The princess kept her word, and scarcely a day passed when she did not come and sit with her pet and talk to him. She rode on his back when she went abroad, and on feast-days appeared with him at the head of the royal procession. The people of the land became so proud of him, and wished so often to see him, that a special time had to be set aside for them, and, on the days agreed upon, for long hours the dragon lay in view while the crowd filed by.

From the saddest dragon that ever lived, he was changed into the happiest creature her hands and say, "Oh, dragon! How glad we can be that you did not eat me on that morning long ago."

And when, in a ripe old age, the dragon went the way of all good dragons, he was greatly mourned. The people made an image of him that took five hundred men to lift, and once a year they carried it through the streets. Artists and poets made him famous in all parts of the world, and the king commanded that his likeness be painted upon the national flag. And if you should be passing through that country, you could see it there for yourself, for to this day the dragon flag waves over all that land.

A CONTINENTAL DOLLAR

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "The Luck of Denewood," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT

ONE night in June, 1777, Patty Abbott, at Haddonfield, New Jersey, is awakened by the arrival of visitors and hastens down to prepare food for them. The kitchen door opens mysteriously and a note signed "E. P. U." is dropped on the floor, warning of danger on the Gloucester road that night. This does not alarm Patty until she learns that General Washington, who is one of the visitors, means to take that road into Philadelphia. She helps to persuade her father to go upon the general's errand, and the party has just set out when there is the sound of musket-shots. In the encounter, Major Tarlton, of the British army in America, takes Mr. Abbott prisoner in mistake for Washington, bringing him to Springhill en route to the British camp on Staten Island, where Mr. Abbott is likely to be tried as a spy. Patty, although the house is guarded by British troopers, contrives her father's escape.

CHAPTER V

A CONTINENTAL DOLLAR

THE crash of a musket-shot outside the house brought me to a full realization of Father's danger. That he had won to the waiting horse had seemed a guarantee of his escape. Now I appreciated that this was only the beginning of his attempt to gain his freedom, and that the shouted orders that echoed through the night were but noisy evidence that the chase would be vigorously pressed.

The sound of the exploding musket gave a spur to Lord Fairbrook's dazed wits, and he sprang to his feet with an energy little in keeping with his mincing manners and affected speech. Without another word, he too ran out of the room, and a moment later I heard him speaking to his horse as he rode away to join his fellows. Another had been added to the odds already laid against Father's escape.

I stood where he had left me, listening to the sounds of the chase and trying to gage their purport, but in a very short time they drew away and grew more and more distant. This fact assured me that Father had secured a start and gave me a feeling of confidence. He knew the country lanes as the British troopers could not. Hope came to me that eventually he would win his way to the *Saucy Sally* and escape. Gradually the night grew still again and I looked out of the casement to see if all the enemy had left us.

To my surprise, there was a riderless horse grazing quietly on the lawn, and as it worked its way into the square of light shining from the room I recognized Bess, the mare that Father had ridden away on earlier. She had been left behind by the troopers and, feeling quite at home, had begun to graze.

I turned, thinking to speak to Wilkinson and have the horse put into the stable, when the door opened and Father stepped into the room.

"You?" I whispered. "I thought—"

He held up his hand for silence and quickly crossed the floor. In a moment he had blown out the candles and we were in darkness.

"They are chasing Wilkinson," he told me in an undertone. "They are little like to catch him, and, if they do, 't will serve them ill. Major Tarlton is an impulsive young man, who jumps too quickly to conclusions."

"I do not understand—" I began, but he interrupted:

"You see, Patty, I could not leave as you had planned, so Wilkinson rode the horse while I stayed hid till all was quiet. The troopers could not see in the dark whom they followed. Now I must secure the despatches Mr. Washington gave me for Dr. Franklin and be off."

"You—you mean," I stuttered, "that you were n't carrying them all the time they talked of searching you?"

"Nay, my dear," he replied. "The first thing I did, when they attacked us, was to drop the papers in a ditch at the cross-roads. I dared not hold them, seeing that we were outnumbered and being fearful of the outcome."

"Oh," I murmured, "I was in such dread lest they should find them upon you."

I felt his arm round me in a loving hug.

"You are a brave and clever girl, Patty, to have given me the chance you did. I

should never have thought of the sampler. In truth, I had no hope, my dear, of winning free. Now I must to the stables to find another horse."

"Bess is grazing on the lawn."

"Good!" he exclaimed. "They did not stop to take her with them. I made sure they would, and was sorry. This is fine luck. Now kiss me good-by again. I must make haste."

"Think you it is safe upon the Gloucester road now?" I asked, lifting myself on tiptoe to put my arms about his neck. "I am loth to have you go."

"The road was never dangerous for me," he replied reassuringly. "And now that Wilkinson is leading them a merry chase in the opposite direction, there is naught left to fear." He kissed me heartily and straightened his broad shoulders. "Good-by, Patty dear. I like not sending you to your Aunt Augusta, but I shall feel easier in my mind knowing that you are there."

"I shall go as soon as I have set the house in order," I promised him. "When will you return?"

"On the first ship that sails after I have fulfilled my mission," he answered. "My heart is here with you and Val and the cause."

Once more he kissed me and passed through the casement into the night. In the dim light I saw him lead Bess to the driveway and mount. A moment later he had ridden away and I was alone.

I waited an hour longer, thinking that Wilkinson might return; but naught further came to disturb us, and at length Jinny and I went back to bed.

"'Deed, Miss Patty," she murmured sleepily, as she went off to the servant's quarters, "I don' see much use in gwin' to bed. It 'll be daylight mos' any minute now."

"Nonsense!" I answered. "It 's hours till daylight. You go and get all the rest you can. We shall have a busy day tomorrow."

"What you mean, Miss Patty?" she questioned suspiciously.

"We are going to Philadelphia in a few days, and I must shut up the house ere we go."

"Land sakes, is we?" she cried, her eyes gleaming with anticipated pleasure.

"Yes, and we are going to stay there a long time."

"Can't be too long for Jinny," she replied with a grin. "I likes the country foh picnics an' such; but when it comes to havin' it regular, I 's got a special hankerin' foh the city, where there 's somethin' gwin' on."

I was not displeased that there was one who was glad to go to Philadelphia. For my part, I looked forward to it with dread. As for something "gwin' on," as Jinny put it, even she had enough of that before she came back to Springhill many months later.

Strange as it may seem, I went to sleep almost as soon as my head touched the pillow. My hours of excitement and anxiety had tired me, and as yet I did not realize what it meant to have Father away. The time was to come when I should long to have him near me, to tell him all the anxieties that were in my heart; when I lay awake wondering if ever I should see him again and wetting my pillow with tears that, alone in bed, I need not hide from prying eyes. But on that first night the full realization of his absence had not made itself felt, and I spent the remaining hours in a dreamless, restful sleep.

On the morrow I was up betimes; for although I looked not forward to any pleasure at the end of my journey, I must to Philadelphia, and it was my way to be mightily bent upon having unpleasant tasks over and done with. I had no flattering hopes of kindly treatment from my Aunt Augusta. I expected to be far from happy under her roof; but it was the first meeting, the breaking the news to her, that I most dreaded, and when that was over I felt sure I could manage to live along from day to day, counting each a step nearer my return home and meaning to give no cause for complaint upon my conduct.

But there were many things to be attended to ere I was ready to start off with Jinny. My first question was of Wilkinson and, much to my delight, he was safe back and at his duties as if naught had happened. I sent for him and he came almost at once.

He greeted me with a smile and a wink, his funny, screwed-up face awry in a curious grin.

"We fooled 'em, Miss Patty," he whispered.

"Aye, and I doubt not you gave them a fine chase, Wilkinson," I answered, catching something of his enthusiasm.

"Did I not that!" he replied, with a chuckle. "Over fences, through wood-paths, into swamps, hither and yon, Miss, always near enough to spur them on, yet working

them always farther and farther away. Bless us, Miss, it was grand fun, and all the while your father speeding off safe as a church."

"I 'm glad you escaped them," I said heartily.

"Indeed, Miss, 't was only remembering that you would be here alone that brought me back," he went on. "I was sore tempted to let them capture me, just to see the queer looks on their faces when they found it was n't the master. Ah, that would have pleased me, and 't was a great temptation. I told myself they would have to let me go, anyway, and once was near to stopping; but then I remembered they 'd be mighty angry and like enough take me along as something to show for their night's riding, so I gave 'em the slip and came home."

"And what happened to them?" I asked.

" 'T was in a wood north of the Red Lion Inn, nigh twenty miles from here, they gathered finally, their bugler calling 'em in, and I heard an officer tellin' the troopers to cut for the ferry to Staten Island. I was within ear-shot of 'em and they never knew it, though they might have, seein' that one of their horses whinnied, knowin' mine was near. But being stupid, they never guessed."

Wilkinson was full of his exploit, and in sooth I took great pleasure in hearing him tell of having outwitted the British, but we had many things to do and could not spend the day talking of what was past. Hearing of my projected visit to Philadelphia, he began to grumble at once.

"The master need not have worried," he burst out. "There 's naught to fear from the British, Miss Patty. What have they done since they 've been here, I ask you? Naught but rubbish around, scarin' women and children with their Hessians. But how far have they got in that? To New York, where they can sail away in their big fleet if Mr. Washington shakes a fist at them. 'T was the same in Boston. They talk a lot, but I note they like to keep near the sea. And I tell you, Miss Patty, these colonies are n't to be put upon by an army with one foot on the land and another on a ship."

"All the same, I must go to Philadelphia, Wilkinson," I insisted. "I promised Father."

"Indeed and you must then," he agreed, "and I 'll see you there myself."

We had been talking in the study, and, as he turned to go away, he stooped and

"I PLUNGED THE BILL INTO WATER UNTIL IT WAS WELL SOAKED" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

picked up something from the floor near the casement.

"It 's a continental dollar, Miss," he said, handing it to me as he went out; and as I took it, the recollection came back to me that I had seen Major Tarlton drop something just as Father was making his escape.

I stood looking at the paper money in my hand after Wilkinson had gone, and found myself not a little puzzled thereby. Continental bills were not popular in our household, and I knew that Father would scarce have dropped it; yet was it not more unlikely that a British officer should have such a thing about his person? He had dropped something, but was I sure it was this bit of paper? Might it not have been a crust of bread? I shut my eyes to live through the scene again. No, it was not bread that had fallen. I seemed to see it flutter to the floor.

I examined the bill itself, which showed nothing out of the ordinary, except in one corner of it there seemed to be a split and the two sides gaped wide for half an inch. This fact struck me as odd, though at the first moment I was not conscious of any great curiosity. But as I looked again at the divided corner of the bill I could not help a feeling of surprise, for it appeared as if the money was made of two pieces of paper, a back and a front, pasted together. This, I felt sure, was neither practical nor possible. Out of idle curiosity I tried to separate the split corners still further, when my eye caught sight of a bit of tissue-paper tucked within the bill, as in a pocket. Here was something I was quite positive was not usually found inside continental dollars, and I determined then and there to investigate it.

But the paper would not part further without tearing, and that I did not wish. I puzzled over the matter, examining the bill closely and, in doing so, brought it near to my face, where my nose gave me an instant clue. Certainly there was a smell of glue about it; not very pronounced, but enough to furnish the hint I was seeking.

Straightway I ran to the kitchen and, securing a bowl, filled it with warm water from the kettle and went up to my own room. I had no wish to try my experiments before the kitchen maids, for I knew not what I might find, and it is always safer to guard from those who are like to gossip, such things as you would prefer to keep secret.

I plunged the bill into the water until it was well soaked, then, with the utmost care, I tested it again to see if the two pieces I held in suspicion would draw apart. Nor was I greatly surprised to find that they did so quite easily up to half the length of the bill, and that inside was a small oblong of tissue-paper. This, too, came away readily, and, rather excited because I felt sure I held an important message in my hand, I looked at it eagerly. But I was doomed to disappointment. All that I at first noted were five faint parallel lines running at right angles to the length of the paper. Upon closer inspection, however, I found that between the lines some one had pricked tiny holes, with a pin, mayhap. These I eagerly scanned, but they seemed to have been made at random and held no meaning for me.

Nevertheless, I was certain that to one who had the key to the riddle a message might easily be read from these tiny holes, nor would so much care and forethought have been wasted on any trivial communication. The very secrecy that had been observed pointed plainly to the importance of the document, and I came again to a swift conclusion that it was Major Tarlton who had dropped the bill in his hurried attempt to catch Father.

That it had to do with the war I had not the least doubt. It might be information about our armies sent by some Tory in Philadelphia, or a communication to the British general from one of his spies. A dozen possible explanations of what it might contain entered my head, and I looked impatiently at the wet paper lying on my extended palm, vainly trying to fathom its meaning.

Unsuccessful though I was, I yet had one satisfaction—the message would never reach the eyes for which it was intended. That much I meant to make sure of, and I spread out the paper in the sun so that it would dry quickly.

Then I took up the continental bill, which was still wet, and, fitting the split part carefully, pressed the halves together and laid it in the sun, caring little what became of it, but thinking to give it to Jinny when it was whole again.

That done, I tried to keep my mind on practical matters, and set to planning for the proper care of our belongings while I was away, and hastening our house-servants at their work.

There were many things that needed at-

tention if none of the family was to be at home. The furniture must be covered, linens of all kinds must be stowed in the chests, and woolens and clothes not in use packed in the cedar boxes. Then, too, there was a quantity of silverware of all sorts that must be brought together and set in hiding; and these things were but a portion of the duties I must perform before I felt at liberty to leave the house to the care of our blacks, the provisioning of whom Wilkinson would see to. So I delayed not, but started into the business of sorting and packing, insisting that it must all be done in good time.

About noon I found the papers which I had left in the sun to dry were again crisp, and I noted that the bill, in particular, had no look of having been tampered with. The glue with which it had originally been stuck together, after having been so neatly split, had fastened the halves tight once more, so that even the telltale corner which had betrayed the secret was closed. No one would have suspected that aught out of the ordinary had befallen it.

Jinny not being by at the moment, I folded the bill and put it into the pocket of my dress, intending to hand it to her later, but the little strip of thin white paper I placed carefully between the folds of a handkerchief which, in turn, I hid under some others in the drawer of my dressing-table. Then, very busy with other things, I forgot all about it for the time.

That evening after supper I went to my room, meaning to find a surer hiding-place for the mysterious message. I was somewhat puzzled over where I should stow it, for I meant to take it with me to Philadelphia and there seek out a good patriot who would forward it to our army headquarters where, I doubted not, a clear reading of it would be obtained.

But, knowing Jinny and her inability to refrain from handling all my belongings, I cared not to run the risk of her coming upon it, thinking it useless, and possibly throwing the paper away. Then too, there was a bare chance that I might be stopped by the enemy on my ride to Philadelphia, so I racked my brains for a time, until I bethought me of an old rag doll which had been a treasured possession of my childhood and was still held in much esteem for the sake of its associations. Here was a safe place to hide the paper.

Acting upon the thought, I took my doll and, carefully ripping a seam in her side, slipped in the paper and neatly sewed the rent. Not even the most careful scrutiny would disclose the fact that under her calico dress the poor old doll carried a message, the importance of which I could not estimate.

When that was finished I went to bed, although it was still daylight; but I was very tired and, knowing that I must arise at dawn, I quickly dropped off to sleep.

I could scarce have slept half an hour when Jinny roused me with the information that there was a "gemman" to see me.

"What sort of a gentleman, Jinny?" I demanded, sitting up in bed and regarding her with sleepy puzzlement.

"Oh, jes' a gemman, Missy," she answered. "He 's nice spoken, but he 'clares he must see you."

"Did n't he give any name?" I asked.

"He done tol' me you 'd know him when you saw him," she answered, shaking her head.

"Are you sure he does n't want to see Wilkinson?" I inquired after a moment's thought.

"No 'm, he wants to see you," she insisted doggedly. "I tells him Wilkinson is in the barn, but he don' show no interest in that."

"You 're sure he 's not one of the neighbors?"

"None as I ever see," she replied.

"Where is he?" I asked next.

"Down to the study, Miss. I foun' him knockin' on the casement and brought him right in. He seemed to know that way."

For a moment the suspicion flashed into my mind that we were having a return of our last night's visitors; but I dismissed it and jumped out of bed. Jinny helped me into the dress I had been wearing during the day, and then we both hastened downstairs. As we entered the study I told Jinny to light the candles, while I advanced to meet the dim figure outlined against the fast-fading daylight beyond the casement window.

"You wish to see me?" I said formally.

"I 'm sorry to have disturbed you, Miss Patty," came the reply; but I cut him short with an exclamation.

"Major Tarlton!" I cried.

"Hush," he murmured, "an it please you, I had rather you did not cry my name abroad. I am alone and out of uniform, and though you may not have any love for

British officers, I scarce believe you want to help to have me hanged for a spy." He spoke lightly, as was his wont; but he was earnest enough for all that, and I, knowing the danger of his position, understood.

"'WHAT IS IT?' I ASKED. 'I HAD NOT EXPECTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN'"

"What is it?" I asked. "I had not expected to see you again."

The candles being lighted by this time, I nodded to Jinny to stay at the far corner of the room.

"I am desolated, as my friend Algernon would say, to cause you all this annoyance," the major went on, "but when I was here last night, in my haste to catch your father I must have dropped a continental bill on the floor. I did n't catch him, as you doubtless know, and have had a good wigging from the general, who gives little credence to our story of two General Washingtons; but, as you see, I have survived that and am now looking, not without some risk, for my own lost dollar. Have you seen it, Miss Patty?"

Indeed, I had been right in suspecting that the message I had found in that split bill was no light one. The fact that Major Tarlton was risking his life in trying to recover it emphasized its importance as nothing else could have done.

"Yes, I did find a bill on the floor this morning," I told him frankly, feeling in my pocket where I had placed it.

"Ah, that is good!" he exclaimed, with something close to a cry of relief in his tone. "You may think it is a mort of trouble to take over so valueless an object, but it was given me by a friend and has a certain—eh—sentimental value, Miss Patty. You can guess how much I prize it, as a souvenir, of course, for you understand that I am risking something to have it back."

He spoke easily, no doubt thinking he had befooled a simple country girl of fifteen, and it was not a part of my plan to let him see that he had done no such thing; so I gave him the bill, which he took with an eagerness he could not conceal, and was at once in haste to be off, flinging me a word or two of polite thanks and a laugh at his failure of the previous night. Without ceremony, and, be it noted, this time without food, he left, his spirits plainly higher for the fact that he had found that lost dollar.

After he had gone I sat down to think. What secret that paper held I had not even a suspicion, but that it was highly important to the British I could not fail to appreciate since this visit from Major Tarlton. For perhaps ten minutes I thrashed the matter over in my mind, then I came to a decision.

"Jinny," I cried, springing to my feet, "find Wilkinson and send him to me. Then go and make yourself ready for a journey. We start for Philadelphia at once!"

CHAPTER VI

MY RAG DOLL GOES A-TRAVELING

My decision to leave Springhill that night was based upon what I thought, at the time, to be sound reasoning. That the message was of great moment to the British I had no doubt. Major Tarlton had risked death as a spy to come back for it; and although he had tried to hide the satisfaction he felt in the recovery of the bill, even pretending it was of no moment to any one but himself, I was certain I knew better. What concerned me most was how soon would he discover that he had been tricked?

Wilkinson came quickly in reply to Jinny's summons. I was resolved to take him into my confidence. He was wholly devoted to our interests, and Father trusted him and consulted him freely upon all affairs connected with the estate. It was not that I wished to shift responsibility for the decision upon his shoulders; my mind was already made up; but I owed him an explanation and was by no means averse to hearing any arguments that he might bring against my plan, once he knew how the matter lay.

"Jinny tells me you are for Philadelphia to-night, Miss Patty," he said, with a doubtful shake of his head, as if he suspected the colored girl of being mistaken.

"'T is my belief that we had better go at once, Wilkinson," I replied, and forthwith set the tale before him. "Of course," I ended, "it is scarce probable Major Tarlton will stop to see whether he has been fooled or no till he reaches his quarters in Staten Island; but he might!"

"Aye, he might," Wilkinson agreed. "There 's many a Tory house 'twixt here and South Amboy where he could halt to examine that continental bill."

"And 't is plain," I went on, "he might grow uneasy. He knows we are patriots and would do aught we can to get the better of the British. If it should occur to him that I doubted his story, he would be certain I would not return the same bill, even though I did n't know there was a secret inside of his."

"You 're right there, Miss," Wilkinson said thoughtfully. "He could n't be sure you 'd given him back the same note unless he separated it; and once he even suspected you might fool him, he 'd make sure before he went another mile."

"And then what would he do?" I asked.

"Ride straight back here!" Wilkinson exclaimed, voicing my own conviction. "Moreover," he went on, "he would n't stop at any measures needful to get back the message."

"He never would get it from me," I declared firmly.

"Aye, that says itself," Wilkinson replied heartily; "but he 's like to bring a half-dozen of his Tory friends with him and we 'd be helpless, Miss Patty. For myself I 'm not afraid of a regiment of his men, but we must n't have you mixed up with fighting. That would n't do at all, and that is n't the worst that could happen. Failing to get what he wanted, he 'd take you off a prisoner, Miss."

"He 'd never dare!" I cried.

"Oh, would n't he?" Wilkinson insisted. "He 'd threaten you, hoping you would give him the paper, and then, when you would n't, he 'd carry out his threat and—then you 'd see fighting, Miss Patty."

"In that case we had better get ready and leave for Philadelphia," I said, rising.

"Nay now," the man returned, "do you think Philadelphia is the best place we can set out for?"

"Where else should I go?" I questioned, surprised at his suggestion.

"It seems to me that message, whatever it is, should be in General Washington's hands without delay," he explained. "Doubtless it is some military secret and it ought to be at the service of those who can make the most use of it."

"But we have no idea where Mr. Washington is," I replied.

"We can find him," Wilkinson replied confidently.

"Aye, in the end; but we might be wandering about the country for a fortnight before we came up with him," I argued. "Even we might fall into the hands of the British; and if, as I believe, this secret communication is only information about *our* forces, the most important thing is to

keep it out of the hands of the enemy. If it had to do with their army, then we should want it to reach our general at once. As it is, I don't think there is any haste."

Wilkinson considered this for a time, then nodded his head.

"I guess you 're right, Miss. We 'll on to Philadelphia as soon as the coach can be got ready."

With Susan and Jinny to help, I set to work at my packing. Seeing that our stay was to be an indefinite one, we needed a considerable amount of gear, and it was fully an hour before the boxes were ready.

Both colored girls giggled endlessly at my taking the rag doll.

"Land sakes, Miss Patty!" Susan exclaimed, "you ain't a child no longer to play with dolls! 'Sides, you might take the pretty one that came from France, if you must have such a thing."

"The city folks will think we 's mighty poor if they sees that ol' rag thing," Jinny commented, in a tone of disgust.

"To me, she 's just sweet," I told them, and put the forlorn plaything into my portmantle with assumed unconcern.

And at length we started upon our journey. We had no thought of reaching Philadelphia that night and, once well away from the house, there was no need to urge the horses. When we came to the river-bank we should have to wait until daylight before crossing the Gloucester ferry. In all, the journey was scarce above ten miles; so, once clear of the house, Wilkinson let the horses walk most of the way, while inside I dozed and Jinny frankly snored.

I woke as we came to a stop and, looking out, saw the broad river gleaming in the starlight. And the sight of it set me to wondering how Father fared on his journey to France. Our parting had been so hurried that I had scarce bade him good-by, and now there were an hundred things I should like to say to him. When should I see him again? In those troubled times I dared not dwell too deeply upon what might happen. On the ocean, there were many British ships lying in wait for just such vessels as the *Saucy Sally*, besides the perils of the deep which beset her on every voyage.

Not that it was a new thing for Father to be away. He had gone on many important missions to and fro over the country, leaving me alone, but this was the first occasion that had taken him across the Atlantic, and I liked it little.

To take my mind off this, I talked to Wilkinson of the things that must be done in the house, and he promised to see that all was put in order as I would wish.

"And indeed, Miss Patty," he said, repeating the same idea more than once, as we waited in the darkness, "I shall see you often and report how the estate prospers in your absence. 'T is in my mind that you would be quite as safe at Springhill as in the city, but doubtless the master knows best. Still, it is not so far away but perchance you can pay the house a visit before long."

That, to my mind, was true enough. So far as that part of the Jerseys was concerned, all was peaceful. We heard but faint rumors of the struggle and these drifted down from the north. It seemed certain that the next battle would be for the control of the Hudson valley. Father, who had his information from those who knew, had told me there was little doubt that Sir William Howe would lead the British forces up that river in the hope of uniting with General Burgoyne's army coming down from Canada. So we were little like to see aught of fighting near us. And the farmers were busy cultivating their fields and looking forward to good crops. It did seem as if I were running away from naught, leaving the home where I should be most happy and comfortable, for no good reason. On the other hand, I appreciated Father's view of the matter and had no thought but to do as he wished. Indeed, the affair of the previous night had proved that it would be rash to count on being altogether immune from raids, at all events.

Daylight found me again dozing in the carriage; but I awoke when we bumped onto the ferry. Seeing no need for advertising my presence, I stayed inside the coach and kept the curtains close drawn. Wilkinson would explain to the curious as much as he deemed was necessary.

We were long in crossing; and from the shouts I heard uttered by the boatmen, I judged that the current was running strongly; but we made a landing in Philadelphia at last and climbed the steep hill to the city.

My Aunt Augusta had, within the last year or two, built a fine new brick house on Pine Street above Fourth, and thither we went, I, for one, not in the least elated at the prospect before me. There had never been any intimacy between the families, and since the colonies had declared independence, what slight communication

there had been was definitely ended. My cousin Rosalie, Aunt Augusta's only child, I had seen but twice in my lifetime, as, for one reason or another, she had always been away, sometimes at school in France, sometimes visiting in Virginia, where she had many gay and fashionable friends. And, being three years older than I, there would have been little intimacy in any case.

Rosalie had grown up in cities and would have a profound scorn, I doubted not, for a simple country girl, such as I was. To meet her and to note her pitying looks and sly smiles at my plain frocks was not the least of my worries. She was monstrous fashionable and something of a wit. Tales of her sayings had come to us, and Father had declared with a smile that she was "a saucy minx," so I looked not forward with joy to being the butt of her sallies.

Against these impressions I had the word of my brother Val, who knew Cousin Rosalie quite well and frankly liked her. He insisted she was not the snobbish lady I pictured her; but secretly I feared that her treatment of me would be very different from the welcome she might accord a personable young man.

Then there was Mr. Roberts, my uncle by marriage, but of him there is little to say. He was a small, waspish man, who seemed to be ever in a hurry about something, yet never could I discover what he did. I scarce saw him for more than a moment at a time. He would come buzzing into the room, stick a little sting here and there, and buzz out again. So far as I could see, no one in the household ever paid the slightest heed to his comings and goings. He was ever most fashionably dressed, and looked at the person before him through a quizzing-glass—a picture of a middle-aged fop. Perchance his eyes were faulty and needed help, but I am sure he did not carry his glass for that reason.

Aunt Augusta was a large woman, who took command of everything about her. She managed the affairs of every one within reach, or at least thought she did, and ruled her household with a rod of iron. She was as little like Father as could be, and I wondered often how she could possibly be his sister, so different were they in looks, manners, and tastes. She was slightly lame, from gout, I think, and carried a cane, which she shook on occasion with right good will at any one who opposed her.

Now I was to live under her roof. I dreaded it more than I could have told, but there was no escape, and when the carriage stopped at the door I jumped out, determined to be as brave as I could and meet what was before me with a smiling face. In answer to the knocker, Mrs. McDonald, the housekeeper, presented herself and recognized me with a grunt. I had known her for years. She was a hard-featured Scotch woman with little to say.

"If 't is the family ye be seekin', Miss Patty," she announced, "ye 'll not find 'em. They 're away to Harrowgate for the day."

It was rather cowardly of me, I suppose, but at this news I could not help but be glad. To be sure, I must face them sooner or later, but at least there were some good hours ahead of me in which I might follow my own pleasure.

"I 've come to stay, Mrs. McDonald," I told her, and then explained that Father had gone away.

She ushered me into the house with a good enough grace and took me up to a dear little room overlooking the garden in the back; but at Jinny she glanced darkly, and I fancied that the black girl herself began to see that, under the careful eye of this iron-handed housekeeper, she would have many occasions for wishing herself back at Springhill ere long.

Wilkinson brought in my boxes and, in a very short time it seemed, I said good-by to him and was seated before a comfortable breakfast under Mrs. McDonald's eye.

Evidently there was something on her mind. It had been there since she had first seen me on the step, and at last she let it out.

"I doubt you 'll be very welcome here, Miss Patty," she blurted forth at length.

"What makes you say that?" I asked; for after all, it was the home of my father's sister and I could not believe my aunt would deny me a welcome.

"There 's small room in this house for rebels!" she exclaimed, and without another word quitted me.

(To be continued)

Modern Mother Goose

By JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

CORRECTING and improving Shakespeare might seem less impertinent than suggesting changes in Mother Goose. It is almost irreverent to present new verses to take the place of those that have enlivened or soothed so many generations of children—that are still so popular to-day. But Shakespeare is always performed nowadays with many cuts and alterations; he is studied in text-books crammed with notes; Mother Goose is offered, just as she always was, to untaught youngsters. And they jump with joy!

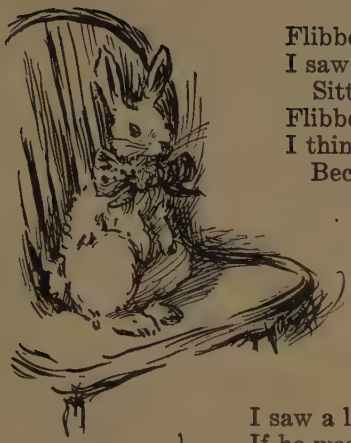
Of course, Mother Goose is eternal. She breathes the spirit of rhythm; she dances with the lilt that is in every child's heart; she catches their eager feet and their cheery voices and swings them along to her measure. She is as fresh, as everlasting, as springtime.

But the nursery rhymes of the past are in many ways unsuited to the needs of to-day. The ideas around which they grew have passed out of our civilization; the very words of many of them convey little or no meaning to our little folk. In the place of these old ideas and phrases, new pictures have come into our youngsters' lives, of things not represented in the nursery rhymes. Toys, which play so large a part in the child's existence, are almost unknown to Mother Goose. The telephone, the mailman and the stamp, magazines, trains, steam heat, electric light, are, of course, never mentioned in the nursery songs.

So there is, maybe, hope for the following verses,—attempts at a new Mother Goose,—or an excuse for them.

Choo! Choo! Choo!
Hurry, children, do!
Here 's the engine coming
And the cars are coming too.
It 's pulling them along,
And it sings a funny song:
"Here I am, there I am,
Choo! Choo! Choo!"

Ding-aling-aling,
Hear the bell ring!
Mother wants to listen now;
Brother must n't sing.
Daddy 's on the phone;
Daddy 's coming home;
Everybody 's happy now,
Ding-aling-aling.



Flibberty flabbit,
I saw a white rabbit
Sitting upon a chair;
Flibberty flaimit,
I think I can tame it,
Because I put it there.

Skip along with merry hop,
I 'm going to buy a lollypop.
Sticky candy on a stick;
We shall all have one to lick.

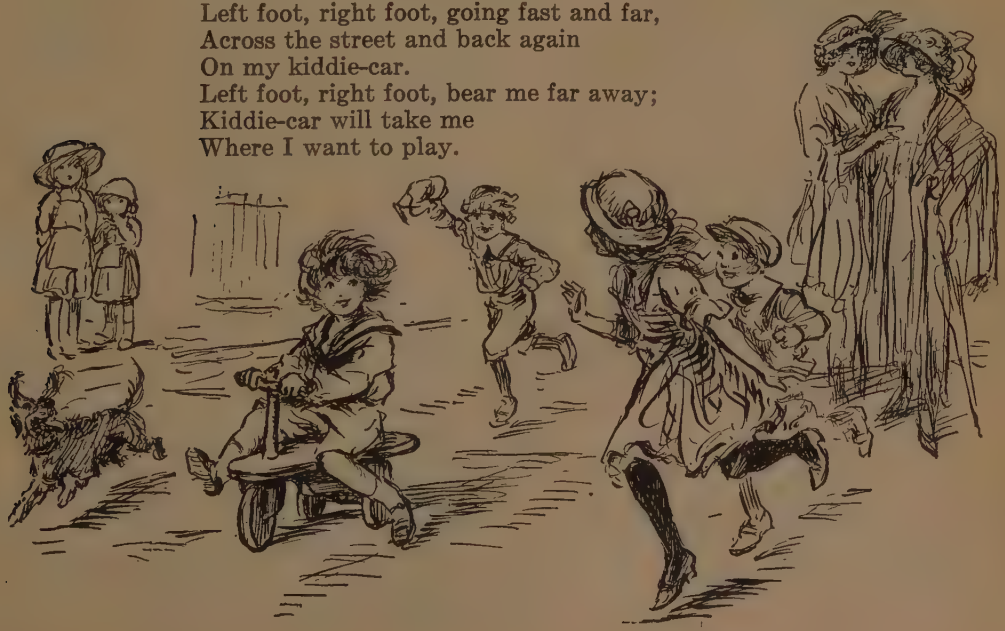
I saw a little boy upon a trolley-car,
If he was n't going near, he was going far;
I went over to see if he would tell,
But before I could reach him, the conductor
pulled the bell.

Little Miss Millicent
Gave Brother Bill a cent
To buy her a big piece of candy;
He went out to buy it
And thought he would try it,
And sister had none of the candy.

Throw the ball and bend your backs,
Quickly, quickly, get the jacks.
When you 've surely got them all,
Quickly, quickly, catch the ball.

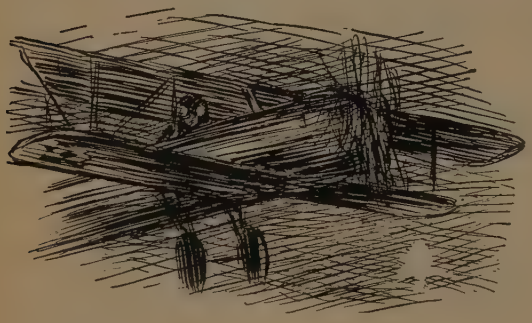
Flickery flickery fun,
How they all run!
Hurry to the movies,
Flickery flickery fun.

Left foot, right foot, going fast and far,
Across the street and back again
On my kiddie-car.
Left foot, right foot, bear me far away;
Kiddie-car will take me
Where I want to play.



I went out to take the air,
Jumped in a car that was standing there.
I sat still and blinked my eye,
And all the world went flying by.

—



Twinkle twinkle twy,
The stars flit by;
I am on an airplane,
Flying high.
Twinkle twinkle twoh,
How they glow!
They 'll think I 'm a shooting star
Down below.

—

Daddy 's brought the "Post" home,
Get the scissors quick;
We 'll cut all the pictures out,
Snick, snack, snick.

Auto and an elephant,
Tick-tock and a cane;
Daddy, bring the "Post" home
Very soon again.

—

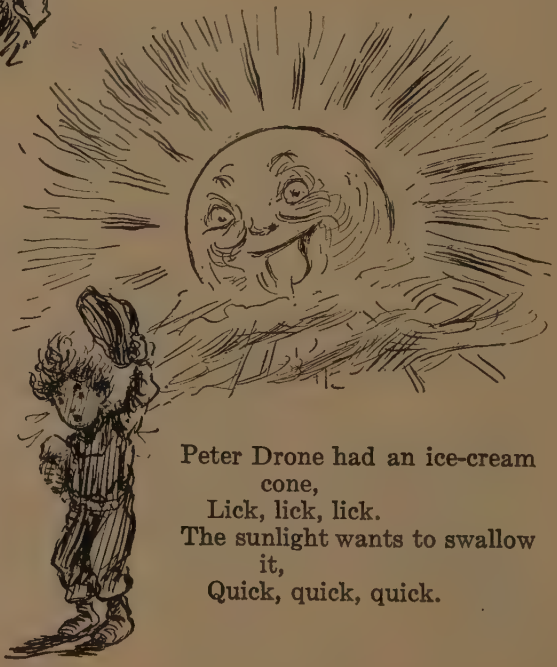
As I was walking down the street,
What do you think I chanced to meet?
An auto, an auto,
That took me for a ride!

Mother 's reading her letter;
There was none for me.
Some day I will get a letter;
Just you wait and see.

—

Wind it up, wind it up;
Mother put the record on,
Mother put the record on,
Mother put the record on,
And we 'll dance and sing.

Twist your finger, twist your finger,
All the house is light;
Twist your finger, twist your finger,
Now it 's black as night.



Peter Drone had an ice-cream cone,
Lick, lick, lick.
The sunlight wants to swallow it,
Quick, quick, quick.

I saw a man made all of fat,
Running after his straw hat;
When he got near the wind would blow
And on and on his hat would go.
I saw him waddle far away;
I think he must have run all day.

Once an old peddler came my way,
He was selling apples, eggs, and hay;
Ten cents a basket, twenty cents a quart—
One leg was long, and the other leg was short.

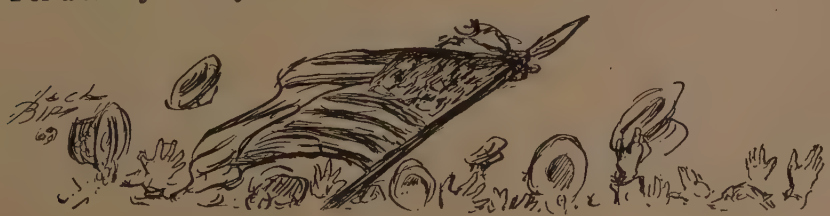
What can you find? What can you find?
Umbrellas to mend or scissors to grind.
Hurry and send, hurry and send
Scissors to grind, umbrellas to mend.

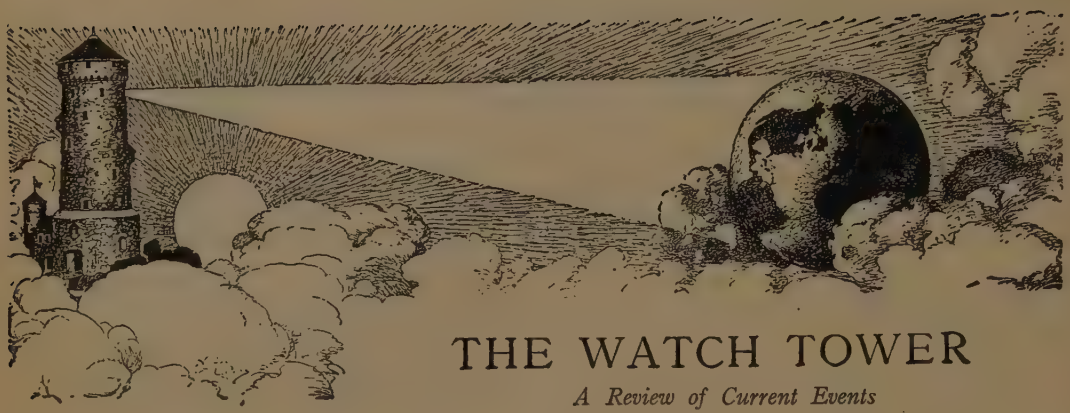
Ring-aling ding-aling, light is green,
Now the train may fly.
Ring-aling ding-aling, red light seen,
Train is standing by.

Red moon, blue moon, green moon,
Tied to a stick in my hand,
Tries to lift me to the sky—
I can hardly stand.

Here 's my dolly, will you mind her?
I 'm going to run to the organ-grinder.
He turns a handle and songs come out,
While all the children dance and shout.

Red and white stripes waving by,
Stars in a corner of the sky,
Hold it high, hip hip hooray,
For a merry holiday!





THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

THREE hundred and sixty-five days ago, we said it for 1922. Now that is the Old Year, and we are exchanging best wishes for 1923. A year seems a long time when you 're looking ahead, but a short one when you 're looking back.

The year 1922 was better than the one that preceded it, and we believe 1923 will be better still. As we get farther from the war, we ought to find ourselves busier and happier.

New Year's Day is a human institution. There is n't any law of nature to mark one year off from another. Nature punctuates her progress with the changes of the four seasons, and we call each series a year, and celebrate as we turn the corner. It is a convenient way of locating things in time, just as we measure distance in feet, yards, and miles.

During the last lap of the race with Old Father Time, mankind fared pretty well, and made measurable progress in recovery from the results of the war-time destruction. In the next lap we hope to do still better.

The more individual Happy New Years there are, the happier must be the year for all the world. Therefore THE WATCH TOWER idea continues to hold good: Let each one do his best, contribute the utmost he can of optimism and heroism, be faithful in daily duty and zealous in loyalty—and America will prosper and help the rest of mankind to have a year of progress and contentment.

LOOKING BACKWARD AT '22

DID you ever meet some one on the road, some one whose looks you did n't particularly like, travel a distance with him, bid him farewell without regret, perhaps even with a sense of relief—and then, as you went on alone, begin to think that after all he was rather pleasant company? And is n't it something like that when you say good-by to a year, as a new one begins?

As we look back over the road we traveled in 1922, we must admit that in some ways it was n't such a bad old year! At least, the European smash-up, that some gloomy prophets predicted, did not happen, and mankind came through on schedule.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

AS the year opened, the Washington Conference had just given the Powers a start toward a sane policy of restriction of naval armaments. The success of the Big Idea encouraged the governments to further endeavors to make peace without fighting over it.

The conferences at Genoa and The Hague ended in deadlocks. Russia blocked the way to accomplishment of their purposes. But the conferences made more apparent the exact nature of the problem, and did not present any new causes of friction. Marking time is better than retreating.

The League of Nations kept going, without the United States, and did much useful work. The World Court was organized—one more factor for peaceful settlement of disputes.

That old sinner, the Reparations Problem, kept on making trouble, but German mischief-makers did not have the pleasure of seeing France and England fight. The Allies had a pretty good business year.

Toward the end of the year, the Near-Eastern mix-up brought a new threat of war. But the year got near enough to its close for this WATCH TOWER to be written without report of a new Armageddon. And so we

achieved one more year's progress on the long and painful road to recovery from the immeasurable havoc of more than four years devoted to destruction.

THE UNITED STATES

IN Congress, the outstanding matters of public interest were the tariff and the bonus. The Bonus Bill, passed by Congress, was vetoed by the President because it did not provide means for raising the billions of dollars required to pay national compensation. A high-tariff act went through, with provision for emergency power by the President to make some changes in the rates. It was bitterly opposed by those who thought it would keep out European trade and raise the cost of living in this country.

The railroad and coal strikes were fought out in the summer. The prohibition battle went merrily on. The Supreme Court ruled that the act of Congress against child labor was unconstitutional, and the enemies of the court took the opportunity to attack it—for doing its simple duty and determining what may and what may not be done in accordance with the Constitution of the United States of America. Since it has become so much the fashion to change the Constitution whenever it pinches, it may be that a child-labor amendment is in order. Some way *must* be found to end this wicked practice.

Comment on the national elections is offered elsewhere in this WATCH TOWER.

ENGLAND

THE great event of the year in England was the end of Lloyd George's premiership, the formation of a new ministry with Andrew Bonar Law at its head, and the parliamentary elections. Mr. Lloyd George was the last of the war-time premiers to lose that responsible office. His long tenure of it was a remarkable tribute to his leadership and a testimony to the patriotic and honorable use he made of a prime minister's opportunities for national service.

One of the best things about this crisis in British politics was the failure of the labor vote to dominate the election, as some folks hoped, and many others feared, it might do. Not that those who feared such an occurrence are enemies of labor. They are friends of the whole public, who know that when any one social element, be it labor or be it capital, holds the balance of power and begins to make laws for its own special interest, the structure of government is undermined.

What England wants, and what its friends want for it, is a government fairly representative of all divisions of the population, and legislating with just regard for the welfare of each, while that of all others is protected. And that is what the elections in England appear to have brought about.

FRANCE AND GERMANY

DURING the year, there was little change in the French attitude toward Germany and the German feeling toward France. As the year opened, Prime Minister Briand had resigned, and M. Poincaré took his place. As the year came to its close, Premier Poincaré seemed to be losing his grip, and it looked as though there would soon be another change.

Wide World Photos
ANDREW BONAR LAW

France continued to insist that she could not pay her war debts unless she could collect from Germany the indemnities fixed by the treaty. Even the terms of the treaty failed to measure up with the terrible damage done to her territory and her property—maliciously—by the German armies. France, the victor, suffered more than Germany, the defeated—in a war that Germany started.

But we have n't space to go into all this again; the point here and now is that, during another year of uncertainty, both France and Germany were moving toward economic restoration. The year brought progress in reconstruction.

ITALY

IN Italy the year was spent largely in conflict between the communists and the nationalists, the Fascisti. Finally, under the leadership of Signor Mussolini, the nationalists took the power, and set up a new government, with Mussolini at the head of it. It was a bloodless revolution.

Some critics have compared the Fascisti to

the Russian Bolsheviks. Some have criticized their methods as undemocratic. But where the soviet people tore down, the Italian nationalists built up; and it is not fair to judge Italian politics by American practices.

Wide World Photos
PRIME MINISTER MUSSOLINI

The Fascisti saved Italy from communism. They started their own government with a sound program of foreign and domestic policies. How they might meet the great test when it came was a problem, but once they had accomplished their bold stroke, it became natural to wish them success.

It will be interesting, and well worth while, for our history students, who read about the parade of the "Blackshirts" (Fascisti), in Rome, to look up Garibaldi and the "Redshirt" patriots of years ago.

OTHER COUNTRIES

IN Ireland, the treaty with England was ratified in January. The world was shocked, in August, by the death of Arthur Griffith, and, a few days later, by the assassination of Michael Collins. But the Free State Government was organized, and though the De Valera republicans remained irreconcilable and violent, Ireland began to enjoy political freedom such as she had not known since the first English visitor came to the kingdom.

Japan got out of Shantung and Siberia. Egypt began her experiment in independent government. Poland went along steadily, and the new Baltic republics prospered. Hungary continued unhappy and eager for change. The Balkan countries were restless, but pulled through the year without a serious outburst.

And so the world came to the end of 1922, with further advancement toward prosperity everywhere—but with the problem of the new Turkish Government facing the European Powers with its demand for recognition.

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS

A NATIONAL election in America is a "bloodless revolution." The congressional election in November did not effect a complete shift of power between the two great parties, but it did show that the people were not willing to give up their own preferences for one man or another, one policy or another, in order to give the Republican Party complete power.

Wide World Photos
THE FASCISTI, WEARING THE BLACK SHIRTS, IN ROME, SOON AFTER THEIR ENTRY INTO THE CITY

Republicans saw in the election a reminder that the people expect "service." Democrats saw in it a rebuke for the Harding administration. To a nonpartisan observer, it would look much more as though the voters made a free and thoughtful choice between men rather than parties. In almost every instance the choice was in favor of the liberal candidate.

In New Jersey, Senator Frelinghuysen was a "dry" candidate, Governor Edwards was a "wet." New Jersey apparently is "wet" to the extent of favoring a law less strict than the Volstead Act to define the operation of the Eighteenth Amendment. Probably New Jersey would have reëlected Mr. Frelinghuysen, if he had been on the liberal side, over Mr. Edwards, if he had been on the stand-pat side. It cannot be proved either way, but the possibility is enough to show what we are trying to get at —that the elections of November did not run on strict party lines.

In 1920, the country reacted from the Wilson administration and elected Mr. Harding by the remarkable plurality of seven millions. That was a violent swing of the pendulum. The next movement had to be in the opposite direction, and not quite so strong a swing. This came in this year's elections. It reduced the Republican margin of superiority, but did not result in a Democratic majority in Congress. The next swing, in the Presidential election of 1924, is not easy to foretell, but it may be in the direction of renewed Republican power—*if* the party learns its lesson, adopts a fairly liberal policy, and gives the people what they want.

We are not "defending" the Republican Party, or campaigning for it. That is not our business, as independent observers. But the Harding administration, taking things up where the Wilson administration left them at the end of the war, made in its first two years a good, clean record of reconstructive work. It formulated a definite foreign policy, and in domestic matters it tried to reëstablish business prosperity and to reduce the expense of government. It has undoubtedly made mistakes, but they have not been the mistakes of irresponsible government.

The 1922 elections seem to us to indicate the possibility of a third party again in 1924, a new line-up, not between Republicans and Democrats, but between liberals and conservatives.

LADIES IN CONGRESS

WAS there ever such a picture as the one shown this month of Mrs. Felton and Mrs. Huck—senator and congresswoman—exchanging greetings? Mrs. Felton, appointed by Governor Hardwick of Georgia to the place left open by the death of Senator Tom Watson, was sworn in and served for a day.

She has the honor of being the first woman member of the United States Senate. If her term was short, it has this compensation for its brevity, that it enables her to claim the senatorial championship for a spotless record.

Wide World Photos

SENATOR FELTON AND REPRESENTATIVE HUCK EXCHANGE GREETINGS

No one can say she showed the least unfitness for the high office; no one can criticize her for shortcomings in word or deed.

Mrs. Huck is not the first woman member of the House of Representatives. Congresswomen Alice Robertson of Oklahoma and Jeannette Rankin of Montana got in ahead of her. But Mrs. Huck is the first mother to be elected to the lower house of Congress.

The boys and girls of to-day can hardly imagine what a surprise it would have been to their fathers and mothers, say twenty years ago, if they could have known, by some process of prophetic vision, how soon women would have seats in Congress.

NEW MEN IN THE SENATE

PEOPLE have often joked about America as a country ruled by lawyers, and some serious students of government have thought our troubles due in part to the great number of lawyers in political offices. Among the new senators elected in November, there are

several followers of this great profession, but there are also a number of men who have climbed to success by other ladders.

Senators Bruce (Maryland), George (Georgia), Wheeler (Montana), Stephens (Mississippi), Ralston (Indiana), and Neeley (West Virginia) are among the lawyers. Senator Dill, of Washington, has been a lawyer and a newspaper man.

Senator Greene, of Vermont, started as a messenger-boy and became a stenographer, then a newspaper reporter. Senator Edwards, of New Jersey, is a banker. Senator Fess, of Ohio, was president of Antioch College before he entered politics.

Senator Copeland, of New York, is a doctor. Senator Howell, of Nebraska, managed the municipal water, gas, and ice plants of Omaha. Senator Brookhart has been teacher and farmer, and a colonel in the Great War. He owns a newspaper, and is one of the best rifle-shots in the country.

These notes may not be an interesting contribution to the study of the science of government, but they serve to show that the boy planning a career does not have to be a lawyer to get into the Senate.

RESTRICTED IMMIGRATION

At the end of a year of restricted immigration, it was found that the country had suffered a net loss of some 60,000 laborers. Many more persons came into the country than went out of it during the year, but the majority of them were women and children.

This condition is disturbing to the industrial world, as there is need of a continuing supply of unskilled labor.

The three-per-cent. plan, permitting each country to send that proportion of the number of persons it sent annually before the war, was intended to provide a better grade of immigration. It was hoped, especially, that there would be more immigrants from the north of Europe than from the south. So far, these results have not been obtained.

Then, too, there has been much inconvenience to people trying to get into America, and there have even been cases of injustice suffered by them; while in the labor aspect of the case, the difficulties are greater and less simple, but still not unconquerable. So there is no reason as yet for us to give up the idea of restricted immigration, for the first year has shown that it is sound and good, but that we must find better means and methods for its operation.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

The earthquakes in Chile in November caused much loss of property and lives and left many people homeless. Mr. Harding wired at once to the president of Chile, assuring him and his people of the sympathy of our own Government and people, and promising any help that might be needed. The Red Cross began preparing hundreds of portable houses for shipment to the devastated region. Those who criticize America for its "aloofness" and policy of "isolation" must admit that we take *some* part in international affairs, and that it does not cause hardship and suffering, but relieves them.

The Watch Tower has a (sort of a) rival, at least a companion, in the first lighthouse in the United States built for the guidance of air pilots. It is at Hampton Roads, and its flash can be seen from a height of six miles (if you care to go that high!). Somehow, these steps in the progress toward safety in aërial navigation interest us more than the triumphs of the speedsters. Guess why!

Photo, Kadel & Herbert

THE FIRST LIGHTHOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES FOR GUIDING AËRIAL PILOTS

"BILL" SNYDER'S KINDERGARTEN

WHEN Hattie, the clever Indian elephant at the Central Park Zoo, who had been a favorite of New York school-children for almost a generation, suddenly fell ill last November, the former head-keeper, "Bill" Snyder, was sent for. She had been devotedly attached to him and under his training she had learned the various tricks that made her so popular with visitors to the menagerie. So it was hoped that the joy of seeing her old friend might prove to be a stimulus that would start her on the road to recovery.

This expectation was not fulfilled, unfortunately, but it was a well-deserved tribute to the character of the man who had devoted thirty years of his life to the welfare of the collection of animals, owned by New York City, which, while not large, is in some ways unique. It is kept up by the sale and exchange of its animals with other menageries, and is virtually self-supporting. The educational value of the collection is, of course, very great. In the comparatively small space allotted by the city to its zoo (the animals in Central Park must not be confused with those of the New York Zoölogical Society in Bronx Park) more than nine hundred creatures happily "live, move, and have their being."

Their happiness may be questioned by some of my readers, but I have used the correct word. They are happy despite confinement, and are probably better off in many ways than if they were living in their natural surroundings. They are pets, every one,—watched, cared for, "mothered," fed, and tended by a small army of men who love and understand them.

The death-rate of this collection is very low, while the birth-rate is large—larger in proportion to its size than any other similar collection. These facts are proved by the "babies" themselves, and Mr. Snyder is the one who has been largely responsible for these conditions.

Mr. Snyder raised many of the animals from infancy. He loved them devotedly and impartially, and they returned his fondness. Whip, bar, and revolver were unknown to him—or them; love and kindness ruled supreme. Fear is not in this man's make-up; he entered every enclosure, and his presence, usually welcome, was never resented. He was never attacked, and even the snakes, ordinarily the most stupid of animals, knew him.

The collection of the zoo babies, known in his time as "Bill Snyder's Kindergarten," was, as former Park Commissioner Cabot

HATTIE "UP" TO ONE OF HER TRICKS

Ward said, "nothing short of miraculous—animals of all climes and of all natures, living in the heart of the world's most wonderful city, bearing and rearing their young, giving to the city one of its chief educational advantages and one of its most unique points of interest."

Toothless little lion cubs are the babies which usually attract the most attention. Less than a foot long, they look like St. Bernard puppies, and their value runs into the thousands. They are usually perfect specimens and, needless to say, the keepers

and the lioness mother are equally proud of them. They may be handled safely until three months old.

The lion collection in Central Park is one of the best, for, besides the cubs, there are young lions and full-grown animals. Akbar is the largest and finest lion in captivity, and for beauty and condition rivals the famous black-maned lions of Africa.

The question as to whether captivity, carried through several generations, tends to lessen the viciousness of certain animals is answered in the negative by Mr. Snyder. At first thought it seems reasonable that after generations had been born in captivity and constantly associated with human be-

BILL SNYDER AND TWO NEW MEMBERS OF THE KINDERGARTEN

ings this fierceness would be diminished, but Mr. Snyder's answer is based on years of experience.

Once, seven members of what was then the "kindergarten" were "christened" at the same time. The names given the lion cubs were Niger, Stanley, Sheba, and Ayesha. The baby zebra, not a pretty animal, but by far the most interesting, was named Sheik; he was the first one of his kind ever born or raised in a zoo. Mr. Snyder was very proud of Sheik; but if he had lived on the East African plains, where the zebra run in countless herds, his sentiments might have changed. There they are looked upon as pests. The herds break down fences, destroy cultivated fields, and, when frightened, often stampede through a town, killing and injuring the inhabitants. The zebra is useless, without sense, with poor eyes and ears and little endurance. Their only mission seems to be that of supplying "lion food," thereby saving more valuable animals and human beings from attack.

The deer family, including their cousins

LION CUBS, SHEBA, STANLEY, NIGER, AND AYESHA

the elks, with their ever-present curiosity, are most interesting. The fawn when but a few hours old is able to walk, and displays a wonderful amount of instinct. These young things are being sent to all parts of the country to stock forests and game preserves. The fawns wander at will from paddock to

BUFFALO BILL, AGED FOUR MONTHS

paddock in the park, their bodies being so thin that they can slip between the bars, yet the goats and the bison never harm them. The baby axis-deer is one of the daintiest of animals, with a horror for photographers.

The habitat of this animal is Asia, where it is to the animals of that country what the kongoni is to the animals of Africa, "the policeman of the plains"; that is, with the keenest of eyes and ears, it warns the other animals of the approach of danger, and, also like the kongoni, it is the last to flee from the hunter or marauder. "Deer talk" is a very limited language, though, to one who knows, they say a great deal with their two or three sounds; the neigh and sneeze seem to be the most popular, for they denote inquiry, anger, warning, fear, and several other things, besides the coming of rain. The mother has a grunting call, which the fawn understands, and at times the buck has a like call.

"Buffalo Bill," when he was the four-months'-old calf of the late "Diamond Back," the old bison on our dollar-bills, took

A ZEBRA MOTHER AND BABY

his hay with the rest of the herd. The park, like a few other menageries, sends all the bison it can spare to the Western plains, which are being restocked in the hope that the herds of bison once roaming upon them and now so nearly gone may be revived.

Congo was the most hopeless-looking of all the babies, yet the most valuable. He was the thirteenth son of the famous Mrs. Murphy, the thirty-year-old hippopotamus. Six of these babies have gone abroad. As each of them was valued at three thousand dollars, the sale went a long way toward putting the zoo on a paying basis that year. As a baby, Congo mimicked his mother in her every action, and some of his antics were very funny. His daily ration was ten pounds

THE YOUNG RED FOX

of carrots, bran, apple, bread, and oats mixed together with warm water, and ten pounds of hay. He was a popular exhibit and, like his mother, was taught obligingly to open his mouth.

Two other youngsters of Mr. Snyder's kindergarten were a young red fox and Dick II, a huge Siberian tiger. Dick had a good disposition and when but two months in captivity allowed Mr. Snyder to pet and play with him, from which we may conclude that the famous head-keeper must have been able to open special avenues of communication with his dumb friends.

GAYNE T. K. NORTON.

THE NEW RADIO LIGHTHOUSE

FOR thousands of years men have been building great lighthouses and tending fires or lights to warn ships at sea. In clear weather these signals carry far out from land, but in fog and storms, when they are badly needed, the most powerful light is often useless. With the development of wireless electricity, the entire system of safeguarding our coasts is being changed. The tall lighthouses can be replaced by the marvelous radio-compass, which is very much less expensive and far more efficient than the most powerful beacons. Guided by these invisible signals, thrown for hundreds of miles across the sea, mariners can now lay their courses in safety. Each of these radio stations sends

Kadel & Herbert

THE NAVY RADIO-COMPASS

out a distinctive signal, which the navigator can readily identify.

The first of these new radio-compasses was installed in New York Harbor. So successful did it prove, that others were placed on dangerous capes and aboard light-ships. The first regular lighthouse built expressly for using the new wireless system has recently been placed at a lonely point in Alaska, and it is soon to be followed by many more. The radio-compass itself, the apparatus which throws out these invisible signals, is a small affair which can be housed in a very small structure. The new lighthouses, therefore, need only be a few feet in height and no larger than one's dining-room table. Many of the great stone lighthouses of the past have cost a quarter of a million dollars to build, while many lives have been lost in erecting them far out at sea. It is necessary, besides, to have a light-keeper, and usually his family lives with him in one of these lonely towers.

The new radio lighthouses require little attention. The signals are sent out automatically, so that the mechanism can be wound up and left to run itself. The apparatus sends out a definite radio signal at regular intervals, which mariners many miles at sea can easily pick up by means of a simple apparatus on the roof of their pilot-house. A simple device enables the navigator to tell in an instant the exact direction from which the warning signals are sent. No matter how black the night or impenetrable the fog, these signals may be picked up two hundred miles or more off shore. The most powerful light in America, at the entrance to New York Harbor, has a candle-power of 25,000,000, and yet in thick fogs it sometimes can not be seen at the base of the lighthouse, much less out at sea.

The radio-compass also makes it possible to tell just how far away the radio station stands. Many vessels have been wrecked by mistaking their distance from a light-

Kadel & Herbert

THE RECEIVING INSTRUMENT IN THE PILOT-HOUSE, PLACED OVER THE COMPASS

Kadel & Herbert

THE RADIO-COMPASS STATION AT CAPE HINCHINBROOK, ALASKA

house or point of danger. After reading the signals by the radio-compass, the navigator will know just how far away are the dangerous shoals or reefs, or where lies the entrance to the harbor he is approaching. A vessel hidden by darkness or fog can also make known its exact position to other vessels in its vicinity, thus safeguarding against collision. Countless ships and untold lives could have been saved in the past by the use of this simple apparatus. In a few years we shall find these curious little radio lighthouses scattered along the entire length of our great coast-line.

FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS.

A ROCK-SPLITTING TREE

WE have often been surprised at the power shown by a bean-plant in pushing a large clod out of the way as it comes through the ground. The accompanying photograph illustrates the same power on a much larger scale. This picture was taken in June, and shows a bit of scenery not far from the state camp of the High-school Y.M.C.A. Association at Elmdale, Kansas. The tree in the picture is a white elm, about six inches in diameter, growing through a hole in a fossiliferous limestone rock that weighs probably between 2000 and 2500 pounds. When the writer first visited this spot two years ago, the rock was perfectly solid and the tree filled the hole tight.

When we betook ourselves to the same spot a short time ago, we found the rock cracked clear across and spread apart about half an inch. The area of the section that was broken apart is almost a square yard. It is possible that the freezing of moisture around the tree had something to do with splitting the rock, but the tree fitted so tightly in the hole two years ago that very little moisture, apparently, could get in around it.

THE TREE THAT SPLIT A ROCK

KARL K. NELSON.

LITTLE WHINEY BEAR

By KATHRYN K. MARUGG

THIS little bear that I am going to tell you about lived with his mother in a forest. A forest, you know, is a place where many trees grow, and where the bears and foxes and

"'LITTLE WHINEY BEAR,' THEY CALLED HIM"

squirrels and birds live. This was a very beautiful forest indeed, so that this little bear and his mother would have been very happy if it had not been for one sad thing. When you hear the little bear's name,—not his really, truly name, but the name that all the people in the forest, the foxes, the squirrels, the rabbits, and all the birds, called him,—perhaps you can guess what the sad thing was. "Little Whiney Bear," they called him, and when I tell you about him, you can see why.

When his mother told him that it was time for him to take his nap, he would say, in a little whiney voice: "Why do I have to take a nap every day? The birds don't have to, and the squirrels don't have to, either."

And when his mother gave him some nice red berries for his breakfast, he would say: "Why do I have to eat red berries? I like black ones better."

Then, just as likely as not, if he had blackberries the next morning, he would whine and complain about that, and say that he wanted blueberries.

Why, do you know, his mother could n't even teach him to growl! He would start with a deep, growly growl, but each time the growl ended in a whine. His mother felt very badly about that, because you can imagine what a dreadful thing it would be for a little bear to grow up to be a big bear without knowing how to growl.

One day, when little Whiney Bear was taking his nap under a tree, a man came through the forest. When he saw the little bear, he stopped and said: "What a cunning little bear! I am going to take him home for my little girl to see."

He had n't heard him whine yet, or perhaps he would n't have thought he was so cunning.

So the man picked little Whiney Bear up in his arms and started home with him. When he got to his home, he took the little bear into the barn, tied a rope around his neck so that he could n't run away, and went to tell his little daughter Elizabeth about it.

Now, there was a sad thing about Eliza-

"'I DON'T SEE WHY I CAN'T STAY UP AS LATE AS YOU AND DADDY'"

beth, and it was the same sad thing that there was about the little bear, for she used to complain and whine about a great many things too.

When her mother asked her to take care of her little brother, she would say in a whiney little voice: "Why do I have to take care of the baby all the time, Mother? I can't have any fun playing with him."

"ELIZABETH WAS SO SURPRISED THAT SHE JUST STARED AT THE LITTLE BEAR"

And she whined at bedtime too, and said: "Why do I always have to go to bed so early? I don't see why I can't stay up as late as you and Daddy."

But this day, when Elizabeth's father came in and told her that he had a surprise for her, she did n't whine a bit, but jumped up and down and said: "Oh, what is it, Daddy? What is it?"

"It is something alive," her father said; "you guess what it is."

So Elizabeth guessed a kitty, a dog, a rabbit; but every time her father said, "No, guess again."

Finally, Elizabeth could n't think of any more things to guess, so her father said, "Well, you come along with me and I 'll show you."

Then they started for the barn; but before they even got to the door, they heard the queerest sound coming from there, part growling and part whining. It was the little bear saying over and over again; "I don't want to stay here. I want to go home. I tell you I want to go home!"

When the barn door opened, he stopped whining for a minute, and Elizabeth said: "What a cunning little baby bear. Will he bite me if I pat him, Daddy?"

But just then the little bear started whining again: "I don't want to stay here. I want to go home!"

When she heard that, Elizabeth said, in a whiney voice: "But, Daddy, he 's such a cross little whiney bear! I don't like to hear him whine like that."

"Elizabeth," her father said, "don't you know that when you talk like that, you sound just exactly like this little whiney bear?"

Elizabeth was so surprised that she just stared at the little bear, and the little bear stared at Elizabeth for a minute, and then he went over and lay down in the darkest corner of the barn and hid his face on his paws. He felt too badly and too ashamed even to whine.

And Elizabeth turned and ran into the house as fast as she could go, and when she told her mother about it, she said, "Well, if I sound like that cross little whiney bear, I am never going to talk that way again."

And I don't believe she did, either.

That night, some one left the barn door open just the tiniest crack, and when the little bear saw it, he thought that he would run away and go home. So he started over to the door, but there was a rope tied around his neck, you remember, and though he pulled and pulled, he could n't get away. Then he started biting the rope with his sharp little teeth, and he gnawed and gnawed and chewed and chewed until his poor little jaws got very tired; but not once did he whine. Finally, when it was just beginning to be morning, the rope was chewed in two, and he ran over to the door, pushed it open, and ran home as fast as he could go.

"'G-R-R-R! I AM GLAD WE HAVE RED BERRIES FOR BREAKFAST'"

When he got home, his mother was just getting breakfast, and the first thing the little bear said, in a nice, deep, growly voice, was: "*G-r-r-r!* I am glad we have red berries for breakfast. I *like* red berries."

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"THE PET OF THE FAMILY"
BY ANN BURGESS (AGE 12)

So many kind and friendly letters from both parents and young readers have come to us during the past year that we cannot refrain from giving to our LEAGUE members this charming tribute from a mother, illustrated with a flattering photograph by her daughter:

"DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The enclosed print, 'The Pet of the Family,' is as near the work of my daughter Ann (a month under twelve years old) as it is possible for it to be. The idea was entirely hers, she grouped the objects (with my advice), and she made the time exposure. I did the developing and printing for her, also the trimming; but this last was under her very particular directions.

"May I add that I was a ST. NICHOLAS child? It was back in the 80's, when 'Phaeton Rogers,' 'Donald and Dorothy,' 'Jack and Jill,' and such stories were the books of the hour, and Reginald Birch was beginning his fame. J. G. Francis, Addie Ledyard, Frederick Dielmann, Robert Blum, F. H. Lungren—how I miss them all! . . . But the magazine is just as good—better, in many ways; and I was quite willing to accept my daughter's suggestion and let it take precedence of the dog as 'The Family Pet.'

Gratefully yours,
"KATHARINE STANBERY BURGESS."

Most welcome, we hardly need say, are both picture and letter; and ST. NICHOLAS is made proud and happy by the graceful words telling of the generous pains taken to accord the magazine a place of honor in the photograph corresponding to the one it has held in the esteem of the household for so many years. There are thousands of mothers and fathers in the land whose memories will respond joyously to the mention of those famous stories and favorite illustrators of old days; and it is a cherished note of encouragement to receive from these loyal friends the assurance that "the magazine is just as good—better in many ways." Thanks, and thanks again, to these readers of long ago who still find it in their hearts to avow undiminished allegiance to the SAINT NICHOLAS of that time and of to-day!

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 274

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Silver Badges, **Mary Blair Holmes** (age 11), Pennsylvania; **Suzanne Leves** (age 11), New Jersey; **Mary S. Curtis** (age 14), Indiana; **Paul C. Samson** (age 17), Ohio; **Jean Cumming** (age 16), France; **Albert Hodges** (age 13), New Jersey.

VERSE. Gold Badge, **Muriel Doe** (age 14), Maine. Silver Badges, **Virginie Clark** (age 15), New York; **Catherine A. Crook** (age 14), New York.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badges, **Edith Catherine Reid** (age 17), Colorado; **Nina Abrecht** (age 15), New Jersey. Silver Badges, **Elizabeth Jane Haller** (age 16), Pennsylvania; **Kingsley Kahler** (age 14), New Jersey; **John B. Kushlis** (age 14), Connecticut.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badge, **Margaret Webster** (age 14), Massachusetts. Silver Badges, **Olivia P. Schwartz** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Virginia Davin** (age 12), Virginia; **Baylies Brewster** (age 13), West Virginia; **Frances Knight** (age 13), Rhode Island; **Priscilla Crosby** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Roberta Joan Seiferth** (age 14), Mississippi; **William Inglis, Jr.** (age 13), Michigan.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badge, **Jane Williams** (age 14), Indiana.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold Badge, **Peggy Johnston** (age 14), New York. Silver Badge, **Eleanor Thomas** (age 15), New York

BY OLIVIA P. SCHWARTZ, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

BY BAYLIES BREWSTER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

"THE PET OF THE FAMILY"

THE CHANGING YEAR

BY ELEANOR C. JOHNSON (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

My garden is a winsome lass, when April 's in the air;
There are bird-notes in her tender voice and sunshine in her hair;
All eager, wistful, dewy-eyed, with violets round her feet,
And lacy-green against the blue where sky and birches meet.

Midsummer finds her flaunting gold and lavender and rose,
And spilling perfume from her flowers on every breeze that blows;
But still her heart lies there, revealed to those who love her best—
A bed of velvet pansies, where the purple shadows rest.

October—she 's a gipsy maid, and russet is her gown;
A maple burns, a scarlet flame, against her somber brown,—
A sunset, throbbing in the west, outlines the brown with gold,—
It falls about her slender figure, fold on gleaming fold.

Vastness of winter silences, and snow wreathed on her brow,
Abiding faith and perfect peace over my garden now,
And gray-green spires of juniper, clear-cut against the sky—
My garden is but sleeping, for she can not ever die.

SAFETY FIRST

BY MARY BLAIR HOLMES (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

Aunt Dinah, being the cook, had asked everybody in to a meeting on the plantation. There was music, and after awhile Aunt Dinah got very sleepy. She yawned and opened her mouth very wide. She could n't shut it! Uncle Peter tried his best to get it shut. Old Aunt Sally, who hobbled with a cane, tried also; but to no use.

"Ole Massa" came down and tried, and then said to Uncle Peter, "Hitch up the wagon and take Aunt Dinah to the doctor."

It was seven miles going and the same coming back. When Aunt Dinah got back, all the other blacks on the place crowded around.

"How come ever did you do it?" asked Jemima.

"Well, chile, I was jus' sittin' by de fire and gettin' very tired. I yawned a big yawn, jus' lak dis." Aunt Dinah illustrated the yawn, and again her mouth stuck open wide. Uncle Peter tried and Aunt Sally tried, but "Ole Massa" had gone to bed.

So with many groans and moans, Aunt Dinah climbed into the wagon and Uncle Peter had to drive her all the way to the doctor's again.

When they got back they had ridden twenty-eight miles, and for fourteen Aunt Dinah rode with her mouth wide open.

Now, when Aunt Dinah gets sleepy she either ties up her jaw or goes to bed.— Safety First!

SAFETY FIRST

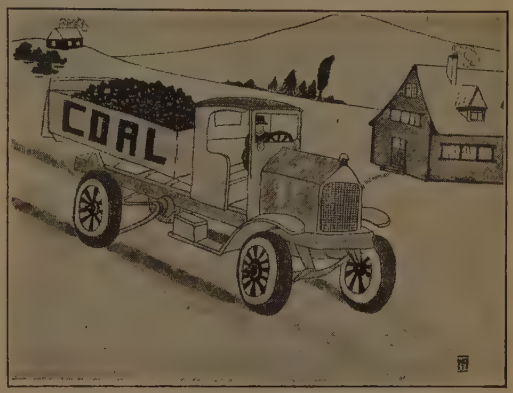
(*A True Story*)

BY MARIAN L. HERRICK (AGE 12)

One day my mother was at a meeting. I arranged to meet her there, after school.

Coming into the room where the meeting was held, I saw a lady sitting so that I got a side view of her face. I thought it was my mother; so I crept stealthily up behind her and put my hands over her eyes. Happening to glance up, I saw my mother looking at me in astonishment from the other side of the room!

As soon as the meeting was over, I went and begged the woman's pardon. She accepted it graciously; and ever since, when I am among people whom I am not likely to know, I always take for my motto "Safety First."



"A WELCOME VISITOR." BY NINA ABRECHT, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOVEMBER, 1922)

THE CHANGING YEAR

BY ELINOR COBB (AGE 13)

(*Honor Member*)

On New-Year's eve the moon shines clear
Across the white and driven snow,
A lamp to light the dying year
To other, darker worlds below.

And in the solemn hush of night
The stars in the black sky look down,
And, with their pale and feeble light,
Show the gaunt tree-trunks bare and brown.

Then suddenly, from out the dark,
The bells ring out from tower and hall,
The coming of the New Year mark,
That brings a change and hope to all.

Day comes, and in the hush of dawn
The birds make merry in the trees,
As from the sky the veil is drawn
That now the sparkling sunlight frees.

And in the golden light of day
The bells again ring sweet and clear,
"The old dark year is gone," they say,
"And now a newer one is here—

"New joy, new hope, new work and play,
And the glad thought of coming spring!
Pain and regret shall pass away,
The New Year shall all blessings bring!"

BY EDITH CATHERINE REID, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOV., 1921)

BY ELLEN L. CARPENTER, AGE 16 (HONOR MEMBER)

BY ELIZABETH JANE HALLER, AGE 16 (SILVER BADGE)

"A WELCOME VISITOR"

THE CHANGING YEAR

BY VIRGINIE CLARK (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

AUTUMN'S harvest now is picked,
Golden crops are stored away,
Trees are shedding scarlet leaves,
And the skies have turned to gray.

Nests are left deserted now,
Birds have flown to warmer climes;
Children, plodding back to school,
Turn again to sums and rhymes.

Grim and silent, winter's hand
Scatters snow on field and tree;
Whistles round the pauper's hut,
Churns to foam the roaring sea.

SAFETY FIRST

BY SUZANNE LEVES (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

IN a stage-coach traveling from Montana to Wyoming, the occupants were talking about outlaws and robberies.

The most conspicuous passenger was a round little man, called Mr. Spindly. Beside him sat a young man of dubious appearance.

"I have heard of numerous hold-ups on this trail," said a gentleman sitting near the little man.

"In that case, I 'm safe," replied Mr. Spindly. "I 've taken that 'Safety First' precaution which is so wise."

"What is it?" asked the young man by his side. "I 'm sure we should like to know, and keep our money safe, also."

"It 's this," said the little man, cautiously, "The place to put your money is in your boots."

"Hands up, gentlemen!" sounded through the stillness that night; and all were surprised to see the plain young man confronting them. "Your boots, Mr. Spindly," he commanded; and the poor little man pulled them off with a reluctant sigh and handed them to the outlaw. The other members of the party were also relieved of their valuables. Mounting a horse that stood in wait for him, the robber galloped away.

A wondering, curious crowd gathered as the stage reached its destination. News of the hold-up was soon all over the town.

"This wise chap," and a passenger pointed to Mr. Spindly, "thought he could outwit the highwayman, but the robber was smart enough to get all his money."

"Oh, I don't know," retorted Mr. Spindly, as all eyes were turned toward him. "'Safety First' *is* my motto. When I said the place to put one's money was in one's boots, I did so merely to keep any one from looking elsewhere." Laughing, he unbuckled a belt from beneath his vest and pulled out a wallet bulging with money. With a smile at the wondering crowd, he strode into the hotel.

THE CHANGING YEAR

BY RUTH FULLER (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

SPRING! and the buds just breaking the shell,
Coming out softly and blooming out well,
Crocuses peeping from under the snow,
And the brook running by where the daffodils grow.

Summer! and roses climb over the wall,
Trees in full leaf, and blithe breezes that call,
Warm, golden days and drowsy bees humming,
Moonlight shed softly and low guitars strumming.

Fall! and the leaves in gay colors are flung,
Gone from the bough where the hang-bird's nest swung,
Fires that brighten garden and wall,
Great faggots that crackle in parlor and hall.

Winter! and snow on a landscape so rare,
Soft curves and beauty, where trees were all bare,
Sleigh-bells and laughter and all joyous things
This, and much more too, the chill winter brings.

Four seasons! with each one comes beauty anew,
Fresh joys and sorrows, fresh things to do.
How much the year brings us to help us be gay,
As each season approaches—is here— and away!

BY PEGGY DOUCETTE, AGE 13

BY ROBERTA JOAN SEIFERTH, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)

ELIZABETH W. BUCKLIN, AGE 11

BY ARTHUR BATES, AGE 14

BY LOTTIE L. WARNER, AGE 14

BY RUTH P. CUMMINGS, AGE 13

BY MARGARET LEMON, AGE 13

BY ELISE P. GREGG, AGE 14

BY ESTHER KNOBLES, AGE 14

BY JANET C. STEVENS, AGE 11

"THE PET OF THE FAMILY"

BY WILLIAM INGLIS, JR., AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

BY FRANCES KNIGHT, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

"THE PET OF THE FAMILY"

SAFETY FIRST

BY ALBERT HODGES (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

When crossing the street, won't you walk between the white lines (if there are any)—that is what they are there for—at a steady walk? If you see an automobile, bicycle, or other vehicle coming, either *stand still*, or *walk* toward the other sidewalk. Do *not* run—you might fall. If there are no lines, *walk* across the street at *right angles to the curb, at a corner.*

Remember that the *vehicles* have the right to the road, and that you must respect their rights.

As most boys and girls have, you probably have a bicycle.

When you ride it:

Do you keep *off* the sidewalks?
Do you keep to the *right?*
Do you use a light at night?
Do you respect the rights of pedestrians?
Do you ride on *avoidable* crowded streets?
You *know* that the sidewalks are for pedestrians *only.*
You *know* that you should keep to the right.
You *know* that you should use a light at night.
You *know* that pedestrians should have their rights respected.
You *know* that it is folly to ride in an avoidable crowded street.

Now show me that you know these *facts* by *putting them into practice* immediately.

Most sincerely yours,
MR. SAFETY FIRST,
EVERYWHERE,
THE WORLD.

SAFETY FIRST

(*A True Story*)

BY MARY S. CURTIS (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

IT was a hot day in July. Far up in the rugged mountains near Grub Gulch, California, a big blue car was plowing slowly up the long, steep, curving hill that one must climb before the gulch can be reached. Inside the panting car were five hot tourists; but the cause for their frowns and anxious eyes was not altogether the heat, for, stealing swiftly out from under the motor-meter on the engine, came a long plume of white steam.

"I can't understand it," said Mr. Miller, the driver of the car. "The engine certainly should n't heat like that."

"When we get to Grub Gulch we had better stop and see what the trouble is. Maybe we can buy some repairs if we need them," suggested Mrs. Miller.

In a few moments the big car had gained the top, but no friendly little village, with its good-natured inhabitants, greeted the anxious eyes of the five travelers.

"Why, there is n't any town here!" exclaimed one.

"No, there certainly is n't!" replied Mrs. Miller.

"But nevertheless, we 'll stop and 'hunt for trouble,' " returned Mr. Miller.

So saying, he stopped the car, climbed out, and lifted the hood of the engine.

"Whew! the fan belt 's gone to pieces," he exclaimed.

"Good land!" ejaculated the smallest member of the crew. "That means we stay here some time. Why did n't we buy an extra one?"

"We did," answered his father. "Safety first, always," he added with a laugh as he drew a long, limp package from under the front seat and proceeded to attach it to the grooved wheels where its predecessor had lately whirled.

THE CHANGING YEAR

BY MARGARET B. OLESON (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

SPRING dusk is sweet with apple-blooms and misty green;
The summer twilight 's lit with fireflies;
And early dusks of autumn breathe wood-smoke
As the red moon of harvest climbs the skies.

But winter twilight!—sunset fires burned
To ashes in the silver, far-off west;
Long shadows blue across the snowy fields
While frosty star-lamps light one home to rest.

Within, warm fires leap scarlet from the hearth,
Touching the somber shadows of the room;
Lighting the faces of the loved ones there,
Safe from the wintry winds and deep'ning gloom.

O winter fires, welding our hearts together,
Drawing us closer to your warmth and cheer,
Teaching us love of giving to each other—
Home-keeping hearts are happiest through the year!

THE CHANGING YEAR

BY MURIEL DOE (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1922)

THE snow lies white upon the ground;
A fire's warmth brings cheer
To those who wait within their homes
To greet the coming year.

The midnight chimes have sent their notes
Across the cities' towers;
And in the homes o'er all the land,
A clock tells forth the hours.

At last—the New Year comes to us,
New secrets to unfold.
Our Father, help us now, we pray,
As Thou hast done of old.

In all our sorrows, in each joy,
Be Thou to all near by;
And keep us, each and every one,
Beneath Thy watchful eye.

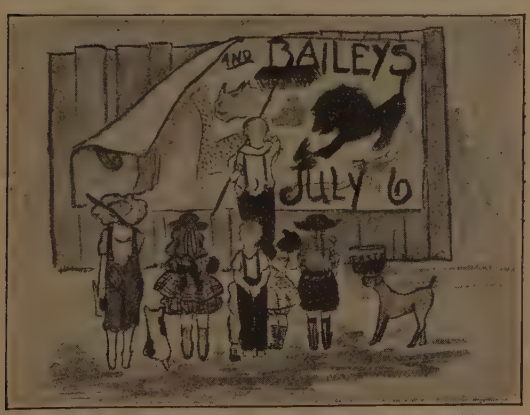
Give to us all the strength to live
And be Thy servants here;
That we may work and do some good
Throughout the coming year.

SAFETY FIRST

BY PAUL C. SAMSON (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

THE subject of "Safety First" is a much more important one than the average notice taken of it by the American people would seem to indicate. Abroad, America has the reputation of being always on the go, always in a hurry, and not a few times reckless, with no regard for personal safety or the safety of others. One can scarcely pick up a paper that he does not read of a tragedy which occurred as a result of not keeping Safety-First rules in mind. A wreck here, a collision there, a



"A WELCOME VISITOR." BY SALLY F. HALEY, AGE 14

dark wet night and a skidding crash—the toll of human lives is taken again.

In this, the Motor Age, the Safety-First movement centers around that twentieth century invention, the automobile. The Safety-First movement and Safety-First principles are, I am glad to say, slowly gaining friends and champions in this country.

The influence of these is seen in the recent laws of our state legislatures. Bad curves are marked with "Slow Down" signs; important cross-roads are designated; and street-car and railroad intersections are posted with the skull and cross-bones.

City councils are enacting ordinances with severe penalties for speeding and reckless driving. Traffic officers are placed at the intersection of busy streets.

Nationally, there are Safety-First Conventions

"THE PET OF THE FAMILY." BY PRISCILLA CROSBY, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

every year; and Safety-First Leagues, throughout the country, distribute free of charge posters and pamphlets for the information and guidance of the public.

We hope that the next decade will see an American public thoroughly awakened to the true worth of "SAFETY FIRST"; that in the land where the automobile is more than common, the safety of the pedestrian will not be forgotten; and that the rising generation be so steeped in Safety-First fundamentals and preventive measures that carelessness and recklessness will come to be a thing of the past.

SAFETY FIRST

BY MARTHA McCOWEN (AGE 12)

THERE are several important events which really led up to the Revolutionary War. Among the most prominent were the Stamp Act, the "Five Intolerable Acts," the Boston Tea-party, and Virginia's Assembly declaring in resolutions, introduced by Patrick Henry, that Virginians had the same right as Englishmen—to be taxed only with their consent.

In his speech on the resolutions, Henry said, "Cæsar and Tarquin had each his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, and George III—"

"Treason! Treason!!" cried the presiding officer and some of the members.

Henry paused and added: "may profit by their example. If this be treason, then make the most of it."

And so it was that Patrick Henry played "Safety First" in the Virginia Assembly, and if we would only follow his example and think of safety first before we act, the world would be a much better place to live in!

SAFETY FIRST

BY JEAN CUMMING (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

"MOTHER, may n't we go to England by air tomorrow? It would be such fun. Please ask Daddy again!" begged twelve-year-old Bobby.

"No, dear. I am not going to ask Daddy again. We both believe in safety first, and we do want to get home to America whole." Mrs. Orman smiled. "So you must just make up your mind to bear the train and boat."

"I wanted to go in a plane!" grumbled Bobby.

However, the next noon found him at the Gare du Nord with his father and mother, where they took the train for Calais. The crossing from Calais to Dover was windy, but fairly smooth, and the train journey up to London was fine. Bobby enjoyed the drive from Victoria Station to the hotel very much, though, after the wild Paris traffic, it was not very exciting; but all the same it was a very tired boy that tumbled into his cozy bed that night.

Next morning at breakfast Mr. Orman suddenly looked up from the paper he was reading.

"Listen, son" he said. " 'Passengers in the midday aëroplane from Paris had a nasty experience when landing at Croydon yesterday afternoon. Just as their machine touched ground, a sudden heavy gust of wind blew her over on her side. One wing was badly damaged and much glass broken, but the pilot and passengers escaped without injury.' We should have been in that plane, son, if we had come by air."

"Well, Dad, I 'm glad we were n't," answered Bobby. " 'Safety First' *is* a good motto."

"THE PET OF THE FAMILY." BY VIRGINIA DAVIN, AGE 12
(SILVER BADGE)

THE CHANGING YEAR

BY CATHERINE A. CROOK (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

TIME pushes back the portal of the years
To put one into history; and one
To come, yet full of hopes and full of fears,
Will try to better what the rest have done.

Year, at your birth how many people feel
That, with your life, their lives may start again?
Hope is a balm that will all trouble heal,
For does not sunshine always follow rain?
With the old year let all our troubles go,
And think of all the joys that are to be.
Then, when the bells ring out across the snow,
Welcome the New Year, Nineteen Twenty-three!

"THE PET OF THE FAMILY." BY MARGARET WEBSTER, AGE 14
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1922)

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Isabel Burtis
Dorothy Farley
Laura Strunk
Hutson Camy
Mary H. Watts
Suzanne R. Jones
Sarah Jane Taylor
Genevieve M. Voss
Elizabeth Clarke
Katherine Andrews
Sarah Elizabeth Dorn
Elizabeth Evans Hughes
Orlando Paul Metcalf
Janet Strickland
Carley Robinson
Marie Daniel
Rachael Noyes
Clara Mears
Peggy Cook
Katherine Smedley
Helen Symons
Edna Florance
Dorothy D. Crook
Richard Gustafson
Eleanore Martin
Esther Laughton
Betty Fry
Barbara Simison
Margaret Atkins
Gertrude Don Dero
Alan Atkins
Betty Stonham
Mary-Julia Shelton
Anna C. Roberts

VERSE

Margaret A. Durick
Charlotte Louise Groom
Margaret Trotter
Georgene Stowers
Victor Vardar
Mary Thayer
Margaret J. Hein
Amy H. Armitage
Jean Little
Louise Hall
Janice Fink
Fred Schulman
Helen Louise Whitehouse
Regina Wiley
Dorothy Wilson
Florence Kibler
Martha Potter Bush
Elizabeth Brainerd
Alice M. Johnson
Erminie Huntress

DRAWINGS

Edward Acevedo
Elizabeth Flinn
Floyd Flint
Betty Carrington
Grace W. Allen
Dixie Leonard
Marguerheta C. Johnston
Patricia S. Thomas
Joseph Lundy
Robert Cressey
Mildred M. Harris
Jean McCrum
Dorothy Hallock
Alice C. Rust
Elizabeth Wenig
Dorothy G. Breuning
Virginia Snedeker
Frances Rogers
Peggy Highman
Hannah Vanger
Lalia Simison
Margaret Haley

PHOTOGRAPHS

Phebe Lewis
Frances Hawkins
Philip Ryder
Katherine S. Brehme
Frances Browning
Margene Musser
E. Elizabeth Cornwell
Mary Thurston
Eleanor B. Francis
Peggy Potter
Sturgis Wilson
Dorothy Faller
Mary O'Flynn
Coral M. Dunn
Hazel E. Warner
Beatrice Greenough
Elizabeth Runkle
Lucille Breeding
Lois Gillespie
Dorothy Gelo...
Henry Clifton, ...
Donald D. Edgar
Alice L. McKeown
Katharine H. Collins
Madrienne A. Strickler
Helen L. Martin
Marjorie E. Henner
Katharine Waxter
John Merwin
Ellen Guilkert
Gertrude Peabody
Louise V. Spencer
Troubridge H. Sweet
Oswald Scott Markham
Alice A. Ives
Jane Nolen Colton
Mary D. Scott
Virginia Mellor
Electra Webb
Mary Louise Libby
Marion Lane Smith
Joyce Porter
Virginia Miley

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Julia Louise Taylor
Louise D. Gunn
Marguerite Szekely
Alice S. Dabney
Rachel Wood
Marjorie L. Burdett
Shirley Armitage
Frances Burton
Leo Sperling
Mary C. Arndt
Rose Ginsberg
Adella Looney
Dorothy Lowery
Joseph J. Shtucko
Minnie Goldstein
Marie Callahan
Francis C. Pray
Edna Hall
Richard Eames
Catherine Best
Jane Steeves
Dorothy Smith
Patricia Bradley
Rosalys M. Hunter
Edith Dentry

VERSE

Dorothea Griesbach
Margaret C. Blake
Louise Hart
Helen West
Ruth Munson
Gladys C. Marshal
Justine C. Foote
Marion Thompson
Derwin Sultan
Margaret Montgomery
Ruth Streeter
Brenda Green
Sarah Barnblatt
Irene Levine
Charles Wood
Miriam Grosvenor
Beth Lacy
Alice M. Johnson
Maxine Wiley
Alice Freedman
Rosa H. Zell

DRAWINGS

Jack Dunhany
J. Colby Lewis, 3rd
Jack Huber
Kathleen E. von Gontard
Florence Riefle

Aretha Ferris
Lloyd Schultz
Anna Arnold
Ruth Fowler
Kathryn C. Sutor
Jessie Cummins
Beata Beach
Helen E. Stevens
Marion Hall
Elizabeth S. Thulin
James C. Thomson
Florence Young
Margaret Coates
Polly Olcott
Ruth Patterson
Ruth Easton
Eleanor Cooper

Frances R. Brown
Helen Blackwood
Mary E. Whiteside
Nanette E. Winston
Sylvia Levi
Sally S. Ingalls
Frances B. Kennedy
Elizabeth R. Burdick
Phebe D. Ball
Kathryn Huber
Elizabeth G. Frothingham
Beatrice Simpson
Quita Woodward

"A WELCOME VISITOR." BY KINGSLEY KAHLER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

Alice Allenbach
Frances Tomkinson
Olive Lasater
Robert H. Calderwood
Wm. Howard Mellish
Dorothy Lambert
Jane Easton

PHOTOGRAPHS

Claire Freeman
Isabelle Johnston

Courtenay Dahlstrom
Jo Frances Powell
Elizabeth B. Porter
Gretchen Wagner
John Franks
Betty Campbell
Isabelle Dodd
Mary Wheeler
Constance Mitchell
Juliet Norris
Juliana Norris
Frances Broughton
Peggy Moore
Jeanette A. Nebel
Marjorie A. Sperry
Jack S. Booth
Alpa Whitney
Roger Simons
Elizabeth Stewart
Alfred Child
Anna L. Jackman
Mary Savacool
Mary J. Reeve
Barbara Bradley

"A WELCOME VISITOR." BY JOSEPH B. KUSHLIS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

PUZZLES

Walter Gutmann
Margaret Wilson
John W. Bodine
Ellen J. Moody
Cornelia Smith
Edith Sollers
Mariana Werve
Catherine Codman
Leroy Custer
Ruth Niven
Marion Dale
Shirley K. Heltzen
Ellen Jewel
Bremond Tatum
Olive M. Wells
Doris MacMillan
Florine Klingenstein

Nan Sibbet
Ellen A. Quincy
R. W. Kingsbury
Olive Loucks
Maxine Ferree
Wanda Ostaszewski
Elmira Horning
Virginia S. Wilson
Mary B. Hines
Elease Weinss
Marjorie Walker
Catherine Shedd

Betty Fowler
Frances Bowers
Ruth S. Thomson
Judith Haight
Langdon G. Rankin
Barbara Curtis
Harriet Dow
Josephine Landes
Wallace G. Teare
Carolyn Y. Allen
Jane Runyon
Elinor Swingle

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and now is widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 278

Competition No. 278 will close February 1. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for May. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"The Builders,"** or **"In Blossom Time."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"How Somebody Met His Match."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not develop and print their pictures themselves. Subject, **"Seen on My Travels."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"Meeting An Old Friend,"** or **"A Heading for May."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

MEDINA, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: So many people say nice things about you that there is nothing new left for me to say; but I do love your short stories and serials and the LEAGUE. I liked especially "The Luck of Denewood." I have also read "The Lucky Sixpence." I have taken several of your serials and put the numbers of each together to make books. I think the letters you get from foreign countries are so interesting.

In February I had to stop taking you, but I wanted you so much that I got you back for my birthday in June. Father told me to write ten reasons why I wanted to take you, and here they are:

1. I might get ideas to write poems and stories, and I might even get one printed.
2. I enjoy the puzzles in the back.
3. There are continued stories running, which I would like to finish.
4. I might get some useful information from THE WATCH TOWER, a review of current events.
5. NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK is interesting.
6. The stories have good morals.
7. The letters from foreign countries, in THE LETTER-BOX, are interesting and instructive.
8. There have been articles about famous men in it.
9. I like the stories and poems.
10. Some good stories are advertised for coming numbers.

I think that is a list you might be proud of.

I have taken you for three years and hope to take you for ten years to come, more or less.

Wishing you a long and prosperous career,

I am your friend,

KATHERINE ROOT (AGE 13).

WASHINGTON, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the November number of your magazine I was very much interested in your article on "A Finder of Buried Treasure" and about William Murdock. It was of special interest to me, because I am a little twelve-year-old girl descended from the Murdocks. My great-grandmother, Helen Murdock, was born at Coalburn, New Cumnock, Ayrshire, Scotland. We have pictures of the Murdocks' old place and of the little house with the inscription on the door.

My great-grandmother, Helen Murdock Scott, with three small children, came over from Scotland in a sailing-vessel. They were twelve weeks coming. I have an old kist, or chest, which she brought with her, and I am the fifth generation to have the name Helen Murdock. I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS so much.

Yours truly,

HELEN BROWN.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been a reader of ST. NICHOLAS for years, and my mother read it when she was a girl. I am now over here in Switzerland and so do not get it regularly. I want to tell you how I happened to get the last copy.

I go to school here, but mostly to learn French, as I have not yet conquered it. I find it is very hard, especially the verbs. I am in a class with many other girls who are here for the same purpose. There are girls from almost every country in the world. There are also two other Americans. One has just come into our class. Her mother was Japanese, but she married an American; therefore this girl is an American, though she never has been in America, as she has lived in Japan till three months ago. After she had told us this much about herself, she said to me, "Do you know the ST. NICHOLAS?" At first I did not get her line of thought, and then I thought of you. I asked her in a minute if she meant our American magazine, and she brimmed all over with smiles. "Yes," she said, "I have received it for two years." The next day she brought it to school to lend to me. I think she was the proudest girl in the world, and I don't much blame her.

Your foreign reader,

CELENE DUPUY (AGE 14).

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received a few days ago my LEAGUE membership certificate. You may be sure I was very glad. We have just come back from a long trip to Australia which lasted for seven months, and I don't think that anybody could enjoy seven months more than I did. We went down to Tasmania and New Zealand and stopped at Rotorus (that 's the great thermal resort in New Zealand) for six weeks, and I learned, with my brother, to ride a bike. We hired one. My brother is eight years old and I am ten. I have a baby brother of two, and he 's the dearest little boy you ever saw. We live out in the country and have no telephone at present. Our house has just been completed and I have a lovely little room. I love reading and dote on ST. NICHOLAS.

Yours truly,

STELLA TUCKER (AGE 10).

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "Why is ST. NICHOLAS like Castoria?" asked my sister Elizabeth of me, and of course I replied, "Because children cry for it." And it 's true! We 've all been brought up on ST. NICK, too.

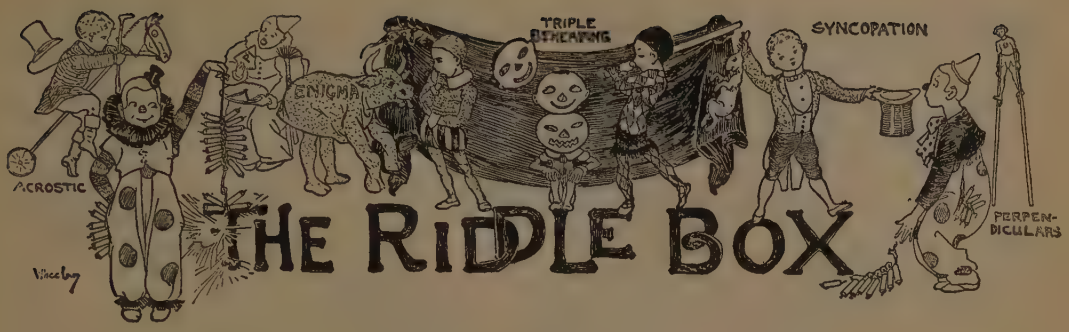
I have read many letters sent to you, and some of them tell of pretty long subscriptions, but I 've not seen any so long as ours. We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for over twenty years, and I hate to think of the time when I 'll be considered by my fond parents too old to have you any longer, for I never will be, really!

We read the serials together and enjoy them all immensely. We especially liked "The Hill of Adventure." I love poetry, too, and I thought the "Wind Chantey," and "My Trees," were perfectly beautiful; and your short stories are *so* interesting, and so—different. I certainly should be lonesome without you!

As for reading serials together, which I have spoken of, the family has done that ever since I can remember. "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Peg O' the Ring," "The Land of Mystery," "The Runaway"—all were just splendid.

Most sincerely yours,

CATHERINE COSSUM (AGE 14).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER

CHARADE. Rap-toe-rye-al; raptorial.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Oliver Goldsmith; third row, Deserted Village. Cross-words: 1. Order. 2. Leers. 3. Inset. 4. Veers. 5. Error. 6. Ratio. 7. Greet. 8. Older. 9. Laver. 10. Drive. 11. Salve. 12. Malay. 13. Irate. 14. Tiger. 15. Heels.

ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. Reach. 2. Chase. 3. Senna. 4. Nacre. 5. Repel. 6. Elate. 7. Tenth. 8. Theme. 9. Medea. 10. Eagle. 11. Legal. 12. Alien. 13. Ended. 14. Edgar. 15. Aryan. 16. Anvil. 17. Ilium. 18. Umber. 19. Error. 20. Oread. 21. Adore.

ANAGRAM WORD-SQUARE. 1. Cone. 2. Oven. 3. Need. 4. Ends.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. S. 2. Pea. 3. Parts. 4. Serious. 5. Atone. 6. Sue. 7. S. II. 1. S. 2. Rap. 3. Redan. 4. Sadiron. 5. Pared. 6. Nod. 7. N. III. 1. S. 2. Spa. 3. Space. 4. Spartan. 5. Actor. 6. Ear. 7. N. IV. 1. N. 2. Fat. 3. Fatal. 4. Natural. 5. Tarry. 6. Lay. 7. L.

DIAGONAL. Plymouth. Cross-words: 1. Preclude. 2. Plebeian. 3. Psychics. 4. Palmiped. 5. Prisoner. 6. Profound. 7. Palliate. 8. Pearlash.

A HOLIDAY PUZZLE. Initials, Merry Christmas; from 1 to 10, Santa Claus; 11 to 18, reindeer; 19 to 31, Christmas tree. Cross-words: 1. Martyr. 2. Eureka. 3. Redeem. 4. Rounce. 5. Yarrow. 6. Cæsar. 7. Hilary. 8. Rustic. 9. Itself. 10. Sesame. 11. Tattoo. 12. Minuet. 13. Affect. 14. Sphinx.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Holidays.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Beethoven. Cross-words: 1. Ruble. 2. Dream. 3. Scent. 4. Satin. 5. Abhor. 6. Kiosk. 7. Havoc. 8. Sheik. 9. Singe.

PI.

Glow, arctic light!
And let my heart, like burnished steel,
That bright, magnetic flame reveal
Which kindles purpose, faith and zeal
For truth and right.

INK BOTTLE PUZZLE. Centrals, Ralph Barbour. Cross-words: 1. R. 2. Bad. 3. Old. 4. Apt. 5. Aches. 6. Babel. 7. Chary. 8. Recurrent. 9. Salubrity. 10. Schooners. 11. Evolution. 12. Restraint.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

"Let us devise
Some entertainment. . . .
Revels, dances, masks, and merry hours."
Love's Labours Lost.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than January 27 and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 333) and give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were duly received from Peggy Johnston—Eleanor Thomas—Ruth Smith—Gertrude R. Jasper—Helen A. Moulton—"The Three R's."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were duly received from Jay Lincoln Leyda, 10—Helen H. McIver, 10—Vera A. Skillman, 10—Kemper Hall Chapter, 10—I. D. R., 10—Elizabeth Tong, 10—Priscilla and her Mother, 10—Mary A. Hurd, 9—K. H. Davis, 9—Dorothy N. Teulon, 8—Valerie Tower, 6—Winnifred Mobbs, 6—"Blackie," 6—Harlan J. Murphy, 5—Jean Dana Noyes, 4—Natalie Fenriche, 3—Peg McDaniel, 3—Louise M. Thompson, 3—Elizabeth Paine, 3—Constance W. Mitchell, 3—Edith K. Page, 2—Vivian Ord, 2—Robert Lilienthal, 2—Henry Jones, 2—Alice Winston, 2—Allan D. Langerfeld, 2—Mary Frances Bacon, 2—Ruth Miller, 1—Molly Mattis, 1—Elizabeth Ivins, 1—Mary S. Watson, 1.

ENDLESS CHAIN

To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first word described to make the first two letters of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the twelfth word will be the first two letters of the first word. The words are of unequal length.

1. To make amends. 2. Poverty-stricken. 3. A power-producing machine. 4. A source of power. 5. A fruit. 6. A poem on husbandry. 7. A pendant mass of ice. 8. Most unimportant. 9. Condition. 10. A bank official. 11. To rub out. 12. A chair.

HELEN DEMETRY (age 9), *League Member.*

PRIMAL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell a certain holiday.

1. The inhabitants of a country, united under a government of their own. 2. To bring to pass. 3. Vehemence. 4. A nickname for a native of New England. 5. To blot out. 6. To waylay. 7. To hold office in turn. 8. Consecrated. 9. A beautiful flower named after a Swedish botanist. 10. Surprised and bewildered. 11. A color.

FLORENCE A. PEASE (age 11), *League Member.*

LETTER-WORDS

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

The following queries may be answered by words pronounced as two letters. EXAMPLE: A feminine name. ANSWER: K. T.

1. Void.
2. A county of England.
3. A feminine name.
4. Chilling.
5. A cotton fabric.
6. Some.
7. A kind of doll.
8. An Indian tent.
9. A number.
10. To be superior.
11. To attempt.
12. Comfortable.
13. Superfluity.
14. To covet.
15. To become corrupt.

JANE WILLIAMS (age 14).

Eleven objects are shown in the above picture and the same syllable may be prefixed to each object. What are the eleven new words?

CONNECTED DIAMONDS

I. 1. In Tennessee. 2. The cry of an animal. 3. An article of furniture. 4. Everything. 5. In Tennessee.

II. 1. In Tennessee. 2. A beverage. 3. Flushed with confidence. 4. A common abbreviation. 5. In Tennessee.

III. 1. In Tennessee. 2. Ancient. 3. A feminine name. 4. A retreat. 5. In Tennessee.

IV. 1. In Tennessee. 2. An animal. 3. Illustrious. 4. An imaginary being. 5. In Tennessee.

V. 1. In Tennessee. 2. A part of the day. 3. To call out. 4. To add to. 5. In Tennessee.

VI. 1. In Tennessee. 2. Epoch. 3. To obliterate. 4. To request. 5. In Tennessee.

The middle letter of each diamond, when set down in order, will spell the name of a famous discoverer.

LESLIE FRIEND (age 9), *League Member.*

CHARADE

My *first* is heard at a circus;
My *last* is seen in a store;
My *whole* is brought from a milliner's,—
I 'll tell you nothing more.

ELIZABETH B. BLOSS (age 12), *League Member.*

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of words. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the surname of a famous philanthropist, and another row will spell the name of the country in which he was born.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fortified residence. 2. An arched passageway. 3. A lodger. 4. To heed. 5. To engage for service. 6. A glimpse. 7. To set on fire. 8. Finishing.

HARRIET L. ROSEWATER (age 15), *League Member.*

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of fifty-one letters and form a quotation from Henry Ward Beecher.

My 14-34-31-44-51 is boisterous. My 9-3-38-18-25 is a course to be traveled. My 36-46-1-20-42 is a ferocious animal. My 12-41-22-28-7 is to change. My 24-16-49-33-27 is to lift. My 17-29-11-39-26 is cooks in a certain way. My 40-19-47-43-5 is a series of connected links. My 35-2-8-48-4 is discovered. My 45-21-13-30-50 is a fish. My 23-37-15-6-32-10 is to originate.

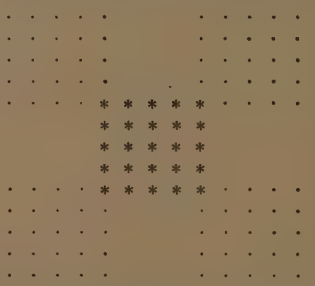
ELLA E. PRESCOTT (age 15), *League Member.*

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

James was asked how old he was. He replied, "I am two-ninths of my father's age, and my sister is one-fifteenth of his age. Four years from now she will be one-seventh of his age and one half of my age." How old were James, his sister, and their father?

BETTY SARGENT (age 12), *League Member.*

CONNECTED SQUARES



I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A missile weapon. 2. To overlay with gold or silver. 3. A county of Michigan. 4. To expiate. 5. To refresh.

II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A brittle substance. 2. An old word meaning "a warning sound." 3. An agreeable odor. 4. A common shrub. 5. A slight flavor.

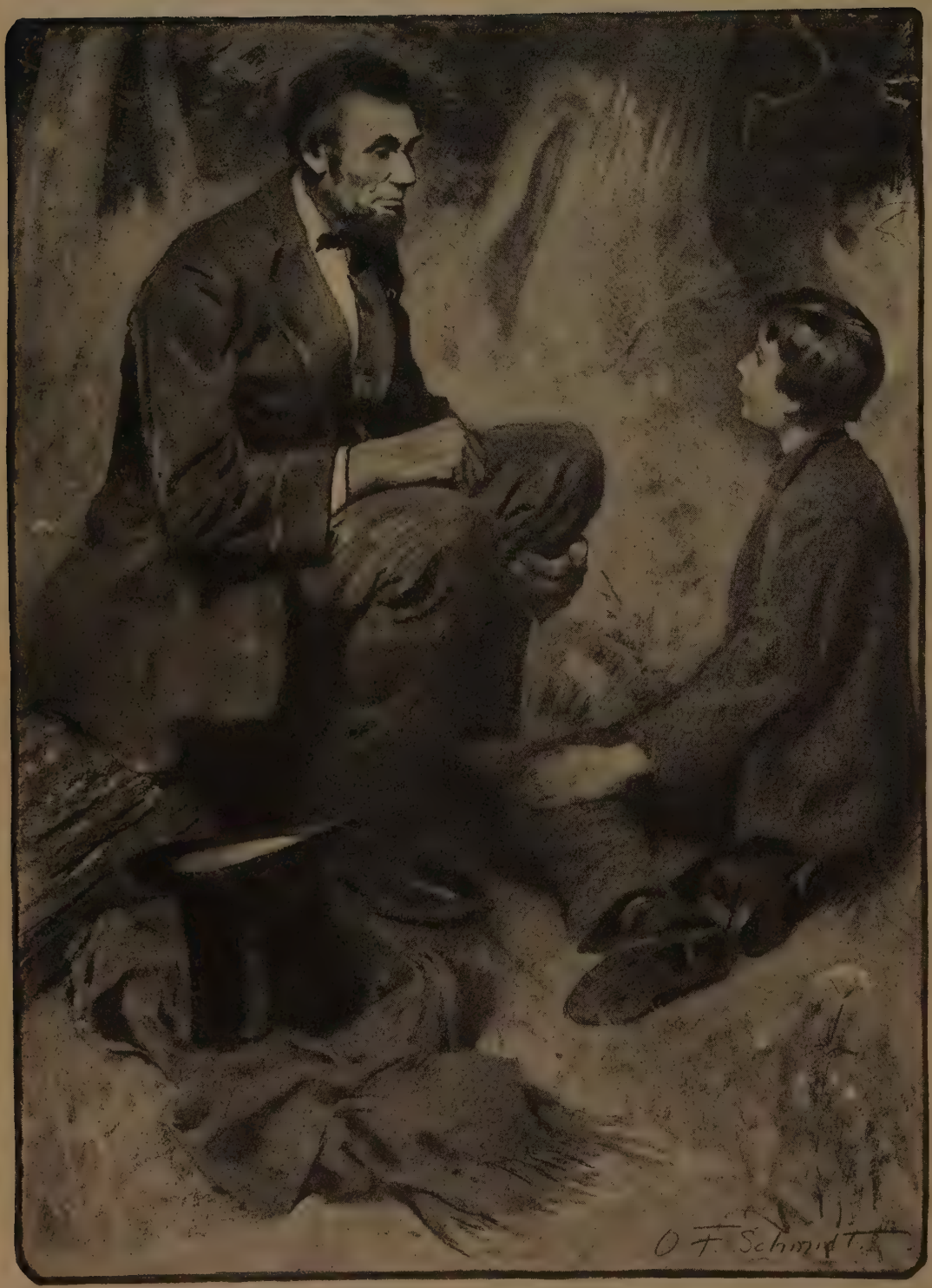
III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A means of locomotion. 2. Sluggish. 3. In ancient geography, a valley in Argolis, eleven miles southwest of Corinth. 4. Eminent. 5. Condition.

IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Tapestry. 2. An old word meaning "to despoil." 3. Rages. 4. Affirms. 5. A Shakespearean interjection.

V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A South African antelope. 2. One afflicted with a certain incurable disease. 3. Speedily. 4. Parts of bottles. 5. Apparel.

NANCY HOUGH, *Honor Member.*

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD



"'YOU AND I ARE PRETTY LAZY, SON,' SAID THE KINDLY MAN"

(*See Page 341*)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. L FEBRUARY, 1923 No. 4

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"AS WE FORGIVE THOSE"

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

THE brothers Ripley were as different in nearly every way as the rapids and still pools of a mountain stream. Perhaps that is why they loved each other in a degree not usually meant by "brotherly love."

Will Ripley was the still pool. He was thoughtful to drowsiness, honest as daylight, mild-tempered, and twenty. He was up north in Pennsylvania somewhere, either alive or dead, for the date of this story is July 7th, 1863, which means, as you can read in the despatches of the time, that the terrible slaughter of Gettysburg was just over. The Ripleys, on their farm near The Soldiers' Home, outside of Washington, had not heard from him.

Although Will was no soldier at heart,—it hurt him even to stick pigs,—he had responded to Lincoln's call for more men two years before, leaving his kid brother Dan at home to help his father and mother. Dan was now fourteen, a high-strung, impetuous, outspoken lad of quick actions and hasty decisions. He was the laughing rapid. But for all his hastiness, he had a head and a heart that could be appealed to, usually. The only thing to which he could not reconcile himself was the separation from Will. Even Will's weekly letters,—which never missed their date except when the army was in retreat, and which always sent messages of love to Dan, coupled with encouragement to stay on the farm as the best way he could aid the cause,—scarcely kept Dan from running off and hunting up his brother. Dan knew that he and his collie, Tam, were needed to look after the sheep; he knew that the President had asked the loyal to raise all the wool possible; he knew that his father was little more than an invalid since he had been hurt some time before by an accident on the farm. But to see the soldiers marching down Pennsylvania Avenue set him wild to be away with them. In fact, Tam seemed to be the anchor that held him; Dan sometimes even thought that he loved Tam next to Will.

The summer of '63 had been unbearably hot. Then there had been an increasingly ominous list of military disasters. Even the loyal were beginning to murmur against Lincoln's management of the war. Then Will's letters had ceased, and Mr. Ripley could get no satisfaction from headquarters. Even Will's uncle, a Colonel Scott, of Illinois, and a friend of Lincoln's, after repeated efforts to influence some officials at the War Department to aid him in securing news, had not been able to see the President, who was the last resort of everybody in those days of tribulation.

Dan was irritable with fatigue and his

secret worry; his family, nearly sick with the heat and tension.

The climax to this state came from an unforeseen event. Tam, either crazed by the heat or some secret taste for blood, ran amuck one night, stampeded the sheep, and did grievous damage. Farmer Ripley doubtless acted on what he considered the most merciful course by having Tam done away with and buried before Dan got back from an errand to the city. But to Dan it seemed, in the first agony of his broken heart, an unforgivable thing. Weariness, worry, and now this knife-sharp woe changed the boy into a heart-sick being who flung himself on the fresh mound behind the barn and stayed there the whole day, despite the entreaties of his mother and the commands of his father.

He shed no tears; tears would have been dried up by the waves of hot anger against his father. And while he lay there, he thought and planned.

That evening his mother carried some food out to him. He did not touch it; he would not talk to her.

Sometime later, as the night wore on, he stole into the house, did up some clothes into a bundle, took the food at hand, and crept from his home. Once more he went to the grave of his slain pal. What he said there, aloud but quietly, need not be told. Sufficient it is to know that a burning resentment toward his father filled him, coupled with a sickening longing to be with his brother Will. Ill with his hasty anger, he thought that Will was the only one in the world who loved or understood him. In the wee hours of morning he left the farm, forever, as he thought, and turned down the wood-road which led to the Soldiers' Home, where he hoped to find some one who could tell him how to get to Will's regiment. The sultry, starless heat of a Washington midsummer enclosed him; the wood was very dark and breathless; his head throbbed. But he pushed on, high-tempered, unforgiving; he would show them all! Suddenly he recollected that he had not said the Lord's Prayer that night. Dan had been strictly raised. He tried saying it, walking. But that seemed sacrilegious. He kneeled in the dark and tried. But when he got to "as we forgive those who trespass against us," he balked, for he was an honest soul. And this new gulf of mental distress was too much for him; it brought the tears.

There in the dark by the roadside, Dan lay and cried himself bitterly into an exhausted sleep.

At the same hour another worn soul, a tall, lean-faced man with eyes full of unspeakable sorrow, was pacing the chamber of the White House. The Rebellion had reached its flood tide at Gettysburg three days before; the President had stayed the flood, bearing in tireless sympathy the weight of countless responsibilities. Now, all day long, the débris of affairs had been borne down upon him—decisions that concerned not only armies, but races; not only races, but principles of human welfare. He was grief-stricken still from Willie's death, and his secretary in the room downstairs, listening unconsciously to the steady march of steps overhead, read into them the pulse-beats of human progress. Lincoln had given instructions that no one was to interrupt him. He was having one of his great spiritual battles.

Finally, shortly before dawn, the footsteps stopped, the secretary's door opened, and the gaunt, gray face looked in. "Stoddard, do you want anything more from me to-night?"

The secretary rose. "I want you in bed, sir. Mrs. Lincoln should not have gone away; you are not fair with her or us."

"Don't reproach me, Stoddard," said Lincoln, kindly; "it had to be settled, and, with God's help, it has been. Now I can sleep. But I must have a breath of air first. There 's nothing?"

"Only the matter of those deserters, sir, and that can wait."

The President passed his hands over his deep-lined face. "Only!" he murmured. "Only! How wicked this war is. It leads us to consider lives by the dozen, by the bale, wholesale. How many in this batch, Stoddard?"

The secretary turned some papers. "Twenty-four, sir. You remember the interview with General Scanlon yesterday."

Lincoln hesitated, saying: "Twenty-four! Yes, I remember. Scanlon said that lenience to the few was injustice to the many. He is right, too." Lincoln held out his hand for the papers; then drew it back and looked up at Stoddard. "I can't decide," he said in a low voice, "not now. Stoddard, you see a weak man. But I want to thresh this out a little longer. I must walk. These cases are killing me; I must get out."

"Let me call an attendant, Mr. Lincoln."

"They 're all asleep. No, I 'll take my chances with God. If anybody wants to kill me, he will do it. You must go to bed, Stoddard."

The two men, each concerned for the other, shook hands in good night, and Lincoln slipped out into the dark, his long legs bearing him rapidly westward. During the heat he usually slept at the Soldiers' Home, being escorted thither by cavalry with sabers drawn. But he hated the noise of it, and, during Mrs. Lincoln's visit in New York, was playing truant to her rules. When he neared the Home he felt slightly refreshed and turned into the woods, drawn by the need of companionship with elements as calm and benignant as forest trees. The sky at his back began to lighten.

By the time dawn showed the ruts in the road, Lincoln realized that he was tired. "Abe, Abe," he said half aloud, "they tell me you used to be a whale at splitting rails, and now a five-mile stroll before breakfast—By jings!" It was his usual "swear," that "by jings!" and this time it was occasioned by his nearly stepping on a lone youngster lying in the road. The boy raised his head from a bundle of clothes; the tall man stooped with tenderness, saying: "Hello, sonny, so you get old Mother Earth to make your bed for you! How 's the mattress?"

Dan sat up and rubbed his eyes. "What are you doin'?" he asked.

"I appear to be waking you, and making a bad job of it," said Lincoln.

"You did n't come to take me, then," said Dan, relieved. "I would n't 'a' gone," he added defiantly.

Lincoln looked at him sharply, his interest aroused by the trace of tears in the boy's eyes and the bravado in his voice. "There 's a misunderstanding here," continued Lincoln, "almost as bad a misunderstanding as Mamie and her mother had over Mr. Riggs, who was the undertaker back home." Here the gaunt man gave a preliminary chuckle. "Ever hear that story, sonny?"

Dan shook his head, wondering how such a homely man could sound so likable. Lincoln seated himself on a fallen tree trunk. "Well, it was this way. Back home there was an old chap used to drive an old rig around collecting rags. And one day when Mamie's ma was inside dusting the parlor, Mr. Riggs, whose job was undertaking, as I said, drops by for a friendly call, and Mamie sings out, country style, "Ma, here 's Mr. Riggs"; and her ma, thinking she 'd said the man for the rags, called back, "Tell him we have n't anything for him to-day."

The joke broke on Dan, after one look at his friend's face, and his quick, impetuous laugh might have disturbed the early-rising birds. Lincoln joined in, and for an instant Dan clean forgot Tam dead and home deserted; and for the same fleet instant Lincoln forgot his troubles in Dan's laugh. "Tell him we have n't anything for him to-day!" repeated the boy, "I 'll sure have to tell that to Fa—" He did n't finish the word, remembering with a pang that he was not going to see his father again.

Lincoln had caught the swift change on his face and it was his turn to wonder. He knew better than to ask questions. You can't fish for a boy's heart with question-marks, neat little fishhooks though they be. So he said, "Our sitting here when we ought to be getting back home reminds me of another story."

"Tell me," said Dan, well won already to this man, despite the gray, lined cheeks and the sadness that colored his voice. Dan did n't know yet who he was. He 'd not seen the cartoons that flooded the country during election, he was too young to go in to the inauguration, and the idea of the President of the United States sitting with him in the woods was too preposterous to cross his mind.

"You and I are pretty lazy, Son," said the kindly man; "but we are n't as lazy as the two darkies in the battle of Chancellorsville. The order came to retire, but those darkies were too lazy to move. Presently, *'Ping!'* a bullet had hit one of the darkey's canteen. " 'Brother,' said the second darkey to him, 'I reckon we ought to be a-movin'.'" I reckon we ought,' said the first; but they did n't move. And it was n't long before the hat of the second darkey was shot clean off. 'Mercy sakes! I reckon we just *ought* to be a-movin',' exclaimed the other darkey, and he half rose to go; but it was too much exertion, and he sank down again, saying, 'Mebbe, if we hangs aroun' a while longer, we kin git *carried* away.' "

When Dan had got over that story, Lincoln said, "Well, since there 's no one to carry us away, sonny, I reckon we just ought to be a-moving, don't you?" He helped the boy with his bundle.

"Are you going to the war, too?" asked Dan. "I am."

"You!" exclaimed Lincoln, "why you 're no bigger than my own Tadpole, and he 's

only a wriggler yet. Does your father know?"

"I reckon he does by now," said the boy, darkly. "Father 's an early riser. You see, he killed my dog without my knowin', and so I lit out without *his* knowin'."

The hardness of the boy's voice hurt Lincoln, who said, "What 's your father's name, sonny?"

"William Ripley, that 's senior. Will, that 's junior, is my brother, off at the war. I 'm Dan. I 'm going to find my brother. I don't care if I never come back. I loved Tam better than—than—" His voice choked.

Lincoln put his hand on his shoulder. He was getting the situation. "Tam was your dog?" asked the big man, as gently as a mother.

"Yeh. And Father should n't 'a' killed him unbeknownst to me. I 'll never forgive him that, never!"

"Quite right," said the wise man, walking with him. "Don't you ever forgive him, Dan. Or don't ever forget it—under one certain condition."

"What 's that?" asked the boy, a trifle puzzled at the unexpected compliance of his elder with his own unforgiving mood.

"Why, that you also never forget all the kind and just things that your father has done for you. Why did he kill the dog, Dan?"

"Well—he—killed—some sheep," said the boy. He would be honest with this tall, gentle, and grave person who understood so readily.

"How old are you Dan?"

"Fourteen, going on fifteen."

"That 's quite a heap," said Lincoln, musingly, "quite a heap! In fourteen years a father can pile up a lot of good deeds. But I suppose he 's done a lot of mean ones to cancel 'em off, has he?"

"No," admitted Dan.

His frankness pleased the President. "I congratulate you, Dan. You 're honest. I want to be honest with you and tell you a story that is n't funny, for we 're both in the same boat, as I size up this proposition—yes, both in the same boat. I am in the army, in a way; at least, I 'm called Commander-in-Chief, and occasionally they let me meddle a little with things."

"Honest?" said Dan, opening his eyes very wide. He had been so absorbed in his own disasters that he had accepted this curious, friendly acquaintance, as a fellow will, without questions. But now, although the forefront of his consciousness was very active with the conversation, the misty background was trying to make him compare this man with a certain picture in the family album, with another one pasted on the dining-room-cupboard door, the same loose-hung person, only this one had a living rawness—maybe it was bigness—about him that the pictures did n't give, like a tree, perhaps. But it could n't *be* the President talking to him, Dan. If it was, what would the folks at home— And again his thought stopped. There were to be no more "folks at home" for him.

"Honest Injin, Dan. But sometimes they yell when I do meddle. There 's a case on now. Last night I pretty nearly had twenty-four men shot."

"Whew!"

"But I had n't quite decided, and that 's the reason I came out here in God's own woods. And I 'm glad I came, for you 've helped me decide."

"I have!" said Dan, astonished, "to shoot them?"

"No! Not to. You showed me the case in a new light. Here you are, deserting home, deserting your father, bringing sorrow to him and to your mother, who have sorrows enough with Will in danger and all; you 're punishing your father because he did one deed that he could n't very well help, just as if he 'd been a mean man all his life. And it 's like that with my twenty-four deserters, Dan, very like that. They 've served years, faithfully. Then, can any one thing they do be so gross, so enormously bad, as to blot out all the rest, including probably a lifetime of decent living? I think not. Is a man to blame for having a pair of legs that play coward once? I think not, Dan. I tell you what I 'll do, sonny," and the tall man stopped in the road, a new light shining in his cavernous, sad eyes, "I 'll make a bargain with you. If you 'll go home and forgive your father, I 'll go home and forgive my twenty-four deserters. Is that a bargain?"

The boy had been shaken, but it was difficult to change all at once. "It is hard to forgive," he murmured.

"Some day you 'll find it hard not to," said the great man, putting out his huge palm for the boy to shake. "Is n't that a pretty good bargain, Dan? By going home, by ceasing to be a deserter yourself, you will save the lives of twenty-four men. Won't you be merciful? Perhaps God will remem-

"'I 'LL MAKE A BARGAIN WITH YOU'"

ber sometime and forgive you some trespass even as you forgive now."

Something of last night's horror, when he could not say the prayer, and something of the melting gentleness of the new friend before him touched the boy. He took Lincoln's hand, saying, "All right. That 's a go."

"Yes, a go home," smiled Lincoln. "I suppose I 'll have to turn, now."

"Where 's your home?" asked the boy, knowing, yet wishing to hear the truth, to be very sure; for now he *could* tell the folks at home.

"The White House," replied Lincoln, "but I wish I were going back to the farm with you."

The boy heard him vaguely, his jaw was sagging. "Then you—are the President?"

Lincoln nodded, enjoying the boy's wonder. "And your servant, don't forget," added Lincoln. "You have been a help to me in a hard hour, Dan. Generals or no generals, I 'll spare those men. Any time that I can do anything for you, drop in, now that you know where to find me."

The boy was still speechless with his assured elation.

"But you 'd better— Wait," and Lincoln began hunting through his pockets; "you 'd better let me give you a latch-key. The man at the door 's a sort of stubborn fellow, for the folks will pester the life out of him. Here—"

And finding a card and a stub of a pencil, he wrote:

Please admit Dan'l Ripley on demand.
A. Lincoln.

"How 's that?"

"Thank you," said Dan, as proud as a cockerel. "I reckon I should 'a' guessed it was you, but those stories you told kind o' put me off."

"That 's sometimes why I tell them," and Lincoln smiled again. "It 's not a bad morning's work—twenty-four lives saved before breakfast, Dan. You and I ought to be able to stow a mighty comfortable meal. Good-by, sonny."

And so they parted. The man strode back the way he had come; the boy stood looking, looking, and then swiftly wheeled and sped. He had been talking to the President, to Abraham Lincoln, and hearing such talk as he never had heard before; but especially the words "You have been a help to me in a hard hour, Dan"—those words trod a regular path in his brain. He ran, eager to get to the very home he had been so eager to leave. Forgiveness was in his heart, but chiefly there was a warm and heady pride. He had been praised by Abraham Lincoln! Of this day he would talk to the end of time. Dan did not know that the major part of the day, the greatest in his life, was still to come. Certainly the dawning of it had been very beautiful.

Breathless and eye-bright with anticipation of telling his tale, he leaped the fences, ran up to the back door, and plunged into his house. The kitchen was quiet. A misgiving ran over him; were they all out in search of him? Would he have to postpone his triumph?

In the dining-room, a half-eaten meal was cooling. He explored on, and, coming out on the spacious front of the house, found them—found them in an inexplicable group around a uniformed officer. Tears were streaming down his mother's cheeks. His father, still pale from his accident, looked ashen and shriveled. They turned at Dan's approach. He expected that this scene of anguish would turn to smiles upon his discovery. He was amazed to find that his return gave them the merest flurry of relief, and alleviated their sorrow not at all.

"Danny dear, where have you been?" asked his mother.

"The Lord must have turned you about and sent you home in answer to our prayers," said his father.

And then they turned back to the officer, pleading, both talking at once, weeping. Dan felt hurt. Did his return, his forgiveness mean so little to them? He might as well have gone on. Then he caught the officer's words. "Colonel Scott can do no more, Madam. The President cannot see him, and more pardons are not to be hoped for."

Mrs. Ripley turned and threw her arm across Dan's shoulders. "Danny—Danny—you are our only son now. Will was—" and she broke down completely.

"Will was found asleep while on duty, Dan, and—"

"Is to be shot?" asked the boy. "I wonder if he was one of the twenty-four." They looked at him, not understanding.

"The Lord has restored you to us. If we could only pray in sufficient faith, he could restore Will," said Farmer Ripley, devoutly. "Dear, let us go in and pray. We should release this gentleman to his duty. We can pray, dearest."

Dan realized with a sudden clearness that his brother, his beloved, was to be taken from him as Tam had been taken. It shook his brain dizzy for a moment; but he knew that he must hold on to his wits—must think. There was Abraham Lincoln, *his friend!*

"You pray," he cried to his father, shrilly, "and I 'll run."

"Run where, dear? Will is in Pennsylvania."

"To the White House, Mother. He said, 'Any time I can do anything for you, drop in.' *Any thing*, Mother. Surely he 'll—"

"Who?" cried both his parents.

"Why, the President, Mr. Lincoln!"

"But the President is busy, dear. This gentleman says that Cousin Andrew has not been able to see him, and he is a colonel, you know."

"He 'll see me—I know he will!" said Dan. "Look! We have a secret together, the President and I have." And the boy showed his card and poured out his story.

The mother saw a break in her gray heaven, saw the bright blue of hope.

"We must go at once," she said. "Father, you are not able to come with us, but pray here for us."

"Please take my horse and wagon," said the officer.

"Yes," said Dan, "let 's hurry. Oh, I 'm glad, I 'm so glad!" And the joy at his lucky turning-back shone in his face as he helped his mother into the vehicle.

"May God help you!" said the officer.

"He often does," said the boy, thinking.

It was high noon when the doorkeeper of the White House, hardened into a very stony soul by the daily onslaught of Lincoln-seekers, saw an impetuous youth leap from a light carriage and drag a woman up the portico steps toward him.

"In which room is the President?" asked Dan.

"He 's very busy," said the doorkeeper, probably for the five-hundredth time that morning. "Have you an appointment?"

"No, but he said drop in when I wanted; and what 's more, here 's my 'latch-key,'" and Dan, trembling a little with haste and pride, showed him the card "A. Lincoln" had written.

The man looked quizzically at it and at him. "In that case," he said drily, "you 'd better step into the waiting-room there."

There must have been forty or fifty people crowded into the anteroom, each on some errand urgent. Some were in uniform; all looked tired, impatient, important. Dan saw the situation and knew that Lincoln could never see them all. He whispered to his mother and put her in a chair, then went up to the door-boy and asked if the President was in the next room. The boy admitted the fact, but would not admit anything further, including Dan. The looks on the faces of the waiting-room people deepened in annoyance. "Does this urchin" (said their looks) "expect to see the President to-day, when so many more important persons (such as we) are kept waiting?"

Death has small regard for persons, and, in this respect, boys come next to death. Dan, not caring for etiquette when his brother might be shot at any moment, slipped under the arm of the door-boy and bolted into the room.

Lincoln was standing by the window. He looked around in surprise at the noise of Dan Ripley's entry, recognized his walking partner, made a motion for the door-boy, who had one irate hand on Dan, to withdraw, and said: "Why, Dan, I 'm glad to see you so soon again. You 're just in time to back me up. Let me introduce you to General Scanlon."

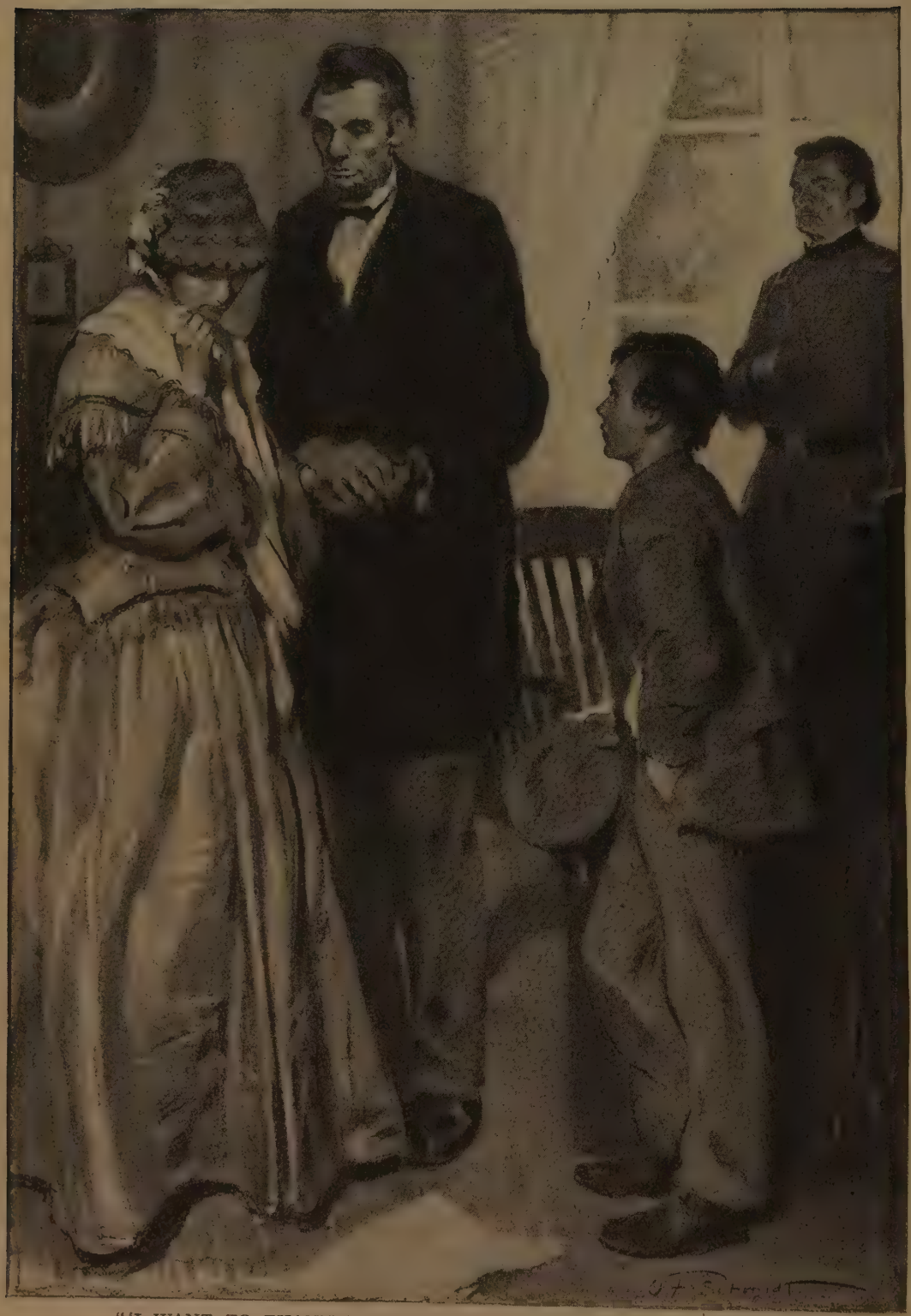
Dan looked into the amazed and angry eyes of a Union general who, practically ignoring the boy, went on to say: "Mr. President, I repeat, that unless these men are made an example of, the army itself may be in danger. Mercy to these twenty-four means cruelty to near a million."

The President, worn not only from his sleepless night, but from the incessant strain of things, looked grave, for the general spoke truth. He turned to Dan, "Did you go home, sonny?"

Dan nodded.

"Then I shall keep my half of the bargain. General, this boy and I each walked the woods half the night carrying similar troubles, trying to decide whether it was best to forgive. We decided that it was best, as the Bible says, even to seventy times seven. Dan, how did your folks take it?"

Dan spoke quickly. "It would 'a' killed them if I 'd run off for good, for they just got word that my brother Will—you know I told you about him—is to be shot for sleeping on watch. I just know he was tired out—he did n't go to sleep on purpose. I told my mother that you would n't let him be shot, if you knew."



"'I WANT TO THANK YOU SIR. OH, THANK YOU, THANK YOU!'"

Lincoln groaned audibly and turned away to the window for a moment. The general snorted.

"I brought my mother in to see you, too," said Dan, "seeing as she would n't quite believe what I said about our agreement."

Lincoln looked at the boy, and his sunken eyes glistened. "I agreed for twenty-four lives," he said; "but I don't mind throwing in an extra one for you, Dan."

And this time the general groaned.

"Stoddard," added the President, "will you see if there is a Will Ripley on file?" The secretary left the room. Lincoln turned abruptly to the general. "You have heard me," he said. "I, with the help of God and this boy, threshed out the matter to a conclusion, and we only waste time to discuss it further. If I pardon these deserters, it surely becomes a better investment for the United States than if I had them shot—twenty-four live fighters in the ranks, instead of that many corpses under ground. There are too many weeping widows now. Don't ask me to add to the number, *for I won't do it!*"

It was rarely that Lincoln was so stirred. There was a strange silence. Then the secretary entered with, "Yes, sir, a Will Ripley is to be executed to-morrow, for sleeping on duty. The case was buried in the files; it should have been brought to you earlier."

"Better for the case to be buried than the boy," said the President. "Give me the paper, Stoddard."

"Then you will!" said Dan, trembling with joy.

"I don't believe that shooting the boy will do him any good," said Lincoln, as the pen traced the letters of his name, beneath this message, "Will Ripley is not to be shot until further orders from me."

Dan looked at it. "That 's great! Oh, thank you!" he said, "Can I bring Mother in to see it—and to see you?" he asked.

The President looked down into the shining face and could not refuse. In a jiffy, Dan had dragged his mother into the presence. She was all confusion; the general was red with irritation.

She read the message; it did n't seem quite clear to her. "Is that a pardon? Does that mean that he won't be shot at all?"

"My dear Madam," replied Lincoln, kindly, "evidently you are not acquainted with me. If your son never looks on death till orders come from me to shoot him, he will live to be a great deal older than Methusaleh!"

She stretched out both her hands, crying, "I want to thank you, sir. Oh, thank you, thank you!"

"Thank Dan here," said Lincoln. "If he had not let the warmth of forgiveness soften his heart, Will Ripley would have died. And perhaps, if I had not met him in the woods at dawn, I might have gone into eternity with the blood of these twenty-four men on my hands. Dan helped me."

The boy looked as one transfigured. Lincoln went on: "And all this only confirms my notion that it is selfish, stupid, and destructive not to forgive if you 've got a loophole for forgiveness left. It reminds me of a little story. Will you excuse me another moment, General?" The pink officer bowed stiffly and Lincoln said: "One of my neighbors back home was a Quaker named Silas Greene, and he was known as a very mild and forgiving man. He was so mild-tempered that his wife could not even induce him to shoot the chickens which persisted in scratching up her garden. 'Consider, dear,' Silas used to say, 'consider the hen. Any creature that is so useful before it is born and after it is dead deserves a little consideration during its short lifetime, does n't thee think?'"

Everybody in the room laughed but the general. The President concluded: "And that 's the way I feel about these erring soldiers, Mrs. Ripley. We must consider what they have done and what they will do, as intently as we consider the wrong of the moment. Good-by, Dan, we shall both remember to-day with easy consciences."

THE waiting crowd in the anteroom could not understand, of course, why that intruder of a boy who had dragged the woman in to see the President so unceremoniously should bring her out on his arm with such conscious pride. They could not understand why the tears were rolling down her cheeks at the same time that a smile glorified her face. They did not see that the boy was walking on air, on light. But the dullest of them could see that he was radiant with a great happiness.

And if they could have looked past him and pierced the door of the inner room with their wondering glances, they could have seen a reflection of Dan's joy still shining on the somber, deep-lined face of the man who had again indulged himself in—mercy.

BOY SCOUTS RAISING THE FLAG ON THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK BUILDING
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

THE MANHOOD OF TO-MORROW

In tribute to the thirteenth anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America

By JOSEPH B. AMES

Author of "Under Boy Scout Colors"

SEVERAL years ago in a suburban town a number of representative men gathered together to discuss the forming of a local Boy Scout Council. At that meeting, doubts were expressed by two or three as to whether the permanent value of such an organization would be worth the time and trouble and personal attention involved.

"Of course, we believe in the Boy Scout movement," said one. "We know it 's a good thing in keeping the boys occupied and saving them from hanging around street corners and getting into bad company. That 's a well-known fact. But in this particular town is n't it rather a duplication of effort? Have n't we already enough welfare and other organizations which will accomplish virtually the same result?"

This sort of criticism, from the average looker-on, the man who knows a little and judges superficially without really informing himself, is perhaps the most common one with which the Boy Scout organization has to contend.

You see a passing crowd of boys off on a Saturday hike, laughing, joking, indulging, more likely than not, in a little horse-play along the way. In summer you motor past a Boy Scout camp at a moment when the inmates are enjoying their morning swim. Of course, they yell and shout and duck each other and seem to be generally raising Cain, as boys always have and always will under such conditions. You chance to read in your local paper of this troop or that giving a play, or entertainment, or sociable at their headquarters, and perhaps you remember, with a touch of envy, that in your own youth no such organization existed for the purpose of giving the boys such a "jolly good time."

What you did not see, what you can not well know unless you are actively and vitally interested in this great movement, is all that lies beneath these surface details. The prog-

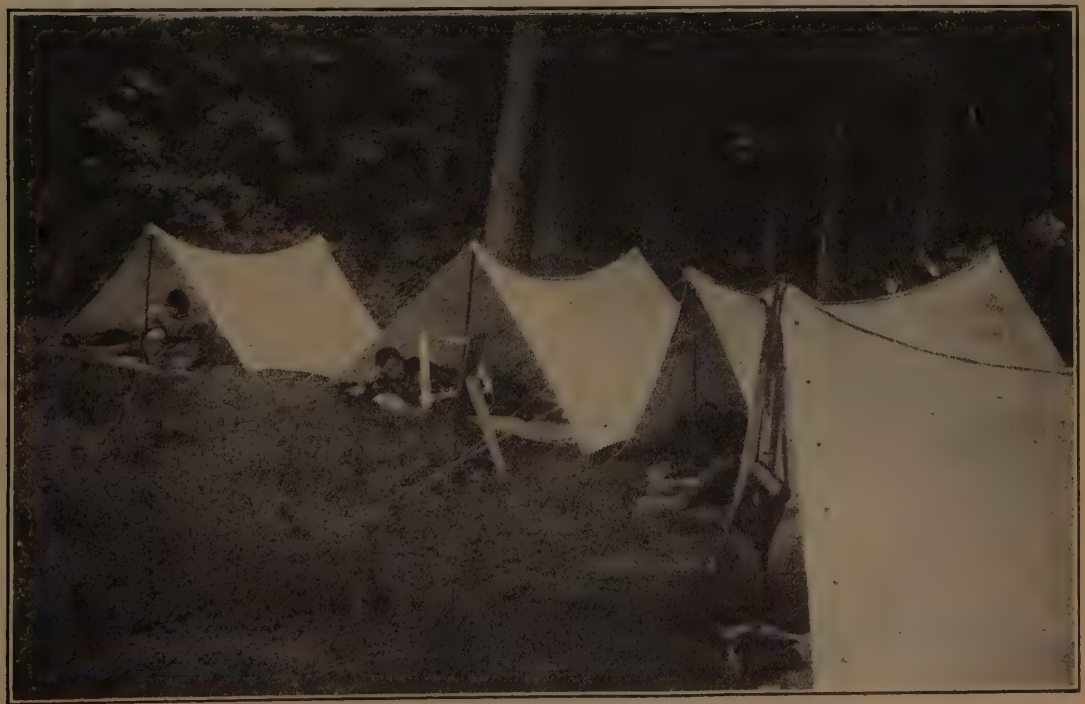
ress of that hike was not all fooling and laughter. Quite the contrary. Back of it was the absorbing study of nature, the mastering of woodcraft science, the tracking, the learning to make a fire without matches, cooking in the open, the score of other practical and valuable details which was the real object of the hike. In speeding past the lake, you missed the classes in swimming and life-saving. What means had you of knowing anything about the careful discipline of the camp, the instruction, the adroit mingling of work and play by which those sympathetic, tactful adult leaders foster so wonderfully the spirit of obedience and self-reliance, the ability to take care of himself—and others—under unfamiliar and sometimes difficult conditions, in even the shyest, most backward, or tenderly nurtured boy? The weekly meetings at the troop headquarters are far from being all fun and entertainment. There are at times, to be sure, games and songs and story-telling. But these are the lighter interludes, moments of relaxation in a program of work and study against which most boys, unless it were presented to them in a form so interesting and stimulating, would instantly and forcibly rebel.

That is—at first! Afterward comes the thrill of accomplishment, the joy of doing something worth while, either with brain or hand, a little better than the next fellow.

MANY SCOUTS ARE RADIO EXPERTS

He reacts readily to the constant, healthful sense of competition and stimulation which is present in every well-conducted troop.

In every boy worth his salt, there is an



AN HOUR OF REST IN THE BUSY LIFE OF A SCOUT CAMP

irresistible fund of energy which constantly seeks an outlet. He is imaginative, romantic, constructive, but, above all, amazingly active. During the greater part of his waking hours he must be doing something, and if the proper outlet is denied him, more likely than not his sheer exuberance leads him into mischief, if not to worse.

With great insight, the founders of the Boy Scout movement made use of this dominating characteristic as the basis of their program. Instead of stoning birds and squirrels, the scout is taught to foster and protect the dwindling wild life. He feeds the birds in winter, constructs and erects houses for their use, studies their habits and becomes their friend, finding in the process a much truer and more lasting pleasure than in the sight of some maimed and helpless wild thing fighting desperately for life, or the sight of a limp, still fluff of feathers lying on the snow.

He comes to appreciate the value and beauty of a stately forest tree as against the distorted, mangled ruin produced by a few minutes thoughtless, idle hacking with an ax.

A LESSON IN FIRST AID

He discovers of his own accord the satisfaction of a growing proficiency in first aid, in wigwagging and wireless, in doing things with wood and metal. He has a pride in his troop, his order, in himself, and in the growing recognition of the community. He obeys the scout oath and laws, not because he has promised, but because he wants to. The scout motto, "Be Prepared," means more to

A SCOUT AND HIS DOG—THE SCOUT IS THE ONE ON THE RIGHT

him than just mere words. Instead of a drudgery or something to be got over, perfunctorily and as easily as possible, the daily good turn becomes a keen pleasure.

Thirteen years ago this month the Boy Scouts of America was merely an idea. Today it has nearly 500,000 active members, and over 123,000 men are giving voluntary service as scout-masters, troop committeemen, and members of local councils. In those thirteen years, upward of 2,000,000 boys have been scouts.

The organization is indorsed by virtually all the religious bodies. It is recognized by the schools as a valuable supplementary aid to education. Many of the colleges have installed courses in scouting, and such organizations as the American Legion, Rotarians, Kiwanis, Elks, and others, show a warm interest in the movement for better boyhood, and on many occasions have rendered substantial assistance in leadership and by financial support.

Perhaps the greatest step forward in the past year or two is a growing tendency to recognize in the Boy Scouts an important civic aid in all sorts of situations and emer-

gencies. In many communities the regulation of traffic at dangerous crossings is turned over to them at specified times. They are looked to, as a matter of course, to perform special services at parades and other public gatherings where large crowds are involved. They have done, and are constantly doing, valuable work in connection with anti-fly and anti-mosquito campaigns, in city clean-ups, acting as sanitary squads in schools, and the like. In many towns they serve as regular firemen's aids, responding to every fire-alarm, patrolling burned districts, preventing looting, keeping back crowds, and performing many other services.

tell. They range from bringing a pail of water to a thirsty horse, to saving human life. Many of them, of necessity, are trifling and unimportant; others sometimes, alas! end in the supreme sacrifice. But all are dominated by the same spirit—the spirit of service to others, the service which neither seeks nor expects reward or even recognition.

Impossible, you say, incredible, exaggerated! On the contrary, what I have narrated is made up of simple facts, and then not a tenth of the story is told. By working on a vital, basic trait of youth, by suggestion and precept, never by coercion or compulsion, the immense, abounding energy of boy-

THE SIXTH LAW OF THE SCOUTS IS KINDNESS, ESPECIALLY TO ANIMALS

To their work in connection with great disasters, the public press bears admirable tribute. During the influenza epidemic in 1918 they were tireless in their efforts to help the overworked doctors and nurses. During the Pueblo and San Antonio floods they were promptly on the spot, and more than one life was saved through their skill and devotion. At the Knickerbocker Theater tragedy in Washington last winter, they were among the first to reach the scene and served in relays until all the injured had been removed from the crushed and ruined building.

These are merely examples taken from scores of similiar instances. Of individual personal good turns, there is no space to

hood has been directed into the right channel and a seeming miracle has been performed.

The Boy Scouts of America has, in short, become in these thirteen years a definite and recognized institution of our country. It is to-day a leading factor in the reduction of juvenile delinquency, a powerful Americanizing influence, a molder of character, a maker of good citizens. And when one considers those two million boys whose formative years have been passed under its influence, one looks to the future with more serenity and confidence. For the boyhood of to-day is the manhood of to-morrow; and there is every cause for conviction that those boys who have been scouts will in their time be real men in every meaning of the word.

THE REDUCING CLUB

By MARGARET TAYLOR MACDONALD

THE "QUIET-HOURS" proctor stood hesitatingly in the corridor in front of room 428 and shifted bath-towel, tooth-brush, and soap-box from one uneasy, bath-robed arm to the other. She was a timid girl, rather chubby and appealing-looking, flushed as to

"A TIMID GIRL, RATHER CHUBBY AND APPEALING-LOOKING"

cheeks and damp as to hair—signs which betokened a rapid exit from the tub. For the quiet-hours proctor was feeling the great responsibility of her position—and tubs must not be taken after ten o'clock. That would be an even more heinous crime than the noise which was issuing from room 428—a loud, rumbling noise with plenty of dull thuds, giggles, and one hearty laugh mingling with it. The quiet-hours proctor rehearsed rapidly under her breath, "Do you people know it 's after ten?" and stepped one step nearer the door. She had raised a timid hand to knock, when a figure appeared from around the corner near the stairs. It wore the hat and trim suit and carried the hat-box and small suitcase which are the marks of the week-ender.

"Hullo there, Alice Harvey!" it said, in a penetrating whisper. "Help me with this hat-box and I 'll bless you f'rever. The mean old elevator-man would n't bring me up because it 's after ten."

The quiet-hours proctor dropped bath-towel, tooth-brush, and soap-box in an orderly pile and ran softly to the rescue.

"Goodness, Maud! What a noise!" ejaculated the week-ender, as they reached room 428. "I can plainly see that my room-mates need my steadying influence. You 're proctor this week, are n't you? Well, come on in, my dear, and I 'll help you give them a call-down." She threw open the door without ceremony, and was nearly knocked down by a rolling object which collided with the hat-box. The object, after a few bewildered seconds, picked itself up, and evolved into a short, stocky girl, clad in middy and bloomers. She leaned against the door-jamb, scarlet-faced and panting.

The week-ender glanced comprehensively around the room. Three flushed and giggling gym-clad figures sprawled on the couch, while, cross-legged on the window-seat, sat another small figure, who occasionally imperiled her equilibrium by bending double with convulsive mirth.

"Sh-shut the door, for goodness' sake!" gasped some one.

"Too late, my children, too late," returned the week-ender, gently pushing in the hat-box and pulling in the quiet-hours proctor. "Alice was just going to give you a call-down, when I asked her to help me in with my things."

"A-a- just a warning," murmured the quiet-hours proctor, embarrassed.

"We 're awfully sorry, Alice. Really, we did n't realize how much noise we were making." A tall girl with nice frank eyes extricated herself from the couch and stood up.

"Phew! that 's my third warning. It 's the self-gov board for me!" The small figure on the window-seat uncrossed her legs and swung them down. "Wish you 'd been in it, Betsy," she addressed the week-ender, "then I 'd have you for consolation. Have a piece of cake, Alice, before you go."

But the quiet-hours proctor, abashed at

the havoc she had created, had crept quietly away.

"We 'd better go too," said the two on the couch and she who had been lately the rolling object. "Good night, and thanks for the party, and remember to-morrow night—nine-thirty—" They tiptoed out, and a suppressed giggle floated back from the corridor.

"Girls! What does this mean?" said the week-ender, attempting the inimitable tones of the boarding-school teacher. She flopped

"'HULLO THERE, ALICE HARVEY!'"

down upon the cot, pulled off her hat, removed a troublesome hair-pin from her curly hair, and surveyed the still giggling three. Since their guests had departed they seemed even more convulsed.

"The joke 's on Jo!" gasped Theo, the tall girl who had answered Alice Harvey.

"Well, I 'm not so sure," replied the small figure on the window-seat, shaking her straight wisps of light hair out of her eyes. "I 'd say it was on Marge and you just as much. Look what you 've got yourselves into—" And she bent double again.

"For mercy's sake, tell me what you mean before I go crazy," begged Betsy. "Marge, you begin."

Marge took a long breath. "Well, you see," she began, "Jo was going to have a party—"

"And Jo *did* have a party," broke in Jo. "You can't deny that."

"And she said she 'd provide the food," went on Marge, oblivious of interruptions, "if we 'd help serve it. It was going to be a sort of charity party to entertain those forlorn-looking freshmen who live down the hall. And she thought she 'd be real plutocratic and give 'em chicken à la King—" Here her composure gave way and she began to laugh helplessly again.

"Betsy, it was just this way," Jo went on. "That new man down in the grocery store said two cans were enough to feed six people, and I believed him, of course—besides, it says so on the can!"

"Show Betsy the size of the can, somebody," gasped Theo; and Marge dove under the couch and produced two mutilated tin cans about four inches in length and three in diameter.

"He said you just added water—" began Jo.

"We *did*," said Theo, drowning her out. "And the stuff *shrank* right before our eyes. There was about enough for two people. And that was *all* Jo had provided except a cake and crackers and jam and olives. And Marge and I had n't even thought of asking Jo about the stuff till the party was almost ready to begin. But Marge—Marge was tactful. Marge will make a perfect hostess some day. Marge will always get out of any fix whatever without making a break—Marge—"

"Well, what did Marge *do?*" Betsy was growing curious.

"I did the only thing there was to do," broke in Marge, in her slightly drawling voice, a beautifully assumed abused expression in her brown eyes. "I spread the chicken à la King as far as it would go on three crackers and gave it to the guests."

"And when they asked why we were n't eating any of it, she said—that is she *insinuated*—we were all reducing." Jo nearly fell off the window-seat again.

"But it was Theo who really made the thing plausible," said Marge. "Theo has an inventive mind, and, before any one could say anything, she was telling about the new club she wanted to organize. First time *I* had heard anything about it, but Theo seemed to have it all planned out. She said we were going to contribute fifteen cents a

week, and, at the end of the week or month, the person who had reduced the most got all the money. That was so there would be an extra incentive—commercial as well as esthetic. I wish you could have heard her! She got them all so interested that they just ate mechanically and forgot to notice that we were making up on cake and jam and olives for losing out on the chicken King."

"I 'm to be official measurer and weigher of the great club," put in Jo. "Want to join, Betsy?"

"I might have known that you kids would go and do something crazy if I left you," said Betsy, severely.

"Don't cast asparagus at my plan," returned Theo. "We 're to meet every night from nine-thirty to ten for reducing-exercises. We began right away to-night, to counteract the effect of the party. You really ought to join, Betsy. You need it. We all do!" And she smiled complacently at them all.

"Well, maybe *I* do," owned Betsy. "I don't see that *you* need it very much. You are tall and you never will be small; but I should n't call you fat. Goodness knows, if Jo tries to reduce, what will become of her. There won't be any Jo left. But there, I 'll join," Betsy agreed. "I suppose I 'll have to uphold the family honor. And don't you think it would be a good idea to ask Alice Harvey to join? She certainly needs it. And besides, she 'll make everybody stop making a noise after ten, and we won't run the risk of call-downs every night."

"Betsy, you certainly have brains!" said Theo, admiringly. "I 'd run down and ask her now, but I s'pose she 's asleep."

Thus the famous Reducing Club was founded—the club which was to go down in the annals of the college and become a topic in Dr. Coddington's hygiene lectures to the freshmen for years to come. Just why and how is evident from its brilliant, but brief, career.

Its first invited member was Alice Harvey, who accepted with alacrity. She became the most rampant of the reducers. Her attendance at the 9:30 sessions was most faithful. She turned to reducing with the same conscientious zeal that she had for her proctor's office. Indeed, several times she even forgot that important duty so far as not to hear the ten-o'clock bell. And at those times the seniors who lived beneath 428 appeared, with threats of reporting them all to the self-government board.

The other girls were almost appalled at the change in Alice. She had always been a rather timid, shy girl, usually on the outskirts of all the fun—never entering in. But reducing was evidently her strong point, and, as the other members of the club were novices in the gentle art, she took the lead, rather eclipsing Theo, who had been elected president. Alice had much literature on the subject of reducing, which she distributed during rest periods. Under her tutelage, the Reducing Club became not exactly what one might term a quiet and retiring organization. It went into things with a vim. It rolled. It skipped rope. It did deep-knee bending. it touched the floor without bending its knees. It went through all sorts of complicated calisthenics, and rolled again between each set. Jo's asthmatic victrola endeavored to furnish invigorating music. And those who lived in the neighborhood of 428 made it a point to go somewhere else between 9:30 and 10.

The founders of the club who were not of such a size that reducing was absolutely necessary to endure life began to find the approved reducing exercises a bore and substituted others more interesting. While others rolled, Jo and Marge practiced a series of balancing stunts, which later proved an important acquisition at the Hall Stunt-party; Betsy skipped rope or tried esthetic dancing. But their heavier and more conventional sisters, led by Alice Harvey, were contented with the more accepted sorts of reducing-exercises. Marge was a little worried for fear that, as founders and officers, they were not living up to the spirit of the club, but Theo reassured her. Any exercise, she argued, ought to reduce one.

Despite the lack of proper spirit on the part of the founders, the club still flourished. With unfailing regularity, the members appeared at 9:30. And soon the rest periods between exercises were devoted to a new discussion—dieting. Dieting, Alice informed them, was the necessary complement of exercise for reducing. Many exciting evenings followed, in which arguments pro and con as to different forms of diet were put forth in terms of calories and vitamines and other strange new names.

As the founders of the reducing club had somewhat chafed under Alice's rigid system of exercises, still more did they chafe under the prospect of dieting.

"I 'm too hungry at meals," objected Jo. "And I won't give up my dessert. The

"THE REDUCING CLUB BECAME NOT EXACTLY A QUIET AND RETIRING ORGANIZATION"

college does n't give us half enough anyway —one forlorn little cookie apiece for lunch."

"By giving up that cookie," Alice remarked, importantly consulting a small pamphlet, "you lose—er—er about 187 calories, I should judge."

"Well, I might give up potatoes every other day," Jo conceded, "but not dessert!"

And Theo seconded her.

"Why, I thought all you people began dieting before exercising," said Alice, laboriously trying to touch the floor without bending her knees.

Theo and Jo looked a little embarrassed.

"It 's Marge who started the dieting," they explained.

"*I* eat neither potatoes nor dessert," Alice went on, and did not notice their embarrassment.

"What *do* you eat, Allie?" asked one of the girls, coming up from a lengthy roll. "I never see you in the dining-room any more."

"I—I 'm trying a new diet," Alice answered cautiously.

"Tell us," and the Reducing Club crowded around curiously. But Alice refused to divulge anything except that she had found out an absolutely sure and quick way to lose pounds and pounds. She refused to tell any more, assuring them that in a few weeks, when she had lost these pounds and pounds, she would let them into the secret.

THE SENIORS LIVING BELOW THREATENED TO REPORT THEM

As the days went on, the founders of the club became more and more disquieted at the way the other club-members were leaning toward dieting.

"Honestly, Theo," said Betsy, one evening just before dinner, "do you think it 's right for people to diet the way some of the girls are doing? Why, Mildred Palmer does n't have a thing but milk for two whole days, sometimes."

"Oh, bother 'em all!" groaned poor Theo, to whom this subject was proving a worry. "It 's up to them, if they want to kill themselves. I wish I was n't president of this organization. Every third person I meet on the campus asks me if I 'd recommend a milk diet or a fruit diet or some other kind of diet. I 'm tired to death of it." She threw herself at full length on the couch and scowled angrily.

"Oh, Theo," said Jo, in particularly sweet tones, "I found a note on your door-pad from a freshman, asking about a new diet—"

"If anybody says diet to me again—" threatened Theo. And luckily for Jo, a knock interrupted the conversation.

One of the maids stood there with a small

notice in her hand. Miss Theodora Coldenham was wanted at the warden's office immediately.

"What have you been a-doin', Theo?" asked Jo, gleefully. "Cutting classes? Chapel slips?"

"I can't think—" Theo was rapidly twisting up her hair, and, with a final adjustment to collar and tie, departed.

In a few moments she reappeared.

"*What* do you suppose Carvie asked me?" she demanded, hanging on to the door for support and surveying the group in the room for a second.

And then, without waiting for guesses, she disclosed the answer, slowly and impressively.

"She asked me if I belonged to a reducing and dieting club!"

"Theo!" cried Jo, running forward to support her room-mate, who had clasped her brow with her hand in mock-fainting fashion. She supported her to the couch with a display of great care.

Theo flopped on the couch. "I don't know what it is we 've done," she said, "but Carvie wants to see the whole club right after chapel to-night. Run around and tell people, will you, Jo? I 'm too overcome to move!"

It did not take Jo long to collect the club-members. They were all easily located, with the exception of Alice Harvey, who, some one informed them, had been sent to the infirmary that morning.

"We 're in for it, all right, I 'm afraid," Theo told them gloomily. "Carvie looked serious and awfully cold-blooded. Do you s'pose it 's the noise we 've been making after ten?"

"I 'll bet a hat," cried Jo, with an indiscreet bounce that nearly sent her out of the window, "that we knocked the ceiling down last night that time we all jumped together! And those underhanded seniors have gone to Carvie without even warning us. We 'll have to take all the treasury money to pay the bill!"

But Miss Carver's motive was still unsolved, even after a prolonged discussion at dinner. At precisely 7:20 the Reducing Club gathered in a body in the corridor near the door of the warden's office, which was slightly ajar, and, after Theo's knock, filed into the room. Miss Carver was sitting at her desk, and in the arm-chair beside her was the stout and impressive figure of Dr. Coddington.

Jo gave her one startled look, and whispered to Betsy, "Ye gods! Do you s'pose we killed one of the seniors when we knocked the ceiling down?"

"Come in, girls, and sit down—" Miss Carver gave her usual anxious look about the room for chairs, but the Reducing Club solved the problem by seating itself upon the floor.

"Are you all here?" Dr. Coddington asked crisply.

"All but Alice Harvey," answered Theo, politely.

"*Exactly!*" Dr. Coddington nodded at Miss Carver, showing all three of her double chins. Her life, it appeared, had never been disturbed by reducing clubs. "All but Alice Harvey," she repeated, with a certain significant inflection that puzzled her audience. "And do you know *why* Alice Harvey is n't here?" She turned sharply upon the embarrassed Theo, who murmured something about the infirmary.

"Infirmary! Exactly!" Dr. Coddington picked her up. "And I suppose all the rest of you will end up there within the next week."

The Reducing Club looked somewhat startled, but wholly unintelligent. It stared a trifle blankly at each other and shifted its position uneasily. It somehow conveyed its complete bewilderment to Dr. Coddington, for she came to the point at once.

"Tell me exactly what you do in this club?" she asked. She seemed to be addressing Theo, who, after an appealing look around the group for help, began the story. She told of the 9:30 meetings and the reducing exercises. She even confessed the incentive—commercial as well as esthetic. When she had finished, Dr. Coddington looked as if something were being kept from her.

"How many of you are dieting?" she asked, leaning foreward quickly and impressively.

"Why—why—" Theo felt bound to answer, for the doctor was staring straight at her. "I—I don't eat bread and potatoes at lunch, except when we have hash—and then I don't eat the hash."

"And you? and you?" Dr. Coddington pounced upon the next girls, hardly waiting for replies which were for the most part nods of the head. She questioned the whole group.

Finally she said with elaborate unconcern, "I suppose you don't know what is the matter with Alice Harvey?"

"No, Dr. Coddington, we don't," Theo answered again.

Dr. Coddington looked a trifle skeptical, but went on:

"When Alice Harvey was sent to the infirmary this morning we could n't understand how any girl in this supposedly safe and sane college could have got herself into such a condition. Acid! It 's a wonder that she has n't turned into vinegar. And it took us some time to find out that for about three weeks she has been subsisting on a diet of acid food—lemons, tomatoes, grape-fruit—and *vinegar!* She 's nearly ruined her digestion—and all due to this silly organization for reducing!"

The Reducing Club was quite appalled. Theo tried to murmur something about their never having dreamed— But Dr. Coddington interrupted. She got heavily out of her chair and stood looking down at them.

"Girls," she said, "don't be so unutterably silly! I want this club disbanded immediately! If you must reduce, don't roll around on a carpeted floor—go out and play tennis or basket-ball or hockey out of doors. And eat what 's set before you three times a day regularly!" She gave the group a searching glance which finally became fixed on tall Theo.

"*You* look as if you 'd been dieting too much, child," she said. "Report at the infirmary at ten-thirty every morning for two weeks, and tell the nurse to give you an egg-nog. The rest of you look as if you had n't done yourselves much harm yet." She gave a little nod toward Miss Carver and departed majestically.

The club sighed with relief when it was finally allowed to leave the warden's office. It sputtered for fifteen minutes in 428, but finally, of necessity, departed for a belated cram for the psychology "written," which was to provide gloom and discussion on the morrow. Theo, Betsy, Jo, and Marge were left, still talking things over.

"What a mess!" sighed Betsy.

"Mess!" echoed Theo. "You-all need n't talk. I 'm the one that 's hit most—except poor old Allie. If you knew how I hated egg-nogs!" She shuddered and flopped down on the couch beside Marge. Jo chose the window-seat. Betsy wandered aimlessly around the room.

"But I can't see why Alice Harvey did n't tell us—" began Jo, for the twentieth time.

"Oh, I do," put in Betsy. "Poor kid! She probably wanted to surprise us by suddenly becoming a *slyph.* And our reducing exercises were n't quick enough."

"Oh, why did we start the wretched thing, anyway?" groaned Marge. "Now we 're on the outs with the wardens again! After we 'd just lived down the scandal of being caught out after ten. We 'll have to be angels now, and go and drink tea in Carvie's room 'most every Sunday and talk about knitting and art for evermore!" She sank back on the couch disconsolately.

"It was Theo's fault," volunteered Jo, helpfully. "She made up the whole thing."

"Well, I never would have had the inspiration to make it up if Marge had n't suggested that we were reducing," insisted Theo.

"That was n't a fib either," said Marge. "I merely insinuated that the rest of you were. *I* was reducing, anyway. You know I have n't eaten potatoes since fall! It was Jo's fault, I think."

"I should say so," agreed Theo. "If you had had enough to eat at your old party, Marge would n't have had to make excuses and I would n't have had my brilliant inspiration about the club. I can't *help* being brilliant, you know!"

Jo bounced down from the window-seat and threatened Theo with the hardest pillow, while the others *sh-sh-ed* warningly, it still being quiet-hours.

"It was really the grocery man's fault for telling me—" began Jo, in self-justification.

"Oh, children, stop squabbling!" Betsy joined the others on the couch and gently knocked together the heads of Jo and Theo. "As a matter of fact, it was just as much *my* fault for making you ask Alice Harvey to join. No one else would ever have done such a silly stunt as she did. Anyway, we 've had all the fun we could out of the club, and it was beginning to get boring. If we 've lived down one scandal, we can live down another! Let 's stop arguing and get to work on psych. How about comparing lecture notes?"

They extricated themselves from the couch, produced note-books from peculiar places, and settled down to work in earnest, Betsy and Marge at the desk, Theo stretched out full length on the couch, and Jo, as usual, cross-legged on the window-seat.

But they could n't get to work.

"I 'm 'fraid it 's just retribution!" sighed Marge. "In the first place, we—we—I mean, I—slightly prevaricated about dieting. And then we did n't go into the club with the right spirit—"

"Lucky for us we did n't," said Betsy. "We all might be in the 'infirm' if we had. Let 's stop talking and work for a change.

But this time Jo interrupted. " 'Scuse me, Betsy, but I 've just thought of a most practical question."

The rest stared at her.

"What," asked Jo, "are we going to do with the money we now have in the treasury?"

"Of course, we 'll have to ask the rest of the club—" began Betsy.

"Let 's have a grand dinner at the Rose Tree Inn," suggested Theo, rising to the occasion with an inspiration, "as soon as Alice gets well enough to eat it. Everybody will like that, and Doctor Coddington ought to approve. We could have chicken à la King—"

"We could *not!*" said Jo, emphatically. "Don't ever mention chicken King to me again! We 'll have steak!"

And they did.

TWO SINGERS

By CHARLES WHARTON STORK

TO A WOODPECKER

YOUR vocal efforts are harsh and shrill;
You have not mastered the song-sparrow's trill,
Or learned the art of the fluting thrush,
Deepening the awe of the hills' lone hush;
Nor can you rival the oriole's tune,—
As fluid gold as the light of noon,—
Or the fountaining joy of the sun-lost lark,
Or the owl's long quaver that brims the dark.

But you can drum out another sound
That echoes far in the woods around.

A workman, you, with a cap of red
Set tight on your busily vibrant head.
The virtuosi may flit and shirk;
You stick to the song of plain hard work.
You cling to a chestnut's withered knob
And stoutly proclaim you 're on the job,
Settling right down to brazen tacks,
Like the navvy's pick or the woodman's ax.
And so, good lad, though I praise the rest,
Yours is the music I like the best;
For the iterant rap of an honest blow
Is the cheeriest sound that ever I know.

A MOCKING-BIRD

A MEW, a clatter,
A burr, a trill,
A rollicking spatter,
A squeak, and a shrill
Iteration of chatter,
Like pellets that patter
And bounce and scatter,
Pouring out faster
And faster, until
With a "That 's all"—he 's still.
Encore, little master
Of vaudeville!

SAM LOVELL'S RIDE

By FRED COPELAND

At Montreal's famous old toboggan-chute they used to tell of Sam Lovell's ride. It was a ride quite unexpected, one that probably could not be accomplished again, and certainly no one, not even Sam, would care to try it over.

Sam had accepted an invitation from his chum Joe Blakely, a student at the university in Montreal, to visit him for a few days and enjoy the winter sports which have made the Canadian metropolis famous. It was late in February, and the Park Slide on the west slope of Mount Royal was at its height of activity.

No sooner was Sam in the city than he found himself in a carriole, a low, boatlike sleigh. Smothered in furs, both Sam and Joe were whisked across the dazzling business lanes of the upper town, up past the residential terraces, and to Mount Royal. Sam was completely lost in the beauty of the broad, white, moonlit boulevard sweeping gracefully up around the breast of the great forested mountain park. As their carriole climbed higher, the giant scintillating crescent of Montreal sparkled up at them from far below with its myriad of brilliant electric lights. Suddenly, as they made a turn where a rocky outcropping of Mount Royal had hidden the dazzling spectacle of the toboggan-chute, Sam half arose with a cry of surprise and seized Joe's arm. "Is n't it steep? See how it shines!" he exclaimed.

They left their carriole in the jam of dozens of others, where the famous chute passes in mid air above the boulevard, and walked higher up toward the stockade of the club-house yard. Slanting abruptly from their feet, as they turned to look, the dazzling white slope of Mount Royal dipped westward to far white levels spreading for miles to the Ottawa. Far away, where they looked, they could distinguish the moonlight reflected on the icy surface of the Lake of the Two Mountains, and beside them the great chute flamed back in irridescent mockery under its string of arc-lights. Even as they stood there, there came a hissing roar which vanished like a ghost. Six darkly bundled toboggans had flashed by them, smothered in ice spray. In a second they were black dots far down on the level.

At the gate to the club-house yard Joe showed a red-ribbon badge, with the ancient coat-of-arms of the Park Club on it, and was admitted. Nearly every one had the badges of previous years sewed in rows across the breasts of their blanket coats.

Leading up to the long enclosure at the head of the chute was a flight of steps, roped into six lanes. Not less than fifty tobogganists were lined in each lane, and every second or third person held upright his toboggan. After Joe had equipped Sam with a Canadian blanket-suit and procured his toboggan from a locker, both he and Sam joined the line.

"Some nights it 's so crowded you only get four slides," Joe explained hurriedly when, after a wait of fifteen minutes, they stood, with none in front of them, at the brink of the chute.

Near by, two men deftly pulled two levers. Each had released three toboggans. The six dropped from sight as though whisked into eternity. A deep roar came up from below as the levers swung forward and six guard-boards came into sight, closing the entrance to the tracks.

Silently, Sam watched Joe slap his toboggan on the inclined bench leading to track one. The hood of the toboggan was laid snug against the retaining guard-board.

"Hurry!" shouted Joe.

It was a time of intense activity, for five other toboggans were being loaded.

Sam lay flat, just back of the hood. Suddenly he lifted himself on his elbows. As suddenly he cringed back.

"You there, Joe?" he asked, in a high, strained voice, his eyes fascinated by the board which held them from the plunge.

"You 're all right!" sang out Joe. "Keep your knuckles turned in on the ropes, or they 'll get skinned. And don't look over the edge!"

But that strange fascination so common to those unaccustomed to high places had seized Sam. Again something within him made him look over the edge. The dazzling, opalescent tracks, overflowed with water each morning till they were solid ice, dropped seemingly straight down. It seemed as though they were about to fall head foremost. No one could think fast enough to steer. Supposing the toboggan failed to keep to the icy, troughlike track!

"Had n't I better go behind, the first time?" cried Sam, his eyes wildly glued to the immovable board in front of the hood. "I 'm awful dizzy, and—"

With catlike quickness, Sam had sprung sidewise off the toboggan just as the man was in the act of pulling back the lever.

Instantly the guard-board had released and the toboggans had plunged.

Sam sat up on the floor beside the toboggan bench. The attendant was bending over him.

"What 's the matter? Look too steep?" inquired the man, with a smile.

Sam got to his feet, a little dazed. Something within him had made him get off the toboggan. "I 'm all right," he said, still wondering over the thing that had made his overstrung nerves play him so strange a trick.

He hurried down off the chute with an idea of meeting Joe as he returned from the slide. Half-way down along the slide, where the throng of spectators was thickest, at the point where the superstructure carrying the six tracks first touched the slope of the mountain, Sam stopped and waited beside the tracks for Joe, little realizing that before he ever saw Joe again he would go down the chute.

Nearly all those who were standing near Sam at the very edge of the tracks were visitors who had left their carrioles for a better view of the rushing toboggans. A stiff winter breeze whipped in on them from the levels far beyond the valley of the Ottawa, and nearly every one by the track side, both men and women, were dressed in furs.

Shortly after Sam had stepped to the edge of the tracks, a set of rushing toboggans had skimmed by, smothered in a cloud of tiny gleaming diamonds. Either from the whip of the wind or the suction of air following the toboggans, a muff was snatched from one of the sight-seers. As quick as light it spun far over into the center of track four, where it would be ground to pieces by the next toboggan.

"I 'll get it for you, ma'am," cried Sam, as he stepped over the ice embankment of track one, and began working his way across the slippery troughs.

Instantly a warning yell came to Sam from dozens of throats. At the head of the chute a familiar deep hum drifted ahead of a set of toboggans which had pitched out of the house at the top of the chute for the plunge just as Sam had started across the tracks.

When the toboggans had sent down their first warning note, Sam had reached the muff and was in the act of picking it up. For an instant he glanced up the shimmering tracks. It was hopeless to pick his way back. It was all he could do to cling to the icy ridges bordering the tracks. The excited shouts of those beside the tracks and the nearing roar of the coming toboggans dinned in his ears. He was paralyzed.

"Straddle the track—straddle the track!" he heard repeated in a loud shout.

With the toboggans almost upon him, he rose slowly, his legs spread far apart, with his feet clinging to the opposite embankments of track three. As he straightened, balancing dangerously with trembling knees, the toboggans were upon him.

A rush of ice dust caught him, filled his eyes and stung his face. He felt his feet snatched from under him by a toboggan hood. Too quickly for his senses to grasp what had happened, he was pitched face downward. A vise-like grip had him by the legs and around his back. It was impossible to see.

Suddenly the roar in his ears grew less. He twisted his head sidewise and opened his eyes. Two other toboggans were gliding swiftly and quietly beside him along the level stretch reaching away from the foot of the chute. Those on the other toboggans were watching him curiously.

When they came to a stop, the strong grip on his legs and back was quickly released. He rolled off the toboggan and stood up dizzily. Two blanketed tobogganists, who had seized him the instant their toboggan had tripped him head foremost upon them up on the chute, jumped from their toboggan and rushed him off the tracks. They felt him over and asked many questions. There was not a scratch on him.

One of the men curiously took Sam by the elbow and lifted his arm. "What 's this?" he inquired wonderingly.

Sam looked at the object clutched tightly in his hand and blinked twice in astonishment before he could answer.

"Why! that 's the muff—the muff the lady lost—that I went out on the tracks after! I must find her. She 'll be worrying."

The man broke out in laughter. "Yes, I guess you 'd better find her—I think she 'll be worrying!" he said.

"HE FELT HIS FEET SNATCHED FROM UNDER HIM"

The Rhyme of Belinda Ballew

by Grace Strickler Dawson

Now this is the tale of Belinda Ballew,
Who loved to read fairy-books all the day through.
The princesses fair, with their arrogant air,
Their graces and laces and palaces rare,
So captured her fancy that weary she grew
Of the commonplace life of Belinda Ballew.
"I 'll do no more dusting or sweeping," said she,
" 'T is not to my taste in the slightest degree.
I know I 'm a princess whom somebody stole;
I feel just like royalty clear to my soul!"

Her parents, dismayed, found it vain to upbraid,
In whispers confessing that they were afraid
Her obstinate whim they could not overrule.
She even refused to go longer to school.
"I 'm weary of sums; I would like something new.
I 'll study no more," said Belinda Ballew.
One morning her father just over the way
Fell in with a wizard called Pippin O'Day.
With a twinkle said he: "Some fun I foresee.
I 'll fix Miss Belinda; just leave her to me."

Said Pippin that day to Belinda Ballew:
"The Princess Dorinda looks so much like you,
'T would be very strange, but not hard to arrange,
I think we might manage a brief interchange.
Thus you could be princess at least for a day;
And if you both like it, perhaps you might stay."
Belinda, delighted, agreed with a zest
And begged him to hasten and put it to test.
So Pippin O'Day hurried quickly away
To Princess Dorinda the plan to convey.

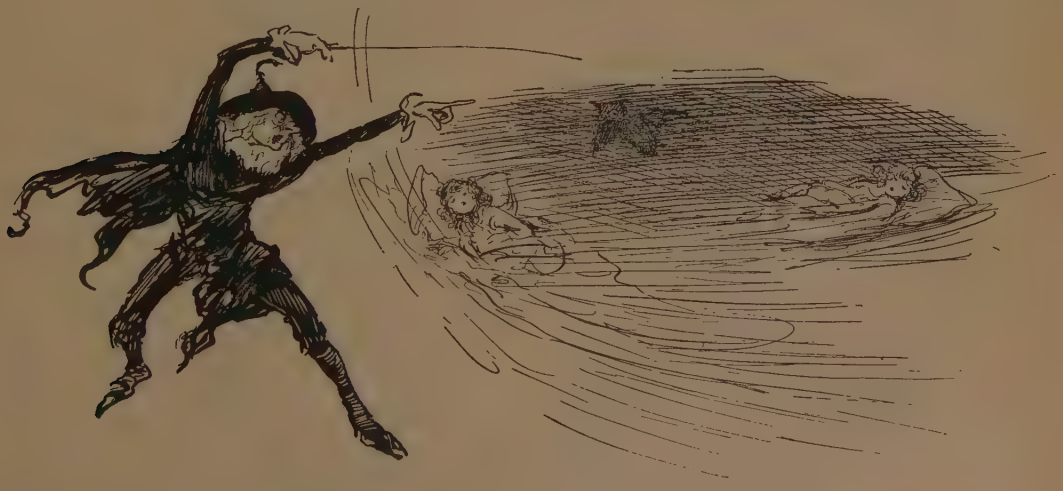
The Princess Dorinda assented; and so,
Exacting their promise that no one should know,
He whisked them away, while in slumber they lay,
Each to her new dwelling, did Pippin O'Day.
Then little Dorinda, a princess no more,
Had boy and girl playmates as never before.
She could romp in the garden and gather the flowers,
Or lie on the grass in the meadow for hours.
What she best liked to do (I am telling you true)
Was to polish the glasses for Mistress Ballew.

When Pippin that night came to fetch her
away,
She told him that she had decided to stay.
"Please say to that girl that her wish has
come true;
I 'd much rather live as Belinda Ballew."
Now this, to be sure, Pippin thought, would
allure—
Alas! his opinion was quite premature.
Belinda wept bitterly. "Take me away—
Oh, take me back home again, Pippin O'Day!
I hate this old palace; I have n't a throne;
These nurses and tutors won't leave me
alone.

"I have to say lessons, and longer ones, too,
Than ever they gave to Belinda Ballew.
They make me walk always so primly about,
I hardly dare smile, and I 'd *never* dare
shout.
There are no children here, and I can't run
and play.
Oh, take me back home again, Pippin
O'Day!"
So there was poor Pippin. He did what he
could
To comfort Belinda. He bade her be good;
And as soon as Dorinda consented, he said,
He would whisk her right back to her own
little bed.

"'YOU COULD BE PRINCESS AT LEAST FOR A DAY'"

The trouble was this: It was easy to see
Dorinda was happy as happy could be,
And she could n't, she just simply *could n't,*
she said,
Go back and be Princess Dorinda instead.
In the school that Belinda had hated (alas!)
Dorinda rejoiced to be head of the class;
And she daily delighted good Mistress
Ballew
With the pleasure she took in the work she
could do.
And meanwhile, Belinda tried hard to be good



"HE WHISKED THEM AWAY WHILE IN SLUMBER THEY LAY"

"'TAKE ME BACK HOME AGAIN, PIPPIN O'DAY! I HATE THIS OLD PALACE'"

And acted the princess as well as she could.

She wept every night at the thought of her plight,
And vowed she 'd go home again, happen what might.

So she fled all alone from the palace so grand,
And traveled on foot down the length of the land.
The palace resounded with cries of dismay;
"The princess is lost! She is stolen away!"
But down in the cottage of Mistress Ballew,

"PRINCESS DORINDA REFUSED TO LEAVE MISTRESS BALLEW"

Instead of one dear little maid, there were two.
Then Pippin confessed to his part in the jest,
And Mistress Ballew held them both to her breast.

The story came out, as such stories will do,
But Dorinda refused to leave Mistress Ballew.
"I 'll abdicate gladly. I 'd much rather stay
Down here with Belinda and study and play."
The nobles went back to the palace and found
Another young maid, who was glad to be crowned.
When the new princess rides in her coach down the way,
Two little girls smile, and Belinda will say:
"I 'm glad it is she who is princess. You see,
It is n't such fun as I thought it would be!"

A WONDERFUL LEAP

By WALTER K. PUTNEY

IN a glass case in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington there was for a time a stuffed cat. This tabby did not belong to any President of the United States, nor did she possess any special pedigree, but she once made a wonderful leap that brought fame to her and her skin to the Smithsonian Institution.

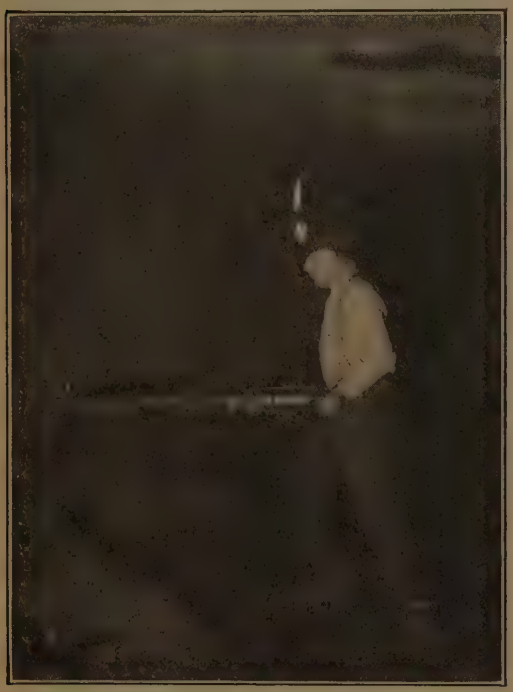
A number of years ago, before the Washington monument was fully completed, this cat found herself at its base and thought that she would make a tour of inspection. So she climbed up the interior of the shaft until she was a hundred and sixty feet above the ground. There she rested, gazing peacefully around over the landscape.

This happened early in the morning. When the workmen arrived and began to ascend the noise so frightened poor Tabby that, just as some of the men reached the upper landing she ran to the outer edge and jumped to the ground. The workmen expected to see her crash to the earth. Imagine their surprise, therefore, when Tabby spread herself out much as a flying squirrel does, and alighted on all fours. She rolled over several times, as if dizzy, and then started to run away. Unfortunately, a dog pounced upon her just then and shook her so furiously that she died. A representative of the Smithsonian Institution had the skin stuffed and placed upon exhibition, with a card telling of her leap to fame.

THE STORY OF COAL

By FLOYD L. DARROW

ONE rainy evening nearly a century and a half ago, Philip Ginter, a poor hunter and trapper, was slowly making his way down the side of Bear Mountain in the Lehigh Valley region of Pennsylvania. Tired and discouraged after an unsuccessful day in the



DRILLING, PREPARATORY TO BLASTING A VEIN OF COAL

woods, he was returning to his log cabin. Suddenly his foot struck a shiny, black stone and drove it on before him. At once his curiosity was aroused. Could this be the newly discovered fuel called coal? All about him lay the black rocks in abundance. He paused to examine them, and the next day reported his find to Jacob Weiss at Fort Allen. A quarry was soon opened, and the mining of Lehigh coal became a factor in the industrial growth of the nation.

But this rough huntsman did not know that he was standing at the dawn of a new day. He little dreamed of the vast industrial era which in a few short decades would be entirely dependent upon this black, earthy substance that kindles and burns "like wooden coals." He did not glimpse deep mines with their grimy toilers, innumerable smoking chimneys, the steam-engine, the blast-furnace swallowing four hundred tons of coal a day, iron belts that span the continents, floating palaces of iron and steel, big guns and armor-plate, huge sky-scrapers, vast workshops, and an age of electricity—all of which would be impossible without these black rocks dug from the depths of the earth. For coal is the symbol of power. Without it, nations wither and decay. Together with its twin brother iron, it has spelled industrial and political dominion. Along its black trail we trace the ever-expanding growth of world trade. But none of all this did the hunter see.

And yet the incident just related does not mark the discovery of coal. Its first use goes back to a much earlier time. Tools and cinders found near the ancient Roman wall in England indicate that the Britons used this fuel previous to the Roman invasion in 54 B.C. By the English people it was first used as a fuel in 852, and, in the blast-furnace for the production of iron, in 1612. In America those intrepid Jesuit missionaries, Joliet and Marquette, discovered coal near the present site of Utica, Illinois, in 1673. That the Indians were acquainted with numerous coal-beds and actually burned these black stones instead of fire-wood, there can be no doubt. The oldest coal-mines in America are those in the bituminous fields near Richmond, Virginia. The story is told that a boy discovered these beds in turning over stones in search of bait for fishing. In 1760, anthracite coal was discovered in Rhode Island, and, two years later, settlers from Connecticut discovered anthracite in the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania. In 1769, Obadiah Gore, a blacksmith of the Wyoming Valley, first burned anthracite in his forge. Others soon followed. Farmers and blacksmiths began to mine it for their own use. Still, with virgin forests and an abundance of fire-wood, the introduction of the new fuel was slow. Those who used it, too, were frequently subjected to ridicule.

The rich beds of the Schuylkill were discovered in 1770. Five years later the government of Pennsylvania floated coal down the Susquehanna to Harrisburg, then known as Harris Ferry, and hauled it by wagon to the arsenal at Carlisle for use in the manu-

facture of ammunition. Judge Jesse Fell, one of the pioneers in the introduction of coal to the public, used it in the manufacture of nails in his factory at Wilkesbarre in 1788.

At about this same time another hunter, Nicholas Allen, found coal near Pottsville, Pennsylvania. He, too, had hunted all day, and at nightfall built his camp-fire under a ledge of black rocks. After preparing his supper, he wrapped himself in his blanket and was soon sound asleep. Some time in the night he was awakened by a strong light shining in his eyes. Leaping to his feet, he discovered to his amazement that "the mountain was on fire!" He had built his fire on an outcrop of coal, and, by this fortunate accident, located one of the richest coal regions of the State. Still another hunter, John Charles, came upon coal in digging out a woodchuck.

THE ORIGIN OF COAL

Coal is crystallized sunshine. Millions and millions of years ago—countless ages—this planet passed through what geologists call the Carboniferous Period. The continents, then somewhat differently arranged from what they are now, were enveloped in a dense atmosphere, hot and humid. Tropic climates extended far beyond the present torrid zone. Along the borders of the sea and about the shores of inland lakes were vast swamps. In them grew a most luxuriant vegetation. At no other time has the earth seen its like. Huge tree-ferns, often eighty or ninety feet in height, other forms akin to modern horse-tails and scouring rushes, ferns like the maidenhair of China and Japan, and immense trees, similar to our club-moss and ground-pine filled these swamps in the utmost profusion. Breathing the carbon dioxide of the air through their leaves and drinking with their roots the soluble plant-foods in the rich soil beneath, the energy of the sunshine united these substances into the woody fiber of the tree.

From time to time these swamps sank beneath the water and the plants were killed. Then the rivers, pouring in their sediment, buried this vegetation beneath deep layers of sand and mud. At first a peat-bog was formed similar to those existing to-day in Ireland and along our Atlantic coast. Gradually, as the layers of sediment grew thicker, their tremendous pressure, and the heat developed by it, squeezed out the gaseous matter and changed this vegetation into coal. Here is Nature's coke-oven. In it has been produced every variety of coal, from peat and lignite to bituminous and anthracite, the particular kind depending upon the degree of pressure and heat to which the vegetation has been subjected. Over and over again was this coal-making process repeated. At intervals of thousands, and even millions, of years fresh swamps formed, were submerged, and buried with sediment. In the shale and sandstone rocks just above a coal-bed we very often find impressions of the plants from which the coal was formed. In the "underclay" beneath the bed, we find fossil roots and rootlets of the coal-producing plants. These rocks also contain fossil remains of the animal life of that distant age. No human being, mammal, or bird had

A COAL-CUTTER AT WORK

existed upon this planet at that time. The living forms consisted chiefly of fish, reptiles, and insects. Yet the species were very different from those existing to-day. Strange, is it not, that we can know with certainty the kind of animal and vegetable life that existed upon this planet a million years ago?

And did you ever stop to think that the heat liberated from burning coal is some of the sun's energy that has been preserved for us through vast periods of previous geologic time? It was the energy of the sun which, in Nature's greatest laboratory, produced the woody fiber that later became coal. The light that beams upon you from an open fireplace is sunlight, second hand. Electric light and power, too, are solar energy transmitted through coal and steam. What would become of industry and civilization without these seemingly inexhaustible supplies of fuel and power?

THE EARLY USE OF COAL IN THE UNITED STATES

Gradually the coal industry grew. In 1803, two boatloads were shipped to Philadelphia, but the stuff could not be made to burn, and was used in place of gravel on the sidewalks. A little later, Colonel George Shoemaker was driven from the streets and threatened with arrest for attempting to sell a few wagon-loads in the Quaker City. But its use as a domestic fuel could not long be stayed. About this same time, Oliver Evans, of Philadelphia, first burned coal in a grate. In 1808, Judge Jesse Fell gave a public demonstration in which he burned coal in the public room of his hotel at Wilkesbarre. This was regarded as a great event, and people flocked to see it as they would to a circus. White and Hazard, wire manufacturers at Schuylkill Falls, spent all night in an unsuccessful attempt to make coal burn in their furnace, and gave up in despair. Fortunately, they left the door shut, and a workman, returning some time later to get his coat, found a red-hot fire.

In 1805, John and Abijah Smith, from Derby, Connecticut, settled at Plymouth, Pennsylvania, and immediately formed the coal firm of Abijah Smith and Company. This was the first coal company in America. Transportation in those days was entirely by water, and they shipped their coal in crude boats called "arks." Each boat carried sixty tons and was manned by a crew of four men. Seven days were required to reach tide-water on the Susquehanna, a distance now covered by rail in a few hours. In those days, coal sold in New York and Baltimore for ten and twelve dollars a ton. Considering the greater purchasing power of money at that time, it will be seen that coal was then an expensive luxury.

CONVEYING COAL IN A MINE BY ELECTRIC-MOTOR

The oldest coal company in America, still in existence, is the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, organized in 1818. The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, the second oldest, began business in 1825. Anthracite was first used in the smelting of iron at Schuylkill Falls in 1812. Its first use in the generation of steam-power was at Thompson's rolling-mill at Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, in 1825. But in England coal had been used for this purpose for nearly a century.

In 1839, in the Pioneer Furnace, at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, anthracite was used to produce pig-iron continuously for one hundred days. As a recognition of this achievement, Mr. William Lyman, of Boston, owner of the furnace, was awarded a prize of five thousand dollars.

EARLY MINING METHODS

FROM the earliest times, the coal-beds, or seams, as they are called, have been reached by one of three methods—the "shaft," the "slope," or the "drift." The shaft, either round or rectangular, is sunk vertically down to the coal; the slope is a tunnel driven downward at a steep angle; while a drift is a horizontal tunnel leading into a coal seam. Where a shaft is sunk through water-bearing strata of rock, a water-tight lining, or "*tubbing*," must be provided, to prevent the flooding of the mine. All water that enters a mine flows into an excavation called a "sump," and must be pumped out. From the bottom of the shaft, or tunnel, one or more main entries are driven into the seam, and off from these lie the "rooms" in which the coal is mined.

Underwood & Underwood

LARGEST ALL-CONCRETE COAL-CRUSHER IN THE WORLD, AT SCRANTON, PA.

The mining of coal has always meant hard labor. In the earliest mines it was broken loose from its long resting-place with crude picks and thrown into baskets strapped to the backs of carriers, who toiled up and down long ladders or rough stairways. Later, it was placed in sleds at first and then in carts, which were dragged by women and children to the foot of the mine shaft. From there, a bucket and windlass, operated by horses or mules, brought the coal to the surface. Gradually, mules were substituted for the women and children; and eventually steam and electricity were harnessed to the work of lifting the coal from the mine. To-day, coal-mining has been placed almost entirely upon a machine basis.

COAL-MINING MACHINERY

STILL, much of the drudgery and cheerless toil of coal-mining remained. The output of the mines, too, was small. But the introduction of coal-mining machinery has done much to change these conditions, and has increased enormously the quantity of coal mined. These inventions, too, have been almost entirely the work of Americans.

One of the first additions to be made was the "coal-breaker," in which anthracite coal is broken, screened, and sized for market. One feature of the breaker is the picking-table, a slowly moving belt-conveyor beside which men and boys stand and pick the pieces of slate from the coal as it passes by. This tedious hand-labor still seems to be a necessity, for no very satisfactory mechanism has been devised to take its place.

The first really great advance in coal-mining methods came with the invention of the rock-drill. The idea of attaching a drill to the piston-rod of a steam or compressed-air engine is very old, but its practical application has been quite recent. The first mining machine on record was patented in 1761 by Michael Menzies at New-Castle-on-Tyne, England. It was a clumsy device and served only to point the way.

In America, although a number of early inventors devised more or less successful machines, it remained for Joseph A. Jeffrey, a prominent business man of Columbus, Ohio, to do the pioneer work in this field. One day, in 1877, as Jeffrey was passing a store window, he noticed on exhibition the model of a coal-cutter. Mr. Francis M. Lechner, the inventor, had placed his model there for the purpose of interesting in its development and manufacture some one of means and ability. Jeffrey at once saw its possibilities, and, through his efforts, the Lechner Mining Machine Company was organized. What this machine did was to undercut the coal previous to blasting and to take the place of the laborious method of hand picking. The first machines worked fairly well, but they soon went to pieces. Still, there was no damping of the enthusiasm of the inventors. One of their chief difficulties was the opposition of the miners themselves. Here was a machine intended

to ease their burdens as nothing else had ever done, but still they looked upon it as an enemy. Despite every obstacle, Jeffrey forged ahead. The foes of a new and better day were finally vanquished. Better machines

PICKING SLATE FROM COAL

were built. The output of coal rapidly increased. Yankee ingenuity did not rest, and, as a result, we now have a single machine that undercuts the coal, knocks it down, and loads it into the mine car—all in one operation. And more, it requires the attention of but one man!

Many others have been prominent in the development of coal-mining machinery. James P. Upham and Albert Ball founded the Sullivan Machinery Company, a strong rival of Jeffrey. The names of Rand, Ingersoll, Sergeant, and Leyner, a group of brilliant American inventors, are known wherever coal is mined, the world over.

ELECTRIFYING THE MINES

The first electric locomotive to be exhibited, even as a curiosity, did not appear until 1879. Yet within three years from that date, electric locomotives were doing service in the coal-mines of Saxony. Inventors were quick to see that electricity could be made to eliminate much of the drudgery of coal-mining. In 1887, electric traction was introduced into the mines of Pennsylvania. More than ninety per cent. of coal-mining machines are now operated by electricity. Electricity lights the mines and lifts the coal to the surface. It has also been harnessed to handle the coal in the breakers and at the docks along the Great Lakes. And this application of electricity has been almost wholly an American achievement. Foremost among the inventors in this field has been the engineering staff of the General Electric Company, at Schenectady, N. Y.

You frequently read of frightful mine-disasters. These result usually from explosions of what miners call the deadly "fire-damp," damp being the old name for a gas. This gas, known to chemists as marsh-gas, or methane, collects in the mines, and, when mixed with air, is violently explosive. The early miner's lamp, consisting of a naked torch attached to the cap, only invited disaster. As the miner entered a danger-zone, no warning was given. A terrific explosion, with the caving-in of rock and the entombing of scores of miners, was a frequent occurrence.

SAFETY-LAMPS FOR MINERS

A little more than a century ago, the "Society for Preventing Accidents in Coal Mines" applied to Sir Humphry Davy, director of the Royal Institution, in London, for the invention of a safety-lamp. In a very short time, Davy produced his famous lamp. He surrounded the flame with a cylinder of copper gauze. So good a conductor of heat is copper, that the heat of the flame is unable to pass through and ignite the explosive gases on the outside. By the appearance of the flame, too, the miner is able to tell when he is approaching danger.

Electric safety-lamps are now in common use. Probably the most successful of these is that invented by Edison. It employs his famous storage-cell, strapped to the belt of the miner, as a source of current.

VENTILATION AND MINE RESCUE WORK

ONE of the biggest problems confronting the mining engineer is that of ventilation. In the early mines the only ventilation known was that obtained from the natural circulation of the air. But in modern mines the breathing of hundreds of men and animals, the poisonous gases issuing from the coal seams, and the "after damp" from blasting necessitate large supplies of fresh air. Nowadays, huge ventilating fans, expensive machinery, and an elaborate system of airways insure circulation in every part of the mine.

Through the carelessness of miners, electric short-circuits, and spontaneous combustion of coal-dust, fires and explosions still occur. Therefore mine rescue work is of vast importance. The recent practice of removing coal-dust from mines as completely as possible and coating all surfaces with non-inflammable rock-dust has done much to prevent fires and explosions.

Still, "rescue cars" must be maintained to be rushed to a scene of disaster at a moment's notice. These cars contain oxygen breathing-apparatus, helmets, oxygen cartridges, lamps, tools of every sort, rubber gloves, disinfectants, stretchers, fire-extinguishers, pulmotors, flash-lights, and complete first-aid equipment. A new device invented by French scientists and improved by American engineers is the "geophone." By its aid, sounds may be heard through rock 2000 feet thick, and talking, through rock fifty feet thick. With this instrument, it is possible to determine the location of entombed miners or the position of a fire in a burning mine.

COKE AND COAL-TAR

COKE is one of the three most important raw materials of chemical manufacture, and coal-tar is the chemist's storehouse of magic substances. Both are obtained by heating soft coal in huge ovens cut off from contact with the air. For a generation, coke has been the chief fuel in the smelting of iron ore, and coal-tar is a tremendous resource both in peace and war. Every blast-furnace in the country swallows up four hundred tons of coke every twenty-four hours, and coal-tar is needed in prodigious quantities as a source of dye-stuffs, drugs, and explosives. Yet little more than a half-century ago, this black, foul-smelling tar was regarded as an unmitigated nuisance, and, for more than a hundred years had been treated as pure waste.

The man who changed all this was Sir William Perkin, and he did it when but a lad of seventeen. While a student at the Royal College of London, young Perkin had been assigned the task of producing quinine from coal-tar. One evening, at the close of an

TONS OF FERTILIZER, OBTAINED AS A BY-PRODUCT OF THE COKE INDUSTRY

unsuccessful day's work, he poured alcohol into a dirty, black mess of aniline oil and other chemicals. Immediately, there flashed into view a beautiful purple color. Perkin would not rest until he had separated this color compound and learned how to prepare it. He persuaded his father to build for him a factory, and in it began the romance of coal-tar dyes. In a short time he succeeded in producing alizarin, the brilliant "turkey red," from coal-tar, and thereby sounded the death-knell of the madder-plant industry, from which this color substance had formerly been obtained. A few years later, German chemists won another great triumph in the artificial preparation of the ancient dye-stuff, indigo, from coal-tar. Its price immediately dropped to a few cents a pound, and the value of the annual crop of the indigo-planters quickly fell from $20,000,000 to practically nothing. From coal-tar the chemist draws the explosive that wounds and the balm that heals. Like a magician, he makes it yield the most delicate perfumes known to nature. In it, the physician finds an inexhaustible storehouse of powerful drugs for the stilling of pain, the allaying of fever, and antiseptic uses. From this unsightly stuff is obtained a sweet substance five hundred times sweeter than honey. The photographer draws from it his great variety of developers and exceedingly sensitive preparations for films and plates. Surely, coal-tar has proved to be a veritable treasure-house of chemical wealth.

But in this country, before the Great War, these valuable by-products of the coking of coal went to waste. Coal was coked in wasteful "beehive" ovens, which allowed the coal-tar, gas, and ammonia to go up in smoke. It is estimated that $75,000,000 worth of these products was lost each year. But the by-product coke-ovens are changing all this. Instead of being dependent upon Europe for these chemicals, essential to the arts and industries, we now produce our own.

AMERICA'S COAL SUPPLY

BUT what of our fuel-supply? Is it inexhaustible? Will these prodigious inroads upon the crystallized sunshine of a former age never consume our sources of power?

When America was discovered, there were locked up in its underground storehouse 3,541,000,000,000 tons of coal. Of this vast supply we have used, up to the present time, about 14,000,000,000 tons. This leaves us 3,527,000,000,000 tons, a seemingly inexhaustible supply. This enormous reserve is divided as follows: 17,000,000,000 tons of anthracite, 1,510,000,000,000 tons of bituminous, and 2,000,000,000,000 tons of lignite, the poorest variety of coal. In addition, we have an estimated peat-supply of 14,000,000,000 tons. Our supplies of peat and lignite are still untouched; and from the bituminous store, we have drawn less than one per cent. Still, great as our coal-reserves are, it is estimated that the anthracite coal will be gone in seventy-five years, and, if the present rate of increase in consumption should be maintained, our total supply of all kinds will be exhausted in another century.

In 1870, we mined but 33,000,000 tons of coal, while now we are taking nearly 700,000,000 tons a year from our fuel estate. In 1870, the steam-engines in our factories, mines, and quarries developed only 2,460,832 horse-power, whereas these industries now use 31,250,000 horse-power. And, if we add to this figure the steam-power used on ocean liners, naval vessels, electric power-plants, railroads, and other enterprises, we shall have a total of 96,000,000 steam-generated horse-power, most of which is produced by burning coal. More than 150,000,000 tons of the coal mined each year are burned under the boilers of railroad locomotives, and burned in a very wasteful fashion. If our fuel-supplies are not to be recklessly squandered, very great economies must be effected in their use.

Our petroleum reserves are also going rapidly, and, at some future day, both petroleum and coal will have been exhausted. "What then?" you say. Well, we shall still have the energy of falling water, the tides, and the almost limitless quantities of sunshine. It is estimated that the solar energy falling upon the Sahara Desert in a day is equivalent to the burning of 6,000,000,000 tons of coal. Some day we shall invent engines to utilize this vast supply. Steinmetz, the foremost electrical engineer of today, says that when we fully develop and use the waste water-power of the nation it will be sufficient "to operate every industry and engine and locomotive in the land by electricity." And then, too, we may learn how to tap the vast resevoirs of sub-atomic energy locked up within the atoms of the elements. This source is inconceivably great, and we have only to find the key. Of one thing we may be perfectly sure—as long as the race is here, its energy needs will be supplied.

FIRE-FAIRIES

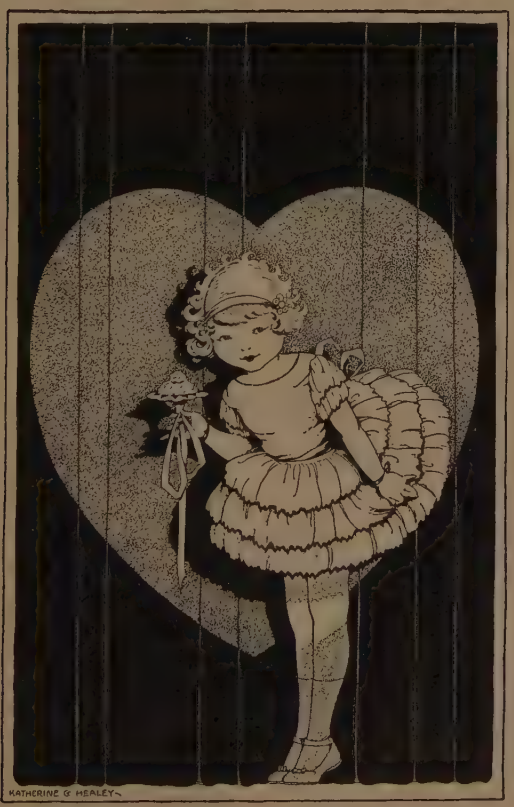
By GEORGE B. CARPENTER

WHEN the fire cracks and sputters
In defiance to the snow,
And the fire-fairies sparkle
In the ruddy afterglow,
Did you ever, ever wonder
How they happen to be near,—
Just to break the wood asunder,—
And so quickly disappear?

Through the long and drowsy summer
Every sunbeam streaming down
From the azure arch of heaven
Into forest, field, and town,
Finds some cozy nook or crevice,
Where the forest watchers creep,
Burrows deep beneath the surface,
Cuddles up, and goes to sleep.

But when winter steals upon us
And the fender shines again
In the mellow light of hemlock,
Oak, or maple—it is then
That the sunbeams break their bondage
And, from woody fiber free,
Each becomes a fire-fairy,
Sparkling there in ecstasy.

Leaping, laughing, in the fire,
Casting shadows on the wall,
Rising higher, higher, higher,
Till the snowy ashes fall,
And they 've vanished up the chimney,
Leaving here, within the den,
All the fragrant warmth of summer,
Which will bring them back again.



A MESSENGER FROM GOOD SAINT VALENTINE

NID AND NOD

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "The Turner Twins," etc.

CHAPTER I

IN THE LITTLE BLUE SHOP

"STRAWBERRY and lemon mixed, please." Laurie Turner swung himself to the counter.

Polly Deane laughed as she added one syrup to the other in the bottom of the glass. "You and Ned think of the most outlandish concoctions," she said. She turned the soda faucet and then set the bubbling drink beside him. "Where is Ned, Laurie? I have n't seen him for days."

"You 'll probably never see him again," answered Laurie, sampling the mixture. "He 's taken up golf. Found two or three fellows as bad as he is and plays every afternoon, rain or shine. At least, he has for three days! Sort of tough on me, Polly, to have my twin brother go wrong like this. Folks 'll say I should have looked after him better."

"I think golf is lots of fun," said Polly.

Laurie shook his head. "Maybe, but you 've never lived with a golf-nut, I guess. Why could n't he have gone in for something sensible, like tennis or baseball?"

"Oh, do tell me about Kewpie! How is he getting on?"

A shadow crossed Laurie's face as he set his empty glass down. "Punk," he answered.

"Oh, well, it really does n't matter, I suppose."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Well, does it?" asked Polly. "I mean that it does n't matter if he does n't learn to pitch very well. He 's only doing it because he did n't have anything else to do and was getting so sort of—of morose, and eating a lot of pastry and sweet stuff, and—"

"One moment, prithee! That 's the reason *I 'm* doing it, you mean. That 's the reason I 'm spending half to three quarters of an hour with him every morning, when I ought to be preparing my next lesson, letting him try to pitch to me. But that is n't the reason Kewpie Proudtree 's doing it, not by a long shot! Kewpie 's doing it because he really thinks he *can* pitch and wants me to persuade Mr. Mulford to take him on the baseball squad!"

"I know, Laurie, but—"

"He 's got a couple of books on 'How to Become a Pitcher,' and he studies the diagrams and then gets out and tells me he 's going to pitch a drop, say, and I go and chase the ball into the next lot! Why, that poor chap could n't *ever* make a pitcher! That is—"

Laurie stopped abruptly, scowled, and stared silently at the white marble soda-fountain. He was a slim, round-faced boy of fifteen, with reddish-brown hair, a somewhat impertinent nose, and very blue eyes. At school he was known as "Nod," and his brother, as "Nid." That had been Kewpie's doing last autumn when they had entered Hillman's.

"Of course, Mr. Mulford would n't take him on the nine," said Polly. "We none of us expected that, did we? The idea was to keep Kewpie from ruining himself with tarts and cream-puffs, to give him something to interest him, so that he 'd be of some use in football again in the fall. And it has done him good, Laurie. He does n't ask for pastry any more, and he 's lost six pounds, he says, and he 's quite like his old self again. So I don't see that it matters much if he does n't really learn to pitch. Only you must n't say anything to discourage him, of course—"

"I could n't," said Laurie, grimly. "No one could. I 've tried, and I know." He relapsed into silence again. Then, "Look here, Polly," he said. "I might as well tell you. I went and made a fool of myself the other day, and now Kewpie 's *got* to learn to pitch!"

"What *do* you mean?" asked Polly, her brown eyes opening very wide. They were pretty eyes, and, excepting her smile, were her chief attraction. Polly was just short of sixteen, and when she was not attending high school she took her mother's place behind the counter of the little shop in which our story opens. To the boys of Hillman's School, two blocks distant, Mrs. Deane was known as "The Widow," and to the widow's they flocked daily in quest of sodas and ice-cream and candy and pastry. Just now, since the hour was half past five, the rush was over, and Laurie and Polly had the place to themselves, Mrs. Deane having

retired to the combined living-room and kitchen in the rear. Dropping around to the little blue-painted shop in Pine Street after five o'clock for a glass of soda and a chat with Polly had become rather a habit with Laurie.

"Well," said the boy, "it was like this: three or four of the baseball crowd were in the cage in the gym the other afternoon before practice—Nate Beedle, the first-string pitcher, you know, Captain Dave, Gordon Simkins, and Elk Thurston. Also yours truly. Well, Nate said something about me running a kindergarten for pitchers, and then Elk took it up. You know he 's had it in for me ever since that day I borrowed his bicycle without mentioning it to him and he came in here and was going to punch me, only your mother walked in just then. You remember."

Polly nodded. "You should n't have taken his wheel, Laurie."

"No, and he need n't have been so huffy about it. Well, anyhow, he got ugly and said Kewpie would n't ever be any more of a pitcher than I 'd be a catcher,—we 're both trying for substitute catcher, you know,—and a lot of stuff like that; and I got sort of peeved and said—" Laurie paused and shook his head ruefully, "—said Kewpie was a better pitcher right now than Elk was a catcher, and that he 'd be pitching for the team before the season was over!"

"Why, Laurie Turner! What ever made you say such a thing?"

"I don't know, but I did say it. And they all laughed and—well, now, by jiminy crickets, he 's just got to *be* a pitcher!"

"But you just said yourself—"

"I know, but Ned and I talked it over and decided that the honor of the Turners was at stake, and that we 'd just have to make good somehow. So we put it up to Kewpie, and he agreed to work hard and do the best he could; and I agreed to ask Mr. Mulford to give him a try-out, and there it is."

"And did you—ask Mr. Mulford, I mean?"

"Yes, and he promised. Seemed to think it a huge joke, but said that if Kewpie ever got so he had anything to show, he 'd look him over. Sort of a mess, eh?"

"We-ell, of course," said Polly, judicially, "if you can't make good, Laurie, you just can't."

"Got to! Said I would, did n't I? Besides, I 'm not going to have that Elkins Thurston calling me a quitter. He makes trouble enough as it is, always ragging me about my playing. I 'm not much worse than he is, by jiminy! Though," he added, "that is n't saying much!"

"Why, I thought you were doing very well," said Polly.

"Oh, I don't know. I manage to stop most of 'em, and I 've been batting pretty decently; but when it comes to plugging to bases, I 'm just not there." He was silent again, his thoughts returning to his self-imposed task of turning the school team's center-rush into a baseball pitcher. Finally he sighed lugubriously. "The trouble with me is," he murmured, "I talk too blamed much!"

Conversation was for the moment interrupted by the tinkling of the bell in the back room and the opening of the shop door to admit a pleasant-faced little lady in a queer, old-fashioned dress and a funny black bonnet. When Polly returned, after a moment, she sighed quite as deeply as Laurie had.

"I do feel so sorry for her," she said.

"What 's the matter? Who is she?"

"That 's Miss Comfort. Did n't you recognize her? She 's the lady who makes most of our pastry and lives in the little white house at the corner, facing the park."

"Oh, yes. But why are you sorry for her?"

"Because she must get out of her house the first of the month and she has n't any place to go. And she must be almost seventy, Laurie. Just think of it!"

"Tough luck!" said the boy, sympathetically. "Are n't there any other houses in Orstead, though? Seems to me I 've seen two or three empty ones, Polly."

"She could n't afford them. You see, she was allowed the use of the house she 's in as long as her sister lived. Her sister was married to a man named Goupil, Mr. A. G. Goupil, and lived in Iowa, I think. Yes, Sioux City, Iowa. She was younger than Miss Comfort, and used to teach school in New Jersey until she met this Mr. Goupil. Then she married him without saying a word to Miss Comfort about it, until afterward. I guess Miss Comfort did n't like that. Besides, the man was French, and she does n't think much of French people, either. Anyhow, she and her sister sort of quarreled. At least, that 's what Mama thinks. Then, last December, Amanda died, and now Mr. Goupil—no, his lawyer out in Sioux City—has written and told her she must be out of the house by the first of May."

"And to-day 's the ninth of April! Did n't she get after this Goop chap? Write him or anything?"

"Yes, she wrote him two or three weeks ago, when she got the lawyer's letter, but he 's never answered."

"Maybe the letter went wrong."

"That 's what Mama told her; but she said it could n't have, because she sent it to his office. And, of course, even if he had moved his home when his wife died, his office would be the same, would n't it?"

"I reckon so. What does he do for a living, anyhow, the miserable old Shylock?"

"I don't know, but Mama thinks he has plenty of money. The Goupil Machinery Company is the name of the firm."

"A PLEASANT-FACED LITTLE LADY IN A QUEER, OLD-FASHIONED DRESS"

"That does n't sound French to me," objected Laurie, frowning. "How does he spell it?"

"G o u p i l. It 's a funny name, is n't it?"

"Crazy," agreed the other. "He must be a pippin to throw the old girl out of her home like that. You say she has n't any money at all?"

"Not more than enough to pay for moving, Laurie."

"How come?"

"I guess she never did have any. That house belonged to her mother, and she died a long time ago and left a funny will that let Miss Comfort stay there until her sister died. She 's been getting along pretty well by making cakes and things and selling them. She makes the best cake in town and every one buys of her. But I guess she 's never made more than enough money to just live on. I know that winter before last, when coal was so high, she shut up all the rooms except the kitchen and lived there, with just the stove for warmth. And goodness knows when she 's had a new dress. I declare, she 's worn that one she had on just now ever since I 've been in Orstead, Laurie!"

"Gee, that 's tough luck!" said Laurie. "Must be some place she can go to, though."

"There 's only one place I know of," said Polly, sadly, "and that 's the poor-farm. Of course, she 'd be well taken care of, and they 'll let her go on making cake and selling it; but she hates it dreadfully."

"I should think she might! At her age! Gee!"

"Mama and I thought of having her here, but there 's only the two rooms upstairs; and while it would be all right for awhile, it would n't do as a—a permanent arrangement."

"But is n't there any one else who could give her a home—some one who has more room? What about the folks in her church?"

"Well, of course there 's been talk of helping her, and I 'm certain quite a lot of folks will give money; but I don't believe she 'd take it, Laurie. And even if she got quite a lot, even a hundred dollars, it would n't pay house rent very long, would it?"

"A hundred dollars!" snorted Laurie. "Say, they must be a lot of pikers. Why—"

"Why no, Laurie, they 're not. You see, they 're not very well-off themselves, and the congregation is n't a large one at all. A hundred dollars would be quite a lot of money to them."

"So the poor old lady 's got to go to the poor-farm, eh?" mused Laurie, frowning.

"I 'm afraid so!" sighed Polly. "She 's never talked to me about it, but Mama said this morning that she guessed Miss Comfort had about reconciled herself. And just now she came in to apologize for not sending two cakes she had promised for this afternoon. I guess the poor dear 's too worried and upset to make them."

"Yes, I guess so," Laurie agreed. "I call that tough luck. 'Miss *Comfort!*' Gee, I 'll bet she has n't really known what comfort is, Polly!"

"Not since her mother died, probably. But she 's always been just as cheerful and happy as any one could be, until just lately. She 's a perfect dear, Laurie, and I could cry when I think of her having to go to that po—poor-farm!"

Dismayed by the catch in Polly's voice, and horribly afraid that she was really going to cry, Laurie suddenly recalled the fact that he must get back to school. "Well, I—I suppose there is n't anything any one can do," he murmured awkwardly. "Maybe the poor-farm won't be so bad. I suppose it 's the idea of it that sort of gets her, eh? Well, I must be trundling along. See you to-morrow. Good night."

"Good night," said Polly. "But you did n't need to run away. I had n't any intention of cry—crying!"

CHAPTER II

LAURIE SENDS A TELEGRAM

FUNNY how things happen, is n't it? If Bob Starling had n't emerged onto his side porch just as Laurie's head became momentarily visible in the break in the hedge where the gate hung, this story would have been lots different. Perhaps, indeed, there would n't have been any story at all!

As it was, Bob came, saw, and shouted, and Laurie paused. Bob was a day-student at Hillman's, a slim, well-built chap of sixteen, with a good-looking countenance and a jolly smile that made friends readily. His father was the chief engineer in charge of the work on the new bridge being built near Orstead, and he had leased the big square residence known as the Coventry Place for the term of his stay.

"Been over to the Widow's?" asked Bob, as he joined Laurie at the gate. "How 's Polly? Have n't seen her for days."

"She 's bearing up as well as might be expected," replied Laurie. Then, avoiding the other's playful punch, he added, "She 's sort of broke up, though, about Miss Comfort."

"Who? Oh, the old lady that makes the good cake. They 're putting her out of her house, or something, are n't they? Aunt was saying something about it at breakfast."

Laurie nodded. "It 's a blamed shame, too," he declared indignantly. "Why, say, Bob, she 's over seventy! One of the nicest old ladies in town, too. Always cheerful and happy and—and sunny, you know. One of the—er—well, a fine character, Bob."

"Why, I did n't know you were so well acquainted with her!" said Bob, in evident surprise.

"Well, I don't know her so very well, personally," replied Laurie, "but Polly says—"

"Oh!" chuckled Bob.

Laurie scowled. "I don't see anything very funny in it," he protested. "A perfectly corking old lady like Miss Comfort having to go to the poor-farm! At her age! Almost eighty!"

"Hold on! She was seventy a minute ago! Who says she 's going to the poor-farm?"

"Pol—everybody! I call it a downright shame!"

"Why, yes, so do I," agreed Bob; "but I don't see why you are so het up about it."

"You don't, eh? Well, if she was *your* mother—"

"But she is n't, Nod. And I don't believe

she 's yours, either, no matter what you say."

"I did n't say she was," replied Laurie, a trifle irritably. "I only said—I was just trying to make you see— Aw, you have n't any heart at all!"

"Oh, don't go up in the air," laughed Bob. "I have n't said anything against the poor old soul. I 'm mighty sorry for her, just as sorry as you are, but I can't do anything about it, can I?"

"No, but you need n't laugh at her!"

"I was n't laughing at her, you nut! I—"

"Besides," continued Laurie, "if every one took your attitude about—about things, saying, 'I can't help, can I?,' I 'd like to know what sort of a world this would be!"

"Well, hang it, I can't!" said Bob, emphatically, getting a trifle riled at his friend's unreasonableness. "Neither can you. So why stand there and—"

"How do you know I can't?" demanded Laurie, with much hauteur. "I have n't said I could n't. In fact, I—I 'm going to!"

"You are?" exclaimed Bob, incredulously. "How, Nod?"

The note of respect in Bob's voice dispelled Laurie's annoyance perceptibly. "I don't know—yet," he answered. But there was something in his voice, or maybe in the emphasis put on the final word, or possibly in his manner, that caused Bob to think that he did know. "Oh, come on and tell me, Nod," he asked. "Let me in on it. Maybe I can help, eh? I 'll say right now it 's fierce to use a fine old lady like that! Are you going to get up a subscription or a—I know! A benefit, eh?"

Laurie shook his head, glancing at his watch as he did so. "I can't tell you anything about it—yet," he replied. "But maybe—as soon as I get the details settled—I 've got to do a lot of thinking, you know, Bob."

"Sure! Well, listen, let me in on it, will you? I 'd love to do something, you know. I always thought Miss Comfort was a mighty fine old girl—I mean lady, Nod!"

"She is," said Laurie, almost reverentially.

"Sure," agreed Bob, solemnly.

"Well, I 'll see you to-morrow. Keep it to yourself, though. I don't want my plans all spoiled by—by a lot of silly talk."

"I 'll say you don't! Good night, Nod."

When he had reached the corner it began to dawn on Laurie that, as Ned had told him recently, he talked too much! "Got myself into a nice mess," he thought ruefully. "Suppose I 've got to go ahead and bluff it out with Bob now. Wonder what got into me. No—no discretion, that 's my trouble! I ain't so well in my circumspection, I guess. Better see a doctor about it! Oh, well—"

If you know Orstead, New York, you will recall that the town occupies the slope and summit of a very respectable-sized hill that begins almost at the river's edge and rises, never very abruptly, to what, in the old days, was called The Plain. The principal approach to The Plain is Walnut Street, a broad, tree-lined, winding thoroughfare, whose lower blocks are occupied by stores and whose upper reaches are given over to comfortable, sometimes rather palatial, residences. Hillman's School occupies the most of a large block just before Walnut Street stops climbing. The four buildings, of red brick, are approached from Summit Street. West Hall, a dormitory, comes first. Then School Hall, an older edifice with a slate roof, interposes. East Hall is beyond the recitation building, and finally, somewhat in the rear, is the gymnasium. Hillman's accommodates some fourscore students in the two dormitories and admits a few day-pupils, the school catalogue usually containing the names of some ninety-odd boys.

It was toward the farther building, East Hall, that Laurie Turner made his way after leaving Bob Starling. At the head of the first flight he walked along to the end of the corridor and paused at the portal numbered 16. Below the number, in a little metal slot provided for the purpose, were two cards, bearing the inscriptions, "Edward Anderson Turner," "Laurence Stedman Turner." A vandal hand, suspected to be that of Kewpie Proudtree, who roomed across the corridor in Number 15, had added the further inscriptions, "Nid" and "Nod."

Ned Turner was brushing his hair before the glass of his chiffonier when Laurie entered. A description of Laurie answers perfectly for Ned, for the twins were startlingly, confusingly alike, a circumstance that had led to numerous complications, sometimes amusing, sometimes annoying, since their advent at Hillman's the previous September. Only their closest friends and acquaintances were able to distinguish Nid from Nod without a second or even third look. Ned Turner was not alone in the room, for very thoroughly occupying a Morris chair beside the table was Kewpie Proudtree. Kewpie was not tall, but he was broad enough to

atone for the fact. He was rotund of face and body and had short, stout legs and arms and deserved his nickname. He was n't really fat, in spite of a winter of idleness and steady patronage of the Widow Deane's pastry-counter, although he had undoubtedly put on weight since he had played center so efficiently in the game against Farview. At

"Marvelous," replied Laurie. "Carpenter must be pretty punk, I 'd say. That my blue tie you 've got on?"

"Yes, want it?"

"What if I did?" asked Laurie, sarcastically. "Kewpie, you ought to be mighty glad you 're not a twin. Nothing that I own is sacred to this robber."

"'THIS LUNATIC HAS BEEN GOLF-GUFFING ME FOR HALF AN HOUR'"

Laurie's advent Kewpie sighed immeasurable relief.

"Thank goodness you 've come, Nod!" he exclaimed. "This lunatic has been golf-guffing me for half an hour!"

"Did you go over to the Widow's?" asked Ned, still plying his military brushes and regarding his brother in the mirror.

"Yes. Thought maybe you 'd show up there. Have a good game?"

Kewpie started a fervid protest, but Ned got ahead of him. "Corking, old son! Played Billy Carpenter and had him three up at the seventh. Not so bad for a dub, eh?"

"Huh," said Ned, "who wore my best golf-stockings yesterday? How 's Polly and the Widow? I have n't been over there since Sunday."

"They feel your neglect," answered Laurie, "but they 'll probably pull through. I suppose you fellows have heard about poor Miss Comfort."

"I 'll bet it 's good," said Ned. "Spring it, old son."

Laurie frowned. "It 's no silly joke," he said sternly.

"Sorry," apologized his brother. "What 's happened to her?"

Thereupon Laurie told his tale to a sym-

pathetic audience, managing to make it just a wee bit more pathetic than when it had been told to him. Laurie "put on the tremolo" to such effect that even Kewpie, notably serene and cheerful, got quite incensed over the outrageous conduct of the far-off Mr. Goupil. Laurie did not, however, hint that he had any intention of interesting himself in the matter. He had, he reflected, done enough damage for one day by letting his tongue get away from him! The supper-bell found Kewpie in the middle of an unflattering estimate of Mr. A. G. Goupil's character, and sent him hurrying out of the room to get washed.

The next day Laurie diligently avoided Bob Starling, for he knew that Bob would demand more particulars anent that unfortunate assertion of his. Once, at recitation, Laurie encountered Bob's inquiring gaze, and after that did n't dare look in his direction again. In the afternoon, during practice at the field, his usefulness as a baseball candidate was somewhat mitigated by the realization that either he must make a bluff at coming to Miss Comfort's aid, or acknowledge to Bob that he had n't meant a word of what he had said over the gate. Neither alternative pleased him. And then—perhaps it was the sudden invigorating rush of cold water that did it—a brilliant idea came to him while he was having his shower! He would, in the name of an outraged community, dispatch a protesting telegram to Mr. Goupil in Sioux City. If nothing came of it, he would at least have saved his face!

With Laurie, to decide was to act. By telephone he summoned Bob to an after-supper conference, and when that youth arrived he laid before him and Ned the plan to aid Miss Comfort. Bob was instantly in favor of it, but Ned demurred stoutly. They had no business butting in on the lady's affairs, declared Ned; and if they did, they would certainly land themselves in a heap of trouble. Laurie called him "hard-boiled" and appealed to his sense of justice. He also asked him if he had a heart. Ned replied that he had, and that he also possessed a remnant of common sense. Thereupon Laurie put tears in his voice, again pictured the dire fate hovering above the defenseless gray head of Miss Comfort, and spoke shudderingly of the poor-farm as a residence for a lady of her years. He now had Miss Comfort "over eighty." Eventually, Ned capitulated, and the task of composing a message was begun. It proved difficult, but at last it was accomplished, and at a quarter past eight the following telegram was filed at the telegraph office:

> A. G. Goupil,
> Goupil Machinery Co.
> Sioux City, Iowa.
>
> Have you authorized eviction aged sister-in-law? Orstead indignant. Answer immediately.
>
> Laurence S. Turner.

They each paid a third of the cost of the message, and returned to school feeling rather daring and extremely noble.

All the next day, which was Saturday, Laurie waited for an answer which did not come. Hillman's played her second game of the season that afternoon, the opponent being Lincolndale High School. The contest went to ten innings, and was called with the score 7 to 7 to allow the visitors to catch their train. Laurie watched the game from the bench, and, with mingled feelings of relief and envy, saw Elk Thurston substitute Cas Bennett, the regular catcher, in the eighth.

On Sunday, when, after dinner, Laurie, Ned, and Bob went over to the Widow Deane's to get Polly and her chum, Mae Ferrand, and go for the usual Sunday afternoon walk, that telegram to Sioux City still remained unanswered. Polly declared that it would be answered, however; that Mr. Goupil's self-respect would demand it!

"Of course," agreed Mae. You could depend on Mae agreeing with Polly always. She was a very pretty girl of Polly's age, with hair like gold and a skin like peaches-and-cream. The similes are Ned's.

"I don't know," said Laurie. "Reckon a man who 'd put his own sister-in-law into the street has n't got any self-respect."

"If he does n't answer," asked Mae, "what are you going to do next, Laurie?"

"Me?" Laurie shrugged. "Is n't anything more I *could* do, is there?"

"Oh, Laurie!" exclaimed Mae, in disappointed tones.

"Don't be silly, Mae," laughed Polly. "He 's only fooling. You ought to know Laurie well enough to know that he is n't going to give up as easily as that! Why, I dare say he has it all settled this minute, only he does n't want to tell us."

"I have n't either," protested Laurie. "Look here, this is n't any business of mine, and—"

But Polly only laughed as she slipped an arm around Mae and gave the latter a

reassuring squeeze. "We know, don't we, Mae?"

Laurie opened his mouth for further denial, but recognized the futility of it. Instead, he seized Ned by the arm. "Come on," he said helplessly. "Let 's go."

They went, but not to walk. Polly took them to the little white house on the next corner and ushered them into the presence of Miss Pansy Comfort. There, seated uncomfortably about the rather bare front parlor, they were entertained by the little lady with layer-cake and conversation. Miss Comfort did n't look more than sixty, and she had very sharp bright eyes and a most energetic manner. She had a pleasant voice, as well; and when she smiled you felt more than ever the injustice of her impending fate. She had been told about the telegram, and, although she said she was certain Mr. Goupil would not reply to it, she was almost embarrassingly grateful, and thanked Laurie at length and with a quaint formality that made him squirm.

Laurie emerged from the little house ruefully aware of the fact that Polly had been right. He was n't going to give up so easily. If nothing came of that telegram, he would simply have to think of something else!

Nothing did come of it, and on Thursday Laurie announced the next step. Somewhere in Orstead, he declared, there must be a place for Miss Comfort; a shack that could be made habitable, a room above a store, a gardener's quarters over some one's garage or stable—any of these would be better than the poor-farm. On Thursday and Friday they scoured the town; and on Friday at dusk they wearily returned to the little blue shop, convinced that there was no such place. And then, the next Sunday, they went to walk again, and chose the river-bank, going down-stream past the wharves and the coal-yard until they reached The Basin, a favorite skating-place in winter. The Basin was a shallow pool lying back from the river, its lower end close to the big quarry that was eating away Little Crow Hill. It was connected with the river by a narrow inlet, over which the railroad crossed on a short bridge. Near by, moored in the quarry company's dock, was the old ferry-boat, the *Pequot Queen*, the sight of which reminded them of winter days when they had crowded into its engine-room and warmed themselves at a driftwood fire in the old rusty fire-box.

"It 's funny some one does n't buy her and break her up," observed Laurie.

"Nobody knows whom she belongs to," answered Bob, as they passed the boat. "The ferry company went bust and left her here, you see; and, of course, the quarry folks can't claim her, although I 've heard they 've got a big bill against her for dockage, or whatever it 's called."

"They might push her out, if they don't want her," offered Ned. "Looks as if she was considerably in the way."

"Guess she is, but if they put her out into the river she 'd be a what-you-call-it—menace to navigation."

"Well," said Polly, "I hope they won't, because she makes a lovely club-house for us in winter, does n't she, Mae?"

Mae agreed that she did, and Ned said he guessed Polly need n't worry. "Looks as if she 'd stay right there and rot," he said.

For the rest of the walk Laurie was strangely silent and distrait. Skirting the back of Little Crow, he made so many missteps and bumped into so many trees that the others viewed him with alarm. Ned offered to lead him, but Laurie refused assistance, explaining, in a far-off voice, that he was "just thinking." He might have added that he was mentally wrestling with a Great Idea, but he did n't.

(To be continued)

SKI-JORING—MORE FUN WITH LESS EFFORT

"'BY MY FAITH, SIR GREGORY, YON MAN IS TOM O' TILBURY'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

DWARF HILDEBRAND

By BERNARD MARSHALL

Author of "Cedric the Forester"

FOR half an hour and more, young Gregory, the sixteen-year-old heir of Colinwood, and Dwarf Hildebrand, the archer, had been sitting on a fallen log amidst the green and gold of the autumn woods. The hunting was forgotten and their bows and shafts lay in the bracken beside them, while Hildebrand regaled his young master with tales of the varied life he had seen in his wanderings—of archery meets and tourneys, of minstrelsy and conjuring, of merry and riotous or grim and desperate adventures with many a hair's-breadth escape from death or maiming.

That morning they had ridden with Lord Colinwood ten miles and more on the road to Shrewsbury; but on the hither side of Kelsey Brook had left the highway for a path that led among the yews and beeches straight east to the woods of Tilbury and Mordaunt, where they hoped to slay a deer. A mile or so from the highroad they had tethered their horses in a close thicket, and now had come on foot through the forest to this glade, which Hildebrand remembered as a likely spot for hunting.

'T was well indeed that through the overhanging hazel branches they could see and not be seen, for now of a sudden Sir Gregory interrupted a merry tale with a grip on the arm of his companion and a pointing finger which indicated two men who had appeared from the undergrowth two hundred paces off and now came forward slowly. The first was tall and powerfully built, with black and heavy brows and huge mustachios. He wore a cap of steel and a shirt of woven mail that hung nearly to his knees; a short and heavy sword hung from his belt, and in his hand he carried a crossbow, ready braced. The other was of medium height and most evil countenance, with the livid scar of an old wound distorting his mouth and cheek. He seemed to wear no armor, but a poniard hung at his girdle, and with this his right hand constantly toyed as he talked in low, half-muttering tones.

"The knight is Sir Richard of Mordaunt," whispered Gregory.

"Aye," answered the dwarf, in a cautious undertone, "the Black Mordaunt and Scarface of Belmere! 'T is an ugly couple, in good sooth. I warrant there 's some poor wretch to whom their converse bodes no good. And if we be, as I think, on Mordaunt's lands, 't will be well for us if we be not seen. The Mordaunt, as I know full well, bears no good will to Lord Colinwood, thy father. But hold! Who is this fellow in Lincoln green that now joins them?"

Through the open wood at the right, Gregory could now see approaching a tall man in the dress of a forester, but wearing over his upper garments a braced and quilted jacket such as were often employed by the yeomanry and men-at-arms in place of breastplates of steel. In his hand he bore a longbow; at one side hung a quiver of cloth-yard shafts, and on the other, a dagger in its leathern sheath. The man walked with the springing step of a deer or other woodland creature, and scarcely lowered the green feather in his hat in his greeting to those who awaited him.

Hildebrand's eyes were dilated with the intensity of his watching, like those of a cat at the entrance of a mouse's retreat. Now he clutched Sir Gregory's arm and whispered:

"By my faith, Sir Gregory, yon man is Tom o' Tilbury and no other!"

"The robber chief? Him that my father's threats drove from the country-side three years agone?"

"'T is he and no other. I saw him at Depping when the village folk had made him prisoner and prepared to hang him for his crimes. I 'd know him in a thousand."

"This bodes no good to us or any other honest men," whispered Gregory.

"Nay, verily," returned the dwarf; "'t is best we slip away while yet there 's time."

So saying, he drew his short legs over the log and crawled into the fern-brake behind it, closely followed by his young master. It was their intent to emerge on the side away from the beech-tree, make their way over the little rise of ground beyond, and so out of the neighborhood ere the ill-omened trio could see that they had been observed. But fortune favored not this design; for no sooner had they crouched among the ferns, than they heard the voice of Sir Richard, who had advanced along the path toward their retreat and who now called back to the others:

"Come hither, I pray ye. Here is a fallen log where we may sit and discuss this matter at our ease."

In a moment he had seated himself on the log and had been joined by his companions. The two youths in the bracken, ten feet away, had no choice but to lie low and hold their breaths. To rise and fly would be to invite challenge and pursuit and perhaps a deadly shaft from the outlaw's bow; while by lying as silently as hares in a thicket, they might avoid all notice and thus preserve whole skins.

"Now this falls out most fortunately," resumed Mordaunt. "Thou sayest, Tom, that Colinwood hath indeed ridden toward Shrewsbury, as we had news he would. What company had he and with what arms?"

"Three men-at-arms with swords and bucklers, the boy Gregory, and the dwarf Hildebrand, that lately returned to his household. Both these carried longbows."

At this, Sir Richard clapped his hand to his thigh in glee and turned to Scarface with a cry of triumph.

"Heard thou ever the like, Belmere? This opportunity is made for us. On their return to-morrow, we 'll strike down father and son together and fairly wipe this breed of Colinwood from our neighborhood. Thou and I will wear the Lincoln green and serve with Tom o' Tilbury; and it shall go forth that forest robbers have slain them."

"Aye," answered Scarface, grimly. "There 'll be no tender heir to rouse the sympathy of neighbor folk, and whose claims might later interfere with the wise plans of our most gracious lord, Prince John. With the lad well out of the way, he will far more surely keep the promise he hath made and confer on thee the title and estates."

Now, indeed, the listeners among the ferns knew whose lives and fortunes were threatened by this ugly trio. No course remained for them but that of utter silence, for if discovery had before meant danger, it now meant certain death.

"And what is my stake in all this?" demanded Tom o' Tilbury. "Why should I risk the lives of my men in this venture? 'T is not reported that Lord Colinwood will bear with him any booty of gold or gems."

"Listen, thou greedy one," answered the Mordaunt. "All such booty as may be had will be thine; but 't is not in any such gear that thy stake in this venture consists. With Colinwood and his son removed, *I* become the Lord of Colinwood. Colinwood himself hath sworn to hang thee. Will not thy trade thrive better with me, thy friend, in his place?"

"'T is so," urged Scarface, "Thou 'lt be altogether secure, and, within reasonable limits, may ply thy greenwood trade in safety. 'T is a good bargain for thee, Tom; I warrant it."

The robber made no reply, and for a moment there was silence in the glade. Then came a strange interruption. Whether from dust from the dry leaves so near his face or a shred of floating down from some dead flower, the nose of young Gregory had begun to feel a most insistent tickling and to warn him of a coming sneeze. Twice and thrice his face grew almost purple with his efforts to repress it, while Hildebrand watched his struggles in horror, thinking that he suffered from a seizure. At last Gregory, despairing of longer delay, turned on his face and muffled the explosion as best he might among the leaves. Had this occurred while one of the plotters was speaking, it might perhaps have passed unnoticed; but now the sound was plainly heard, though none of the three could tell the direction whence it came.

"What was that?" demanded Mordaunt, starting from the log and gazing wildly about.

The others made no reply, but listened, open-mouthed.

Just then there came a voice from the bracken, thirty yards away, on the farther side of the brook that ran below the pathway —a strange and eery voice, half whining and half jeering:

"Mordaunt—Black Mordaunt!"

"What 's this? We are spied upon!" exclaimed Mordaunt. "I 'll soon see by whom."

At a bound he cleared the stream, then dashed up the slope beyond and into the bracken.

Then again came the voice, this time from fifty paces to the right. Evidently the eavesdropper was running on all fours behind the ferny screen.

"Black Mordaunt and Tom o' Tilbury."

At this, the two remaining plotters sprang forward and joined Sir Richard. With cries of rage they plunged through the tangle toward the spot whence the last call had come.

Instantly, Dwarf Hildebrand seized Gregory's wrist and drew him away to the upper side of their ferny shield; then, on hands and knees, they scurried over the rising ground and away into the woods beyond. In a moment they rose to their feet and ran, as silently as might be, toward the rocky glen where their horses were tethered. In a quarter-hour they reached it safely and found their mounts still browsing undisturbed. Full soon thereafter they were on the highroad, riding hard for Shrewsbury.

At sundown, they came into the town and found Lord Colinwood at the inn of the Golden Seal. Upon Gregory's insistence that they bore news that could wait for nothing, but must have instant telling where none could overhear, Lord Colinwood led the way to the great bedroom on the second floor, which he had taken for the night, and sat him down to listen. Gregory, first seeing to it that the door was safely bolted, breathlessly began his story of the return of the Tilbury robber chief and his alliance with Mordaunt and Scarface to the end of the downfall of the house of Colinwood.

At the end of the tale, the elder remained silent and pondering for a space. Then his face lightened up with a sudden resolve.

"'T is fortunate indeed," he said, "that their wicked plans are thus revealed to us. I will ride to-morrow through Tilbury Wood, even as they expect, and with but a small company, although we 'll wear linked mail beneath our garments that will turn the shafts of archers. And half a mile behind us shall come my friend, the Knight of Grimsby, with a hundred men-at-arms and bowmen. While the outlaws are engaged with us, there will come down upon them a force sufficient for their certain overthrow. 'T will be an ill day for Mordaunt, I 'll be bound!"

"Oh, glorious!" cried Gregory, "'T will be my first day in arms, and against enemies whom I would fain repay for the fright they gave me. But now I wonder sorely who that man could be whose timely calling rescued us to-day, and whether he got safely away. He was a right bold fellow to beard them thus. I would I could shake his hand and speak my thanks."

Lord Colinwood sat with knitted brows, thinking on this puzzling matter. Neither of the youths had any word to offer, and the room was silent save for the sounds that came faintly from the inn-yard below. Gregory was facing the half-opened door of a closet within the apartment, and staring vaguely with the eyes of one whose thoughts are far away.

Then from the darkened space within the closet came a voice, half whining and half jeering:

"Mordaunt—Black Mordaunt!"

Gregory froze to his chair in horror, and the hair slowly rose on his head. This was the voice they had heard in the forest—the voice that Mordaunt and the others had vainly pursued. Was this a ghost or a demon that had saved them? If a mortal man, how could he have preceded them through all their hard-ridden miles to Shrewsbury and have hidden himself here? It was not possible, without witchery.

After a dazed moment, Lord Colinwood sprang up and threw the closet door wide open. The waning twilight shone full into the recess beyond, and showed it *empty!* For another instant he gazed in bewilderment, then of a sudden wheeled about toward Hildebrand and laughed full loud and long.

"Hildebrand, thou imp of Satan!" he cried, "Thou hast well fooled us all—first Mordaunt and his crew, and now ourselves. I had quite forgot that conjurer's trick of thine of throwing thy voice afar, and verily believed that 't was some reckless fellow who rescued thee in Mordaunt Wood and that by stealth or by magic he had placed himself in our closet here. I' faith! if ever clowning was put to sober use, it has been so put to-day. When we are home again, thou shalt ask whatever boon thou wilt, and it shall go hard if Colinwood can not grant it thee."

"We are spied upon," exclaimed Mordaunt. "I'll soon see by whom."

BEHIND THE KHAKI OF THE SCOUTS

A GIRL SCOUT PAGEANT

By FANNIE MOULTON McLANE

(*Instructor in Scoutcraft, Columbia University*)

SPIRIT OF YOUTH

CHARACTERS

Reader of the Verse
Spirit of Youth
Group of Girl Scouts
Roman Citizen
Knight
Robin Hood
Pilgrim Mother
Colonial Dame
Indian
Flower
Sea-Nymph
Star
Zephyr

This pageant can be adapted to central staging in a large gymnasium or to a regular stage with footlights. It can be elaborated as much as the director desires, with additional music, dancing, and characters.

(*Before the reading is begun, there is heard, played very softly, the music of the opening bars of Dvorak's "Daybreak." The music continues, very softly, all through the reading, up to the entrance of the Spirit of Youth, when it changes swiftly to dance music.*)

READER OF THE VERSE

The spirit of youth is ever on a quest.
It comes among us lovely as a flower;
Coy and shy and wild as a forest bird,
Scarce touching earth, it flits, it comes, it flees,
Stays not a moment, but must seek beyond,
Ever and ever on—and *then* beyond.

What is this quest that all youth goes upon,
With its crusader's heart, its knightly soul,
Its love, devotion, ardor, tenderness,
Its Roman rectitude, its Indian pride,
Its eager, dancing feet and heart and eyes?

It searcheth ever and it searcheth far—
For what? It cannot tell. It only knows
Something has bound it to an endless quest
And all its being thrills with vague desire.

It fain would all things know and do and find.
The gray old world is full of mysteries:
What are the sun, the moon, the clouds, the stars?
What is a flower, a leaf, a tree, a bird?
The eyes of youth look far beyond the sky;
The heart of youth is deeper than the sea;
Desire of youth is limitless as space;
And youth's own heart is full of mysteries.

(*The Spirit of Youth enters, clad in short, white, flowing draperies, and dances a dance which expresses the spirit of the lines just read—youth, lovely, shy, and wild, urged on a quest by its own eagerness. At the close of the dance, the Spirit of Youth sinks down upon the floor, center, as if wearied and despairing of the quest. All through the appearance of the rest of the characters, Youth*

watches, curious, wondering, and becoming more and more satisfied.
A file (or group) of Girl Scouts in uniform enters. They stand in a line, or mass, from behind which the rest of the characters appear.)

Behind the khaki of the Scouts, youth finds
Its answer, and the ending of its quest.
For in that khaki line the wise can see
A shadowy pageant ever passing by:
A pageant of the ages, answering
The youth of all the world for ages past,
Telling of how *they* dreamed and yearned and sought,

1. THE KNIGHT. 2. THE ROMAN CITIZEN. 3. ROBIN HOOD.
4. THE PILGRIM MOTHER

And, seeking, found, and gave the world their gift
Forever, in the khaki of the Scouts.

(*The Roman citizen enters.*)

Behind the khaki of the Scouts, we see
The noble figure of the citizen.
A score of centuries ago stood Rome,
Mighty republic, mistress of the world,
Mother of mighty law that yet endures
In all the nations of a larger world
Than old Rome knew. She taught us these ideals:
The honor in the name of citizen,
The duty of the citizen to the state,
The love of order, high respect for law,
The self-control that means true liberty,
The love of country that the noble know,
A Roman pride in Roman rectitude—
All these, Rome taught us; in them, Rome still lives
To-day, behind the khaki of the scouts.

(*The Knight in shining armor enters.*)

Behind the khaki of the Scouts, we see
The glorious knight, the flower of chivalry.
In *our* Scout's honor find we *his* ideal,
His knightly honor; in our scouting code,
The code of chivalry. We alike are bound
To loyalty, to helpfulness to man,
To courtesy and to fair gentleness,
To stern obedience and to duty's call.
His shining armor and his knightly sword,
His shining honor and his knightly soul,
Behind the khaki of the scouts is hid.

(*Enter Robin Hood, in Lincoln green, with bow and arrow. If staging permits, he may shoot an arrow.*)

Behind the khaki of the Scouts, we see
The picture of a merry band and free
That dwelt in England's forests. Robin Hood
And all his sturdy, merry-making band
Still live in every troop that takes the trail.
His life we live; with *his* heart do we love
The fires of twilight and the feast and song;
And *his* life do we live, for every day
Is gay adventure and the righting wrong.

(*The Pilgrim Mother enters, in a neat gown, with sweet, yet resolute, face.*)

Behind the khaki of the Scouts we read
One other tale of steadfast hero heart:
Three centuries ago there came a band,
The most heroic women that we know—
The Pilgrim Mothers, who, for conscience' sake,
For faithfulness to duty, love of God,
At home did brave the prison and the stake,
Then left their homes and braved the trackless sea,
Faced hardships grave, and unremitting toil,
The wilderness, the hate of savages,
And made a home, that conscience might be free.

THE COLONIAL DAME

THE FLOWER AND HER BUTTERFLY ATTENDANT

She lives to-day, brave, steadfast, and devout,
Behind the khaki of the steadfast Scout.

(*The Colonial Dame enters. If desired, she may do so to the music of a minuet.*)

Behind the khaki of the Scouts we see
A dainty figure, sweet, adorable:
The lady of the colonies, gentle bred,
Taught in the graces of a stately world;
A gracious hostess and a welcome guest,
With wit and wisdom, woman's nicety
Of taste and manner, and a woman's pride
In household graces and in household skill.

(*Indian enters.*)

THE INDIAN

THE STAR

Behind the Scouts, a lissome figure glides,
Quick, lithe, and silent, sturdy to endure.
Since the first savage traced the woodland path,
Swam the first river, builded the first fire,
Made fire his slave, wrought home from wilderness,
The whiff of forest and the tang of smoke
Have been the quest of all the weary world.
Behind the khaki of the Scouts we find
Skill of the woodlands, wisdom of the trail,
Feet that can softly step and long endure,
Hands that can wrest a living from the wild,
Iron endurance, noble scorn of pain,
And brotherhood to all the great outdoors.

(*Enter together the characters representing various phases of nature—a Flower, with a small attendant dressed like a butterfly, a Sea-nymph, a Star, a Zephyr. The Flower may have a dress cut to represent the petals of a flower; the Sea-nymph may have a clinging robe of cheese-cloth, dyed blue at the top, shading to green at the bottom, pinned with a starfish and bordered with shells; the Zephyr may have a robe similar in cut, but in faint, intermingling hues of light blue, lavender, and pink. She should carry a square scarf of silk similarly dyed, which she holds above her head with both hands and keeps in motion, as if a strong wind were blowing. The Star may have a very dark blue or black gown, dotted with stars.*)

Behind the khaki of the Scouts, we see
Nature, the mother of a smiling world.
In the Scout's heart is love of nature-lore,

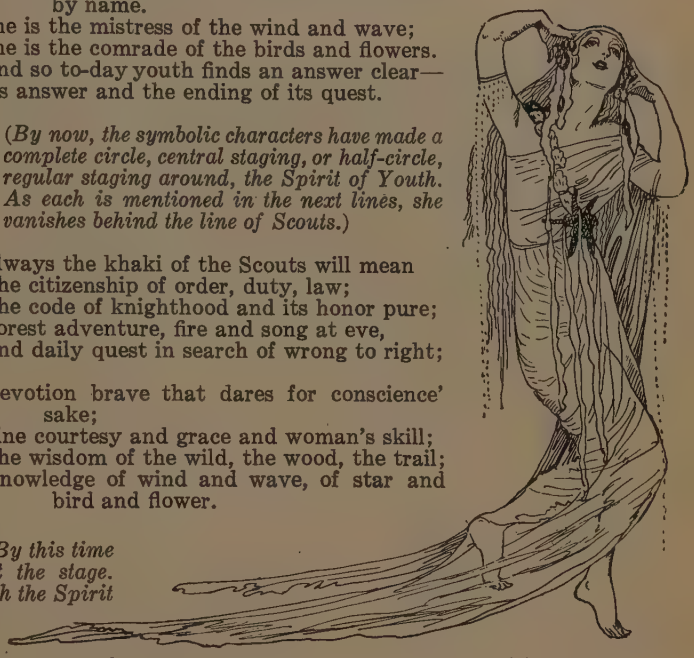
ZEPHYR

A love that comes of knowledge, and a love
That comes of wonder. For the Scout can call
The trees and stars, the birds and flowers,
by name.
She is the mistress of the wind and wave;
She is the comrade of the birds and flowers.
And so to-day youth finds an answer clear—
Its answer and the ending of its quest.

(By now, the symbolic characters have made a complete circle, central staging, or half-circle, regular staging around, the Spirit of Youth. As each is mentioned in the next lines, she vanishes behind the line of Scouts.)

Always the khaki of the Scouts will mean
The citizenship of order, duty, law;
The code of knighthood and its honor pure;
Forest adventure, fire and song at eve,
And daily quest in search of wrong to right;

Devotion brave that dares for conscience'
sake;
Fine courtesy and grace and woman's skill;
The wisdom of the wild, the wood, the trail;
Knowledge of wind and wave, of star and
bird and flower.



THE SEA-NYMPH

(By this time all the symbolic characters have left the stage. There is left only the line of Scouts with the Spirit of Youth. The music of "Daybreak" begins again, very softly, as the reading continues):

This is the vision; to the outside world,
Only the khaki of a line of Scouts. *(Exit Scouts.)*

(The music swells till it is triumphant and victorious. Youth watches the retreating Scouts, then lifts her arms after them and follows them.)

AMBITION

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

A FROG who lived beneath the village
pump,
Said, "Really, I am growing much too
plump!
So I 'll pack my green regalia
For a trip to far Australia
Where I 'll teach the little kangaroos
to jump."

THE LAST PARRAKEET

By GEORGE INNESS HARTLEY

Author of "The Boy Hunters in Demerara"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT

Two young naturalists, Fred Milton and Paul Jenkins, known as "Skinny" and "Fat," have just returned to New York from a collecting trip in South America. They are crossing Broadway when they rescue an old gentleman from a passing fire-engine. He proves to be Robert C. Whitehouse, proprietor of a large cattle-range in the Everglades of Florida. In conversation he mentions that he has seen parrakeets near his home, and later invites the boys to visit him there. Several weeks pass, when the boys, busily at work cataloging and labeling their specimens, are called to the office of Dr. Keene, the head of the museum, who informs them that they are to be sent to the Everglades in search of a living Carolina parrakeet, long supposed to be extinct. Five thousand dollars has been offered by the United Ornithological Societies for evidence that the birds still exist. Strangely enough, in a bundle of feathers brought to their laboratory by the United States Customs officers, the boys had just discovered part of the fresh skin of such a parrakeet. Encouraged by this to hope that their search may not prove in vain, they return to the laboratory, and find that some one had been handling the parrakeet skin. The invitation of Mr. Whitehouse is recalled and the boys decide to take him at his word.

CHAPTER IV

AN UNPLEASANT GREETING

SEVENTY-TWO hours after the events just narrated, the young collectors disembarked from their Pullman at Fort Myers. Only one incident had marred the journey; and that was soon forgotten in the pleasure obtained from watching the ever-changing panorama from the car window. South Carolina, with its vast stretches of impenetrable, moss-hung cypress-swamps, had been traversed; Georgia, with its flat, interminable mi'es of pines, had swept by; and finally the train had drawn into the city of Jacksonville, Florida.

As there was a full hour to wait until the train started for points farther south, the boys decided upon a walk, to stretch their legs and freshen their muscles; but just as they were about to leave their seats, they were surprised by a voice calling for Mr. Fred Milton. A small uniformed messenger-boy, black as a lump of tar, entered the car and, casting a sharp glance at its occupants, advanced down the aisle.

"Mistah Milton; telegram fo' Mistah Milton!"

"Guess that 's me," Fred muttered in an aside to his companion, and, holding out his hand, called, "Here you are, boy!"

The messenger gave Fred a shrewd, piercing glance and shook his head, showing a full set of ivory teeth in a grin which seemed to run completely across his small face. "No, suh," he said, "this hyar is fo' Mistah Milton."

"I am Mr. Milton," Fred quietly answered.

"Sho', are yo' now? Why, yo' is only a boy. I 'm shuah yo' is—"

"He 's Mr. Milton, all right," cut in Paul, hurriedly, for a titter could be heard coming from other occupants of the car. "Give him the telegram and wait to see if there is an answer."

The boy, with evident hesitation, handed Fred the yellow envelop, and, shaking his head dubiously, stood at one side while the latter perused its contents. Having scanned the type-written words, Fred handed the telegram to Paul, who studied it with rising perplexity stamped on his round, cherubic face. This is what he saw:

"Did you take parrakeet skin with you? If not, where did you store it?"

Paul read this aloud, and dropped the missive to stare at his chum. The telegram was signed by Dr. Keene.

"W-what does he mean?" he stammered.

"It 's lost!" was the short response; and requesting a blank from the young negro, Fred dashed off a message to the head of the museum in which he stated that the skin had been left in a certain locker in the laboratory. When the messenger-boy had taken himself off, enriched by half a dollar and smiling from ear to ear, the two stared at each other for a moment without further comment.

"How could it be lost when it 's in that locker?" finally demanded Paul, in a bewildered tone. "I put it there myself, and Dr. Keene knows where it is."

"That 's just the point," gravely declared Fred. "Dr. Keene must have looked there and failed to find it. That 's the reason for the telegram—he thinks that, at the last moment, we may have taken it with us. Somebody *else* has taken it, Fat!"

"But who could possibly know we had it?" the other persisted. "Dr. Keene is the only person outside ourselves who knows that such a fresh skin is in existence."

"Somebody examined the plumes while we were in Dr. Keene's office, don't you remember?"

"By Jove, "that 's so!" exclaimed Fat. "Whoever looked those over is the person who has taken the parrakeet!"

"That must be it," agreed the other. "And, after all, I don't suppose the loss is so very serious."

"Not *serious!*" half-shouted Paul. "Why, it may lose us five thousand dollars! That skin is almost fresh, and any unscrupulous person could easily palm it off as being collected by himself within the last month. Not serious? I call it a black catastrophe!"

There was no denying the truth of Paul's words. In improper hands, the possession of those wings might spell disaster to the expedition and sound the knell to their hopes for the reward.

"If the skin really has been stolen and later is submitted to the societies, our only hope remains in Dr. Keene," acknowledged Fred. "He knows about it, and, although he has n't seen it, he could at least hold up the award of the prize until we get back."

After a long and tedious trip from Jacksonville, they at length reached Fort Myers, where they changed cars, continuing their journey on one of the small branch railroads in which Florida abounds. The thirty miles they traveled on this proved the longest they had ever experienced in a train.

"'W-WHAT DOES HE MEAN?' HE STAMMERED. 'IT 'S LOST!'"

It was by the merest chance that they caught the train in Fort Myers, there being no regular schedule on the line worthy of mention. An engine and two passenger-coaches were supposed to leave the fort at six o'clock each morning, but lack of steam, or a derailment farther along the line, a burnt bridge, a fallen tree, or any one of a

hundred other possibilities, generally necessitated a delay; any train might be from two to twenty-four hours behind its schedule. Fortunately for the travelers, on the day in question it was merely a hot-box which had caused some slight damage, and by noon the little "Special" was ready to proceed.

When Fort Myers finally was left behind, the young collectors felt that the end of the journey was in sight. The country through which the special crawled at a fifteen-mile gait was flat, sandy, and covered for the most part with a straggling pine forest carpeted with pine-needles and low, bushy palmettos. It stretched for an interminable distance, farther than the eye could penetrate through the hot smoky haze, the sultry atmosphere of a Florida spring. The dreary, uninviting sameness of it undermined the ardor of the travelers.

But there were breaks in the monotony. At rare intervals, which became more frequent as they advanced toward the interior, the track led over small creeks where verdure abounded in true tropical luxury, where gaunt, enormous cypress-trees, spangled and laced with streamers of silvery moss, reared tall crowns skyward above the smaller pines, and the bright-green live-oaks interlocked over the narrow waters. Here taller palms of the cabbage variety rose above the ragged groups of stunted palmettos. Great ferns fringed the banks, and here and there a stately royal palm sent up its shaftlike trunk to rival the tallest cypress. On the whole, however, it was an uninviting region, as viewed from a car window—barren pine-land, varied here and there with bleak, tree-filled swamps.

With scarcely a single exception, the pines had been striped and gashed for pitch from which to manufacture turpentine. The trunks, on opposite sides, were torn free of bark for varying distances, the gashes sometimes reaching six feet or more from the ground. Driven into the yellow, exposed surface, projecting strips of tin acted as spouts to catch the oozing sap and direct it into long, narrow receptacles of burnt clay, which hung beneath. When these were filled, their contents would be scooped out and transported to a central station set up in the midst of the forest. There, after the turpentine had been distilled off from a huge vatful, the residue would remain as resin.

During the course of the journey, the train pulled by one of these distilling stations, and the boys sighed when they saw acre upon acre of barrels—thousands of them—lying on their sides, filled with resin and awaiting transportation.

"If the people continue tapping the pines at that rate, there soon won't be any trees left to tap," Paul observed with conviction, and he was right.

The State of Florida has been largely denuded of its forests by seekers for turpentine, and it is safe to say that fifty years more will see the last of all the pines. The process of extracting the sap, in present use, is fatal to the tree, as sure death to it as if the tree were chopped off with an ax—but it takes longer. The larger, more sturdy specimens live for years under the unremitting strain, but in the end all succumb, unless first converted into lumber. Little by little the lower branches drop off, then those higher up; and finally the top turns brown and dies. It has become a custom to lumber off the forest just before the trees commence to die; but millions of the trees are tapped when too young, and therefore are worthless as timber. They shrivel and die before their more hardy companions are ready for the ax. Great open glades have thus formed in the once dense forest, which now at best is a thin, sparse, uneven growth. It is a waste—sheer, unmitigated destruction; but the tapping will go on until the end is reached, for turpentine is a most necessary essential oil.

The train crept on through this devastated region until at last, at five o'clock, the travelers reached their destination. And what a fitting climax it was to such a journey! There was no town. The station consisted of a tumble-down open shed, with a rusty, corrugated iron roof which opened to the blue sky in a dozen places. A large, weather-beaten house stood a hundred yards away. It was built of clapboards innocent of the touch of a paint-brush, with a roof of tin, colored red. Running across the front was a large porch almost level with the ground, on which were scattered half a dozen chairs in a high state of ruin. A narrow road of white sand ran by both house and station, and, suddenly curving, became lost in the darkness of the pine forest. This was the settlement.

Not a soul occupied the station as the train drew, faltering, to a standstill. The boys stepped out, carrying their hand luggage, and saw that their trunk had preceded them from the forlorn baggage-car. Scarcely had they set foot upon the uneven mass of cinders which formed the station platform

than the special, in a cloud of steam from a leaky cylinder-head, an outburst of asthmatic wheezes, and the clatter of loosened brakes, rumbled off, and, like the village main street, became lost in the pine-land. The end of the railroad journey was indeed reached.

For a minute or two the travelers spoke not a word, so awed were they by the dreary atmosphere of the place. No vehicle was in sight, no person, no sign of humanity, save the ramshackle house in the background. They seemed as definitely cut off from civilization as if they were at the head-waters of the Amazon. A satirical grin spread over Paul's rubicund countenance as he stared at the weather-beaten sign which hung from the eaves of the shed and on which he faintly discerned the printed name, "Prosperity."

"Prosperity!" he chuckled, wryly. "Say, Skinny, what 's in a name? If this is Prosperity, what must the city of Calamity be like?"

Fred smiled and agreed that the settlement did not have the appearance of a booming town; and then he dubiously inquired, glancing at the empty road and the uninviting house:

"What 's next on the program?"

"Dunno," grinned Fat, with unfailing spirits. "It looks as if we 'd have to pitch camp right here and wait until some one comes along. Mr. Whitehouse telegraphed that he 'd meet us here, but I reckon he 's lost track of the train. We might see if we can rouse somebody in that house."

They walked down the dusty road and mounted the rickety step which led to the equally rickety porch. The place appeared deserted, but, undaunted, the boys banged heavily on the door with their fists.

"Nobody 's home, I guess," decided Fat, and they were about to leave the porch when, to their joy, the door slowly opened. A man stepped out and closed it behind him.

"Good evening," said Fred. "We thought no one was at home."

The man said nothing, but stood looking them over from head to foot, slowly, as if they were a foreign species. He was tall and thin and wholly unprepossessing. His clothes—a dirty white shirt and a pair of torn, baggy trousers—were unfit to grace the person of a tramp. His face was covered with a black, straggly, unkempt beard, which thoughtfully hid the ugly features beneath, a battered straw hat sagged over to one side, one eye was missing, but that fact was almost concealed by the hat. The other, watery green though it was, glittered with wickedness as it glared at the new comers. In one hand he held a Winchester rifle.

"Er-er, good evening," stuttered Fat, clearing his throat and throwing a doubtful glance at the weapon.

"What are yo' all doin' hyar?" growled the man, in an uncompromising voice, throwing the rifle across his arm in a threatening attitude. "Who are yo' and what do yo' all want?"

The man's good eye traveled beyond them and rapidly took in the station shed, the forest, and the road which wound beyond. Apparently satisfied at what he saw, he repeated his questions.

"We came on the train," answered Fred, indicating their trunk and bags, which still reposed near the shed. "We expected some one to meet us, but as he is n't here, we are looking for a place to spend the night. Can you put us up?"

The request was met with a snarl. "No, suh! Yo' cyan't sleep in this hyar house! What 's yo' names and who are yo' lookin' fo'?"

"It 's unnecessary to tell you that," Fred soberly retorted, though his cheeks reddened at the surliness of the man and his inhospitable reception of their request for a night's lodging. "If you can't put us up, that 's all there is to it."

"No it ain't," rumbled the disagreeable creature,—he could hardly be called a man,—fixing the boys with his glittering eye. "What 's yo' names and what do yo' all want?"

"I told you—" began Fred, but was interrupted by his chum.

"We are expecting a friend of ours—Mr. Whitehouse—to meet us," he said shortly, and, turning, with a word to Fred, started to leave the porch.

An exclamation from the stranger caused them to face around. At the name of Whitehouse, his whole attitude had altered. Before, he had been calm enough, albeit surly, but now he seemed to radiate rage from his entire being. His lone eye fairly bored the boys through and through; his whole body quivered; his hands shook, and he partly raised the rifle.

"A *friend* of yo's!" he half shouted. "Hyar yo'—a friend of yo's! I 'd kill any—"

"Jest drap that rifle and let 's talk it over a bit!" a voice interrupted from the far side of the veranda. "Drap it, I say, and be quick about it!"

A man stepped out from the cover of the side of the house and advanced toward the trio on the porch with a pistol in his hand, which he kept aimed at the owner of the rifle. The rifle clattered to the floor, and, the man with the frowsy beard stepped back a pace. The new-comer strode up to him, placed his foot on the rifle, and, still watching his enemy, spoke to the boys.

"Are yuh-all Fred Milton and Paul Jenkins? Mr. Whitehouse is expectin' yuh, an' sent me down to collect yuh. He was pervented from comin' hisself account o' hurtin' his arm. I 'm his head man, Jeff Down, an' I 'll lead yuh along jest as soon as I fix this hyar diamond-back.

"Can either of yuh drive a flivver? Yuh can? That 's fine! She 's down the road a piece. Go fetch her and get yo' stuff aboard, an' then meet me hyar."

CHAPTER V

JEFF DOWN

Dumfounded, the boys left the porch and hastened down the road in the direction indicated by Jeff Down. They caught a fleeting glimpse of the one-eyed ruffian backed against the door, with their new friend standing before him waving his pistol and talking; then a corner of the house shut out the sight.

"He 's what I call a bad customer!" exclaimed Paul, breathing a sigh of relief when they were safely away. "What do you suppose got into him? We certainly were n't looking for trouble, and there he comes pointing his rifle at us and acting as if he was about to shoot us. Yes, sir, he 's a desperate character!"

"He looked it," agreed Fred, with a nod. "I thought he really was going to shoot, when that chap Down appeared. If the country 's full of ruffians like him, Fat, it looks as if we might have an exciting time of it here. And all for no reason, so far as I could see."

"And did n't Jeff Down handle him most beautifully, Skinny?" chuckled the other, fast recovering his spirits. "The one-eyed chap just wilted right down—and so would I if some one pointed a pistol at me in that manner. I hope he does n't break loose from Jeff until we get our things loaded into the car."

They discovered the small Ford station-wagon half-hidden in a thicket of low palmettos around a turn in the narrow road, and in a few seconds, with Fred at the wheel, were plowing through the sand past the house toward the shed. As they swung by the porch they beheld Down and his victim in the same attitude as that in which they had left them. The little car chugged and spluttered down to the shed, and in five minutes was back, fuming and rattling, in front of the house.

"All ready, Mr. Down!" shouted Fred, throttling down the engine. "What 's the next thing to do?"

For answer, Down picked up the fallen rifle and, with his pistol, motioned the disgruntled ruffian out into the road beside the car.

"Going to take him along?" Paul asked.

"No, suh! We ain't goin' to dirty the cyar up with no sech vermin as him. He 'll stay right hyar."

With these words, Down climbed into the truck, carrying the newly acquired rifle. He was clad in faded khaki riding-breeches and a blue flannel shirt, which served to reveal the lithe muscles of the man beneath. He was thin and tall—six-feet-one in his stockings, and must have tipped the scales at a hundred and seventy-five pounds. Not an ounce of superfluous flesh was wasted on his supple body. His face was tanned to the shade of cordovan leather by long exposure to the weather, and his gray eyes, stern in time of need, held habitually a humorous glint. He was a superior type of Floridian "cracker."

Jeff took the steering-wheel. His enemy stood glaring after him as, with a more determined stutter than ever, the yellow car jerked forward. As it swept around the dilapidated house, the boys looked back in time to see the ruffian raise a fist and impotently shake it in their direction. Then he was lost in a cloud of dust.

"Who was he?" demanded Fred, after they had proceeded a short distance in silence.

"A leetle bit of low-down trash," was the answer.

"What 's his name?"

"Dan Boulton."

"Why was he so rough on us?"

"I reckon yuh must have told him that yuh was friendly with Mr. Whitehouse, did n't yuh now?"

The boys nodded vigorously. "Of course we did," declared Paul. "He seemed so suspicious, and I thought the mention of Mr. Whitehouse would smooth things over a bit."

Jeff Down broke into a roar of laughter. "Yeow!" he chuckled; "so yuh thought it would smooth things, did yuh? Sort o' reacted different, did n't he, than yuh thought he would?"

Fat ruefully acknowledged that this had been the case, and Jeff Down renewed his mirth. Presently, when able to articulate with some degree of freedom, he said:

"THE RIFLE CLATTERED TO THE FLOOR, AND THE MAN WITH THE FROWSY BEARD STEPPED BACK"

"Of course he did. Him and Mr. Whitehouse are about as friendly as a hen and a wildcat. Yuh see, it 's this way: The Thrasher Ranch comprises about fifty thousand acres, which is quite a bit o' land, yuh 'll admit—runs from about five mile below hyar clear down into the Everglades. As yuh can see from the country around hyar,—his is mostly like this, all pine forest, cypress swamp, hammocks, and palmettos,—it ain't exactly what yuh 'd call overburdened with verdure for cattle grazin'. Howsomever, his stock manages to git along without starvin'.

"But when other men turn thar cattle loose in the territory it makes the feed come scarcer than ever, so thar 's nothin' to do but keep the other cattle off. The land belongs to Mr. Whitehouse, so what does he do but run a wire fence around it. That alone is quite some job, thar bein' more'n a hundred mile of it; but no sooner do we git it done, than other cattlemen begin cuttin' it to let thar cattle through. Mr. Whitehouse is an easy-goin' sort o' man, an' fo' a while he don't do nothin' but patch up the fence where it 's cut.

"Things go along in that way fo' near on a year, an' the ol' man begins to git peeved. Then one day I find a stretch of five mile wiped out, stakes an' wire clean swept away an' buried somewhere. Well, say! that jest about finishes Mr. Whitehouse's good temper. Right then an' thar he declares war on the wire-cutters. And let me tell yuh, when he gits riled up, thar ain't no stoppin' him! As a result, thar 's been a leetle bloodlettin' on both sides, an' the wire-cutters are gittin' scarce around hyar. Fo' the last six months they 've found this bit o' country mighty unhealthy."

Intensely interested, Fred inquired, "Why did n't Mr. Whitehouse appeal for protection from the State or county?"

Jeff chuckled dryly. "Thar are n't much pertection in this hyar State," he declared.

"Surely you can have the law-breakers arrested and tried."

But Jeff shook his head. "No, suh, that 's jest what yuh cyan't do. Our politics ain't none o' the best hyar; they 're kind o' mixed up, so to speak, each man pullin' in a different direction. I 'm only speakin' now of this neighborhood around hyar, understand—the rest o' the State has good standin' enough, I reckon. But right in this section, things are in mighty poor shape. Yuh cyan't find a local jury that 'll convict a wire-cutter—not in this county, yuh cyan't. Cause why? Half of 'em sympathize with the wire-cutters. Sympathy 's a mighty prevalent disease 'round hyar. Until a few years ago all this war common land, open fo' grazin' to everybody. People kind o' got the idea that it 'd always be so, even when cattlemen come in an' begun to buy the land up an' fence it. An' they ain't got over the idea yet—that 's what 's the matter. No, suh, Mr. Whitehouse tried the local courts, but did n't git no satisfaction that-away.

"I suppose Boulton is a wire-cutter?" inquired Fred. "Is that what makes him so bitter toward Mr. Whitehouse?"

"It sho' is. Dan Boulton is, or uster be, a big cattle owner about hyar. When the ol' man took up the Thrasher he bought him out, an' Dan left the country. Bimeby he came back dead broke, an' that 's the time the worst wire-cuttin' commenced. We had a leetle scrimmage along the line one night last fall, an' Dan, he lost an eye, as yuh may have noticed. He holds it up against the ol' man fo' that, and has sworn to shoot him on sight. That 's all thar is to that."

"But don't they hang a man down here for killing people?" demanded Paul, amazed.

"Sho, no!" shrugged the man, "only niggers when they attack white folk. They might say somethin' if it wore done in the big towns; but out hyar in the country—no, suh. Did n't I tell yuh the sheriff ain't goin' to arrest no one who 's got relatives who says he sha'n't? Yuh 've got to take the law into yo' own hands hyar."

"Well, that beats me!" murmured Paul. "Do you mean to say that you could have shot Boulton and no one would have said anything about it?"

"Course I could—in self-defense; but I don't like shootin' unless I *have* to do it. If we 'd known he war goin' to be in Prosperity, we 'd a' telegraphed yuh to git off the station befo'. None of us are lookin' fo' trouble."

At the close of this astounding discourse the boys rode for several miles without further speech. Here, indeed, was food for thought. What kind of uncivilized region was this? Even in the interior of the vast Amazonian wilderness there had been a greater semblance of law and order; there, at least, one savage Indian respected the rights of another; whereas here, in the civilized State of Florida, in their own United States, the reverse appeared to be true. And they had the evidence of their own eyes to prove it.

Five miles from Prosperity, Down stopped the car at a gate which swung across the mouth of a side road, and dismounted. Flinging it open, he motioned Fred to drive through, and then, as it clanged to, he again mounted beside them. They had entered the outposts of the Thrasher Ranch.

The pine forest continued here, and the trees were larger than those noticed from the train windows. Thus far they had been left unmarred by turpentine hunters. Apparently the forest had been overlooked by the ax of the lumberman, and grew in its natural luxuriance. And scattered, feeding in twos and threes on the coarse verdure which littered the forest floor, were numerous small, lean cattle.

It was spring of the year, and though the northern migration was well under way, the trees were still full of birds. Robins flew about in scores; great pileated woodpeckers called hoarsely from the tree-tops; flickers were to be seen on the lower limbs; and the car flushed a covey of quail for every quarter of a mile progressed. Once it startled a rabbit, which darted across the road and became lost in a clump of palmettos. And again it passed a slough where stood a tall, dignified Ward's heron, fishing alone in solitary grandeur.

The miles sped by. A long black-snake wriggled almost from beneath the wheels. The light vehicle bounced from side to side, now plunging through white sand, which rose almost to the hubs, now tearing over a road hidden by growths of palmetto and a coarse sedge. The character of the country altered. The pine forest became broken by great stretches of cypress swamp, where the gaunt trunks and branches were festooned with pale-green, needle-like leaves and long straggling tufts of Spanish moss. These morasses, in turn, gave way to open glades a-sparkle with pink and white flowers and a species of sedge which grew in luxuriant abundance. They passed a pond nestling in the center of a glade, a mile in diameter, from which rose a score of little herons, colored

both white and blue. A large, long-necked bird, as big as a duck, and as awkward, half fell from a dead tree-top and then soared around the glade, rising higher and higher with each revolution, until it looked not larger than a sparrow high up in the sky.

Fred nudged his chum and pointed to this disappearing object. "Recognize that, Fat?" he asked.

"Looks like a snake-bird," nodded the other, "an anhinga or water-turkey. I wonder if it 's the same species as that found in Demerara? There, look at him; he 's coming down!"

The anhinga came lower, circling just as it had gone up, fluttering, then soaring, and fluttering again. Each revolution carried it closer to the ground, until, with a frantic beating of wings, it alighted on the same tree vacated a few minutes before.

"This country looks good to me," declared Fat, in a voice ringing with enthusiasm. "It 's ideal, for the forest is alive with birds, and these open glade-swamps seem literally swarming with life. It certainly looks better than it did from the train!" Then, bethinking himself of their errand, he asked, "Do you ever see any parrakeets here, Mr. Down?"

"No, suh, not nowadays. I ain't seen one fo' near on a year now, though thar uster be thousands of 'em. An' yuh 'd better call me Jeff. I ain't got no mister to my name—to my friends."

"All right, Jeff," grinned the boy, "I don't like the 'mister' business either. But I 'm sorry to hear you say that there are n't any parrakeets left. Those are what we came down here to find."

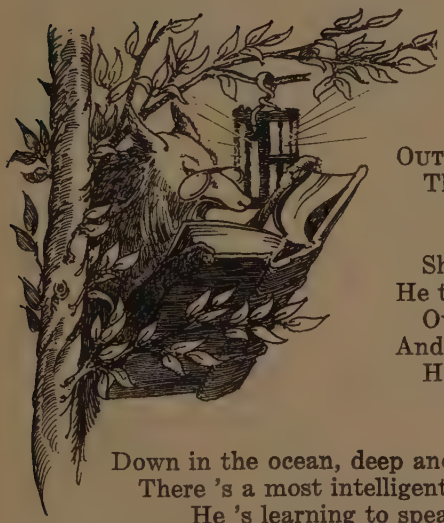
"Well, thar may be, Mr. Jenkins—"

"Steady there, Jeff," the boy interrupted, "my name is Paul, and my friends call me Fat, and this long-legged chap by my side is commonly known as Skinny. There 's no mister to our names, either."

"Very well, Fat; I was goin' to say thar may be some left a few mile further south in the Everglades proper. If they 've only quit comin' hyar fo' a year, thar must be some left down thar, don't yuh think?"

"I hope so," heartily agreed the boys, "because we sure do want to see one alive."

(To be continued)



THE FOX AND THE SHARK

By JOHN RICHARDS

Out in the green, mysterious woods
There 's a wonderful, wise old fox;
He reads all night
By glow-worm light,
Shut up in a leathery box;
He thinks and blinks and blinks and thinks,
Over a great blue book;
And if you know a brotherly bear,
He 'll take you there for a look.

Down in the ocean, deep and blue,
There 's a most intelligent shark;
He 's learning to speak
In Flemish and Greek
By thinking hard in the dark;
He talks and squawks and squawks and talks
In a delicate minor key,
And if you are friends with a kindly whale,
He 'll carry you down to see, to see.
He 'll carry you down to see.

WHO ROCKED THE BOAT?—A HINDU STORY

By W. NORMAN BROWN

In a village of India, there lived three friends who once decided to go to a near-by city for a holiday. They put on their best clothes, took their savings of several months, and set out. Now it happened that the city was a few miles down a river, and the quickest way to get there was by boat; so these three friends strolled to the waterfront to find some one to take them. After some bargaining, they at last agreed to pay a farmer eight annas apiece for the privilege of riding on a boat-load of watermelons he was carrying to market.

The day was bright, the air clear, a little breeze rippled the water, and the nearer the boat got to the city, the higher rose the friends' spirits. Presently, one of them began to hum a catchy air; in a minute he was singing it, and singing with such gaiety that the others were captivated. Then the second began to clap his hands and beat on the deck with his heels to keep time; and in a moment the third was doing a clog-dance.

Everything was jollity in the bow, where the passengers were riding; but the farmer, who was in the stern holding the tiller, did not share the fun.

"Be careful!" he called, "You 're rocking the boat!"

They were indeed rocking the boat, which was rather small; and he had hardly got the words out of his mouth, when the load of melons slowly started to slip, the boat suddenly listed to one side, and, before any one could say three words, the melons, the farmer, and the three friends were all splashing in the water, while the boat sluggishly drifted away upside down.

Fortunately, they were just opposite the city, and it was only a few minutes' work for the onlookers to rescue the four men and haul the capsized boat ashore, although the melons had disappeared.

The farmer, of course, could not easily bear to lose his melons. "You shall pay for this!" he shouted. And as soon as he landed he called a policeman and had the three taken into court.

There the case was argued before the judge. The farmer told how he had agreed to carry the young men to town with his watermelons, how they had sung and beaten time and danced, how he had warned them, how they had overturned the boat, and how he had thereby lost his melons, which he could easily have sold for thirty rupees. The three friends, however, denied their responsibility.

"I only sang," said one, "and surely no one would ever maintain that singing could have upset the boat."

"Neither could my beating time have upset it," said the second.

"Nor was it my dancing," asserted the third, "for it was really the slipping of the melons that made the boat turn over. The trouble was that the cargo was not packed properly."

It was a knotty case. The judge looked in all the law-books for a "precedent," but there was none to be found. Never before in that kingdom had a boat been upset in such circumstances. The case was more than he felt himself able to decide, and he called in his fellow-judges. They all put their heads together, and at last, rendered their decision.

"It is the opinion of this court," solemnly announced the presiding judge, "that the defendants are innocent. For neither singing nor beating time nor dancing upset the boat. The blame is with the farmer. If he had packed his melons properly, they would not have slipped; and, if they had not slipped, they would not have fallen overboard and been lost."

In vain the farmer protested that the melons had been all right until the singing and dancing began: the judges had decided, and the decision must stand.

It happened that all this time there had been in the courtroom the wise young Raman, who had in the past so cleverly solved a number of cases that had been too difficult for the judges. When he heard this decision so solemnly uttered, he burst into laughter. The chief judge looked around annoyed and saw him. If it had been any one else, he would have sentenced the offender for contempt of court, but he had long ago learned to respect Raman.

"Perhaps," he remarked a little sarcastically, "you could decide this case better."

"I certainly could," answered Raman. "This case," he said, "is not to be decided against the farmer. It is true that the boat

would never have capsized if the melons had not slipped; but the melons would never have started to slip if it had not been for the dancing. The farmer did not agree to let his passengers dance on the boat; therefore the man who danced is responsible for the accident."

At this point he paused, and the other two men looked pityingly at the one who danced, and felt very comfortable themselves, for they thought he would have to pay all the damages and they would escape scot-free.

"However," continued Raman, "the man who danced is not altogether responsible. He would never have started to dance if the second man had not been beating time."

Again he paused, and now only the first of the three friends kept his look of comfortable assurance.

"But," went on Raman, "the second man would never have started to beat time if the first one had not been singing. I therefore find all three of the defendants guilty; and I award to the farmer the thirty rupees damages which he asks. And this is the way the payment of the damages is to be divided. The man who sang shall pay five rupees, the man who beat time shall pay ten, and the man who danced shall pay fifteen; for this is in proportion to each one's degree of responsibility."

Hereupon the entire court-room applauded; and even the three friends, who were, after all, rather good sports, admitted that the decision was just.

But when the three had paid the damages, they had no money left for a good time, and they went silently back to their village, determined the next time they got on a boat to keep their mouths closed, their hands folded, and their feet crossed.

IN THE WINTER WOODS

By ANNIE J. FLINT

In the desolate forest the snow wreaths cover
The dead things over with ermine pall,
And the bare brown cup of a nest forsaken,
Where no birds waken with jocund call,
Is filled with the silence of cold flakes drifting
And lightly sifting that o'er it fall.

But neither of grief nor of gloom 't is telling,
This empty dwelling where song is stilled;
It whispers yet of a day of gladness
Untouched by sadness, by joyance thrilled,
Of a dream come true, of a finished story,
The rainbow glory of hope fulfilled.

'T was a cup poured full of the wine of pleasure
Unstinted measure o'erflowed its brim;
And the near and the far, the new, the olden,
The gray, the golden, to earth's wide rim,
Had each a share in that joy of living,
A beauty giving no cloud might dim.

For your hearts were in tune with the great earth-mother's,
O little brothers of airy flight!
No fear of the future your thoughts invading,
Of green leaves fading or skies less bright,
Since you knew ere the chill of the frost could scare you
Your wings would bear you beyond its blight.

O wee, brave souls of a cheer unfailing!
How unavailing the loads we bear;
And oft I long, when I hear you singing,
Your far flight winging through sunlit air,
To rise, like you, to the heavenly places—
In wide, free spaces to lose my care.

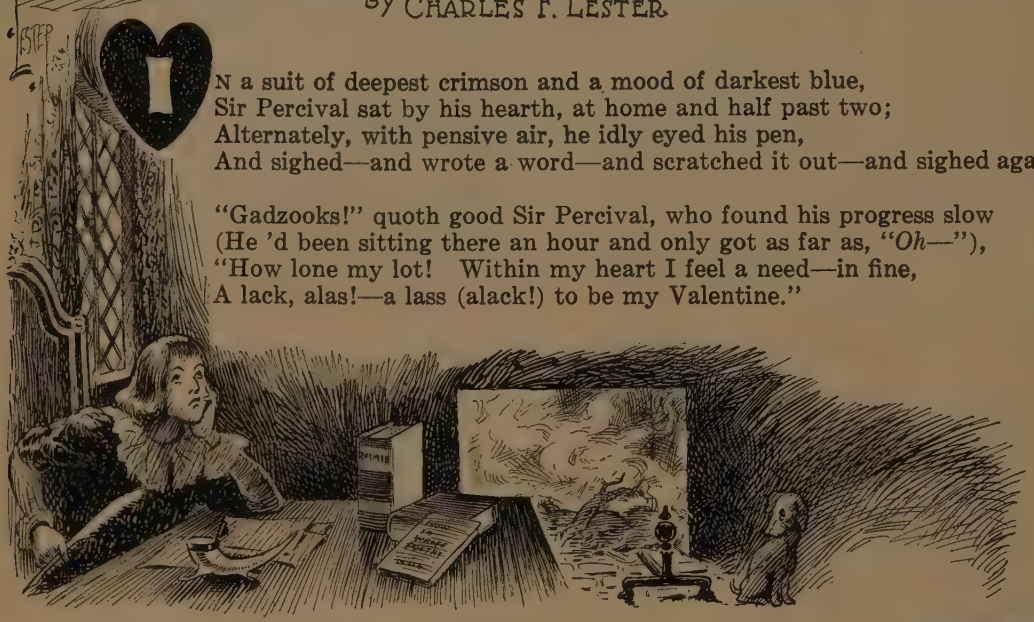
Dear earth-born dwellers, akin to heaven,
To you is given a mission sweet—
Between them ever a chain you 're weaving,
The blue depths cleaving on pinions fleet;
And the notes you glean at that radiant portal,
From songs immortal, your own repeat.

In the hush of the woods by their memories haunted,
A land enchanted, where dreams have birth,
I linger long, for I fain would capture
The wraith of rapture, the ghost of mirth;
But I know they are shut in their snowy prison
Till Life, new risen, shall wake the earth.

SIR PERCIVAL'S REWARD

A BALLAD OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

By CHARLES F. LESTER

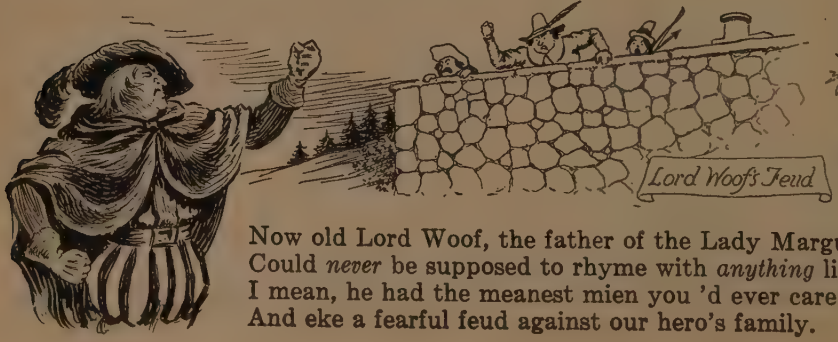


IN a suit of deepest crimson and a mood of darkest blue,
Sir Percival sat by his hearth, at home and half past two;
Alternately, with pensive air, he idly eyed his pen,
And sighed—and wrote a word—and scratched it out—and sighed again!

"Gadzooks!" quoth good Sir Percival, who found his progress slow
(He 'd been sitting there an hour and only got as far as, "*Oh*—"),
"How lone my lot! Within my heart I feel a need—in fine,
A lack, alas!—a lass (alack!) to be my Valentine."

Right here, to make the tale more lucid, I 'll elucidate—
(What 's that?—"Explain 'Elucidate' "? It means "explain.") But wait;
Don't interrupt! We 're coming to the Lady Marguerite,
Who rhymes with several adjectives, but best of all with "sweet"!

With eyes of pink and cheeks of blue (Hold on, now! I 'm afraid
That 's twisted!)—well, be sure there ne'er was made a fairer maid.
And so thought young Sir Percival, and that is why we find
Him writing valentines in such a sorry state of mind.



Now old Lord Woof, the father of the Lady Marguerite,
Could *never* be supposed to rhyme with *anything* like "sweet,"
I mean, he had the meanest mien you 'd ever care to see—
And eke a fearful feud against our hero's family.

This feud, if you 'd inquire, arose from quite a trifling thing—
When Lord de Putte had made remarks about Count Niblick's swing
But come! Let 's back to Percival, who, while we 've been in talk,
Has sallied forth in sadness and his rubbers for a walk.

Meandering on in most morose and melancholy mood,
He wandered woefully within a wild, wide waste of wood;
When all at once he heard a hail from somewhere over him,
"Ho! help, fair sir! I simply can't *stand* sitting on this limb!"

"There 's a most ferocious Wampus camping underneath this tree.
I came out here a-hunting, and he went and hunted *me!*
And if you can dispose of him (which may be quite a task),
I 'll gladly give you just about 'most anything you ask!"

Just then the angry Wampus charged our hero with a roar.
The fight was brief; a cut—a thrust—the Wampus was no more!
And when it all was over, there scrambled from the tree—
Lord Woof himself! (Of *course,* ere now you 've guessed who it would be!)

Well, here 's the bottom of our page! The rest I 'll quickly tell,
Lord Woof made good his promise—and forgot his feud as well;
And what it was our hero asked, I 'll leave you to divine;
I 'll only say, he had no need to *send* that valentine!

BLAZES, BRUCE, AND BED-SPRINGS

By EDWARD MOORE

"SHE steps some, does n't she?"

Bruce Conover, a sturdy lad of sixteen, stood with his father and mother on the dock at Kasmo watching the little lake-steamer *Aletha*, which had just rounded a point a quarter of a mile away, bear in toward them. Long and narrow in beam, for her size, the small craft heeled over a bit, coming back to a straight course, and threw a bow wave big enough to make a respectable comparison with that made by a destroyer.

"Wonder what that stern mast 's for?" Bruce queried again, half to himself. And then, as the boat swung into closer view, "Say, she carries an aërial. What do you suppose they want a wireless outfit on a little tea-kettle like that for?"

The son of an engineer, who had spent his short life on the Pacific Coast, Bruce was well acquainted with ocean-going craft, from tugs to liners, and had, indeed, "talked" with such of them as would deign to break the rules to listen to him on his own wireless set, when his location allowed him to reach them with his amateur apparatus of limited power. Never before, however, had he seen an inland steamer, and this trip, occasioned by the transfer of his father to a more responsible position as bridge engineer with a transcontinental railway, was accordingly very interesting.

Naturally, it was n't long after they got aboard before Bruce had found his way up to the upper deck and was looking eagerly in at the door of the wireless-room, a tiny cabin just behind the wheel-house. He ran his eye appraisingly over the apparatus, identifying each instrument, and then turned to a young man in a blue uniform, sitting in an easy chair, who had been reading a magazine, but who was now interestedly watching the visitor.

Bruce colored a bit when he saw he was observed, and then, by way of introduction, fired a question:

"Excuse me, but do you find that type of jigger works all right? I tried to make one, but—"

"So you know the game," the young man cut in, kindly. "Come in and look the outfit over."

And after half an hour the boy was able to put to the operator the same question he had asked his father as they stood on the dock.

"It is a bit unusual," came the explanation. "But you 've probably seen how well fitted the *Aletha* is all round. There 's really not a lot of use for this set, and I have things pretty easy. Sometimes, though, it does come in handy for the superintendent up at the works at the head of the lake. You see, the boat belongs to the company and, while she is run as a regular carrier, there 's a lot of things we can do for them. For instance, we don't ordinarily call at Kasmo on the up trip—means coming back fifteen miles across the lake. But sometimes some big gun like your father drops off the afternoon train, and if we did n't pick him up, he 'd have to hang around there, where the accommodation is n't anything to brag of, till morning. There 's a 'phone line from Kasmo to the works, so, any time this happens, the superintendent, Mr. Littlefield, gets one of the boys to call us. Then they sometimes want things from the other mine at Semus, down at the foot of the lake, or want a message delivered to the foreman there, and it 's easy to get me anywhere on the lake. Tidy little tub, this," with justifiable pride. "Would you like to have a look around?

"Feel those engines," came from the wireless operator again, as they reached the main deck. "They make her step along at about fourteen knots. Nothing on the lake can touch her."

A minute or two later, Bruce stopped inquiringly beside two upright steel pipes rising just above the rail outside the deck-house amidships and ending in shining brass caps, looking as though they were meant for large hose-connections.

"Never saw anything just like this before," he noted. "I 've known intake pipes on oil-burners, but you always burn coal, don't you?"

Givens, the wireless man, smiled.

"That 's another interesting point about this boat," he explained. "Littlefield is a crank on fire protection, and since there are some pretty good-sized buildings around the dock up yonder at the works, he got the idea of making the *Aletha* into a sort of fire-tug. You 'll find water outlets like that at the

other side, and there 's a couple of nozzles each at the stern and bow on the upper deck. You see, we lie at the head of the lake all night. One or two of the crew sleep aboard. I suppose, if any trouble did develop up there, it would likely come at night. And I guess," with a spirit of pride in his voice, "it would n't get far. She surely throws a wicked stream, either from her own nozzles or through a line of hose. Probably you did n't notice those big pumps in the engine-room—sort of hidden by the crank-shaft framing. But she has the capacity, they tell me, of about three of the city fire-engines. It takes all the steam we can make to keep 'em going."

Bruce, naturally, insisted on seeing the other hose-outlets and then went back to the engine-room to get a line on the pumps, which, set off to one side, four feet below the grating which constituted the engineer's platform, were not likely to be noticed. Going back to the wireless-room, Givens suggested that he try his hand at the "machinery," and after a minute or two of tuning he picked up an amateur at Grandview, and then the company's station at Semus. The boy was so interested that he did n't notice his father when the latter came up to call him, just as a shriek from the *Aletha's* whistle announced approach to the dock at Creston, their destination.

"Here 's your new home, son," Mr. Conover announced, smiling. "I thought you 'd like to have a look at it from the lake."

Rushing out on deck, Bruce saw a sizable town, seemingly grouped closely about one or two main streets and evidently built almost entirely of wood, located on the rocky bank which, at this point, rose almost precipitously a hundred feet from the water. A set of wooden steps with several landings, and a long ramp running less steeply and also less directly along the face of the bank, with a roadway, led down to a good-sized dock. Patches of timber were visible just behind the town.

"The new bridge lies over the hill on the other side," Mr. Conover explained. "The square wooden tower, standing out in front of the trees yonder, is the hose-tower on top of the fire-station. They use an old-type steam pumper here, run it down to the edge of the cliff at either end of the town, and drop their suction hose down into the lake. That does away with any expense for a waterworks system. There was a small fire when I was here a month ago."

Bruce, while he was listening, was at the same time thinking the things which come to any boy about to enter a new home in a strange town. And he was so intent on studying the place that he forgot to notice, as he had meant to, how neatly the *Aletha* slid in alongside the dock and, with scarcely any manœuvering, was tied up.

He did remember to run back to say good-by to Givens, and to thank him for his kindness.

"We 'll be at the hotel for awhile," he said. "But as soon as we get into a house of our own where I can get up an aërial, I 'll rig up my outfit and talk to you a bit, if you like. I 'm going to have another try at that jigger."

"'COME IN AND LOOK THE OUTFIT OVER'"

"Glad to hear from you," Givens replied. "Come down and see me once in a while. We sometimes lie here for half an hour when we 're ahead of time. Perhaps I can help you a bit."

FOR several days Bruce was fairly happy around the town. He soon found that the few other lads he met did not promise to be specially congenial and that, in consequence, he would have to depend largely on his own initiative for entertainment. One day he spent at the huge new bridge Engineer Conover was supervising at the river crossing, five or six miles away. His father left early in the morning, and, when he got back, usually late in the evening, was too tired to do much but go to bed. That day, spent in watching huge girders swung into place and in trying to understand something of the mass

of blue-prints the engineers were continually poring over, was wonderful. He made it a point almost every day of going down to see the *Aletha*, on both her up and down trips, and soon was on the best of terms with Givens, who would either call him up to the little steamer's upper deck, where he was able to fuss with the wireless apparatus till the warning whistle sent him scurrying ashore, or who would himself come down to the dock and talk till the steamer was ready to pull out.

Even this grew monotonous, and one morning, in a fit of eagerness to be doing something, Bruce carried the soap-box in which he had carefully packed his wireless outfit, up to the little room which had been assigned to him at the back of the hotel, and, borrowing a six-foot length of plank from the carpenters working on a new store across the street, began to mount his apparatus on this, though he had no expectation of being able to use the set immediately.

"Wonder if these old batteries have any life left," he said to himself, lifting four rather worn-looking dry-cells from one corner of the box and connecting them up in series. "We 'll see."

A moment's groping in the box brought forth a rough-looking home-made voltmeter, and when connections were made from this to the battery terminals and the needle in the center of the little coil teetered quarter-way round the circle, the boy grinned.

"Enough juice there to kick off a good fat spark," he thought. "Now, if I only had an aërial!"

It had been windy all the morning. Bruce had felt the strength of the breeze when a sudden gust in the middle of the street caught the plank he was carrying and spun him round sideways. It was quieter up there in the third story of the hotel, but occasionally, as an extra-heavy squall hit the frame side of the attic above, it rushed with a whistling sound through a space left by a loose piece of siding.

"Bet that breeze will whip the lake up some," Bruce meditated. "The *Aletha 's* about due—believe I 'll take that old jigger down and let Givens have a look at it. Perhaps he can tell me what 's wrong."

He had to hold his cap when he got down to the top of the steps leading to the wharf, and from there he could see the white-crested waves breaking over the end of the dock. The *Aletha* was perhaps a quarter of a mile away, and, with her stern to the wind, was traveling nicely. When she got in close, instead of running neatly alongside the dock as usual, she turned a hundred yards out, heeled over a bit as the gale struck her, and then, turning again, came up cautiously, bow into the wind, in the lee of the dock, till she was close enough to toss over the bow line. This made fast, she reversed and slowly edged round against and in the shelter of the wooden pier.

They were in a hurry that morning, and Bruce only had time for a word with Givens, who was checking over some freight. "Some gale," the older man remarked, across the gang-plank, without coming ashore. "There 'll be one or two sick people on this clipper to-day. Out there in the narrows she swings like a hammock. Like to make the trip—?"

The query was cut off by a blast from the whistle, and thirty seconds later, after Bruce cast off the stern line, the little steamer was away from the pier and heading out again into the whitecaps.

Bruce stood watching her for perhaps three minutes, after every one else had gone above, till she swept out of sight around the island, and then, thinking of the picture she would make out there in the narrows, made his way slowly up the long flight of steps. As he paused for a moment at the last platform, there came to him, during a lull in the gale, a peculiar, half-deadened *ding-ding—ding, ding—ding-ding—ding-ding-ding.*

Knowing instinctively that it must be the local fire-bell, he jumped up the last steps three at a time and, gaining the top, saw, somewhere in the direction of the hotel, a mass of smoke rising till it was caught by the wind and whisked off to the south.

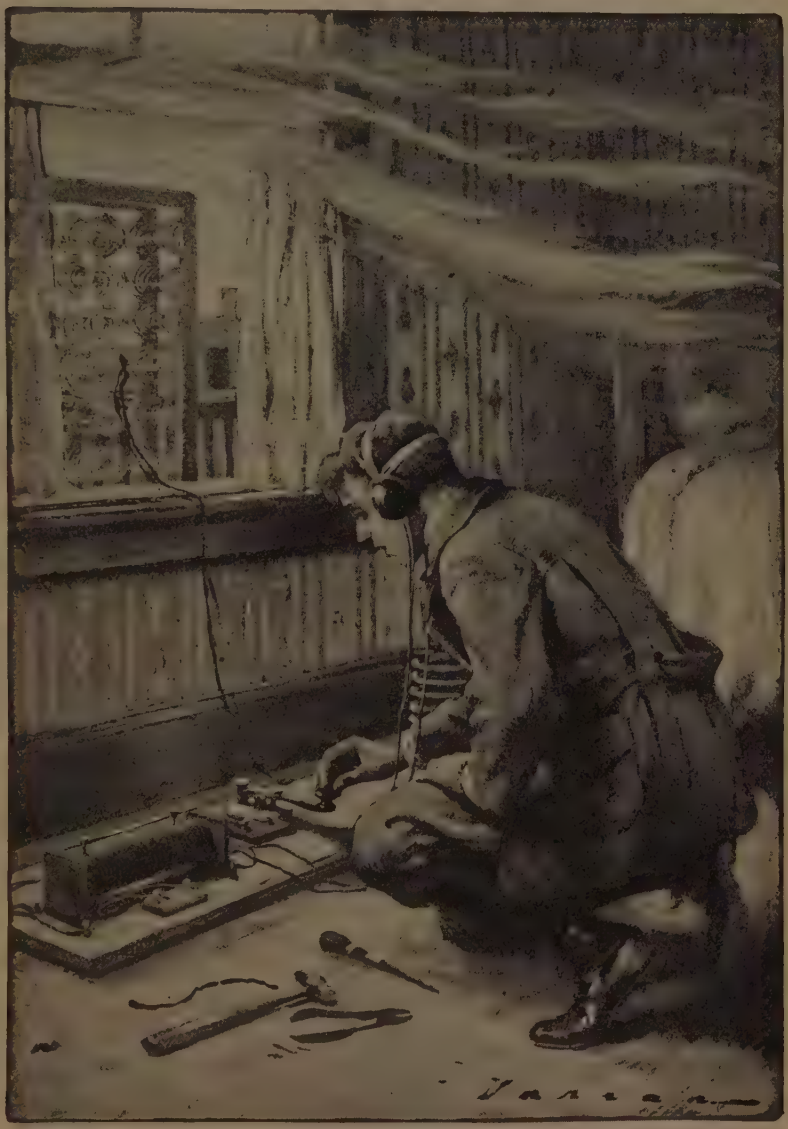
Running up half a block on the road which ran along the top of the cliff, he was about to turn on one of the cross streets, when shouting voices caught his attention. Coming down the hill toward the lake front at a breakneck pace, with four or five men and several boys trying to hold it back, was the town's big steam-pumper, smoke pouring from its stack. At the moment, Bruce could n't understand what had happened. He learned afterward, however, that in the excitement of a fire breaking out suddenly in a restaurant, just three or four doors from the hotel, some excited members of the local volunteer brigade, too anxious to wait for the heavy team of horses which was usually used with the engine, had got it out of the fire-

station and, with good intentions, if exceedingly poor judgment, had started with it down toward the usual location for pumping. If the engineer, George Pepall, had been on hand, he would have set the brakes as usual, but George, usually prompt, was at the other end of the town when the fire started. Thus came the resulting catastrophe.

The heavy steamer gained speed as it traveled down the grade, and, when it reached the cross street, was moving too fast to be controlled. Two of the men, on the end of the wagon-tongue, tried vainly to steer it around the corner; but one of the others, with better judgment, shouted to them to jump. With the front wheels half turned, the big machine, carrying most of its weight on the rear end, skidded in a half-circle, and, crashing through the timber railing which protected the upper roadway, toppled over the bank. Rushing to the rail, Bruce saw it slide down sideways, crash and rebound on the ledge road below, and then disappear into the lake.

For a moment or two Bruce, as well as the men and boys, all of whom had fortunately escaped injury, were appalled by the suddenness of the accident. They came back to actualities when a hose-reel, much lighter and under control, came down the hill, laying a line of hose. Bruce says he will never forget the expressions on the faces of the hosemen as they turned the corner and looked around for the engine.

When he approached the hotel, a few moments later, Bruce found his mother in a group of other women huddled in the shelter of the doorway of a brick store, watching the fire. The restaurant was a mass of flames, as also was the shop next door. And as he looked, Bruce saw the wind sweep the flames across the intervening space and against the hotel. The chief of the volunteer brigade, in a red coat, big rubber boots, and a helmet, was shouting orders to two groups of men who stood, just out of the heat zone, holding nozzles at the end of hose lines, confidently waiting for water from the steamer. As he watched, one of the hosemen ran up to the



"ANOTHER MINUTE OF FRANTIC CALLING! THEN ANOTHER MINUTE OF LISTENING" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

chief and began shouting an explanation. Then, borne on the wind, they heard his bellow, following a moment of indecision.

"Get this hose out of here, boys, and get those buckets out of the station! The engine 's over the bank and smashed up. We 'll have to—"

One of the firemen, running past, following the order, shouted: "You people had better get up on the hill, out of this! The whole town will go in this wind!"

AND just then—how, he never has been able to tell—Bruce got his idea. Slipping away from his mother, as the group was crossing the street, he rushed through a cloud of smoke, darted through the alley between the jewelry store and the hotel and, coming into the clear, cool air behind, looked up at the fire-escape which connected the balconies of each of the three stories. Like many old-fashioned hotels, this one had balconies running its full length back and front. Bruce's room opened on the topmost of these rear balconies. That he was doing a foolhardy thing did n't occur to him. Just then his youthful mind was open to but one idea. He scrambled up the iron ladder, the one bit of metal about the building, and, all out of breath, tumbled over the railing of the top balcony. He landed almost in front of his window, but, instead of going through, ran along the balcony, almost to the end, and came back in a moment dragging an old set of bed-springs, which he had noticed in an exploring trip a day or two before.

"Talk about an aërial!" The thought raced through his brain while he turned the wooden framework, carrying the wire netting, on its edge just alongside the window, and then dived inside. "Why did n't I think of this before?"

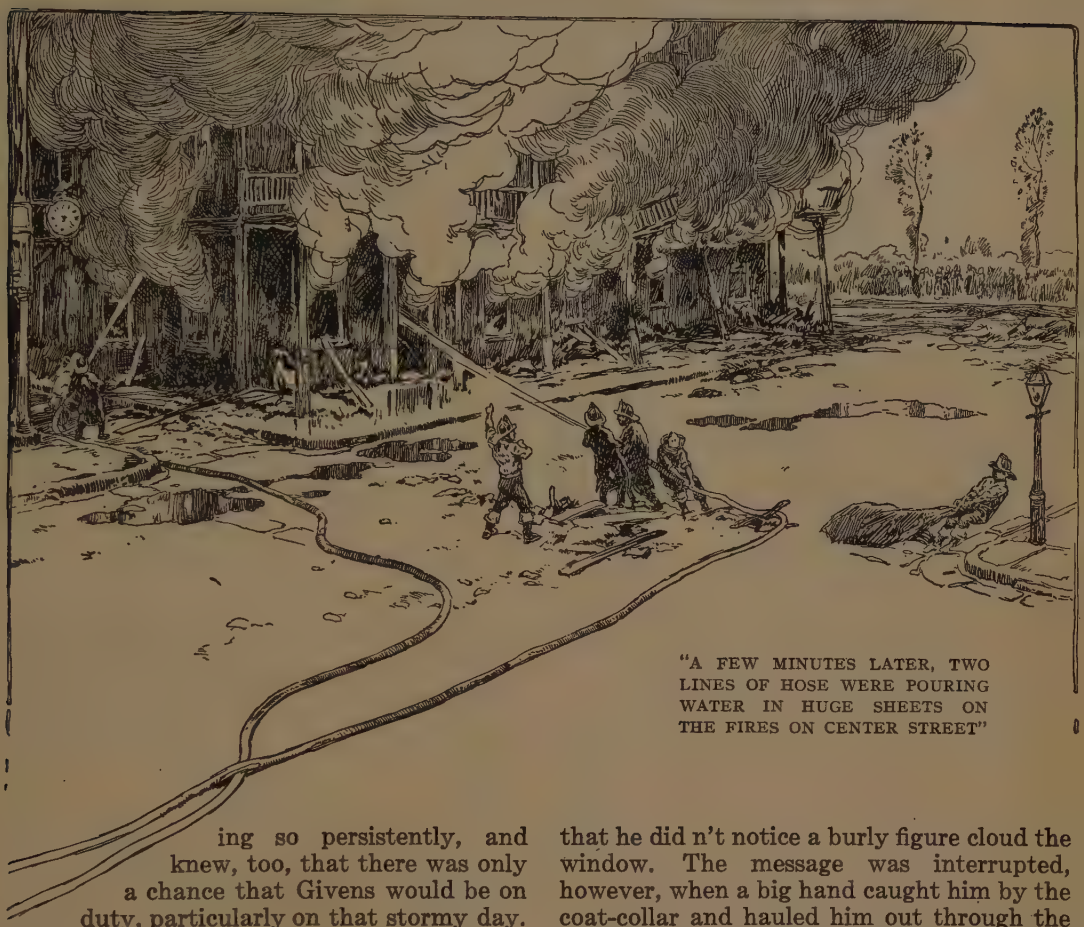
It was only a moment's work to shift the plank bearing the apparatus, batteries and all, from the bed, where, in default of a table, he had been working an hour before, and to slide it to the floor in front of the window. Another minute, and he had the coil-terminals run out over the sill and attached to the wire netting of the bed-spring frame. And then, turning to the *Aletha's* wave-length, he tried the key. At the first tap a fat blue spark jumped the terminals on top of the coil, and, with joy in his heart which he could n't express in any other way, he began pounding out the *Aletha's* call—XYZ DE ABC.

Half a dozen times he sent the call and then, grabbing the ear-pieces and shoving them over his head, he hit the plank a crack with his fist, to get the cat's whisker on a sensitive point on the detector crystal, and listened a moment. He got the sputtering of a station forty or fifty miles away, but a full thirty seconds brought him nothing from Givens.

Another minute of frantic calling! Then another minute of listening!

He knew he was breaking the rules in call-

"WHEN BRUCE SHOUTED, 'CONNECT UP WITH HER FIRE-PUMPS,' THE FIREMEN JUMPED TO ACTION"



"A FEW MINUTES LATER, TWO LINES OF HOSE WERE POURING WATER IN HUGE SHEETS ON THE FIRES ON CENTER STREET"

ing so persistently, and knew, too, that there was only a chance that Givens would be on duty, particularly on that stormy day. But—

Another session of key-work, and then—

A chill ran through the boy as he got the reply, clear, distinct, from the more powerful professional apparatus. And then, without waiting for further message, he switched in his key and began sending:

"CONOVER — CRESTON — BAD FIRE — ENGINE BUSTED — TOWN GOING — BRING ALETHA BACK — HELP US — CONOVER — CRESTON — BAD FIRE — ENGINE BUSTED — TOWN GOING — BRING ALETHA —"

Suddenly he noticed that he was sending very irregularly and pulled himself together as he noted mentally, "I wonder if Givens can take me. Wish I 'd got this kit going before," all the time pounding more steadily.

Five times he hammered out that message, and then, switching to receiving, he waited tensely. For a long while nothing came, and he was just reaching out to switch over again when he got a clear, sharp receive-signal.

He was so concentrated on that message that he did n't notice a burly figure cloud the window. The message was interrupted, however, when a big hand caught him by the coat-collar and hauled him out through the opening. When Bruce realized what was happening he heard, coming from a big man out of breath:

"—young rascal—what do you mean? Want to tumble through down below? Know the whole inside of this place is—afire? One of the girls saw you—climbin'— Thought you were n't comin' out— Get down—that ladder—"

Bruce wanted to get the rest of that Morse reply, but the command and the physical persuasion behind it were stronger even than his wish. As he climbed on the iron ladder a burst of smoke came in under the door of the room and another swept round the corner of the building.

"Now, get out of here," Schank, the hotel owner bellowed, when they reached the ground in a cloud of smoke. "An' thank your stars somebody saw you climb up there."

Bruce ran along the alley, through some more smoke, and made his way to the street, near the next corner. Looking back, he

could see that the balconies at the front of the hotel were tottering, ready to fall, and flames were shooting out of all the upstairs windows. The fire had spread to the jewelry store and to the post-office across the street. Men were running up with buckets of water and tossing it against the side of the big, brick-fronted general store. A house in the street behind was burning.

He tried to stop one of the uniformed firemen, who dashed past with an empty bucket, grabbing him by the arm and shouting, "*Aletha*—got her by wire—" But the man only shook him off uncomprehendingly, and ran off to the well around the corner. With this, Bruce understood the futility of making any one try to understand. No one knew what he had been doing. No one would believe him if they did.

There was only one thing for him to do. As he waited there at the head of the stairway to the dock, it seemed an hour—in reality it was not more than twenty minutes —till he saw the trim green-and-white hull swing round the island and straighten out on the run with the wind.

This time Bruce's assurance got him to the chief, and that and his excitement carried weight enough to make the dispirited official, who saw no way to keep his town from being wiped out, listen to anything. Even when the steamer's sharp whistle broke in on the explanation, proving the boy's story, the man's half-dazed mind did not grasp the situation. But when Bruce shouted, "connect up with her fire-pumps," the firemen jumped to action.

A few minutes later, two lines of hose, with twin unions, making four nozzles, were pouring water in huge sheets on the fires on Center Street. Givens and the roustabout from the *Aletha's* crew, not being needed otherwise, had spliced all the steamer's available hose, ran a light auxiliary line up Caroline Street, and played on the burning house there.

And in another half-hour—well—

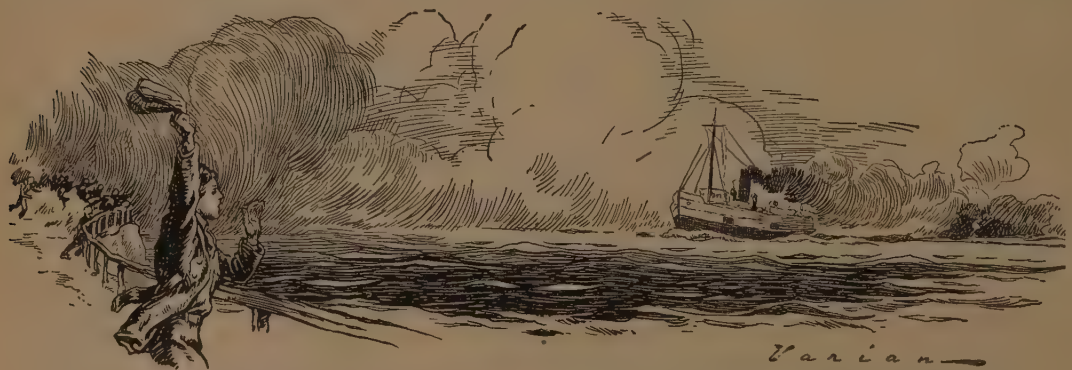
When Engineer Conover with his little car, crowded with men from the bridge camp attracted by the smoke, rushed down the hill and along Center Street he found his son in the middle of a group in front of the half-burned general store, telling how he 'd done it. The four nozzles still played on the smoking ruins, but the danger was past.

"Bed-springs!" one of the firemen objected, scornfully. "Could n't be. It would n't work. You have to have—"

Givens, with his blue suit badly bedraggled, with a black face and minus his cap, stepped into the group from where he had been listening.

"It brought us, did n't it?" he cut in, just as scornfully. "That water," pointing to the pouring streams, "proves it. I got the kid's message out there in the narrows. And it looks to me like a mighty fortunate thing he had the nerve and knowledge to know what to do. You people—"

"I guess you 're right." The sweaty-faced, but smiling, chief took up the argument when Givens stopped for thought, and, putting his big arm across Bruce's shoulders, said: "And it looks to me as if some of us from the other end of the town, whose places would n't be there now but for him, are going to see that the lad gets a new set of wireless to take the place of the one melted up in the ashes yonder," pointing to the ruins of the hotel. "What 'll she cost, son?"



"HE SAW THE TRIM GREEN-AND-WHITE HULL STRAIGHTEN OUT ON THE RUN WITH THE WIND"

A CONTINENTAL DOLLAR

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "The Luck of Denewood," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

ONE night in June, 1777, Patty Abbott, at Haddonfield, New Jersey, is awakened by the arrival of visitors and hastens down to prepare food for them. The kitchen door opens mysteriously and a note signed "E. P. U." is dropped on the floor, warning of danger on the Gloucester road that night. This does not alarm Patty until she learns that General Washington, who is one of the visitors, means to take that road into Philadelphia. She helps to persuade her father to go upon the general's errand, and the party has just set out when there is the sound of musket-shots. In the encounter, Major Tarlton, of the British army in America, takes Mr. Abbott prisoner in mistake for Washington, bringing him to Springhill en route to the British camp on Staten Island, where Mr. Abbott is likely to be tried as a spy. Patty, although the house is guarded by British troopers, contrives her father's escape. After the British officers leave, Patty finds on the floor a continental dollar-bill, inside of which is concealed a cipher message. Although she can not read it, she feels that it is of importance, and hides it inside an old rag doll which she takes with her when she goes to Philadelphia to spend the winter with her aunt, who is a Tory, and by whom Patty is received as a rebel.

CHAPTER VII

I MEET A FRENCH GENTLEMAN

I DID not concern myself greatly over Mrs. McDonald's prediction that rebels would not be welcome in the house of my Aunt Augusta. One thing my father and his sister had in common, and that was a bold and open expression of their opinions and a certain sturdy courage to battle for their convictions. There was no false pretense on either side; and if we knew that Aunt Augusta still was loyal to King George, she was equally aware of our sentiments; which, however, did not alter the fact that I was her niece and that blood gave me a claim to her protection.

So the old housekeeper's grim looks and dark hints added no whit to what I had looked forward to; and having made up my mind to go through with it, I did not intend to spoil any pleasure I might find by anticipating difficulties which I could neither avoid nor mitigate. Just at present I was glad to have so good a breakfast, and proposed, when I had done, to take Jinny and explore a little of the city pending the return of the family from Harrogate.

"Like master, like man" is an old saying that I found true in this household; and though that fact would make small difference to me, Jinny would surely suffer.

"'Deed, Miss Patty," she began at once, when she came to my room to help me, "'deed, Missy, these folks is all Tories, the whole of 'em. There ain't one that ain't for these here redcoats. This ain't no place for us, Miss Patty."

"We 'll have to put up with it the best we can," I replied. "Attend strictly to your duties and leave politics to your betters. That is what I mean to do, and I shall keep you with me as much as possible."

Mrs. McDonald eyed me rather sharply when I told her we were going to walk abroad, but said naught to stay me. Dinner, she informed me, would be at the fashionable hour of four o'clock; but she thought it scarce likely that the family would have returned by that time. I remarked that I expected we should be back long ere then; and purposely ignoring her appearance of ill-humor, I smiled on her as if, indeed, she were my dearest friend and we were on the best possible terms.

Jinny and I found the streets of Philadelphia exceeding busy, and, although the day was hot, people of all conditions were hurrying hither and yon bent upon their affairs; but all save the Quakers, who apparently would be calm in the midst of an earthquake, were excited and nervous, or so it seemed to me. There was a restlessness in the air, a feeling of uncertainty, which was natural enough, seeing that no man could foretell from day to day what the morrow might bring forth.

I noted, too, that many eyed their neighbors with sidelong glances, as if they trusted each other not. Here and there, close under the shade of the houses or in the angle of a garden wall, two or three would be gathered, whispering earnestly together, with set and serious faces. Occasionally, a lady with her maid-servant would rustle by, her glance averted; but it was too warm upon the streets for any to tarry in the sun, and these

were fashionable dames, whose complexions were of more moment to them than the outcome of the bitter struggle over the question of whether a king or a congress should rule their country.

I noticed many fierce-looking foreigners, mostly in soiled uniforms of European armies. About them all was an air of scorn for us colonials, and yet they had come to beg places among us and expected to be paid out of all proportion to their abilities.

Father had told me of these men, and of the difficulties Mr. Washington and Congress had in dealing with them. And here on the streets of Philadelphia I met them, strutting up and down as if their mere presence was the granting of a boon to these sorely tried colonies.

As we moved from street to street, admiring the many fine houses and shops, in the windows of which much was displayed that smacked of a luxury ill becoming these uncertain times, several gentlemen known to me by sight passed us, these having been pointed out to me by Father on previous visits to the city. One was the famous Dr. Rush, possibly bent upon a visit to a patient at a pretentious residence up the steps of which he hurried. A little farther on we saw Mr. Nicholas Waln, a well-known Quaker, of whom Father had said, "He would ever twist the truth to fit his wit, nor care who might be hurt thereby."

We came upon the new state-house on Chestnut Street, and, the Congress being met there, the square was full of people, many going in and out of the building. We walked to and fro among the trees, grateful for the shade, and passed a group of foreigners in conversation with one of the gentlemen of Congress, a Mr. Lovell, as I later learned. They were all jabbering French as we passed, and that being a tongue with which I was familiar, I could not help overhear something of what was being said. It was evident in a moment what the trouble was. Here was another company of foreign adventurers importuning Congress for places in our army, but I gathered from a chance word that there was little likelihood of their pleas being successful.

"We are sorry, gentlemen, but at the moment, there seem to be no commands to offer you," Mr. Lovell said, and again there was a violent protest, with the accompanying French gestures that, to the onlooker, promised to be an introduction to fisticuffs.

But among those who pleaded was one I could not help noting. His face, though I would not call it handsome, had a certain boyishness in it that made one sure he must be a bright and pleasant youth. I should not have thought he was much above my own age, that is to say, sixteen or seventeen years, so immature did he look; but there was something of authority about him that made one glance a second time.

We passed, and I soon forgot all about the scene there under the hot sun on Chestnut Street, though I recollect saying to myself that here, at least, were some who would have to look elsewhere for easy wages, and feeling a certain satisfaction therein.

Jinny's persistent complaints of the heat led me to the conclusion that I had better take her back to Aunt Augusta's; but when I suggested it, she protested that she would rather be boiled; so we turned our steps to the outskirts of the city and soon found ourselves in the shade of the huge trees of the Governor's Woods. Aimlessly we wandered on till we came to the river Schuylkill to the west of the city, a pleasant running stream that tempted us to cross over and visit the opposite side, where many beautiful mansions had already been built, particularly Woodlands, the country home of one Mr. Galloway, a notorious Tory. We sat down on the bank under the shade of a mighty chestnut and rested after our long walk, Jinny chattering about everything she saw, and I letting my thoughts drift along unhampered by need of paying attention to her.

I could not help speculating somewhat upon the adventures of the night before, although now, in the peaceful quiet of the country, with the river running smoothly and silently below us, it was hard to realize that two armies were facing each other in this bright land and that all the people were involved in the mighty struggle; that the principal topic on every one's tongue was what the outcome of this strife would be and where would it all end.

I think I dozed a little under that tree, and I know Jinny did; but presently I roused myself and took thought upon the speeding hours. The shadows were lengthening, and it was high time we were starting back.

I gave a last look at the lovely country across the river and turned to follow the path leading to the main road into the city. Upon reaching it, we came upon a country lad almost shouting to a man whose back was turned to us.

"You go *there* to the city," he cried, point-

ing to the south, which was along the path we had come and wholly away from Philadelphia. He gesticulated wildly and there was a sly twinkle in his eye, so that I guessed that without doubt he was bent upon deceiving one who had asked his way.

"You know the city is not in that direction," I said to the boy; but he gave me a wink and laughed outright.

"He 's just one of those Frenchies, and it will do him good to walk a while," he had the impertinence to reply, and then ran off with a shout. But at my words the stranger had turned, and I recognized him as the young gentleman I had noticed near the state-house among the group of foreigners talking to Mr. Lovell.

"Monsieur," I said, speaking in French, "if you wish to go to the city, it is in this direction. Perchance the boy did not understand." This was not strictly true, as I knew, but I had a reluctance to admit, even to myself, that one of my countrymen would deliberately set a stranger on the wrong road, and I did not want a gentleman of foreign birth to think there were those in America who would do so unkindly an act.

His face lighted up with genuine pleasure, and, doffing his hat, he gave me a most distinguished bow.

"A thousand thanks, Mademoiselle," he replied, in the same language. "I have so little English that 't is small wonder the boy could not understand what I wanted, but it is delightful to hear you speaking my language. Will you forgive me if I make a compliment?"

He spoke so gently, so modestly, and looked so boyish withal, that I could not but smile back at him, which he took for an acquiescence in his request, and forthwith paid me the threatened compliment.

"It is indeed that you speak French very well, Mademoiselle. You have been in Paris, is it not so?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur, but all my life I have had a French lady for governess, who has but lately gone back to her own country—since we went to war, in fact."

"She was indeed a lady," the gentleman declared. "That I can tell from the way she has instructed you to pronounce our language. You have been an excellent pupil, Mademoiselle, and it is a pleasure to meet an American so accomplished." He spoke easily and in a manner I had been taught to recognize as the French of polite people; but indeed there was about him an air of breeding that was unmistakable. It was hard to believe that this young man was an adventurer in need of money, come to the country for the sake of gaining a military rank he could hardly hope to win in his own land.

Simply and courteously, he had stepped to my side, and we had walked on together in the most natural way in the world, Jinny dropping back a pace or two, and presently we found ourselves chatting amicably together, almost as if we had been old friends.

"It is because I am most unhappy that I have lost myself, Mademoiselle," he said. "I went into the forest after a very bitter disappointment, thinking not at all of where I was going, and I had little knowledge in what direction lay the city."

"I am sorry you have been disappointed, Monsieur," I said. "I suppose you wish to join our army?"

"It has been my earnest desire since your gallant country began its battle for freedom," the young man replied ardently.

"All men seem to like to fight, Monsieur," I remarked.

"Oh no, Mademoiselle," he denied quickly. "It is not the fighting I am in love with, but the cause. It is that which has brought me here. Listen, Mademoiselle. Since I was a child, liberty and freedom have stirred my heart—yes, truly, since I was a little child. In my country I have a master, my king. Ever he has been kind to me and I have no wish that is not for his good; but my country will not always have a king, Mademoiselle. Before I die, who can tell, even France may be a republic; but that I can not think will happen while I live. Yet it must come in all lands. It is here it begins; and ah, Mademoiselle, what would I not give to have a hand in its making!"

He stopped and sighed, looking out across the green fields as if indeed he saw a vision and it was beautiful. But his earnestness and sincerity were so evident that I felt that here was no paltry adventurer, after all, but a man carried away by a wonderful faith, who was ready to hazard all for the fulfilment of his desires.

"And will they not let you join our army, Monsieur?" I asked.

"They tell me there is no room," he answered mournfully. "It seems not possible."

"But there are so many who have hurried from, oh, everywhere, Monsieur," I told him. "Saw you not that Philadelphia was overrun with foreign officers?"

"I have but just come," he answered, "and since my arrival have seen little; but Decoudray I met, and if your gentlemen of Congress believe all he tells them—"

"But they all say they are ready to die for the cause, Monsieur," I interrupted.

"Yes, that is so," he agreed. "It is a pity that the words are the same whether spoken by an honest man or a scoundrel. Liberty sounds just the same when I say it or when it is mouthed by a poltroon. But it is not the same, Mademoiselle, and your gentlemen in Congress should be able to detect the difference."

"I know you have talked to them, for I saw you with some others in the park before the new state-house," I said.

"Yes," he answered, with a touch of bitterness in his voice. "We sent word to Mr. Hancock, the President of your Congress, that we had come. He replied that Mr. Morris would attend to our case; and that gentleman sent us a Mr. Lovell, who took not even the trouble to invite us into shelter against the sun, but dismissed us briefly on the streets with word that we can be of no use to them. Ah, Mademoiselle, you can have no idea of the humiliation. For myself I complain not, I am young; but there is the Baron de Kalb, who came with me. A wise man, old in the service of France. A fine general, ready to give his best for this country. Mademoiselle, it breaks my heart to think that they have refused him. Of what are they dreaming? It is unbelievable!"

"I am sure that if you could see General Washington," I began, for it will be apparent that this young man had quite won me to his cause; but here he interrupted me.

"Ah, General Washington!" he exclaimed, and his face lighted up with a new fire of enthusiasm. "Would that I could see him!"

"I saw him night before last, Monsieur," I said, rather proud of myself and not taking pains to hide it.

"Tell me what he is like, Mademoiselle," the young Frenchman begged.

"That is not so easy, Monsieur," I replied, wrinkling my brow. "You know that he is large, above the average. That he is grave of mien, and—but there is something more, Monsieur, something which you can not put into words, something which you only feel."

"I know! I know!" cried the young man. "It is a sense of reverence, is it not?"

"Something like that, but not quite," I answered. "That sounds as if he were an angel or a saint. But he is n't that at all. He 's just like any other man, only—only different."

I laughed and so did the gentleman at my silly saying.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, it is so with all great personages. They are like everybody else only—only different. Ah, but Monsieur Washington! What would I not give just to serve beside him! I care not for rank nor for money. Those things I have. Just to serve with General Washington, that is all I ask; mayhap, in time to come, that he may find I am useful to him and give me a command of my own, which would please me more than I can say; but just to serve with him —that is all I ask."

"Have you told him that, Monsieur?" I inquired, for this did not sound like the proposal of an adventurer, and I could see naught that should prevent its acceptance.

"Mademoiselle, I do not know what I have told Monsieur Lovell. I am so beside myself with disappointment and so hurt for my friend, the Baron de Kalb, and those other French boys who came with me, that I could not be calm. And Monsieur Lovell, he said he was very sorry, but nothing could be done. Always that—'Nothing can be done; very sorry!' I ask not for sympathy, but for a chance to work, to free this land from the English king!"

"Monsieur," I said, after a moment, "were I you, I should sit down and write a letter to the gentlemen of the Continental Congress and tell them what you have told me—that you care not for money or rank, but that you just ask to serve the cause near the person of Mr. Washington. That is what I should do."

"But will they listen?" he asked eagerly.

"They will read, Monsieur, at their leisure," I explained. "That is something gained at once. They will not be interrupted at what they are doing. A letter you can pick up at your convenience. Then when they find you ask nothing but to serve, they will see you are not like the others. At any rate, Monsieur, it can do no harm, I am sure, and in the end you are no worse off than you are now."

"Mademoiselle," he cried, quite fired with this idea, "I went out upon this walk quite desolate. I saw naught ahead of me but a return to France with a heart humiliated beyond words. You have given me hope. I go at once to my inn to write as you tell me."

We had come into the city by this time and reached the place of parting.

"Good luck to you, Monsieur," I said with a smile.

"And to you a thousand thanks, Mademoiselle," he answered, saluting me with his hat doffed and a profound bow, which somewhat embarrassed me, I confess, as there were many on the street who smiled as they looked. "I shall ever be in your debt. When I have finished my letter to your Congress I shall write my wife that a kind maid has put new courage in her husband."

"Your wife, Monsieur?" I questioned, not able to hide my surprise, for he looked scarce out of school, younger indeed than Val.

"Aye, to be sure!" he laughed at me. "I know what you think—that I am so young. It may be so, in years, but where I live we grow up very quickly. I have a little daughter in France, and my dear wife is as much a patriot as I and sent me here with a blessing. Her name, Mademoiselle, may interest you. She is the Marquise de Lafayette."

CHAPTER VIII

TWO IN A MIRROR

I CONFESS to having been somewhat surprised to find that the simple French boy to whom I had given unasked advice was a marquis; but I was by no means put out of countenance thereby. Among us, there were lords a-plenty, of one sort or another, mostly arrogant men who were needy and who ridiculed the very people through whom they hoped to repair their fortunes; but these gentlemen were, to a man, for the king, and here was one who not only proclaimed his belief in a free government, but was willing to fight for one. That fact impressed me more than aught else he had said, and I might have spoken of it, but he left me ere I could recover completely from my surprise, and another incident put the young gentleman out of my thoughts for the moment. My Aunt Augusta's chariot, very richly mounted and vastly stylish, passed at the instant the Marquis de Lafayette made his parting bow to me, and as I looked up I saw my aunt staring at us out of the window. There was a puzzled look on her countenance, and it was plain that she was not sure she recognized me.

With Jinny, I hurried on to the house, but the occupants of the carriage were already entering when I arrived.

"So, it *was* you, after all!" were my aunt's first words of greeting, spoken in her loud, harsh voice as she stood fronting me in the broad hallway.

"Yes, Aunt Augusta," I replied as cheerfully as possible. "I 've come to town to stay awhile with you."

"Oh, you have!" she blurted out, nowise pleased with this news. "Well, miss, if you are to be under my protection, let it be understood at once that I shall not permit you to walk in the streets with foreign adventurers."

"He is no adventurer, Aunt Augusta," I replied, more warmly than my interest warranted. "I am sure he is a most sincere and earnest young Frenchman."

"Fiddlesticks!" my aunt burst out.

"I thought him a vastly pretty gentleman," came the voice of my cousin Rosalie, as she stole up beside me and circled my waist with her arm. "I was quite envious of you, Patty. And mayhap Mother was, too," she ended with a light laugh.

"Hold thy tongue, child," Aunt Augusta admonished her daughter sharply; but I could not feel any start of fear upon the part of Rosalie, nor did she hold her tongue.

"Tell me his name, Patty," she went on roguishly; "I 'll warrant 't is no common one."

"He is the Marquis de Lafayette," I answered. "At least, he said his wife was the marquise, so I judged—"

"A marquis!" shouted Rosalie; then, with a falling voice, "But if there is a marquise, we must e'en send him to the head of the table with the elders."

"Indeed, he shall not sit at my table," Aunt Augusta declared roundly. "I 'll have no rebels feasting in this house. And see you here, Patty Abbott," she continued, turning on me rather fiercely; "I know the traitorous views your father holds toward our good King George, and I doubt not you hold similar ones; but let me warn you, my girl, I 'll have none of your whiggishness here. Understand that plainly. You may stay as long as you conform with the ways of the house and keep your rebel sentiments locked in your own bosom. Were you aught but a child, I should send you packing ere I would even seem to countenance an unruly spirit under this roof."

"Indeed, Aunt Augusta," I cried, stung to anger at this speech, "'t is only because I have nowhere else to go that I am here at all!"

At this she turned on me, doubtless to be as good as her word and send me packing, but Rosalie intervened.

"Oh la, Mama!" she cried, "are we never to rest from politics? Must we have them for breakfast, dinner, and tea? I vow I 'm fair sick of them. Come, Patty, let us to thy room and talk of something pleasant."

She led me quickly to the foot of the stairs and so up to my room, chattering merrily and giving me no chance to say a word; for which, indeed, I thanked her in my heart, seeing that I was angered by my aunt's harshness and had forgot that I had made up my mind to submit in silence to just such encounters. I felt very grateful to Rosalie, in that her quick wit had saved me more unpleasantness. But she stopped not her gossiping when we reached my room.

"'WE 'RE EXACTLY ALIKE—WE 'RE LIKE SISTERS—TWIN SISTERS!'"

"I vow, Patty, I 'm right glad you 've come," she rattled on. "I know naught and care less of all this great pother between the king and the colonies, save that it spoils all our fun. None talk of aught but politics, and all the young men are serving in one camp or the other and strut around in their uniforms to be admired. I vow I shall be glad when it is done, whether 't is a silly king or a stupid congress rules over us. But now a truce to all such dry subjects. Let 's have a look at thy gear, child. Those are matters that a female can take some pleasure in discussing."

I can not give any idea of the sprightliness of my gay cousin Rosalie. That she won my heart at once was natural enough, for whereas I had expected a proud and haughty girl who would patronize me for a clumsy country maid and sneer at my lack of fashion, I found one who, although three years my elder, treated me with no hint of superiority and was as simple as I. In fact, she seemed in some ways younger; for I, having been brought up to discuss all serious questions with Father, found Rosalie interested in naught but what pertained to the lightest pleasures. Dresses, balls, routs, tea-drinkings, dancing-parties, and a great desire to go to a play were the things she was always ready to enlarge upon; but the more sober duties of life she would have none of, and politics of any sort she shunned even to name. In my mind I put her down as a feather-witted young lady, intent upon her own pleasure and vastly more concerned with her adornment than with the government of her country or the just treatment its citizens craved.

I soon grew to love her, in spite of the fact that her indifference to serious things sometimes shocked me sorely. Once or twice I tried to bring her to take an interest in the great controversy, thinking that, if once she heard our side of the case, she must be convinced that the Revolution was no mere outbreak of a few discontented orators; but she would have none of it, and held her hand across my mouth, vowing that, if I so much as began, she would go away and never come back.

When we came down to dinner I gave Aunt Augusta the letter I had brought from Father and she read it through with a frown.

"He 's vastly secret about his mission," she burst out at the end, with a sneering laugh; "as if we did n't know that he sailed on the *Saucy Sally*, two nights ago, and fares for France to see that prating old politician, Dr. Franklin. A secret mission indeed!"

"But how could you know, Aunt Augusta?" I exclaimed, vastly astonished.

"We know all things," she retorted harshly. "'T is the business of the king's loyal subjects to know his enemies and their goings and comings. See to it that you step carefully, else the end is sure and the retribution certain."

Thus began my stay in that house, and I confess to having been somewhat frightened at this omniscience of Aunt Augusta's. Evidently, the British spies were everywhere, and my aunt's house seemed to be a center for the Tory intrigues that went on in secret throughout the city.

Of my Uncle Robert Roberts I saw little. He was there at dinner, but he scarcely noticed me and kept up a continual hum of light gossip with my aunt and Rosalie, who answered him in like vein; but only, I fancy, to keep him amused, for, when he left the house, there was always a sigh of relief that he had quitted it. He belonged to a club that had rooms in the Indian Queen Inn, I think; and there a number of macaronis, to his liking, met and discussed the changes in men's fashions and deplored the scarcity of such news from England. I am sure he had little part in the constant plotting that went on around him.

That there were conspiracies afoot I was soon aware, although the purport of them I could only guess at; but there were comings and goings of secret messengers, sudden muffled soundings of the knocker at night would waken me, and I would hear distant movements and occasionally a stealthy step along the hall. The house was a large one, and the old nursery on the top floor did service as a parlor for me, where frequently I had Rosalie for company, although she was forced, so she said, to leave me now and then when there were guests of note in the drawing-rooms below.

I do not think that at any time any real conspiracies originated in the house in Philadelphia. I soon arrived at the conclusion, though by what reasoning I can not say, that the trips to Harrogate were entirely political, and that it was in her country house that my aunt set on foot what plans she made looking to the complete restoration of King George in our colonies; for that she was deep in such intrigues I had not the slightest doubt. Indeed, she made no attempt to hide this from me, satisfied that, so long as I had no actual fact to hang an accusation upon, I could hardly do her injury were I so minded; for that she was against the Congress was already known to every one in Philadelphia, and she scrupled not to express her opinion loudly upon every occasion, thus perchance bringing them to name her as noisy, but harmless.

Why those in authority took no measures to put a stop to such plottings, I know not, though my belief is that they considered my aunt's activities quite trivial and cared not to turn a mayhap embarrassing partizan into a martyr who would gain sympathy out of all proportion to her importance.

The days which I spent in that house were, in spite of what I have said, a rare delight to me because of my fondness for my cousin; and although I could not interest Rosalie in what I considered the important concerns of life, she gained my attention when she talked of the things she vowed a girl should think most upon. It would have been strange indeed had I, at fifteen years, scorned pretty gowns, fine laces, and brocades. Indeed, I loved them the more, perchance, because I had been starved of such vain pleasures all my life. Not from lack of means to buy them, for Father would have stinted naught to pleasure me, but mainly because, in my busy life at Springhill, other interests claimed my attention. Thus when I had naught else to do but satisfy a curiosity suddenly stimulated by Rosalie's vanities, I was nigh as ready as she to waste my time and substance in fallals and fripperies, and to enjoy myself to the full in satisfying my desires, without the thought I should have given to

what the money so expended would have done for our cause. I must accuse myself of this, with the poor excuse that fifteen is not a great age after all.

From the beginning of my visit, Rosalie took vast pleasure in dressing me up in her finery, first in one gown and then another. She fixed my hair this way and that, discoursed upon my looks and countrified ways and how to correct them; she taught me the steps of the minuet, and all in such a sweet fashion that I knew not myself that I was being instructed in those little refinements of manner that experience had denied me.

"Now, Patty, my dear," she would say, "we will pretend that I am Mr. Montague Chalmers and that I have come to take you to the Assembly. 'Ah, 'pon my soul, Miss Patty, my eyes are ravished at sight of you. I vow the beaux will envy me to-night.' Thus she would go on, imitating the high-pitched voice of the dandy, and strutting about as if holding a quizzing-glass to her eyes; at which, at first, I would start a-laughing and she would scold me roundly."

"How think you, Patty, you will ever learn, and you act like that?" she would cry. "You may not laugh down your beaux in society. It is not mannerly. Hold up your head, child, and look at every man above his collar. There, that is better! Now, while I bow, slightly lower your eyes and incline your head an inch, not more—so! Now we will go on."

But such games were not all I delighted in. Rosalie would have it that my wardrobe needed replenishing, and to this end she introduced me to the mysteries of fine shopping. Together we went from store to store, handling silks, satins, sarsenets, and lutestrings, and spending vastly more than I should have done upon such vain luxuries.

My cousin was bent, also, upon having a dress made of the same material as one I had chosen, a paduasoy, vastly elegant it was, and Rosalie would not rest until she had fetched in a seamstress and had the gowns made up alike.

The day they were finished she proposed that we both arrange our hair high upon our heads and powder it.

"As Peggy Shippen does hers," she explained, "though I love it not so monstrous high as Peggy wears it."

"But we have no glass butterflies or other ornaments," I said regretfully.

"Have we not, indeed?" and she flew to her room, to come back with a box of them.

"Oh, where did you get them, Rosalie?" I cried.

"I 've had them for long, Miss," she replied haughtily. "I 've been keeping them for a fitting occasion."

We set to work, each helping the other, and a fine mess we made with the flour; but we accomplished it, and then naught would do but that we should put on our paduasoys and see if they became us. Rosalie ran to her room to attire herself, and Jinny, who helped in all these plays of ours, held up my skirts, which I managed to glide under, getting my head through the placket without disturbing the vast structure erected upon it, wherein I felt that I had accomplished wonders, and after that I was soon ready.

"Come here," Rosalie called from her own room, and I went to her at once.

It ill becomes me, in the circumstances, to proclaim how lovely she looked, so I will say naught of it, but as I went in she held out a hand to me and, in sport, I took it and curtsied over it. She lifted me up and, turning, led me to the long glass that reached nigh to the floor. Thus, hand in hand, we moved toward it, and our reflections came toward us. A few feet away we halted, and Rosalie was for curtsying to our two images; but I stopped, looking in the glass quite bewildered.

"What 's the matter, Patty?" Rosalie asked.

"Why, don't you see, Rosalie," I cried, when I found my voice, "don't you see? We 're exactly alike—we 're like sisters—twin sisters!"

"'T is your hair being up does it. Have n't you noticed it before, silly?" she replied.

"No," I answered, "have you?"

"From the moment I saw you," she laughed. "We could easily be taken for each other."

The close resemblance so startled me that I could not get it out of my head. We were exactly of a height. The color of our hair was the same. Our faces were so close a match that it would be hard, were we dressed alike, to say this is Rosalie or that is Patty. Talk not to me of beauty unadorned. In my plain country frocks, Patty was so vastly inferior to Rosalie that I knew not even that we resembled each other; but in silks and satins, with powdered hair piled high and gleaming with fragile ornaments, the likeness took me aback.

"Ah, Patty," said Rosalie, saucily, "I fear I have set thee thinking too much upon thy own beauty. Vanity, my child, is one of the

deadliest of sins, as my Quaker friend, Tom Wharton, told me when I refused to marry him and become a Quaker, too."

"Indeed, Rosalie," I confessed dolefully, "I think thou art right. I find myself much engaged with speculation upon thy beauty."

"My beauty, indeed!" she flashed back, and then, throwing up her head, laughed gaily. "My country girl is growing apace, but do not think to dodge vanity by bestowing your admiration upon me."

"And why not?" I asked. "'T is no sin to think another is comely."

"Nay, that 's true," Rosalie admitted. "But what would you feel were I to say I fancied you the most beautiful girl in Philadelphia?"

"I should say you were right," I laughed back; "excepting only one other," I added, and ran from her to my own room.

It was evening of that same afternoon when, upon my way to the dining-room for our usual light supper, in passing Aunt Augusta's chamber door, I heard her speaking to some one inside.

"I tell you, he will be here to-night!"

"But why is he coming?" I heard Rosalie question, and there was an irritable note in her voice which I had never noticed before.

"Probably to explain why he failed," said Aunt Augusta.

"Does he fancy we are interested in excuses?" Rosalie returned. What further she said, I know not, for I was by that time out of earshot; but I was puzzled at the anger in her voice. Never, in our short acquaintance, had Rosalie seemed sufficiently interested in anything to be angry over it.

But there was no evidence, when we all assembled at the table, that anything unusual was toward. Rosalie was as dainty and as indifferent to serious things as ever, and chattered lightly of a dance the Chews were giving. Aunt Augusta was more silent than usual, but seemed in no wise concerned over anything secret; so that I forgot about the conversation I had overheard.

We were about half-way through our meal when the knocker sounded, and presently Small, the butler, came and whispered to Aunt Augusta.

"Fetch him in at once and set another place," she commanded, and the servant disappeared into the hall again.

In another moment the new arrival stepped into the dining-room and I, all unprepared, looked up to see Major Tarlton, dressed in citizen's clothes.

(*To be continued*)

THERE was a boy in our town
Who was so wondrous wise
He built himself an airplane
And sailed up through the skies.

But when he found his controls jammed,
With all his might and main,
He jumped off in a parachute
And sailed back home again.

Photograph by courtesy of the U. S. Forest Service

A FOREST RANGER'S TEMPORARY SUMMER STATION COVERED WITH SEVEN FEET OF SNOW

FORESTRY ON SNOW-SHOES

By ETHEL C. BRILL

WHEN we think of the forest we usually picture it with all the trees, hardwoods as well as evergreens, in full leaf, and, underfoot, rich green mosses and the pink or white blossoms of low-growing plants; or we may have in mind the autumn woods, broad-leaved trees aflame with red and gold, pine and spruce seeds floating through the air from opening cones, and scarlet bunchberries glowing in the trail. Few of us ever see the real forest at any other time, and so, when we think of the work of the forest service, we are apt to imagine it as going on during the warmer weather only. But what are the men of the forest service doing when, in our more northern States and even in the high and mountainous parts of the southern forests, the low plants and shrubs are buried deep in snow and the evergreens and bare-branched hardwoods are gleaming with frost and ice? They must have some work to do in winter. What is it?

One very important part of forest work, patrolling the woods to prevent fires, is largely suspended in winter. After the heavy rains and first snows of autumn, there is little danger of fire spreading, and the men hired especially to guard against it are not needed for that purpose. For a few weeks they may be put to repairing roads and trails or to any other work left over from summer. When winter sets in in earnest they are laid off. But the duties of the forest supervisors, the district rangers, the men in charge of such special work as timber sales and grazing, and the young men in training are not over by any means.

The forester's work is not all done in the open. There is much indoor work, too, and, the summer being the busiest season, all such work that can possibly be postponed is left over for winter. Winter is the "map and report" season, and much time is occupied in putting into shape information gathered during the summer. Reports of general forest management, of fires and fire conditions, of timber sales, of grazing, of game and fish, and of all manner of forest affairs, with recommendations, and maps of field surveys must be prepared by the rangers and the supervisor and submitted to their superiors.

Promotion in the forest service is by examination, and, during the winter months

courses of study are followed and examinations given. Forest field-men must know an almost bewildering variety of things—from how to saddle a pack-animal, to a scientific understanding of how trees grow and why. They must be prepared to solve all sorts of problems and cope with all sorts of emergencies. In the Tahoe National Forest, California, virtually all of the men took the Red Cross First Aid course last winter.

The office of the supervisor, the chief executive of a forest, is usually in a town adjoining the forest. The district rangers have cabins in the district where they are in charge, and in some cases they live in these forest cabins both summer and winter. In many places, however, where there is a small town or village near his district, the ranger makes his home in the town in winter. There he can more easily be reached by those who have business with him, he can have his family with him if he is a married man, and he can go into the woods whenever necessary; indeed, he often spends much of his time in the forest. Even in the mountainous, far-western country, where wild storms and snow ten to twenty feet deep may make all work impossible in the higher situations, there is still a great deal to be done in the more accessible parts.

A necessary work that takes men through the winter woods is the timber survey—estimating the timber and mapping the country where it is found. "Timber cruising," such work is often called. The purpose of our national forests is not to preserve the trees forever uncut. The wood is to be used as it is needed, but it must be cut in such a way that the supply will not be exhausted. Timber-cruising, therefore, may be undertaken for various reasons. The purpose may be to find out how much timber of useful kinds a whole forest contains; the cutting of the trees in a certain place or of a specified amount of timber of one kind may be contemplated; then each tree that is to be cut must be marked, or, if a section is to be cut clean, survey lines must be run to show the limits of the cutting. Surveying, map-making, and timber-estimating go hand in hand.

As travel through the woods is often easier in winter, when the lakes and swamps are frozen, the fallen trees and tangles of undergrowth buried in snow, and the tormenting mosquitos, "no-see-ems," and black-flies gone, much surveying and timber-cruising are done in winter. A party of eight spent the whole of the winter of 1921–'22 cruising timber on parts of the Superior Forest. Among them were rangers from Michigan, Colorado, and Wyoming, sent from the forests of those States, where there did not happen to be much winter work, to help with the timber-survey in Minnesota and to learn how it was done. They worked in crews of two, one man running the compass, carrying the front end of a steel tape to measure distance, and tallying the trees, while the other man, the cruiser or estimator, called off the diameter and height. The readiness and accuracy with which an experienced timber-cruiser judges the dimensions of forest trees

Photograph by courtesy of the U. S. Forest Service

FOREST OFFICERS MOVING CAMP WITH STOVES AND TENTS ON SLEDGES

Photograph by courtesy of the U. S. Forest Service

A SNOW-SHOE TRAIL, SUPERIOR NATIONAL FOREST, MINNESOTA

seem to the amateur like unexplainable magic.

When the snow was not very deep the men waded through it, but when it reached a depth of about two feet, they took to web snow-shoes. Even with snow-shoes, however, going was hard until just before the spring break-up, when the melting by day and the freezing by night formed a firm crust that made rapid traveling possible for a few hours each morning. Each crew carried at least one small ax, and, in a forest where birch-trees abound, a good hot fire could be kindled in a few moments with a handful of bark and dry wood chopped from a charred pine snag. The thermometer goes low in the Superior Forest, which runs to the Canadian boundary-line; 30° below zero is not uncommon, and sometimes 40° is reached, so a fire was necessary at noon to keep the men comfortable while eating their midday meal, and in the heat of it they had to thaw out their frozen sandwiches.

Severer hardships must sometimes be endured in the large far-western forests. There surveying parties and timber crews may be out for weeks at a stretch in wild, rugged, mountain country, where a log cabin half-buried in snow, the deserted tower of a fire-lookout, or a line of telegraph-wire running through the woods is the only sign of civilization. Sometimes the men must haul their equipment and supplies by hand on sleds, and camp in temporary shelters or tents warmed by portable stoves.

Tree-cutting is often done in winter, some of it by the forest service itself, to obtain the fuel supply for the officers and men and for summer campers, or to thin stands of trees that are too thick to develop properly. When timber is sold to commercial lumber companies, it is usually sold standing, and in some parts of the country the logging is done on snow roads. The trees are felled, skidded into piles, and then hauled on sleds to a lake or stream (where they are piled on the ice and left until spring to be rafted out) or to a railroad to be taken to the sawmill.

Of course, forest officers must be on hand to see that the lumber company cuts only what it is entitled to and to scale the logs. Scaling means measuring the sound timber in a log, and is done with the aid of prepared mathematical tables. Each log is then numbered and stamped with the official "U.S." At whatever season the timber is cut, the brush and trimmings must be burned in late fall or winter after the ground is wet or snow has fallen. Hundreds of forest fires have been started by burning trimmings during dry weather.

Other things besides logs can often be hauled more easily after the snow is deep enough for sledding. Where good roads are

few, heavy material for building and repair work can be taken by means of snow roads over rough country that would be impassable in summer. Snow roads are not difficult or expensive to build, as the work consists of little more than clearing a path wide enough for team and sled and packing snow into the holes. Over such roads, three eighty-foot steel fire-lookout towers, to replace old wooden ones, were taken deep into the Superior Forest this winter.

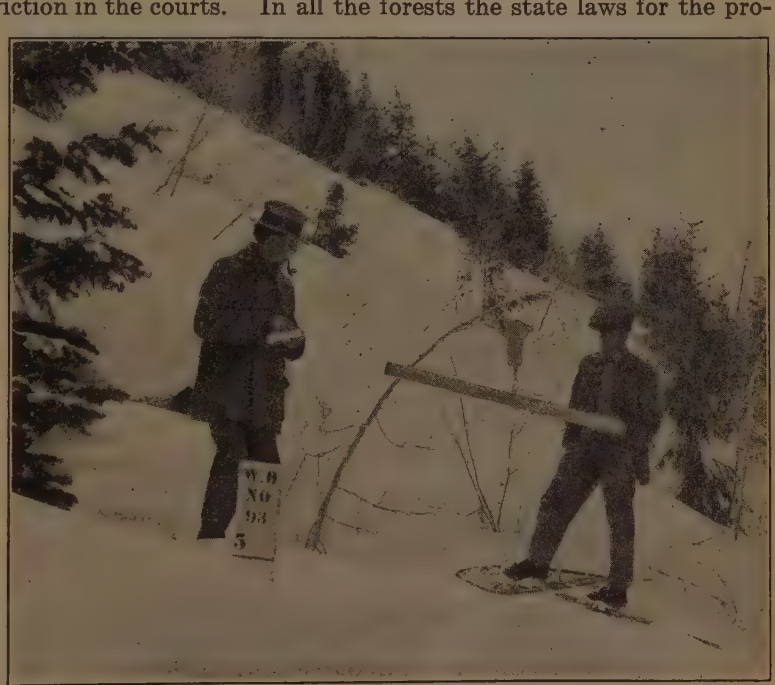
One of the many duties of the forest ranger is to watch out for timber thieves. Persons who have homes within the limits of the forests or near their boundaries can usually be supplied with fire-wood free or at a trifling cost. But if the woods were left entirely unguarded, there are unprincipled people, some of them in large lumber companies, who would not hesitate to strip accessible parts of the forest bare of every tree large enough to cut. Even with the rangers alert and watchful, timber thefts do take place sometimes, and then the task is to estimate how much has been taken, trace the thief, and secure his conviction in the courts. From the diameter of the stump remaining and of the top cut off, the amount of timber in the missing trunk must be estimated.

In many parts of the Western forests, cattle and sheep grazing is permitted. Most of the ranges can be used only in summer, but in some situations there are winter ranges. The forest-service men must keep an eye on these ranges to see that they are not overgrazed and reduced to desert land, and that the stock is not allowed to stray into forbidden parts of the forest. In the winter, too, foresters visit the ranches of men who have had grazing privileges during the summer, and take their applications for permits for the next year.

The effects of forest cover on rain and snowfall, and of the rain and snow on the character and growth of the trees and on the flow of the streams, are constantly being studied by the forest service. Heavy snow may fall in the high mountains, when there is little or none at lower levels. So snow-scales, devices for measuring the depth and density of snowfall, are placed at different elevations and situations. To read the scales, the forest men must make long trips on snow-shoes or skis, through valleys, across ridges, up mountain slopes, and through high passes, even into parts of the forest where the weather is so severe and the snow so deep that no other winter work is attempted there.

Keeping in repair the telephone-lines that connect the various forest stations and fire-lookouts also necessitates long trips, especially after heavy storms of snow or sleet. These lines are essential to fire protection, and must always be put in good working order in the spring.

Some entire forests and parts of others are wild-life refuges, where no hunting is allowed and the mere possession of a gun not in a case is considered a violation of the law. In all the forests the state laws for the protection of game-birds and animals are enforced, and the district rangers watch for violations, report them to the state wardens, collect evidence, and make arrests. Game protection is an important part of the winter



Photograph by courtesy of the U. S. Forest Service

FORESTERS MEASURING THE DEPTH AND DENSITY OF A SNOWFALL

work and takes much time, especially in the big game-forests of the West, such as Shoshone National Forest, in Wyoming, where the rangers must make the rounds of the licensed trappers' camps, see that the laws and regulations are obeyed, and patrol the woods against poaching.

Rangers themselves may do some hunting and trapping now and then, where the increase of wild animals causes them to become too destructive. Where there are grazing ranges, predatory animals, that delight in a meal of fat mutton or tender veal, must be got rid of. Indeed, wolves and mountain-lions are very sure to be regarded as outlaws in any forest, in the interest of game protection, for they love venison quite as well as they do lamb. So the ranger may turn hunter on occasion, and may have a thrilling experience now and then in the pursuit of savage prey.

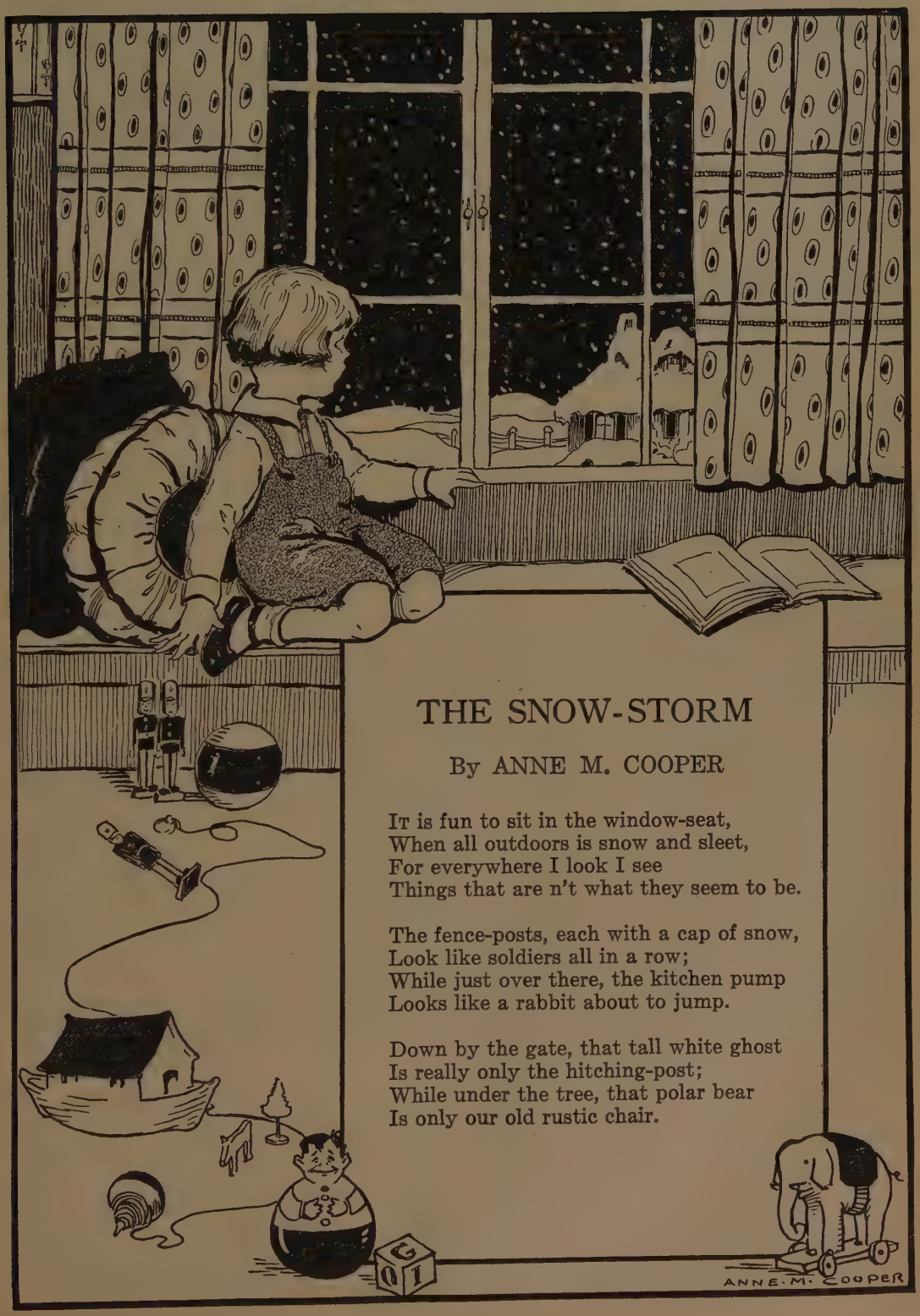
Photograph by courtesy of the U. S. Forest Service

MOUNTAIN LION SHOT BY A FOREST RANGER IN COLORADO

From all these varied occupations, and these are only part of the winter work, you may see that summer is not the only season of activity in the national forests. But the men who do forest work in winter do not find it as disagreeable as most of us might think. They soon become accustomed to the cold, know how to dress for it, and how to meet such emergencies as a sudden hard storm or a plunge through the ice into freezing water.

If you could look into the log cabin of a surveying party or timber crew on a bitter-cold or stormy winter evening, you would not be likely to find any evidence of suffering among the hard-muscled men gathered about the open fireplace or red-hot stove. Contented enough they seem, doing the writing and figuring that finishes the day's work, or, when that is over, telling stories, playing games, or mending the clothes that may have suffered in the hard going. For a moment, however, you might think you had entered a clothing store instead of a survey camp, when you see the many woolen socks, four or five pairs to a man, and other pieces of clothing, hanging over the stove to dry.

Nevertheless, forest field-men, from the chief officers to the newest and most inexperienced ranger-in-training, must be able men, hardy of body, firm of will, quick in decision and action. They are responsible for the safety and welfare of the great forests, and they must know what is going on in the snow-covered woods. Life in the winter woods has a fascination of its own, and at times it is not without thrill and adventure, but it is a strenuous life and oftentimes a trying one. More than one young fellow, with rosy dreams of the life of a forester, has been discouraged by a laborious, back-breaking, muscle-wrenching tramp on snow-shoes through the roughest sort of country in the most unfriendly weather, or by long days of isolation in a remote cabin half buried in snow. He has found that the life of a forester is not composed entirely of riding horseback along good trails through the summer woods, or of thrilling adventures chasing timber thieves or hunting mountain-lions and grizzly bears. Undoubtedly, the forest service in winter or in summer is a fascinating profession and business for the man who is fitted for it by nature. But no cowards, weaklings, or lazy, stupid fellows need apply.



THE SNOW-STORM

By ANNE M. COOPER

It is fun to sit in the window-seat,
When all outdoors is snow and sleet,
For everywhere I look I see
Things that are n't what they seem to be.

The fence-posts, each with a cap of snow,
Look like soldiers all in a row;
While just over there, the kitchen pump
Looks like a rabbit about to jump.

Down by the gate, that tall white ghost
Is really only the hitching-post;
While under the tree, that polar bear
Is only our old rustic chair.

THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

PATRIOTISM AND CHORES

IN the days of Washington, and in the days of Lincoln, life was simpler than it is now. There were not so many people living in cities; there were not so many conveniences; there was less specialization; and everybody had to do more of the daily work of keeping things going, in all departments, than we do nowadays.

Almost everybody, in those days, knew what it meant to have to do chores. Folks might make money and move into the city and have servants; but pretty nearly everybody began life with a practical knowledge of what the dictionary describes in this definition:

> CHORES — The regular or daily light work of a household or farm, either within or without doors.

Girls had housework to do, and perhaps dairy work. Boys had errands to run, wood to chop, water to draw, and a thousand and one items of endless routine. You could n't go to the telephone and call for what you wanted; you went after it.

We don't suppose the boys and girls of those days enjoyed the doing of chores much more than the boys and girls of to-day would. But we do think that the responsibility was a good developer of character, and that the discipline made the youngsters grow up into sturdy men and women, with a strong sense of duty. And we are inclined to think, also, that there was a satisfaction in that way of living that does not come to us fidgety, nervous moderns in the same manner or measure.

Please understand, we are not saying that "those were the happy days," or that the people were better, braver, or stronger than the people of these days. We are not sorry that we did not live fifty, or a hundred and fifty years ago. This twentieth century suits us very well; we belong to it, we are glad to belong to it, and we want to make it as happy as we can while it lasts, and as pleasantly remembered as possible after it is gone.

Still, we are able to see some defects in our own time and ways and some advantages in the old customs, as well as the other way round. And we wonder if the America of 1922 would not be a bit the better for a little more of the old-time discipline!

Self-discipline, it would have to be; and self-discipline is the very best kind.

Self-discipline means: More faithful school work; greater helpfulness in our homes; more earnest thinking about the things of lasting importance in life; and careful study of what good Americanism means in our age of history. And these things, simple enough, to be sure, bulk up into a program that would do more to keep America prosperous, useful, and happy than all the conventions and conferences and congresses that ever you heard of.

This is one way to make the honors we pay this month to Washington and Lincoln "mean something" in the life of this nation.

UNCLE SAM IN THE PHILIPPINES

TWENTY-FIVE years ago this month, the *Maine* was blown up in Havana Harbor. The American people had been very much aroused over the cruel treatment of the Cubans by Spain, and the destruction of the *Maine* aroused the nation to a high pitch of feeling.

The war with Spain began in April, 1898.

Although the war was fought out in Cuba, the first great victory it brought was that of Dewey's fleet in Manila Bay; and when the treaty of peace was made, in March, 1899, the United States gave Spain $20,000,000 for her possessions in the Pacific—the Philippine Islands.

The war had been opposed by many Americans who thought we had no call to intercede in behalf of Cuba, and at its close there were many who objected to the acquisition of the islands, because such expansion involved us in international complications. "Imperialism" was the cry they raised.

But the islands were bought, and with their 114,000 square miles of far-away territory we acquired also the troubles that Spain had been having with the restless native population.

There had been rebellion in the islands, but Spain had bought off its leader, Emilio Aguinaldo. In the change of ownership he saw a new opportunity, and organized a revolt against American authority. In March, 1901, he was captured by General Funston, and advised his people to submit.

Not until 1902, however, when Roosevelt had succeeded McKinley, was the insurrection completely suppressed.

The United States declared its purpose of educating the Filipinos for independence. It set up a government, organized a school system, improved the roads and the sanitary system in the islands, and developed the rich natural resources of the territory.

The American people have not exploited the islands at the expense of the people; we have never imitated the methods of European countries maintaining colonies for what could be got out of them. We have never had any intention of building an empire in the Pacific. Our ownership of the Philippines has brought us advantages, in trade; but it has brought to the island people vastly greater advantages in the development of civilization.

Naturally, there are among the Filipinos many who are in a hurry to break away from us and stand among the nations as an independent people. They have more than once asked Congress to give them complete independence. Some Americans believe that the time for separation has come; many more—and the Government stands with them—think that more time is needed to prepare the Filipinos for self-government.

Wide World Photos

GOVERNOR-GENERAL LEONARD E. WOOD AT HIS OFFICIAL RESIDENCE IN MANILA

One of those who see it this way is Major-General Leonard Wood, Governor-General of the Philippines. He declined to become provost of the University of Pennsylvania, preferring to stay in the Philippines and finish his work there. A little dispatch from Manila in December reported that President Quezon of the Philippine Senate and Speaker

Roxas of the House had called on the governor-general "to express their gratification at his self-sacrifice in his decision to remain, and to reiterate their intention to coöperate with him in his program."

That was a pleasing item for those who think they are the best friends of the Filipinos when they advise the island people to stay happily with us a while longer. It shows that the most powerful influences in the Philippines accept that view as a wise one.

And perhaps the wording of the dispatch, "to complete the work he (General Wood) has planned," may indicate that the day of friendly parting is nearer than is commonly supposed. We trust it may not be too soon for the safety of the ambitious Filipinos, and, on the other hand, that it may not be postponed longer than will be for their best interests.

An extremely interesting chapter of history will come to its close when we say to the Philippine people: "We have done what we could for you; the time you have waited for so long has come, and we are going to let you paddle your own canoe. Don't forget your old friend, Uncle Sam. Good-by, and good luck!"

POLAND'S PRESIDENT ASSASSINATED

On December 16, Gabriel Narutowicz, first president of the republic of Poland, was shot and killed by an assassin named Niewadomski. The president had been elected only a week before his death, and was in the second day of his career in office.

Such acts, the result of political excitement working on an unbalanced mind, are apt to shock a nervous electorate into an acute sense of political responsibility. They are hateful, horrible; but they have this value: that they carry the only rebuke to violence that violent campaigners are able to recognize.

Poland at once arranged for a new election to be held December 20, and reports from Warsaw immediately after the assassination were that the Polish people had been sobered by the tragedy and were thinking less excitedly, and, therefore, more intelligently.

PROSECUTING A PROSECUTOR

The attorney-general of the United States is the chief law officer of the Federal administration. He has charge of the prosecution of cases in courts of the United States. To see an attorney-general on trial would be somewhat like seeing a citizen arrest a policeman. But Representative Keller, of Minnesota, accused Attorney-General Daugherty of improper conduct in office, and endeavored to have him impeached.

Impeachment is simply a "fancy" word, used to denote the bringing of charges of mal-administration against a high public officer of the National Government, the House of Representatives alone can order the trial, and the Senate alone can conduct it. The penalty, if the accused is found guilty by a two-thirds vote, is removal from office and disqualification for any further office-holding under the United States Government. Convicted officers are, however, subject to subsequent trial in court.

The most famous impeachment case in our history is that of President Johnson. In 1798, a senator from Tennessee was impeached; in 1804, an associate-justice of the Supreme Court was tried by the Senate; and other cases have been: 1803, 1830, 1862, 1905, and 1914, United States District Court judges; 1876, a Secretary of War; 1912, an associate judge of the United States Commerce Court. In only three of these cases was the necessary two-thirds vote obtained for a verdict of guilty. In one case the proceedings were dropped; and in six, the accused was acquitted. In one instance the vote was: Guilty, 55; not guilty, 37. But this heavy plurality was short of the decisive two thirds, and an acquittal followed.

When Judge Landis became Commissioner of Baseball, a congressman asked to have him impeached, but nothing was done.

Representative Keller's attack on Attorney-General Daugherty was begun last September. He brought fourteen charges, including "wilful and deliberate" attempts to prevent prosecutions of the anti-trust law, favoritism to great corporations, and refusal to prosecute war grafters.

In December the House Judiciary Committee, investigating the charges to decide whether the matter should be carried into the House, called upon Representative Keller to give testimony, and the congressman, losing his temper, dropped out of the case.

The charges were somewhat vague and had the appearance of a political attack rather than of a court case.

For us, the incident is important because it draws attention to the responsibility of officers of government. Bringing such charges is a most serious matter, for suspicion tends

to destroy the confidence on which the whole structure of government rests.

Mr. Keller put that confidence to a strain, without—apparently—the proofs to support his charges. He accused the House Judiciary Committee of trying to "whitewash" the attorney-general; that again was not conducive to confidence in the merit of his case.

The court-martial that ordered the executions declared that the men had acted against public opinion and had met all opposition from their countrymen with "terroristic methods"; that they had pretended to make an attack on Constantinople, and that, by dividing the Greek forces for a nonmilitary purpose, they had made possible the victory of the Kemalist Turks, "thus deliberately delivering a large part of the army into the enemy's hands."

Wide World Photos

THE GREEK MILITARY COURT TRYING SOME OF HER STATESMEN AND MILITARY LEADERS (SEEN IN THE FRONT ROW) FOR THEIR PART IN THE GREEK MILITARY DISASTERS

Mr. Daugherty was not quite so dignified in his answer to Mr. Keller as we might wish. He, too, adopted the personal tone.

It seemed as though things had gone too far to make it wise to stop short of a definite decision—either that Mr. Keller was wrong, or that the attorney-general had indeed misused the powers of his office.

IS GREECE CIVILIZED?

IN December, the world was shocked by the news that five former members of the Greek cabinet and a general of the Greek army had been executed for treason. One Greek newspaper published in New York said: "Greece has ceased to be a civilized country. She is another Mexico."

Another Greek newspaper published in America defended the action of the court-martial, saying that the men were tried legally and fairly, and were found to have betrayed their country into the great disaster. It said that they were guiltily responsible for "the uprooting of the Thracian civilian population," for the loss of 80,000 Greek soldiers, and for "the unbearable misfortune which fell upon one and a half million refugees." It blamed them for "the national dishonor and shame and reproach which Hellenism will bear in all the ages."

But most of us would approve the description of the event by one American newspaper

as "vengeful and barbarous." Most of us are inclined to view the acts of the men who were executed as acts of bad judgment rather than of treason. The Greeks rejected Venizelos; they welcomed back King Constantine;

Wide World Photos

CLEMENCEAU LEAVING THE WAR COLLEGE IN WASHINGTON DURING HIS RECENT VISIT

they would have honored and rewarded their generals if Constantinople had been taken.

After the fall of Port Arthur, the Russian General Stoessel was condemned to death, as Marshal Bazaine had been by France after the Battle of Sedan in the Franco-Prussian war. But the sentences against these defeated commanders were not carried out.

One newspaper in the Middle West remarked that if the penalty for failure in a war of aggression were death, "few kings and premiers would have war policies"—and there 's something in that. But the general opinion is that while these Greek leaders deserved punishment, the military executions were not justifiable according to civilized custom.

Greek revolutionists have forfeited the friendship of nations that do not tolerate such ideas. Great Britain withdrew her minister from Athens, and many Americans who had been friendly to the Greeks found it difficult to see that they were superior in civilization to the Turks.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

M. CLEMENCEAU'S visit came to an end in December. The war-time premier of France talked to us quite frankly, urging America to take part in European affairs. He had a fine reception, but as he sailed away it did not seem that his tour had made much difference in America's attitude. We sent back a message of friendship for the French people, but gave them no reason to expect that our Government would depart from the principles by which its conduct has been ruled—while, at the same time, we assure France that we are always open to conviction, and ready to meet new situations with new measures.

AS a subject, the Ku Klux is hard to write about patiently. For months the papers have been full of reports of the Klan's activities; no need to retell the story here. The Klan professes to be devoted to true Americanism. If any of our readers are not quite sure what to think of this claim, let them ask themselves, *Do Americans working for America need to wear masks?*

THE reparations situation developed surprisingly in December. Everybody began, all at once, to expect Uncle Sam to take a hand in it and offer a new plan for the arrangement of international finances.

HAVE you noticed how President Harding's promise to try to reduce expenses of government has been kept? A good many steps in the direction of economy have been taken, and it looks as though there would be, ultimately, a pretty complete reorganization of departments, bureaus, and the whole system of running the people's business.

A MONSTER ICEBERG UNDER OBSERVATION BY THE COAST-GUARD PATROL

TAKING THE DANGER OUT OF ICEBERGS

FLOATING icebergs, broken from glaciers in Greenland, are carried by the Labrador Current down into the vicinity of the Grand Banks, Newfoundland, where they menace navigation, particularly passenger-ship traffic, during the early spring months. Many of these icebergs weigh millions of tons. When they collide with steamships the results usually are fatal. The *Titanic* disaster, in which over 1500 people lost their lives, was due to a collision between this ship and a mammoth iceberg.

In order to make the recurrence of such a tragedy impossible and to render the North Atlantic Ocean safer for navigation during the iceberg-danger period, from the first of April until the thirtieth of June each year three cutters of the United States Coast Guard patrol the ice zone, keeping watch on the movements and locations of all dangerous bergs and fields of ice and warning steamships of their positions, the courses they are traveling, and their velocities.

Early in the spring, the *Seneca*, a coast-guard boat of 1400 tons displacement, makes a special observation trip through the ice zone, studying the conditions of wind and current as well as the extent and character of the ice-fields. The latter part of March, when the icebergs begin to drift down from the north into the lanes of steamship travel near the Grand Banks, the Coast Guard

A COAST-GUARD PATROL-BOAT AND ITS CREW

operates at least two large vessels, which keep in constant quest of derelict icebergs and warn all vessels by radio messages what courses to follow to avoid the bergs. Since the inception of this service about a decade ago, not a single wreck has resulted nor a single life been lost as a result of collision with icebergs.

The icebergs soon break up and melt in water of a temperature of sixty degrees or warmer, and passenger steamships take advantage of this fact by holding their courses far enough south so that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream maintain the salt water approximately at this temperature. When they are near the iceberg zone, they take frequent water-temperatures, as this is one of the best guides as to whether or not the boats are liable to run into icebergs. Just to show the magnitude of some of these drifting icebergs, it is worthy of mention that the largest one sighted and surveyed last year measured 1600 feet long, 1200 feet wide, and 247 feet high. This was only one seventh of the entire berg, being that part which appeared above the surface. The submerged part of an iceberg is always six times as large as the exposed portion. On this basis, the berg under discussion weighed in the neighborhood of 950,000,000 tons.

The coast-guard patrol-boats study the size, shape, drift, character, and condition of each berg which they locate. They make meteorological observations near the bergs to determine the direction of future winds as nearly as possible, while they also photograph the huge masses of ice for future identification. They plot the courses of all icebergs on their wanderings through the North Atlantic Ocean, and they also keep track of the courses followed by all ships. This permits them to warn in time any vessels which steer into dangerous territory, so that they can shift their courses and avert the disaster which may be bearing down upon them in the guise of drifting derelicts of ice.

G. H. Dacy.

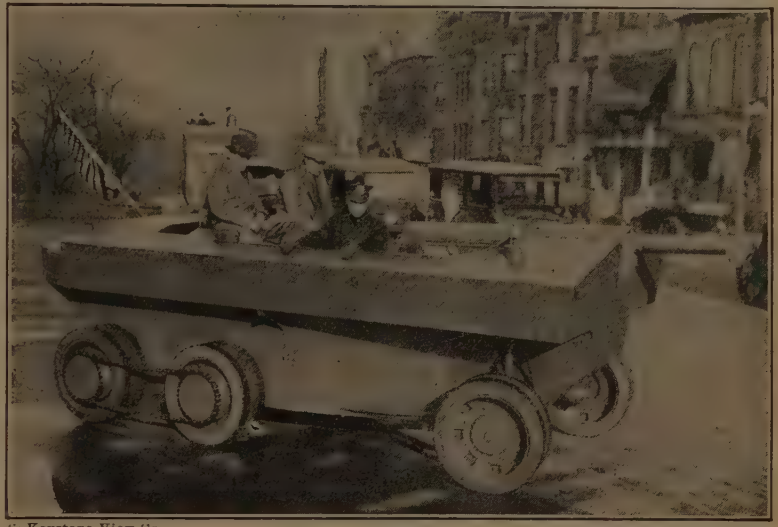
A MOUNTAIN OF ICE, SEVEN TIMES AS LARGE AS THE PORTION THAT APPEARS ABOVE THE SURFACE

A TRUCK THAT SWIMS RIVERS

Only one familiar with the broad sweep of the Hudson River between the upper end of Manhattan Island and the steep Palisades that rise on the opposite shore can well appreciate the thrilling achievement of the new "amphibious" truck which, on the fifth of last December, not only sped up Riverside Drive to Dyckman Street at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, but, after being ferried across the river, climbed the steep slopes of the Palisades at a 40 per cent. grade (the crew had to hang on to keep from falling out), then ran a hundred feet till it found a level place to turn, when it slid back to the water's edge and swam across the broad flood under its own power. A wonderful feat when one remembers that the river is almost two miles wide at this point.

This remarkable machine was invented by Walter Christie, who used to drive racing automobiles and who has designed various sorts of gasolene motors. The official name of the invention, which is primarily intended for military uses, is "gun-carriage equipped for road, field, and water service," and representatives of the War and Navy Departments were present at the test, as well as several hundred members of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

The vehicle is a sort of combination of truck and tank. It has six sets of double wheels, of which the rear set does not touch the ground when the machine is used as a truck on a highroad. But when it is necessary to leave the road and strike across rough country, such as is represented by the face of the Palisades, a caterpillar tread is attached, thus making it virtually a tractor. When a stream is reached, the vehicle is transformed into a motor-boat by attaching propellers to shafts at the rear of the tractor-truck.



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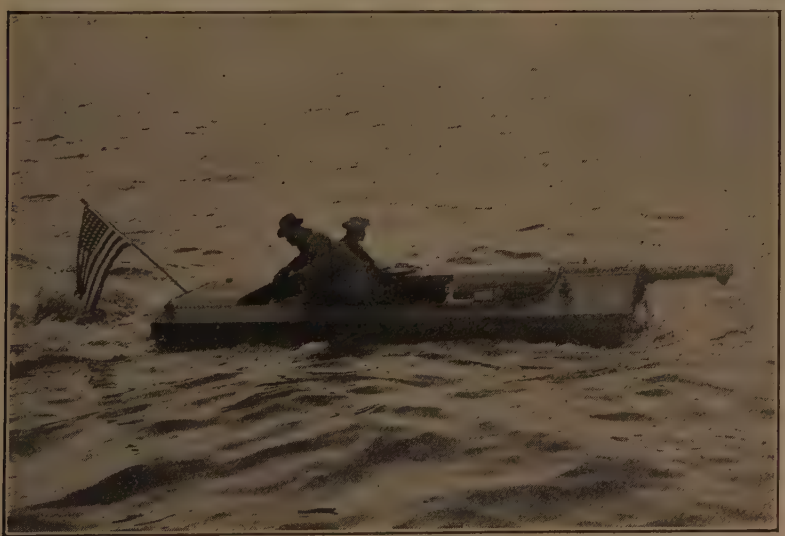
THE AMPHIBIOUS TANK ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK CITY, AFTER SWIMMING THE HUDSON

The admirable construction of the new machine, which was built by the United States Mobile Ordnance Manufacturers, was brilliantly demonstrated by an accident which occurred just as the trip started—an accident which would probably have put any vehicle but a tank out of commission. Not far from the beginning of Riverside Drive, a bolt in the steering-knuckle broke, and the machine, which has the enormous weight of six tons, ran into the curbstone. The two mechanics in charge quickly replaced the broken bolt, and the truck started off again and continued its journey successfully, though the fore axle seemed a bit sprung and the front wheels wabbled a trifle.

As at present designed, the machine carries one three-inch field-gun, with the crew to man it, a shelter for the latter, food for the men and ammunition for the gun. The War Department was represented by Brigadier-General S. D. Rockenbach, commander of the Tank Corps, who declared the test highly satisfactory.



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THE NEW TANK, ON THE HUDSON RIVER, TAKING LIKE A DUCK TO THE WATER

One observer summed up the action of the vehicle amusingly and neatly by saying that it was a cross between a big duck and a turkey, with a strain of crab thrown in. The crab action was seen when, equipped with its caterpillar treads and propeller, it was marching through the mud before actually beginning to swim.

Although designed for military use, one can scarcely doubt that ere long some enthusiastic motorist will call for such an adaptation of this "duck of a car" as shall fit it for cross-continent touring.

M. TEVIS.

A GIANT AMONG FLOWERS

Our picture shows one of the largest flowers in the world, a member of the birthwort family, whose botanical name is *Aristolochia*. It is found in various parts of the world in warm and temperate climates, and is noted for the great variety of curiously shaped and colored flowers which it contains. Strangest of all, perhaps, is the one shown in our picture, which is taken from a specimen exhibited in London not long ago and coming from the far-away island of Java. This species is very often cultivated in green-

THE ARISTOLOCHIA, ONE OF THE LARGEST FLOWERS IN THE WORLD

houses because of its beauty and oddity. It has no corolla, but the calyx, which is tube-shaped, much resembles the tube-shaped corollas of such flowers as morning-glories.

These huge flowers, which are often twenty inches in diameter are very striking looking, not only because of their size and shape and the purple veins and splotches with which they are adorned, but also because the point of the heart-shaped top of the calyx ends in a long string, like the cracker on a whip. This string has received the queer name of the "tail" of the flower, and is sometimes as much as three feet long.

The full name of this plant is the Aristolochia grandiflora, variety Sturtevantii, and, like most of the species in the family, it is a woody climber, twining around trees or other supports. At the bottom of the tube or cup of the great blossoms is a sort of honey, which is very attractive to various sorts of insects and, apparently, likewise to mice, since these little creatures are said to be frequently trapped within the deep cups, whose smooth walls they are unable to climb in order to escape after feasting on the honey. But besides its honey the flower has another lure, a very strange one to our mind, since it consists of an overpowering, unpleasant odor, which attracts flies and other insects. They swarm eagerly to the flower, and, as they burrow into its depths, they distribute the pollen, which is necessary for the formation of the seeds.

The general name for this species is *A. grandiflora* but it also has several picturesque popular names such as swan's neck, pelican's neck, goose neck, and duck's neck, all of which refer to the quaint manner in which the tube of the calyx is bent—a fact which our illustration does not reveal.

Donovan McClure.

SOME FACTS ABOUT WATER

Can you answer these questions?

How much water is there in the sea?

How much salt does it contain?

How deep and where is the deepest place which has ever been measured?

I wonder if these questions make you think of the same thing they make me think of. I 'll tell you what they sound like to me: they sound like questions which the cruel father in a fairy story might ask the suitors for his daughter's hand, and which he insists must be answered before the beautiful princess can be won. You know how it goes—one by one the suitors fail, of course; then the hero undertakes to answer the questions. While he is at the hopeless task of trying to measure the ocean with a tea-cup, along comes a poor old woman, his fairy godmother in disguise. He is kind to her, and, in gratitude, she helps him out. After many strange adventures, the questions are answered and the princess is his.

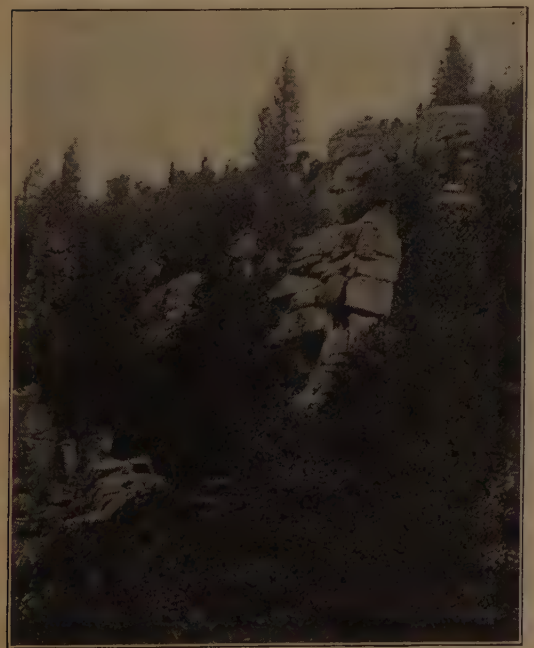
But, after all, these are not trick questions. Uncle Sam's specialists in Washington can answer them for us, and without the aid of a fairy godmother, too.

According to the United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, the ocean contains about 302,000,000 cubic miles of water. Can you imagine that amount of wet?

There is enough salt in the sea (although its weight is only three and a half per cent. of the whole, and of this only three quarters is common salt), according to the same bureau, to make a mountain more than a mile and a half high over the entire surface of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, so though the coal supply may be exhausted some day, and all the oil-wells run dry, we need never worry over the prospect of a shortage of salt, especially as we have scarcely tapped this mighty reservoir, the supply now in use coming largely from mines of rock salt or from the evaporation of brine obtained by boring.

From the Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department comes this information: On June 2, 1912, the German ship *Planet* sounded a depth of 5352 fathoms, or over 32,000 feet, off the coast of Mindanao, one of the southern islands of the Philippines. This is the greatest depth which has yet been measured, and can be better understood when we remember that the highest mountain in the world, Mount Everest, one of the peaks of the Himalayas, is only about 29,000 feet high. If we could put this mountain upside down in the sea at its deepest point, it would not only be completely submerged, but there would be a depth of 3000 feet of water to spare above it. A depth nearly as great has been found near our island of Guam.

PAULINE BARR.



THE VIEW FROM THE ROAD—"MR. HYDE"

LOOKING DOWN UPON THE ROCK FACE OF "DR. JEKYL"

A "TWO-FACED" NATURAL ROCK

THERE are many faces of natural rock in the country, but in the Cimarron Cañon, Colfax County, New Mexico, we have a complete head and face of natural rock formation, called "Devil Rock," which we believe merits the term unique. It might also be termed nature's attempt to portray *Dr. Jekyl* and *Mr. Hyde.*

Our two pictures of this head and face clearly show how "two-faced" even nature can be. The first picture is the view one obtains from the road, when the sinister and malignant expression of the face and the evil expression of the eye explains the name "Devil Rock." The second picture is a "close-up," and is taken from the other side, looking down upon the face and the road. The size of the face can be imagined by comparison with the automobile shown on the road below. This view shows a face which is kindly, good-natured, and even benevolent, and wrinkles of merriment surround the eye.

GEO. E. REMLEY.

"CHILDREN HAD TO BE TIED TO APRON-STRINGS"

THE BLUE ROBIN

By MARY E. WILKINS

THE country over which King Chrysanthemum reigned was far inland, so there was very little talk about the sea-serpent, but everybody was agitated over the question whether there was, or was not, a Blue Robin.

The whole kingdom was divided about it. The members of parliament were "F. B. R."—For Blue Robin—or "A. B. R."—Against Blue Robin. The ladies formed clubs to discuss the question, and sometimes talked whole afternoons about it; and the children even laid down their dolls and their tops to search for the Blue Robin. Indeed, many children had to be kept tied to their mother's apron-strings all the time to prevent them from running away to a Blue Robin hunt. It was a very common thing to see ladies going to a Blue Robin club with a child at each apron-string, pulling back and crying, "I want to go hunting the Blue Robin! I want to go hunting the Blue Robin!"

The country was agitated over this question for many years; then finally, there were riots about it.

People had to lock themselves in their houses, and, when the Blue Robin party was uppermost, paint blue robins on their front doors; and, when it was not, wash them off. After the riots commenced, it was really almost all that people could do to paint blue robins on, and wash them off, their front doors.

At last King Chrysanthemum had to take extreme measures. He decided to consult the Wise Man. A committee and a chairman were chosen, and they set out at once, marching four abreast, the chairman with his chair leading the way, to consult the Wise Man. He had to be found before he could be consulted, however, and that was a very difficult matter. The Wise Man considered it the height of folly to live like other people in a house immovably fixed upon one spot of ground, and therefore he always carried his house about with him, as a turtle carries his shell.

He had fashioned a little dwelling of cloth and steel ribs, something like an umbrella, which he strapped to himself and lived in, traveling all over the country in pursuit of wisdom.

The committee marched a whole week before they came upon the Wise Man, one afternoon, in a pasture where huckleberries grew. He was standing quite still when they approached and made their obeisances. The chairman of the committee placed his chair, a rocking-chair with a red-plush cushion, before the Wise Man, seated himself, and spoke.

"All hail, Wise Man!" said he, in a loud voice.

The Wise Man's house had a little door like the door to a coach, and two tiny windows. One of the windows had the curtains drawn, but out of the other looked the Wise Man's calm blue right eye. There was so much wisdom in his two eyes that he knew people could not comprehend it, so he always curtained one window. The house was about one foot higher than his head and reached to his ankles. They could see his feet in leather sandals below it.

"'ALL HAIL, WISE MAN!' SAID THE CHAIRMAN IN A LOUD VOICE"

The Wise Man said not one word in response to the chairman's salutation, only looked at him with his blue right eye. Then the chairman laid the matter before the Wise Man and besought his aid in the terrible situation of the country. After the chairman had ceased speaking, there was a silence for half an hour. Not a sound was to be heard except the creaking of the chairman's rocking-chair. Then the Wise Man cleared his throat. The committee leaned forward expectantly, but they had to wait another half-hour before he spoke, and then it was not very satisfactory.

"Ideas are not as thick as huckleberries in this pasture," was all he said.

The committee looked at one another, and nodded ruefully. It was quite true, but it did not help them in their dilemma. They waited another half-hour; then the Wise Man began moving off across the pasture.

"Oh, stop, stop!" cried the chairman. "Stop, stop!" cried the committee. They all ran after him, and begged him not to go away until he had given them some useful advice.

"Offer a reward!" called out the Wise Man, as he scudded away.

"For what, for what?" cried the committee.

"For finding the Blue Robin," called out the Wise Man; and then a puff of wind caught his umbrella-like house, and he was lifted quite off his feet and bobbed away out of sight over the huckleberry bushes.

The committee hastened back to the city, and reported. Another special parliament was called, and the reward for finding the Blue Robin was offered. That was really a difficult matter, because the Princess Honey was only five years old, and the customary reward—her hand in marriage—could hardly be offered. However, it was stated that if the finder of the Blue Robin was of suitable age when the princess was grown, she should be his bride; and furthermore, that he and all his relatives should be pensioned for life and that he should be appointed poet laureate, and given a regiment, a steam yacht, a special train, and a pound of candy every day from the national candy-mills. The offer was painted in blue letters on yellow paper and pasted up all over the country; and then the search began in good earnest. Business all over the kingdom was at a standstill. Nobody did anything but hunt the Blue Robin.

People ate nothing in those days but cornmeal pudding, hastily mixed and boiled. There was no bread baked, because all the bakers and all the housewives were out hunting the Blue Robin. The mothers un-

tied the children from their apron-strings; and the schools were all closed, because it was agreed that finding the Blue Robin and establishing peace in the kingdom was of more importance than books, and all the children who were old enough were out hunting—that is, all the children except Poppy.

It should be stated here that everybody in this country, with the exception of the princess, had a flower-name. The princess was so much sweeter that only the inmost

"'CAN'T THEY FIND THE FIRST SOMEBODY?' ASKED PORTULACCA"

sweetness of all flowers was good enough for her name, and she was called Honey.

Poppy was about ten years old, and his father was an editor of a newspaper and very poor. He could scarcely support his five children. His wife had died the year before, and he could not afford to hire a housekeeper.

So Poppy had to stay at home and keep the house and take care of his four young brothers and sisters while his father was away editing, and he could not hunt the Blue Robin. It was a great cross to him, but he loved his little brothers and sisters and he made the best of it.

After the search for the Blue Robin began, his father was much busier and had often to be away all night; so Poppy had to rock and trot the twin babies, Pink and Phlox, and go without sleep, after working hard cooking and washing dishes and sewing all day. Poppy had to mend the children's clothes, and he was even trying to make some little frocks for Petunia and Portulacca. They were twins also, five years old.

As Poppy sat in the window and sewed, with his right foot rocking Pink's cradle and his left foot rocking Phlox's, with Petunia and Portulacca sitting beside him on their little stools, he told them all he had ever heard about the wonderful Blue Robin.

"Nobody is ever quite certain he has seen it, himself," said Poppy, "but he knows somebody else who knows somebody else—and go back farther than you can count—who has; and if you ever could find the first somebody, why, he could tell where the Blue Robin was."

"Can't they find the first somebody?" asked Portulacca.

"I guess he died before people were born," said Poppy. Then he went on and told Petunia and Portulacca about a wonderful blue stone in the king's crown, which was unlike all other precious stones and was said to be the Blue Robin's egg; and how there was a little blue book in the king's library which had a strange verse in it about the Blue Robin.

Then Poppy repeated the verse. He had learned it at school. It ran in this way:

> "He who loveth me alone,
> Can tell me not from stick or stone;
> He who loveth more than me,
> Shall me in fullest glory see."

"What does that mean?" asked Petunia and Portulacca.

"I don't know," replied Poppy. Then he mended faster than ever. Many children ran past the window, hunting the Blue Robin, but he did not complain, even to himself.

That night his father did not come home, and Pink and Phlox cried, as usual, and he had to rock them and trot them. About midnight, however, they both fell asleep in their cradles, and Poppy began to think he might get a little rest himself. He could scarcely keep his eyes open. Petunia and Portulacca had been sound asleep in their cribs ever since seven o'clock. Everything was very still and he was just dozing, when he heard a sound which made him start up wide awake at once, although the children never stirred. He heard a single sweet bird-pipe, sweeter than anything he had ever heard in his life, and it seemed to be right in the room, at his elbow. When the babies fell asleep, Poppy had blown out the candle, the hearth-fire had gone out, and the room

had been very dark; but now something which gave out a wonderful blue light was shining on the table like a lamp. The sweet pipe came again. Poppy stared at the blue light on the table, which grew brighter and brighter, until he saw what it was. The Blue Robin shone on his table like a living sapphire, its blue wings seeming to fan the blue light into flames, its blue breast brighter than anything he had ever seen.

While all the world was out searching for the Blue Robin, the wonderful bird had come of its own accord to the faithful little boy in his poor little home.

The children all slept soundly and did not stir. Poppy stood up trembling and went over to the table; and immediately the Blue Robin flew to his hand and clung there.

Then Poppy went out of the house and down the road to the king's palace, with the Blue Robin on his hand. Although it was so late, scarcely anybody had gone to bed. They were all out with lanterns, hunting for the Blue Robin.

When Poppy, with the Blue Robin on his hand, came in sight, all the lanterns went out.

"What is that?" the people cried; "what is that wonderful blue light?"

They crowded around Poppy.

Then all of a sudden they shouted: "Poppy has found the Blue Robin! Poppy has found the Blue Robin!" and followed him to the king's palace.

The shouts were heard in the newspaper office where Poppy's father was hard at work, and he ran to the window. When he saw his son with the Blue Robin, he was overwhelmed with joy. He stuck his pen behind his ear and came down on the fire-escape and also went to the palace. The king had not gone to bed, though it was so late; neither had the queen. They were talking on the front door-step with the prime minister about the Blue Robin and the perilous state of the country.

When they saw Poppy and the Blue Robin and all the people and heard the shouts of joy, the king tossed his crown in the air, the prime minster swung his hat, and the queen ran in and wrapped up the Princess Honey in a little yellow silk gown, and brought her to see the wonderful sight.

It *was* wonderful—the Blue Robin on Poppy's hand seemed to light the whole city. Poppy, by the king's order, stood on the top door-step, and everybody could see the bird on his hand. Then the Blue Robin began to sing, and sang an hour without ceasing, so loud that everybody could hear.

When the bird stopped singing, the king advanced. "You shall now receive your reward," he said to Poppy, "and I will take the Blue Robin and put him in a golden cage and have him guarded by a regiment of picked soldiers."

The king extended his hand and Poppy his; but just as the king touched the Blue Robin, he disappeared. There came a faint song from far above the city roofs, and people tipped back their heads and strained their eyes, but they could not see the Blue Robin. They never saw him again as long as they lived.

However, he had been seen by many witnesses, and the object of the search was attained. There were no longer two parties in parliament, and the country was in a state of perfect peace. Indeed, parliament only

"THEN THE BLUE ROBIN BEGAN TO SING"

met afterward to agree and eat cake and ice-cream and shake hands.

Poppy had his reward at once,—that is, everything but the hand of the Princess Honey,—and he and his father and his little brothers and sisters were very rich and happy until he grew to be a man. Then the Princess Honey had grown to be a beautiful maiden, and he married her with great pomp, on Valentine's Day, and the king gave them the Blue Robin's egg for a wedding-present.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY SIDNEY SILVERBERG, AGE 16 (SILVER BADGE)

As all the world knows, the shortest month of the twelve has the honor of including the birthdays of our two greatest Presidents; and in its February issue ST. NICHOLAS has almost invariably paid tribute to the beloved Washington and Lincoln. This year we must postpone until March two contributions in which our famous first President figures: one, in ballad-form, "A Song of Heroes," and the other an interesting article, with numerous illustrations, entitled, "A Winter's Day at Valley Forge."

For the present number, our opening feature is a fine story, "As We Forgive Those," written in homage to the life and character of the great Preserver of the Union, which you must not fail to read; and there could be no more appropriate introduction to these February League pages than the accompanying decorative portrait by one of our young draughtsmen. It is an interesting fact, moreover, which we are proud to note here, that Mr. Oscar F. Schmidt, the well-known artist who has so admirably illustrated Mr. Longstreth's Lincoln story, began his artistic career as an Honor Member of the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

There is a pleasing variety in the verse and pictures printed this month, and each of the prose "nature stories" has its own special interest, either in the subject itself (as in the battles between the mole and the garter-snake, and the hydra and the water-beetle, or that every-day wonder, the grass) or in the charm and original touches with which several young League members have described the procession of the seasons or contrived effective stories of nature—and "*human* nature!"

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 275

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badges, **Mary Abby Hurd** (age 12), Connecticut; **Violet Whelen** (age 15), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **Rosemary P. Brewer** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Janet J. Muir** (age 12), Washington; **Shirley Armitage** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Sheila Bampfield** (age 12), Canada.

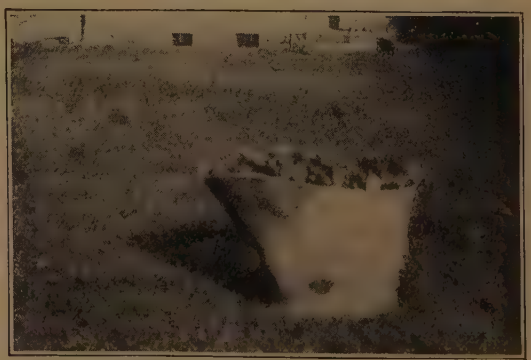
VERSE. Gold Badges, **Theodora Thayer** (age 17), Wash.; **Margaret W. Nevin** (age 16), Pa.; **Suzanne Leves** (age 11), N. J. Silver Badges, **Elizabeth H. Rich** (age 16), N. J.; **Caroline Sneed** (age 12), N. Y.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badge, **Lois Gilbert** (age 14), Ohio. Silver Badges, **Sidney Silverberg** (age 16), New Jersey; **Emelyn Wyse** (age 17), New Mexico; **Isabell Jeannette Fickes** (age 16), Pennsylvania; **Mary Garrison McClintock** (age 14), Maine.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badge, **Doris David** (age 15), New York. Silver Badges, **Erma Elizabeth Williams** (age 12), North Carolina; **Ellen Stowess** (age 14), Massachusetts; **John Bindley** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Leonora J. Hanna** (age 14), New Jersey; **Thora Scott Ronalds** (age 14), Pennsylvania.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badges, **C. Leroy Custer** (age 13), Calif.; **Martha Lacy** (age 13), Mass.; **Thomas O'Hara** (age 7), Ill. **PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver Badge, **Paul F. Clement** (age 14), Mich.

BY JEANETTE R. BEECHER, AGE 13



BY ELLEN STOWESS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

"AN ATTRACTIVE SUBJECT"

BY DORIS DAVID, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE SILVER BADGE WON JANUARY, 1921)

BY LEONORA J. HANNA, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

BY THORA SCOTT RONALDS, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

"AN ATTRACTIVE SUBJECT"

BY THE FIRESIDE

BY MARGARET W. NEVIN (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1922)

WHEN the wind howls through the rafters,
And the shutters groan and creak,
And the window-pane is frozen
By the bitter air and bleak;
When the world is gray and spectral
With the dark clouds sweeping low,
And the straining house-boards quiver
With the shock of swirling snow,
Oh, wretched be the traveler
At such a time to roam!
And happy he with blazing hearth
And fireside, safe at home!

With his household clustered round him,
In the rosy firelight gleam,
To sit with not a trouble
And to read and think and dream,
Till the crackling logs are crumbled
Into sparks and ember-light,—
When the winter nights are longest
And the earth is wrapped in white, —
Is a joy and peace and freedom
That only he can know
Who cherishes his fireside
And loves its warming glow.

A NATURE STORY

BY MARY ABBY HURD (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1922)

EVERY year Nature writes for us a story. Listen to the story as she tells it, by seasons:

First, the spring's wonderful story. This is of plants upspringing, of bursting buds, of the released streams leaping toward the sea, their destination.

Then the summer's tale—perhaps the sweetest of all the year. It is of fragrant flowers, of beautiful shade-trees and soft green grass. It tells of birds sweetly caroling in the tree-tops as they call to their mates. It is a tale of the summer bathers, whom the sea welcomes with open arms. It tells of mountains, clothed with verdant foliage, with a crown of eternal snow upon their brow.

Next comes autumn's story. She tells of the trees, gorgeous in radiant splendor, of mountains in their autumn glory, of the wide ocean lashed into a thousand furies by the great storms.

But autumn must give place to winter—grand old King Winter. His tale is of frosty days,—bright yet chill,— of imprisoned rivers striving to be free, of the vain attempt to freeze Old Ocean. He tells of forests, heavy with snow, or magically brilliant with ice, of snow itself, that wonderful and elusive thing, of all things beautiful and bright because of him.

And now the tale must end. Let us pause for a moment, that we may realize the wonder of the harmony of Nature. Its story is as old as the world, and as young as to-day. It is ever present, yet each season, in its turn, must pass away. But let us pray for eyes that see and ears that hear and a willing heart, that we may understand Nature; and know our Father more completely.

BY THE FIRESIDE

BY CAROLINE SNEED (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

AROUND the open fire we sit
And talk of "yesterday" —
When all birds sing and roses bloom
And balmy breezes play.

The little elfin flames—they dance,
All in a yellow ring;
They are the little flowers bright,
That bloom in early spring.

And when the flowers leave us, then
They change to little flames.
They do not die as we 've been told,
They simply change their names.

So when the spring comes, bright and fair,
Be sure to greet the flowers!—
Remember, they 're the Elfin Folk
Who danced through winter hours—

BESIDE THE FIRE

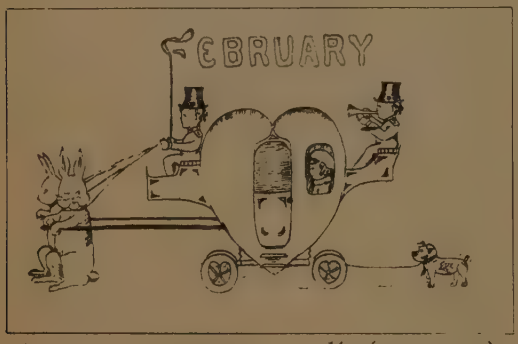
BY THEODORA THAYER (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October, 1922)

ALONE in my cabin, the black night shut out
And the fire blazing red on the hearth;
Through the woods the wind roars like the ocean storm-tossed,
And the rain patters fast on the roof.
But I am secure and at peace with the world—
Alone with the fire on the hearth.

The flame rushes upward, pure orange and gold,
With a dancing blue light at the base,
Which flickers and changes, now violet, now green,
Disappearing, then shining again
O'er the glowing red coals at the heart of the fire
Slowly fading to ashes, soft gray.

And still the rain steadily pours overhead,
And the wind moans outside through the trees;
But the fire fills the room with a soft ruddy glow,
And on time-darkened rafter and wall
Hand in hand play the light and the shadows, while I
Am alone with the fire on the hearth.



BY MARY GARRISON MCCLINTOCK, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

"A STORY OF NATURE"

BY VIOLET WHELEN (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1921)

THE soft pad-pad of feet over the blanket of snow drew nearer and, as it drew nearer, grew more stealthy. A dark form paused, motionless, before the white barn, then, sniffing gently, it entered. A smothered squeal—a long silence—and a dark form stole out again and disappeared into the depths of the forest. Black Wolf had found his prey.

The soft pad-pad of feet over the blanket of snow drew nearer and, as it drew nearer, grew more lively. A dark form bounded into the cave and was greeted by another form and three little forms. Black Wolf exhibited his spoil with pride.

Then indications of curiosity and excitement came from the little wolves, for before them lay a tiny, squealing puppy. But from Gray Wolf there was not a sound. The pathetic little object had stirred within her the dog instinct of generations past, and, leaning down, she softly licked its comical little face.

The soft pad-pad of feet drew nearer, and, as it drew nearer, grew more stealthy. Gray Wolf crouched silently within the cave.

They were strange footsteps that were coming nearer and nearer. The sound of them made her stiffen and grow tense.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the entrance, and the head of a great lynx appeared framed in the opening.

There was a flash of brown, and a huge dog appeared on the scene. But a second, and it had grasped the throat of the snarling yellow beast in a deathlike grip.

That night Black Wolf returned to find his mate standing above the body of the brave dog. And, with that instinct born in animals, he rubbed his huge bulk comfortingly against her, and understood.

The next day Black Wolf and Gray Wolf left the North Country and sped far away. Their soft pad-pad died out forever.

"BESIDE THE FIRE"

BY ELIZABETH H. RICH (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN you look deep down in the heart of the flames
Where the ruddy embers glow,
And you hear outside, 'mid the gusts of wind,
The rush of the driving snow;
Don't you love to gaze in the back log's flare
Where the fire-elves come and go?

Night after night I have watched them thus
In their dazzling robes of flame;
Night after night have I seen them dance—
And never twice the same;
And over and over they still dance on
In that dance without a name.

And still I gaze, while the sparks grow dim
And the shadowy dusk draws nigher,
Far, far into the last deep glow
Of the burning heart of the fire,
And my thoughts with the smoke float upward still
Higher and ever higher.

A NATURE STORY

(A True Story)

BY ROSEMARY P. BREWER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

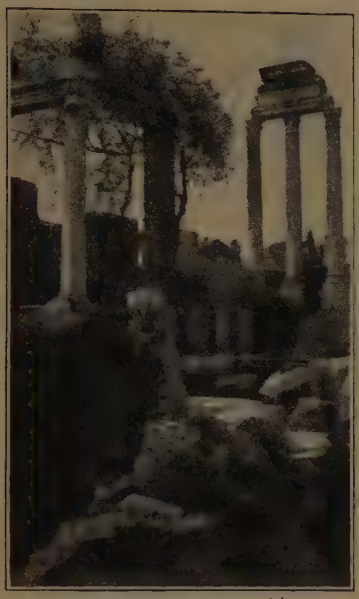
IT was spring and the lifeless-looking trees were just beginning to regain their dense green foliage.

The day was ideal for walking, and the temptation was so great that my family and I could not and did not resist it.

As we were going along the dusty country road, thickly wooded on either side we heard a rustling in the underbrush not far off. On coming nearer, we perceived two objects fighting. Upon closer observation, we saw a small garter-snake and a mole locked together in deadly combat.

As we stood motionless gazing upon this extraordinary scene, the mole, with his sharp, knife-like teeth, seemed to be getting the better of his opponent.

As the battle continued, the mole kept on biting in his savage way, and finally the snake, weary, bloody, and discouraged, fell back—dead; and the other crept off through the bushes—silent and triumphant.



BY JOHN BINDLEY, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)

BY ERMA ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, AGE 12
(SILVER BADGE)

BY CATHERINE WEITZEL, AGE 14

BY FAITH H. POOR, AGE 16

BY ELEANOR F. ALEXANDER, AGE 11

BY DOROTHY SMITH, AGE 13

"AN ATTRACTIVE SUBJECT"

A NATURE STORY

BY SHEILA BAMPFIELD (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

ONE evening, not long ago, my brother Gerald and I were fetching the cows. As we passed near the creek we saw a huge beaver. "Look! look!" I whispered. We motioned to the dogs to be quiet. Then we sat down to watch it. Presently he dived, and we looked up the creek and saw another beaver swimming toward us. We watched it until it was quite close to us. Then it climbed out on the bank and began to cut the little silver willows that grew there.

As we were watching it, one of the dogs grew restless and the beaver looked and saw us and dived.

We now turned our attention to the larger beaver. He was swimming toward the big dam. Gerald whispered, "I hope he crosses the dam." "So do I," I whispered back. We watched him cross the creek to the other side and swim right up to the dam. "Oh, look! He 's going to cross," we whispered to each other. Sure enough, he climbed onto the dam and sat there. Presently the other one joined him. There they sat, two of Mother Nature's children.

As they were sitting there in the evening twilight, the other dog appeared on the bank. Splash! splash! And they disappeared.

BY FAUSTINA MUNROE, AGE 16
(HONOR MEMBER)

BY EMELYN WYSE, AGE 17
(SILVER BADGE)

"AT THE DOOR"

BY LOIS GILBERT, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE
SILVER BADGE WON AUGUST, 1922)

BESIDE THE FIRE

BY ELINOR COBB (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

ALONE beside my fire I sit,
When loud the storm winds blow,
While on the wall the shadows flit
Like ghosts of long ago.

I watch the flames that leap and roar
With many a flying spark,
And hear without my sheltering door
The voices of the dark.

And happy thoughts come flying back
Of the bright days of yore,
Of wandering on the sandy track
Of Ocean's shining shore;

Of climbing where the hills lay green
Beneath a summer's sky!
Of friendly talks, with trees to screen
Our nook from passers-by.

And dreams of future joys arise
From out the embers' glow—
Of green spring fields where sunlight lies
And lovely blossoms blow.

Until the flames to ashes die,
And the stars come one by one;
Then I upon my pillow lie,
And day is closed and done.

A NATURE STORY

BY LOIS RAYMOND (AGE 14)

SOMETIMES as we think over the wonderful things Mother Nature has given us, we often overlook the grass. Probably we do this because we see it every day and think nothing of it.

Grass has been called "the forgiveness of nature." Fields that have been trampled in battle, saturated with blood, torn with the wheels of cannon, when left, grow green with grass, and the past war is forgotten. Forests may decay, flowers disappear, but the grass still grows. It is sown all over the habitable universe.

The birds are grateful for its protection when their little ones are learning to fly. Indeed, it softens the outline of the world where we all live.

What should we do, if, in the spring, the grass did not turn green,—the sign of spring? It is like a clouded sky. When we see a sky full of rain-clouds, we expect rain and are hardly ever disappointed, as one might say. The same thing is true when we see our lawns turn green—we think of spring. Almost before we know it, the grass is a brilliant green.

Grass has not a bloom with which to charm us, nor yet fragrance or splendor, but the despised color of green is as enchanting as the lily, rose, violet, tulip, or any of our beautiful flowers. It yields no fruit or blossom, and yet, if it should fail to appear each spring, famine would surely overtake the whole world.

Perhaps we might think, after this description that I have written, that grass is quite helpful, but perhaps the most helpful things it does are to hold the water in the roots of each blade of grass and, in time of flood, keep the land from being washed away. It also furnishes nourishing food for cattle.

BESIDE THE FIRE

BY SUZANNE LEVES (AGE 11)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1923)

BESIDE the glowing fire, by Daddy's easy-chair,
We listen to the stories he tells us, sitting there.
Jackie, Joe, and Mary, all with sleepy heads,
Are nodding on his shoulders, ere they trot off to their beds.
Mother, with her knitting, is busy, sitting by;
Brother shuts the windows as the night winds moan and sigh.
And then we listen eagerly to tales that Daddy tells;
He holds us fascinated, as if under fairy spells.
And visions of fairy princes, clothed in suits so gay,
Escorting pretty princesses in beautiful array,

Seem dancing in the fireplace within the flickering light;
They thrill the hearts of all of us, our eager faces bright.
Then Mother, gazing at us, will send us to our beds,
As she sees our happy faces and our slowly nodding heads.

With my dear ones gathered by me, I really never tire
Of the times we spend together beside the blazing fire.

A NATURE STORY

BY JOHN BASYE PRICE (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

SOME tiny water-beetles, no bigger than the period at the end of this sentence, were swimming in and out among the water-plants of the aquarium. On the sunny side of the tank a hydra had attached himself. The hydra is a small, yellow creature of about the size of an "i." Through the microscope, it looks like a cuttlefish. The aquarium typified to me the peace and kindliness of nature.

But as I watched through a magnifying-glass, a change took place. A beetle, in swimming, came too near the hydra, which grasped it with its feelers. Then began a life-and-death struggle, between them.

I saw the beetle kicking with all its might to escape. The hydra had grasped it with the very tip of its tentacles and was striving to pull it closer, to devour it.

The combat, in which I became absorbed, lasted for quite a time. For a while it seemed as if the beetle might escape; but finally the hydra began to win. Slowly but surely, the beetle was pulled toward the hydra's mouth. For many minutes the beetle fought his fate, and then gradually, very gradually, it was swallowed. The walls of the hydra were so thin that I could see the beetle inside. It was still kicking.

After the struggle the tank looked the same as before. The sun still shone brightly through the clear water, but something was changed to me. Gone was the kindliness of the scene. Nature is essentially cruel.

BESIDE THE FIRE

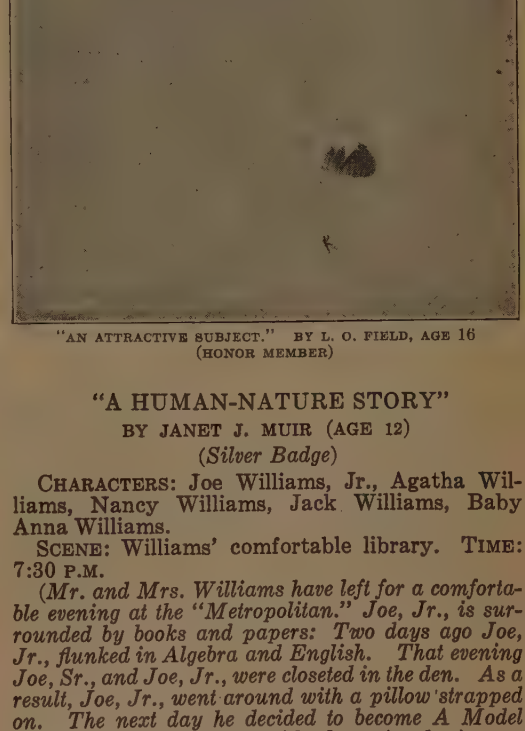
BY MURIEL DOE (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

THE darkness falls on gray cliff walls, the forest lies asleep;
Our little cabin stands alone beyond the rocky-ledge,
And silent pines, in gloomy lines, a night-long vigil keep
O'er weary pathways far below that skirt the cañon's edge.

The winds are high, and cold is nigh; a storm is on its way.
O tired hunter, climb the hill, and you will find good cheer!
Our light shines far, a gleaming star, to guide you if you stray,
And you may stop to wait for day beside our hearth-fire here.

The drifts pile deep as from his sleep he wakes to stir the fire
And giant hemlocks moan and sigh to feel the North Wind's breath.
The wood fire roars, the blue smoke pours, the flames and sparks leap higher,
And grasp the birch-bark's curling strips, then sink in golden death.
The dawn skies flush, and rose-pink blush, and flame to glorious gold
That floods the cañon's gleaming depth and falls on glistening snow;
The gray clouds lift, and in the rift the winter sun gleams cold—
And with our warm fire, we have made another friend, we know!



"AN ATTRACTIVE SUBJECT." BY L. O. FIELD, AGE 16 (HONOR MEMBER)

"A HUMAN-NATURE STORY"

BY JANET J. MUIR (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

CHARACTERS: Joe Williams, Jr., Agatha Williams, Nancy Williams, Jack Williams, Baby Anna Williams.

SCENE: Williams' comfortable library. TIME: 7:30 P.M.

(*Mr. and Mrs. Williams have left for a comfortable evening at the "Metropolitan." Joe, Jr., is surrounded by books and papers: Two days ago Joe, Jr., flunked in Algebra and English. That evening Joe, Sr., and Joe, Jr., were closeted in the den. As a result, Joe, Jr., went around with a pillow strapped on. The next day he decided to become A Model Student. Hence the pile of books. Agatha is sewing, having finished her lesson, Nancy is reading; Jack is mending a football, or rather, trying to; Anna is looking at picture-books, comfortably established in a collapsible camp-chair. Silence reigns for ten minutes, then:*)

JOE, JR.: Quadratic equations have two roots.

NANCY (*absent-mindedly*). Stop, Joe.

(*Joe stops. Silence for fifteen minutes.*)

JACK (*approaching Joe, Jr.*). Joe, mend my football.

(*Joe, Jr., cheerfully complies, giving Jack a few*

lessons on the mending of footballs. In the meantime, Nancy, having tired of her book, slips to the piano across the hall and breaks into one of the popular songs of the day. Agatha accompanies her in a rich falsetto voice. Joe, Jr., after many attempts to stop them, tries to study. In vain. The collapsible camp-chair collapses, and, amid the baby's screams and the general confusion, Joe, Jr., slams the books shut, with more force than is necessary, and rushes off to Bob Smith's for a game of checkers.)

(CURTAIN)

BESIDE THE FIRE, OR A WINTER PICTURE

BY MARGARET HALEY (AGE 16)

Beside a glowing fire there sat
With gray head o'er gray worsted bent,
Personifying true content,
A woman old in years well spent;
And on a bright, home-made rag mat
Reposed a purring, gray-blue cat.

On copper pans such ruddy gleams
Reflected were from dancing fire,
It seemed the elves sought to conspire
To make them gold at their desire.
And on low, sturdy oaken beams
The fire threw shadows weird as dreams.

Outside, the snow fell soft and deep,
And laid white cloaks on every place,
Made everything a deep white case,
And tree-tops intricate as lace.
Inside, the household seemed to creep
Nearer the fire, then dropped to sleep.

"AN ATTRACTIVE SUBJECT"
BY KATHERINE HELEN HARRIS, AGE 13

A NATURE STORY

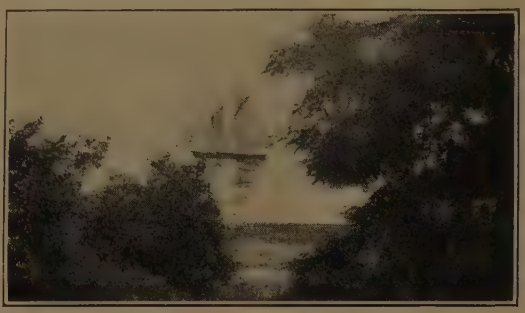
BY SHIRLEY ARMITAGE (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

In one of the finest houses in a certain large city, misery, sorrow, and sickness prevailed. The only son and heir was wasting slowly away with disease. Death seemed inevitable. The pride and joy of his wealthy parents lay tossing in a destroying fever on his luxurious bed. Medicine after medicine had been tried to no avail. There were few doctors in the city who had not been consulted: they could do nothing. A specialist from a distant town would arrive that afternoon. They waited, these grief-stricken parents, in almost hopeless anxiety.

He came; he prescribed. In a few hours the astounded family was preparing to spend several years on the great Arizona desert, in the hope that the specialist was right and that the dry air of the Western plains would cure their boy.

Three years passed over the big city; three years swept over the deserts in the West.



"AN ATTRACTIVE SUBJECT." BY ELEANORITA SULLIVAN, AGE 14

A strong, sun-tanned, handsome boy, cured of a disease akin to tuberculosis, and now, with his family, making his home in Colorado, ran back and forth on the tennis-court of a fashionable Colorado health resort, swinging, with remarkable agility, a light tennis racket.

He was well, he was happy, he was full of the spirit of healthy boyhood; he was popular, athletic an able dancer, and filled with ambition. Never again would his family return to the city home of his childhood; Nature had done for all of them what medicine, luxury, and position could not. They did not wish to desert her—they would ever remain close to her.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Ellen Guilbert
Martha Reed
Elizabeth Evans Hughes
Hilda F. Harris
Minnie Pfeferberg
Mariana Werve
Ruth Barritt
Barbara Simison
Mildred Phippen
Margaret A. Durick
Elizabeth Merriam
Lucy C. Sanborn
Esther R. Girton
Ruth Clark
Regina Wilsy
Alice Laster
Viola Farrow
Edith Short
Katherine Drescher
Polly Henry
Betty Raisler
Adella Looney
Ruth McLean Mattfeld
Doris Ansbacher
Catharine Beard
Alice Kovar
Muriel J. Persons
Isabel Brooks
Ruth Clouse
Helen Felton
Madeline Blossom
Betty Packard
Janice Fink
Harriette E. Weaver
Pauline Garber
Claudia Jorgensen
Samuel Blumenfeld
Leon Blumenfeld
Rosalie Stark
Susan Crawford
Dorothy R. Bull
Betsy Green
Patricia W. Hawkin

VERSE

David R. Inglis
Patricia Snyder
Johanna Hein
Ann Sommerich
Aline Fruhauf
Ella Dukes
Margaret P. Coleman
Anne Pratt
Adeline Rumsey
Maisry MacCracken
Blanche Zeliff
Harriet F. Marrach
Froncie Wood
June Breese
Jean E. Eckels
Clarence Peterson
Elizabeth Brooks
Maureen Harrington

DRAWINGS

Elease Weinss
Marion C. Smith
Jean McCrumm
Betty Spadone
Glynn Reger
Marian Welker
Wm. F. Hathaway
Violet A. Rankin
Edwin J. Smith, Jr.
Elizabeth King Fish
Jane Hintze
Esther Raatz
Edith Catherine Reid
Robert Cressey
Myra Sobel

PHOTOGRAPHS

Norman S. Ingersoll
Helen Sturm
Frances G. Crossley
Jas. C. Perkins, Jr.
Helen Le Rossignol
Lillian Partos
Madeline Prentiss
Edith Heidingsfeld
Elizabeth H. Ufford
Nora Fortson
Alice McGuinness
Harriet E. Behrend
Eleanor Blitz
Elizabeth Blakely
Elinor Horman
Doris Weaver
Mary-Phyllis Brown
Edith Thacher
Ruth B. Lyman
Evelyn Best
Helen Blackwood
Walter C. McClurg
Genevieve Jessup

Mary B. Thompson
Jean E. Hays
Eleanor M. Coit
Henry B. Kamin
Erma E. Williams
Johanna Hekelaar
Ruth Combs
Harriet Dow
Mary Scattergood
Elizabeth Cassatt
Wilburta Ripley
Frances Hullihen
Elisabeth Perkins
Dorothy Pratt
Ruth Durbrow
Rosemary W. Ball
Martha Blackwelder
Helen L. Duncan

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Madelaine Karpeles
Mary Rumely
Beatrice Rosenwald
Lucia Jenney
Roslyn S. Abelson
Florence Hastings
Katherine Andrews
Margaret Dyer
Dorothea Chapman
Jane Eads
Virginia Cunningham
Barbara Montgomery
Gladys Alcorn
Elizabeth Haney
Helen Louise Berry
Rose Ginsberg
Fanny Thoms
Elsie Bercovitch
Theodora Hubbard
Mildred West
Margaret Coleman
James Spencer Dearth
Margaret Halsey
Harriet C. McCurley
Elaine Babcock
Baxter Hathaway
Virginia Dickinson
Louise Roberts
Elizabeth Goodrich
Rose Nebohy
Helen E. Quaw
Louise R. Piper
Elizabeth L. Powell
Alva Christiansen
Edna B. Florence
Beatrice Barleen
Dorothy Baliff
Esther Morits
Ruth Suissman
Emily Keller
Jane D. Wilson

VERSE

Velma Cypert
Evelyn Renk
Catherine V. Sullivan
M. Virginia Middlebrook
Elizabeth Crosby
Margaret A. R. Kimball
Carolyn Ann Ashby
Jeanette A. Thruston
Doris Goldberg
Eleanor Smith Faller
Dorothy Farley
Grace E. Bauman
Mary Rose Meehan
Florence Hearne
Brenda Green
Melba Tadlock
Lois Taylor
John Hastie
Mary McR. Neale
Rosalis Van der Stucken
Jean Paton
Sylvester Gatewood
Earle Henry
Janet Gage
Margaret Smead
Ruth M. Rhodes
Ruth Fowler
Ellen L. Carpenter
Betty H. Young
Norman Hallock
Catherine Van Schenns

PHOTOGRAPHS

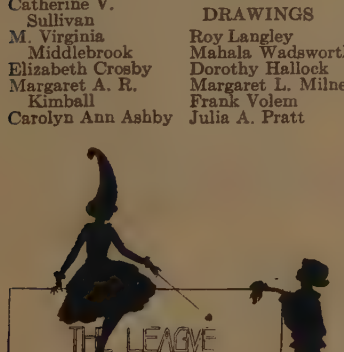
Quita Woodward
Eleanor S. Hirsch
Elizabeth Darcy

"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY ISABELL JEANNETTE FICKES, AGE 16 (SILVER BADGE)

Cecilia Lee
Doris Burke
Nelle Davis
Agnes M. Hubbard
Jane T. Nicholas
Elizabeth D. Brown
Helen Louise Whitehouse

DRAWINGS

Roy Langley
Mahala Wadsworth
Dorothy Hallock
Margaret L. Milne
Frank Volem
Julia A. Pratt
Elizabeth Shaw
Margaret McGinty
William Inglis, Jr.
Wallace G. Teare
Elizabeth Hawes
Frances Cochrane
Barbara Welch
Isabelle Johnston
Elizabeth McLaren
Mary Maude Howell
Olive Loucks
Mary Reeve
Catherine Goldsmith
Elizabeth Whipp
Dorothy Cover
Clarissa Thurston
Charlotte Page Robertson
Edith H. Willcox
Edith Reeve
Alfred Child
Carlyle G. Duncan-Clark



"A HEADING FOR FEBURARY" BY MARJORIE BLY, AGE 17 (HONOR MEMBER)

PUZZLES

Joyce Porter
Margaret Harris
Sarah McIlvaine
Philip H. Ward
Mary Theurer
Charles M. D. Reed
Adele Wedemeyer
Francis Sturtevant
Caroline Taylor
Beatrice C. Miller
Viola Farrow
Marion Benward
Leslie Friend
Helen Slottman

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and now is widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 279

Competition No. 279 will close March 1. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for June. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"Old Friends,"** or **"My Oldest Friend."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"A Wonderful Day."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not develop and print their pictures themselves. Subject, **"A House Beautiful."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"Before the Mirror,"** or **"A Heading for June."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

MOUNTAIN GROVE, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want you to know how much I enjoy and appreciate your delightful magazine. My brothers and I say that we were "raised" on ST. NICHOLAS, for my father began taking it for my two older brothers in 1880, I think, and *we* kept on till 1888, missing the year of '82 or '83. Then, in 1892, *I* subscribed, being at that time thirteen years of age, and continued taking it until 1901 or later, when my younger brother liked it as well as I did.

I remember hearing my older brothers talk of "The Fairport Nine," "The Land of Fire," "Marvin and His Boy Hunters," and "Jack and Jill."

Among my dearest recollections are stormy winter days, or long evenings, when my loved eldest brother read "Davy and the Goblin," "Magic Clocks," and other enjoyable stories to Mother and us younger children.

Then, when I was old enough to read to myself, how I did revel in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Juan and Juanita," and many others!

Later still, my younger brother and I read and enjoyed together, "Two Biddicut Boys," "The Prize Cup," and most of all, the humorous and thrilling "Lakerim Athletic Club" and its sequel.

I now buy ST. NICHOLAS every month for my three youngsters, two girls, of thirteen and fifteen, and a boy of eight, and they like it so much!

We feel it necessary to be very economical, and to do without many things we 'd like to have, but I do not feel it would be economy to put our beloved ST. NICHOLAS on that list.

The magazine has kept up to its old standard all through the years, and the stories now seem quite as interesting and uplifting as in the old days.

I note with pleasure the beautiful pictures by the favorite illustrator of my childhood, Mr. Reginald Birch.

Long life to dear old ST. NICK, and may my grandchildren enjoy it as much as did my parents and I!

Your old friend,
ELIZABETH LINDHOLM.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I got you last Christmas, and the first story I read was "The Turner Twins" and I like it the best. But the first thing I read now is those comical rhymes about the king and his court, and I laugh till my sides ache. It is nearly the end of my subscription. I have been teasing my mother and father to let me have another term of you; I said that I did n't care if I did n't have another thing for Christmas, I wanted you.

Your ever interested
EDITH NORINE MANNEL (AGE 10).

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I have taken you for three years, and there is always a scramble to see who gets you first and "bags" you, as they say here.

I liked "The Turner Twins" very much and was sorry that it ended. I was also greatly interested in "The Inca Emerald" and "The Mystery at Number Six," as both were very thrilling, and I am sure that the new serial, "A Continental Dollar," will be just as nice and exciting as the "Denewood" stories.

We have been in England for a year, and find everything quite different from the States, although the same language is spoken. We had a lovely journey coming, for, after staying in Japan two years, we traveled through the Indian Ocean and Suez Canal, visiting many hot and strange countries.

Your loving reader,
KIYO SEKO (AGE 13).

PENN YAN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you how much I enjoy you—I positively could not get along without you! You 've been in our home ever since 1907, and everybody loves you. I always enjoy your stories, especially those by Emilie B. Knipe and Alden A. Knipe, Beth Gilchrist, and Augusta Seaman.

Augusta Seaman's story, "Three Sides of Paradise Green," which you published some time ago, was of especial interest to me, since the exiled Louis Philippe is supposed to have remained in hiding in a home near our village.

I also enjoy so much the beautiful covers, especially those by Relyea, and look each time for quite a while at his splendid drawings.

My sister, who has just recently returned from Buenos Aires and Montevideo, South America, says that she knows of a family there in which ST. NICHOLAS plays an important part and is very much enjoyed by all the household.

I only wish that more young people might read you and enjoy you as I do.

Your devoted reader,
ELEANOR M. AYERS.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you might be interested to hear of a rather peculiar experience I had this summer.

While returning from Europe on the Cunarder *Mauretania*, one morning at breakfast, there seemed to be a little excitement among the stewards, and, having a normal amount of curiosity, of course I asked why. The reason was this: the night before we had a bit of a fog—nothing serious, but enough to make it uncomfortable for the watch. Suddenly, out of the mist, a large tramp ship loomed up in front of us, not only preventing us from moving on, but also, because it was so very close at hand, making it difficult for us to stop in time. Fortunately, by quick action this was accomplished; if we had not been able to stop, it is probable that we, being the larger vessel, would have gone completely through the tramp ship, perhaps taking some lives.

But the strange, unexplained thing about this was that all of us who were asleep were not awakened by any jar. Now it happens that the *Mauretania* is the fastest ship on the sea, and being forced to stop moving so very suddenly, would, of course, shake the whole boat. But all who were asleep slept right on, although one of the men on the bridge fainted from the shock.

Your loving reader,
CECILIA LEE (AGE 13).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. Alone. 2. Needy. 3. Dynamo. 4. Motor. 5. Orange. 6. Georgic. 7. Icicle. 8. Least. 9. State. 10. Teller. 11. Erase. 12. Seat.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. New Year's Day. Cross-words: 1. Nation. 2. Effect. 3. Warmth. 4. Yankee. 5. Efface. 6. Ambush. 7. Rotate. 8. Sacred. 9. Dahlia. 10. Amazed. 11. Yellow.

LETTER-WORDS. 1. M. T. 2. S. X. 3. L. C. 4. I. C. 5. P. K. 6. N. E. 7. Q. P. 8. T. P. 9. A. T. 10. X. L. 11. S. A. 12. E. Z. 13. X. S. 14. N. V. 15. D. K.

PREFIX PUZZLE. 1. Sunbeam. 2. Sunflower. 3. Sundog. 4. Sunbonnet. 5. Sunfish. 6. Sundial. 7. Sunlight. 8. Sunset. 9. Sunshade. 10. Sunburn. 11. Sunbird.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. Middle letters, Balboa. I. 1. T. 2. Baa. 3. Table. 4. All. 5. E. II. 1. E. 2. Ale. 3. Elate. 4. Etc. 5. E. III. 1. E. 2. Old. 3. Ellen. 4. Den. 5. N. IV. 1. N. 2. Doe. 3. Noble. 4. Elf. 5. E. V. 1. E. 2. Eve. 3. Evoke. 4. Eke. 5. E. VI. 1. E. 2. Era. 3. Erase. 4. Ask. 5. E. ——. CHARADE. Band-box.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Carnegie; third row, Scotland. Cross-words: 1. Castle. 2. Arcade. 3. Roomer. 4. Notice. 5. Enlist. 6. Glance. 7. Ignite. 8. Ending.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Good nature is one of the richest fruits of true Christianity."

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE. James was 10, his sister, 3, and his father 45.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Spear. 2. Plate. 3. Eaton. 4. Atone. 5. Renew. II. 1. Glass. 2. Larum. 3. Aroma. 4. Sumac. 5. Smack. III. 1. Wings. 2. Inert. 3. Nemea. 4. Great. 5. State. IV. 1. Arras. 2. Reave. 3. Raves. 4. Avers. 5. Sessa. V. 1. Eland. 2. Leper. 3. Apace. 4. Necks. 5. Dress.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than November 27 and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 445) and give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were duly received from Esther Laughton—Paul F. Clement—Helen A. Moulton—Eleanor Thomas—Gertrude R. Jasper—Thelma Wade—"Eighth Grade, Slayton"—Kemper Hall Chapter—"The Three R's"—K. H. Davis.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were duly received from John S. Davenport, 9—Helen McIver, 9—Eleanor B. Church, 9—No name, Edgewood Ave., 9—D. N. Teulon, 8—Emil V. Dessonneck, 8—Eleanor V. and Agnes M., 8—Valerie Tower, 8—Elizabeth Tong, 7—Allan D. Langerfeld, 7—Hortense A. Doyle, 6—"Three W's," 6—Helen Blackwood, 6—Hazel Bennett, 4—Janet Morris, 4—B. Tammas, 4—Jane M. Colyer, 3—Erin Clure, 3—Dolores Waugh, 2—Ralph P. B. and Charles T. C., 2—J. H. Crews, 1—M. Vintschger, 1—L. E. Springer, 1.

A BUNCH OF DATES

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

The famous surrender of Cornwallis occurred in a certain year. One year before this, Arnold betrayed his country.

Seven years after this the Constitutional Convention was held.

Four years before this, boundary treaties were made.

Ten years later Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin.

Four years before this, Washington became President.

Ten years later Washington died.

Four years after this the Louisiana Purchase was acquired.

Three years before this, the city of Washington became the national capital.

Forty-six years after, the sewing machine was patented.

Fifteen years later a great war began.

Nine years later the Weather Bureau was first established.

In what year was it established?

MARTHA LACY (age 13).

CHARADE

My *first* is a vowel which often we use;
My *second*, an eatable none will refuse;
My *third*, an amusement all young people choose;
And my *whole* is a plenty for all.

VIRGINIA HEIS-LITZ (age 15), *League Member*.

ZIGZAG

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag—beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter—will spell two words often heard.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A flowering plant. 2. Tranquil. 3. To poise. 4. Provident. 5. Elastic. 6. A number. 7. A province in western Sicily. 8. One eighth of a mile. 9. Conceals. 10. Hallowed. 11. A rhythmical modulation of any sound. 12. Conspicuous or noticeable. 13. More juvenile.

NATALIE JOHNS (age 16), *League Member*.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters and the final letters will each spell the surname of a President.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Famous. 2. A supply of anything arranged beforehand for affording relief at successive stages. 3. A celestial being. 4. A recess, usually within the thickness of a wall, for a statue. 5. General tendency.

KATHERINE B. HYDE (age 16), *League Member*.

DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the name borne by two cities and by a famous man.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Freedom. 2. Somewhat alike. 3. A period of a hundred years. 4. One of a baseball nine. 5. Thrifty and frugal management. 6. Speedily. 7. The surname of a President who was born in Virginia.

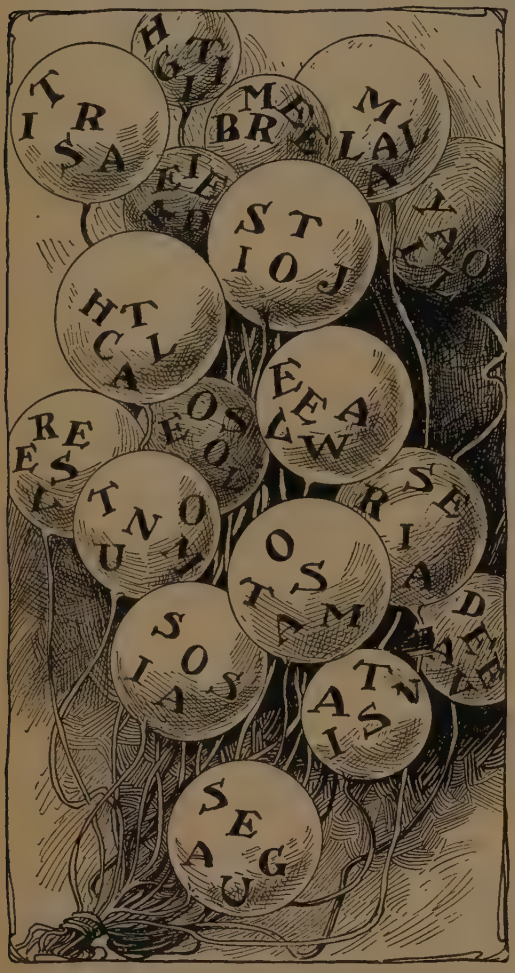
JANET COHEN (age 13), *League Member*.

WORD-SQUARE

1. A brute. 2. To follow. 3. In motion. 4. Pleases. 5. Concise.

HOLLIS S. FRENCH (age 12), *League Member.*

LETTER GROUPS



In the above picture are eighteen groups of five letters. The letters in each group form a word. When these eighteen words have been rightly arranged, one below another, the initials will spell the name of a noted American writer who was born exactly eighty-seven years, to a day, after George Washington was born. Who was he?

PI

Chene, dure twiner! drabbec dol flewlo,
Veren myerr, veren mewlol!
Lwel-a-yad! ni nair dan wons
Thaw lwil peke neo's reath wagol?

CENTRAL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of a man who filled many important offices.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small Florida seaport. 2. Robust. 3. A favorite flower. 4. A famous city. 5. A small natural stream of water. 6. An important part of every meal.

LONGLEY WALKER (age 11), *League Member.*

A CLUSTER OF DIAMONDS

I. 1. In heathen. 2. A popular name at Yale. 3. A feminine name. 4. Welcome in summer. 5. In heathen.

II. 1. In heathen. 2. A feminine name. 3. A feminine name. 4. Consumed. 5. In heathen.

III. 1. In heathen. 2. To confine. 3. A feminine name. 4. To snare. 5. In heathen.

IV. 1. In heathen. 2. A negative word. 3. A feminine name. 4. A color. 5. In heathen.

ALICE GEPHART (age 9), *League Member.*

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

My first is in McKinley, but not in Washington;
My second, in Washington, but not in Grant;
My third is in Grant, but not in Pierce;
My fourth is in Pierce, but not in Madison;
My fifth is in Madison, but not in Garfield;
My sixth is in Garfield, but not in Jackson;
My seventh is in Jackson, but not in Adams.
My whole is an honored name.

THOMAS O'GARA (age 7).

CHANGED INITIALS

I am a feminine name. Change my initial letter only, and I become in turn a temple, rational, an inhabitant of a European country, to lessen, a pleasant path, a support, a compartment, ruin, and a weathercock.

DORIS BARTLETT (age 14), *League Member.*

A PATRIOTIC ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

*	.	.	4	42	18	
*	15	41	.	.	30	
*	.	39	19	10	32	
*	5	7	.	27	.	
*	38	.	33	11	3	
*	24	26	2	16	.	
*	.	29	.	34	40	
*	37	.	.	.	.	
*	.	.	20	.	.	
*	14	35	43	8	31	
*	23	17	.	.	36	
*	.	44	.	.	25	
*	9	.	.	.	6	
*	13	1	.	.	.	
*	.	.	21	.	.	
*	22	.	12	.	28	

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fancy metal grating. 2. An inhabitant of arctic America. 3. A fruit. 4. To return the price of. 5. Small stones and pebbles. 6. A kind of pastry containing flavored cream. 7. Made of wood. 8. To furnish. 9. Regular method or order. 10. The sun-god. 11. To charge with a crime, in due legal form. 12. A representative of the pope. 13. Ravenous. 14. A three-footed stool or stand. 15. An exit. 16. A device for holding an object.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will spell a great personage; the letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 11 will spell a place where he passed many anxious days; from 12 to 20, will spell an office he filled; from 21 to 27, from 28 to 36, and from 37 to 44 each name a famous man.

C. LEROY CUSTER (age 13).

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

Courtesy of Mrs. William P. Hamilton

See page 558

"A SPANISH CHILD"

FROM A PAINTING ASCRIBED TO JAKOB GERRITS CUYP, FORMERLY OWNED BY THE LATE J. PIERPONT MORGAN

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. L MARCH, 1923 No. 5

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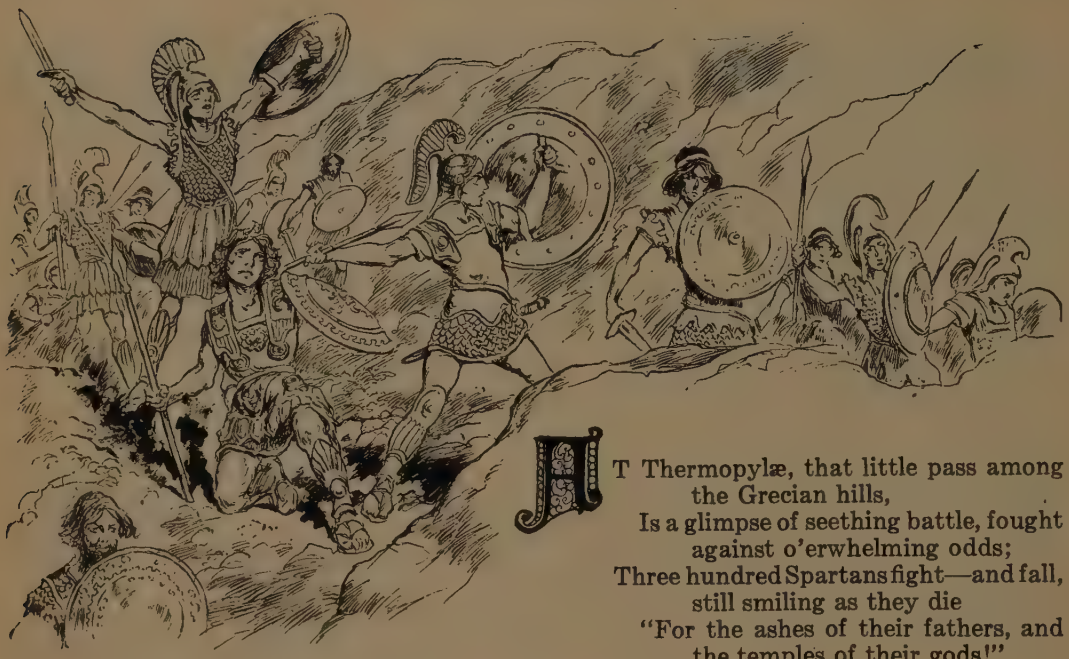
Song of Heroes

by Catherine Parmenter.

THROUGH the mist of years I see them, marching in the twilight—
The hosts of all the heroes who have thrilled the hearts of men.
From the land of dreams and romance, from the shadows of the past,
In their glory and their splendor I see them once again.

THE mystic towers of Camelot stand white against the sky;
And hark! the distant echo of a trumpet's clear refrain!
A flash of blue and silver and a gleam of red and gold—
King Arthur and his gallant knights are riding on the plain!



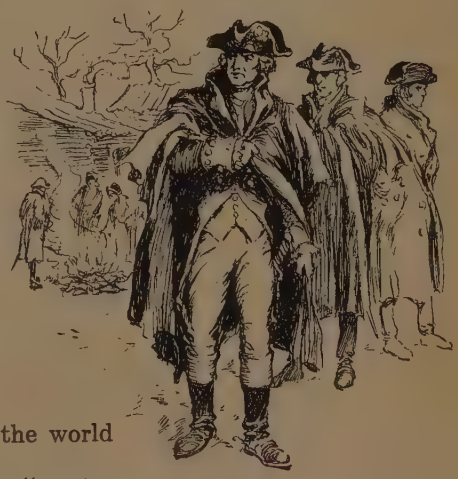
AT Thermopylæ, that little pass among
the Grecian hills,
Is a glimpse of seething battle, fought
against o'erwhelming odds;
Three hundred Spartans fight—and fall,
still smiling as they die
"For the ashes of their fathers, and
the temples of their gods!"

"SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," defy the English power!
Fear neither death nor battle, with a chieftain such as he!
His fair head lifted proudly, and the purple heather 'round him—
Oh, defend him, Men of Scotland, from "chains and slavery!"

A SMALL, lithe, dauntless figure, all clad in silver armor—
The lass who led an army that obeyed her slightest glance;
Commander of a legion that arose when once she called;
O little peasant shepherdess! O little Maid of France!

ACROSS uncharted seas he sailed, though wind and storm defied him,
Though his battered ship seemed lost forever—hurled from pole to pole.
With eyes that held a vision, with a heart that knew no fear,
With a faith that sought the truth of things, Columbus reached his goal.

AT Valley Forge was drifting snow and poverty and hunger,
And the remnant of an army held together by the hand
Of him whose steadfast courage looked out beyond the years,
And saw the future glory, strength, and greatness of the land.



UNFLINCHING, strong, and noble, yet a gaunt and tragic figure,
From the prairies he was summoned at his country's ringing call.
The joy and love and sorrow of the world were in his eyes—
A leader for the ages—Lincoln, "master of us all."

THROUGH the mist of years I see them, marching in the twilight—
The hosts of all the heroes who have thrilled the hearts of men.
From the land of dreams and romance, from the shadows of the past,
In their glory and their splendor I see them once again.

"THE HALF-GROWN CUB WHIMPERED HUNGRILY AND HIS GRIM MOTHER CHECKED HER STRIDE"

A TIGRESS OF THE NORTH

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness," "The Blue Pearl," and "The Inca Emerald"

At the zenith of a black-violet sky, the Great Bear prowled around the pole-star guarded by an unsetting moon. On the earth below, another great bear wandered restless through the long night in a waste-land of rock and ice and snow in the unending search for food, which is the price which Nanook the she-bear of the Arctic pays for life.

To the half-grown cub who followed her, it seemed as if the larder of sea and land had been locked and the key lost, for it was more than forty-eight hours since he had tasted food, and he whimpered hungrily in his throat. At the sound, his grim mother checked her stride; but even as she stopped, her nostrils caught the faint, unmistakable scent of warm flesh and blood. Swinging her long, pointed head to one side, she moved silently on paws padded with thick white hair toward a hummock of newly fallen snow. Just as she reached it, the little hillock exploded like a bomb and out whirred a pair of ptarmigan, birds like the ruffed grouse of lower latitudes, but white as the snow in which they had hidden. Fast as was their flight, the great ice-bear was faster still. Like the skilled boxer that she was, she delivered jabs so lightning swift with either paw that both birds were stricken down in mid-air. A moment later a cloud of feathers on the snow was all that was left of them, and the bears were wandering on through a country desolate as the surface of the burnt-out moon.

Hours later, as the two reached a plateau high above the confusion of ice and rock, there came to the straining nostrils of the leader a sweet, warm reek, as of cattle, and scattered black figures showed dimly against the snow. At the sight and scent, the great bear shot forward like a sprinter from his marks. As she charged, a score of sturdy, wide-horned little musk-ox swung to meet her with the swift discipline of their herd. They had short legs, hair so long that it trailed on the snow, and all the swift alertness of the mountain-sheep, to whose family they belonged in spite of their name. Behind them was an inner circle, within which were a dozen woolly, frightened little calves. So swiftly had the trained herd acted, that by the time the bear reached them she was confronted by a circle of sharp, curved horns.

Starving as she was, with a whimpering cub at her flank, the great ice-bear stopped—as well she might; for not even the grim white wolf, the craftiest of arctic hunters, can penetrate the defense of a musk-ox herd. Around and around the bristling hedge of horns she paced, but there was never a break in the threatening circle. With little grunts of defiance, the veteran fighters of the herd, who had faced bear and wolf many, many times before, heartened

the younger ones and the trembling calves behind them, and everywhere their front remained unbroken. Once or twice the bear rushed forward, as if intending to charge in spite of all consequences, on the chance that some over-enthusiastic musk-ox would leave the safety of the circle to meet her half-way. Again turning her back, she retreated slowly, as if in sudden terror, hoping to be pursued; but the veteran herd paid no attention to any such simple stratagems. Only a line of lowered, glaring eyes and a ring of fatal horns confronted her whether she advanced or retreated, until at last, with many a backward glance, she lurched away, followed by her cub, in a search for an easier victim.

Disappointed of her prey, her red eyes peered into every nook and cranny as she moved across the frozen wilderness hunting for food. Her course led her at last through a maze of basalt boulders, ice-blocks, and pans toward one of those strange stretches of sea which at times remains all through an arctic winter without freezing. As she approached that lonely water under the orange glare of the northern lights, her keen ears caught the tiny tinkle of breaking ice where the black water close to the shore had begun to skim over in the fierce cold, which ranged down to sixty degrees below zero. At the sound the bear crouched low, with the cub imitating her every movement. In the dim light a long dark shape floundered awkwardly out on the shore and up a slippery slope. There, poised where he could see all about him and shoot down into the water at the first sign of danger, lay a huge harp-seal—the "saddle-back" of the sealers, come out to breathe. This one weighed all of eight hundred pounds and had a dingy white body blotched with black, and was far larger than the spotted leopard-seal, the ringed ribbon-seal, or even the white-faced fur-seal.

Without a sound, the white bear disappeared in the dark like a ghost, while her cub crouched behind a hillock of ice, seeking shelter from the bitter wind which bit his starved body to the bone. Making a long detour, the fierce huntress reached the shore at a point hidden by heaped-up masses of ice from the sight of the seal and, slipping soundlessly into the water, swam far out, only her black muzzle showing above the surface. When at last she had reached a point in the bay opposite to where the saddle-back was, she swam toward the shore, silent as a shadow.

With his back to the water, the great seal lay at the summit of the slope, winnowing the air through the mesh of his wonderful nostrils, ready at the slightest sight, sound, or scent of danger to glissade down the slippery slant into the deep water beyond. Wary as he was, he suspected no danger from the open sea which he had just left. Suddenly his keen ears caught the sound of dripping water and a little grating noise at the foot of the slope, which might have been made by floating ice. The motto of a wise seal, however, is—make sure! As for the unwise—they are dead. Wherefore this one, at the first shadow of a sound from behind, swung around to see a vast shape, with claws clamped deep into the smooth ice, creeping up toward him. At the sight the seal hurled his mottled bulk down the slope like a huge toboggan. Swift as he was, the white death below was swifter. Even as, with a desperate lurch, the saddle-back flung himself to one side, the fierce muzzle of the bear shot forward like a striking snake and gripped the seal's round head. Despite the bear's great weight, the rush of the saddle-back carried her down into the black water. Few land animals, indeed, would dare the depths with such a swimmer. Maddened by hunger, however, the bear paid no attention to the odds of the water that were against her, but sank her fierce teeth deeper and deeper through the seal's thick pelt until they met in his brain.

A moment later, pushing the lifeless body of her prey before her, she swam slowly up through ten fathoms of black water laced and lit by the phosphorescence of arctic seas. Then she landed and, without an effort, swung the body of the seal out upon the ice, cached it in the snow, and hissed sharply through the still air. At the sound her hungry cub hurried from his hiding-place so fast that he rolled over and over down the slope like a ball nor ever stopped until he joined the great ice-bear in the feast.

When at last they were both full-fed, the old bear dragged the carcass down the shore and hid it in a cave near the top of an ice-cliff which jutted out over the water. There, curled up together, the two slept, plunged in that measureless content which food and warmth bring to cold and hungry wild-folk. Outside, the wind droned like a great fly-wheel, rising by degrees to a gale which filled the air with its rush and roar. At its height, there was a splitting crash, and the whole side of the cliff in which the

bears were denned slid off into the bay and floated away, an iceberg the size of a sky-scraper. Dislodged by the fall, a mass of ice many tons in weight lodged across the opening of the cave, barring the entrance beyond all breaking out. Neither the storm nor the crash and roar of the falling cliff aroused the bears. Waking only at intervals to feed on the cached carcass of the seal, the pair were still sleeping, as the iceberg, clutched by one of the great ocean currents, sailed southward through narrow, unfrozen straits past Devil's Thumb, out of Hell's Jaws, and beyond Point Salvation into Baffin Bay. There a swifter current gripped its vast keel, and it cleared Dalrymple Rock and Godsend Island, nor halted at Weary Men's Rest, but sailed on and on until even the crimson cliffs of Sir John Ross had dropped from sight.

At last there came a day, as the berg thrust its way through the pack-ice of Hudson Bay, when the horizon was gemmed with the glitter of sun-tipped crystal and the silence of the long night broken by the shrill cries of birds—eider-ducks, burgomaster gulls, little auks, dovekies, and pure-white ivory gulls, with red eyes, yellow bills, and black feet.

As the light streamed through the crevices of her bedroom, the great ice-bear heaved up her white bulk and pushed with all her strength against the block which lay across the entrance; but not even her mighty muscles could move those tons of solid ice. As she gave up the attempt her quick ear caught the drip of falling water from a farther angle of the cave, and, shambling toward the sound, she came to a round hole through which the sunlight streamed. The end of the mass blocking the cave was made up of frozen snow and had begun to melt under the heat of the arctic summer. Tearing out great masses of the softened snow with her curved claws, in a few moments the bear had made a passage through which she and her cub passed out into the open air.

With fierce head lowered and half-shut eyes blinking at the sudden sunlight, she hungrily explored every inch of the floating mountain in a search for food, since the last scrap of the harp-seal had long since disappeared. Finding nothing edible on the ice, she slipped noiselessly under the bay and started to explore the lower levels of the great berg. Swimming a crawl-stroke with her ridged forearms, while her hind legs trailed motionless, she shot down through the black water and circled the sides of the iceberg.

As she reached the lower depths, a great figure moved toward her, luminous with the phosphorescence which seems to clothe all dwellers in the northern seas. The coming of the bear into his domain had aroused the uncertain temper of a ten-foot narwhal, that curious, marbled gray-and-white cetacean which haunts icebergs in search of the cuttle-fish on which it feeds. This one had a heavy square muzzle like an anvil and only two teeth, both in the upper jaw. The right-hand one was too small to be seen, but the left tooth was a nine-foot lance of ivory, spiraled with deep grooves. At the sight of the spectral white body, the little pig-eyes of the narwhal gleamed angrily, and, with a quick stroke of his broad, flat flukes, he shot like a torpedo toward the intruder. Twisting her huge, lithe body like an eel, the bear swerved to one side, but not swiftly enough to avoid entirely the narwhal's attack, and the long ivory lance pierced a thick fold of loose skin just below her left forearm.

An ice-bear is always ready to fight, and, at the stinging pain of the thrust, an overpowering rage seized upon this one. With a tremendous writhe, she tore herself loose from the narwhal's lance and, with almost the same movement, sank her four fighting fangs like white daggers into the sea-mammal's back and ripped her fatal claws through his breast. The cetacean lashed the water with his flukes, desperately trying to release himself so as to obtain room for another thrust; but not even his sea-born strength could break the grip of the bear's mighty arms. Clamping her hind paws close against the narwhal's sides and gripping his back with punishing jaws, the ice-bear wrought desperately with her murderous claws, knowing that soon she must breathe or die, and that the moment she turned toward the surface, she would be at the mercy of the grim lancer of the sea. Straight through bone and blubber her curved talons cut, yet it was not until her tortured lungs forced her to retreat that the end came. Even as she loosed her grip, her slashing claws reached the heart of the narwhal and the fierce life of the sea-dweller passed out in a dying flurry which brought his long body to the surface a moment after the bear's white head shot out of the water.

Gulping in great gasps of air, the ice-bear dragged the heavy carcass up on the berg

and hid it in a near-by crevasse, a plentiful store of food for the long weeks of drifting which followed. Then came a day when, against the horizon, showed land, but such land as the polar bear had never seen before. It was green instead of gray, and, for the first time in her life, she saw towering trees, instead of hills of ice and granite.

"THE BEAR SANK HER FIERCE TEETH DEEPER AND DEEPER THROUGH THE SEAL'S THICK PELT"

As the set of the current began to carry the berg away from shore, the ice-bear suddenly plunged into the water, closely followed by her cub, and swam toward the new world which lay before her. The ten-mile swim through twisting, racing cross-currents meant nothing to the bears, and their slow, tireless strokes landed them at twilight on the uninhabited coast of northern Newfoundland. Once ashore, the white bear curled herself up on a bed of moss to sleep, while the cub wandered here and there among the tree-trunks on little excursions of his own.

During one of these, his small sniffing nose led him to an open space, hemmed in by trees, where lay the carcass of a newly-killed buck. The mark of four sets of fierce claws, which would have kept a more experienced animal from meddling with that deer, meant nothing to the young bear. As he approached the clearing, there sounded from among the shadowed trees a cry like a woman's scream, with a strange bleating note running through it. Neither man nor beast native to those northern woods would have heard that vampire shriek unmoved—for it warned the world that the great panther of the deep forest was returning to his kill. He had muscles like strung steel and the terrible talons and teeth of his kind; but most of all was he feared because of his fierce and deadly swiftness.

The little bear, however, was of the royal blood of the tiger of the North, and accustomed to see every animal flee before his grim mother; wherefore he shambled forward unconcernedly and began to sample the panther's venison with little grunts of satisfaction. There followed a moment of ominous silence, while, not twenty feet away,

a pair of terrible eyes, like molten gold, glared at the unconscious cub through the darkness. Suddenly there was the whizz through the air of a great body, eleven feet from nose to tail-tip, and the huge cat landed full on the back of the unsuspecting yearling, rolling him over and over, and drawing from him an involuntary, hissing call for help. The cub, however, came of a battling breed, and even as the panther tried for his favorite neck-grip, the little bear struggled to his feet. It was fortunate for him that five inches of coarse white hair and a sheath of humped muscles protected the base of his neck. Before the dagger teeth of the panther could reach the vital knot, the cub writhed free and struck at his foe with the favorite left-hand swing of his kind.

Although he had not nearly attained the strength and size which would be his in another year, yet the ripping slash of even a yearling bear is not to be lightly regarded—as the panther found when the simitar-like claws ripped through his tawny hide. With an involuntary snarl of rage and pain, he drew back to bring into play his own terrible talons. At this moment another fighter entered the lists. At her cub's call for help, the great ice-bear herself had started toward the sound with that rocking gallop of her family which seems so slow, but which really is so deadly swift. As the panther, his face a grinning mask of fury, drew back to deliver the raking, full stroke which hitherto no opponent had ever withstood, a huge shape of spectral white burst through the brush and towered over him as he crouched.

The great cat had matched his fierce speed against the sheer strength of bears before—and not unsuccessfully. They had been, however, the smaller and slower black bear, quite unlike the swift, huge beast which now confronted him. Undaunted, he struck two lightning-like blows full at the black muzzle and deep-set eyes which gleamed redly into his own. Quick as were his blows, the motion of the convex head of the bear on its swaying neck was swifter still. With the flashing movement of a weasel, the pointed head slipped one blow after another by the fraction of an inch, and then shot out in a counter which not even the panther's speed could avoid. Overbalanced for an instant by the force of his own blows, before he could recover he was gripped above the shoulder by a pair of the most terrible jaws to be found on the American continent. Desperately he sank his fierce teeth into the thick pelt which guarded the bear's back and struck and slashed unavailingly with his curved claws, but the long white jaws crunched inexorably through his shoulder-blade like the steel fangs of some toothed trap, nor did his antagonist once stand erect, as a black bear would have done, thus avoiding the terrible, eviscerating strokes of the panther's hind claws on which he relied in a clinch.

The ice-bear's tactics and her loose, shaggy pelt saved her from serious injury, although her silver fur was streaked and splotched here and there with blood. The end came suddenly. With a snarling yell, the puma thrust his fierce head forward, striving for a throat-hold and exposing his straining neck. Like a flash the bear loosed her grip on his shoulder, and her black-rimmed jaws snapped shut again right across the stretched-out neck, piercing the jugular vein of the great cat. There was a gurgling scream, and the fierce long body of the puma suddenly sank back limp. With a twist of her powerful neck, the great bear shouldered the long carcass and moved toward the shore. As she started, the cub, who had been a spectator of the fight, sidled up to his mother. If he expected consolation for his gashes, he was disappointed, for he received a cuff from a padded paw that sent him rolling end over end; evidently a warning not to wander off and involve her in any more unnecessary battles on his account.

There followed days of what seemed to the travelers from the north almost unendurable heat, with no snow-banks nor ice-blocks to temper it. Day after day the two would wander through the woods, browsing on unaccustomed berries and the spicy leaves of the wintergreen, creeping snowberry, and other enjoyable tonics, returning to the dead panther and the abandoned deer for more solid fare. On the fifth evening of their stay, something happened which convinced the mother-bear beyond peradventure that this southland was no place for her. The larder was again running low. Although a skilled hunter in the Arctic, the white bear found that her skill availed her nothing in this new country. There were no seal nor caribou to stalk, nor musk-ox straying from their herd, and she wandered hungry through a land teeming with game. Then came the eventful evening.

The two were returning to the open shore after a day of fruitless wandering, when around a curve in the deer-path which they

"THE HUGE CAT LANDED FULL ON THE UNSUSPECTING YEARLING"

were following appeared a small black-and-white animal with a long, pointed head and an air of justified confidence. It showed no signs of alarm, but with short, mincing steps ambled unconcernedly toward them. The old bear hastened forward, hoping for a change from the vegetable diet on which, perforce, she had been living during the past two days. As she approached, the stranger regarded her mildly and hoisted aloft its bushy tail, which was nearly as wide as it was long. Then, as the bear kept on coming, a

As she disappeared, the skunk regarded her forgivingly and ambled on its way, not having turned out an inch.

The bear's flight brought her to the edge of the bay, into which she plunged and swam for an hour through the cold, cleansing currents. When, at last she came back to the shore, she stood dripping in the moonlight and looked northward toward that land where there was no stifling heat nor treacherous skunks, and where a full-grown bear could find a square meal. Her cub sniffed

"AS SHE APPROACHED, THE STRANGER REGARDED HER MILDLY AND HOISTED ALOFT ITS BUSHY TAIL"

dangling cockade of white hairs at the end of the said tail was suddenly raised, and floated aloft like the white plume of king Henry of Navarre.

If the bear had but known, the sudden hoisting of that cockade was a danger-signal which no native animal would have disregarded.

Rushing on her fate, the ice-bear moved forward. The black-and-white animal suddenly bent its body sideways, there was a puff in the air of what seemed to be vapor, and even as the bear lifted her paw to secure her prey, she became the victim of a gas-attack which the American skunk had learned a million years before the Boche. Instantly her lungs were filled with a stinging, corrosive gas which blinded, choked, and suffocated her. With shut eyes and open mouth, pawing the air, the great bear dashed toward the coast, everything forgotten save the dire need for air—abundant, sweet, unsullied air!

at her uneasily—and moved quickly away to windward.

Suddenly, as the great bear gazed seaward, the light wind brought in to her questing nostrils a familiar, long-lost odor. Again and again she tested it. It was unmistakable—the chill, clean scent of floating ice. Wading into the bay, she swam straight seaward, followed by her bewildered cub. Hour after hour, during the night, the two moved forward through long heaving swells until, just at sunrise, shimmering and coruscating like a castle of diamonds, the same great iceberg they had left a fortnight before floated in front of them. Deflected by a gale, it had been driven out of the Gulf Stream drift into one of the reaction currents which preserve the equilibrium of the ocean and was driving straight north toward the polar sea from which it had come.

A moment later, two very homesick ice-bears were feasting on frozen narwhal—homeward bound!

THE BUCCANEER

By MARY ALLAN STUART

Oh, a wild wind on the open sea,
And a ship with a broken mast
Writhes in the gale, with a dragging sail,
For the pirate follows fast!
"Aye, the pirate follows fast, my lads!"
There is desperate work to do;
For he knows of the gold in the good ship's hold,
And he laughs at the gallant crew, "Ha! Ha!"

Oh, he 's ruthless and bold, as he dares the storm
And the guns of the driven ship!
Straight ahead he will steer with a haughty sneer;
Let the gallant-topsails rip!
"Aye, the gallant-topsails rip, my lads!"
For the prize is nearly won;
Let the sun go down with an angry frown,
For dark deeds will be done—"Ha! Ha!"

Oh, the crash and fall of the rending spars,
And the evil long-sword's clank!
While the sailors brave, to their watery grave,
Must surely walk the plank!
"Aye, surely walk the plank, my lads!"
But, alas, for the buccaneer!
He was carried away (by his nurse, they say),
Which ended his wild career! *Ha! Ha!*

THE CAKE-VENDER OF MOSCOW

By LUCILE BERK

He stood on a busy corner of the Great Posad, a wooden tray, or shelf, slung with a leather thong about his neck, and his high-pitched, childish voice sang out lustily to draw the attention of passers-by to the little anise-cakes he had for sale. It was not a particularly pleasant occupation, for the beating rays of the sun in summer and the chilling blasts of the long winter had no mercy on the slender child; nor was it a particularly profitable occupation, for the crowds hurrying by or loitering about in groups hardly noticed an object so common on the streets of Moscow as a child vender. Moreover, the poor of that city have always been especially poor, and, to them, cakes, even the coarse ones baked by little Alexander's mother, were luxuries indulged in only on feast-days.

Yet the child, Alexander Danilovich Menshikoff, never rebelled against the unpleasantness of his daily employment, nor realized that the profit derived from it was scant, since peddling on the streets was the customary employment of the children of poor families and must be borne, along with the hunger and cold and raggedness that the poverty-stricken have suffered in all lands and ages.

Alexander's father was an illiterate, good-natured man, who helped a farmer in a near-by village with his plowing in the spring and his harvesting in the fall, and at other seasons went from door to door in the poorer sections of Moscow as a tinker, mending the copper kettles and pitchers for a few kopecks. He had never known a better manner of living, and was therefore quite content, with no ambitions whatever. Not so his good wife, who had been a scullery-maid in the home of a wealthy merchant before her marriage, and thus had seen with her own eyes that some people actually live all their lives in comfort and plenty. Many a tale did she tell to her children and neighbors, and invariably ended, "And my master and his family changed their linens every week; and in the summer they bathed in basins in the house; surely the nobility could not have it grander, nor even the children of the czar."

Alexander's little brothers and sisters would sit, speechless and wide-eyed, whenever their mother described at length the splendors she had seen, but Alexander's dark

"ALEXANDER LED HIM HOME THROUGH THE SNOW-STORM"

eyes would sparkle, and once he told them, "When I am a rich man and live in a grand mansion, I shall throw kopecks to the children in the streets, so that they may buy anise-cakes and honey, and carry a bit to the cathedral when they go to worship."

All this, you must know, was long, long ago, in the year 1684. Alexander was twelve years old at that time, and had been peddling his little cakes for four years in the market district of Moscow, the Great Posad, as it was called.

One day, when the first heavy snow of winter was falling, the child wandered far from his accustomed corner, for he knew he must move about or freeze to death. Finally, he reached the stone walls of the Kremlin, and entering, stationed himself near the entrance of the Uspensky Cathedral.

"Who will buy sweet anise-cakes?" he cried, "Anise-cakes made of finely ground flour and flavored with fragrant seeds. Who will buy?"

A young man came out from the church doors. As the cold wind struck him, he gathered his wrap more closely about him and peered impatiently up and down the street; there was no one in sight but the little cake-vender, stamping his feet and blowing on his blue fingers, and the gentleman accosted him abruptly.

"Boy, can you tell me whether my servant is anywhere about? I left him here an hour ago, when I went in to worship, and his orders were to remain upon this very spot until I return."

The young man's accent was strange and singularly sweet, the boy thought, for the thick, guttural syllables of the Russian language fell clearer and more musically from his tongue than Alexander had ever heard them spoken before.

"I have seen no one standing here, sir," answered the boy, "But then, I myself have just stopped here a moment ago. I will see whether your servant is waiting around the corner."

And he ran quickly to look. But the snow pelted sharply down and the drifts were deep, and almost every one had sought the shelter of his home, so that the streets were quite deserted. Little Alexander came back unsuccessful from his search.

"I have circled all about the church, sir, but there is no one to be seen. The storm is growing more bitter every moment and I shall hurry home, for there is no hope of selling anise-cakes to-day."

"I cannot make my way through the heavy drifts without my servant," said the gentleman, "and I must hold my wrap before my face, for the wind stings like a whip. Do you think *you* can lead me, my boy? I will pay you well if we reach my home in safety."

"Oh yes, sir," cried the child eagerly; "and then perhaps the good sir will buy some of my sweet cakes for his supper."

So little Alexander, holding the leather cover of his tray firmly together with one hand, to protect his precious cakes from the weather, and grasping a fold of the gentleman's cloak with the other hand, led him through the snow-storm to the west end of the boulevard of Prechistenka, as he had been directed. They halted before a large wooden house, at that time nearly all houses in Russia were built of wood, set well back from the street in a spacious inclosure. When the door was opened, the young man drew the child with him into the great hall.

"You shall warm yourself before you venture farther," he said; "and besides, I promised you should have some money," and he drew a whole handful of kopecks from his purse and dropped them into the pocket of the child's sheepskin coat.

Alexander's big brown eyes gleamed. He had never before brought home so many coins for a day's toil, and he knew how his mother and father would gloat over them. But his honest little heart prompted him, and, drawing aside the leather cover of his tray, he took his cakes, one after the other, and laid them on the table. Then, shyly looking about him at the great and elegant hall, he edged his way toward the door.

"Not so fast, my boy," said the young man, stopping him, "you are an honest little fellow, and one who thinks and acts quickly. Those are characteristics met none too often in this country, and I, who come from very far, value them highly. If you would care to enter my service, instead of peddling your little cakes on the streets, you shall be my page in place of the faithless rascal who left me to make my way home unattended this afternoon."

Little Alexander almost jumped with surprise and delight, for to him, a common little street urchin, this was a most startling offer.

"Oh, I will come, I will come so gladly!" he cried, "If my father will only let me, I shall come into your service, sir!"

"Then bring your father to me to-morrow morning, and I will make the arrangements

with him. My name is Monsieur Lefort. What is your name?"

"I am Alexander Danilovich Menshikoff, your servant," and with a solemn little bow, the child slipped out of the great door into the wild storm, and his heart leaped and danced with joy as he picked his way through the drifts to his humble home, the kopecks jingling in his pocket as he went.

This is how it came about that the little vender of anise-cakes unfastened the tray from his shoulders for the last time and entered a new and unusual environment.

Monsieur Lefort was a Swiss by birth, educated in the Academy in Lausanne, whose sharp wits and well-trained mind, coupled with a desire to see the world, had led him through many lands, and had brought him at length to Moscow, at that time the capital of all the Russias. Here he later won the friendship of Peter, the young prince who was to become so important and powerful a ruler. Peter, while still a child, recognized that all the other countries of Europe had a more advanced civilization than Russia, and better organized governments, and he gathered about him the ambitious and progressive ones of his countrymen and many foreigners, of whom Lefort was the chief, who contributed much to the child-prince's mental growth.

The new little page that had come into his household interested Monsieur Lefort from the start. For a child of twelve he was very manly and independent, quick to think, and loyal to his master; and he had an amusing, picturesque way of saying things that others would have expressed in a most commonplace manner. He accompanied Monsieur Lefort everywhere, and that gentleman took pains in the long, dull winter months to teach him the rudiments of learning, and the soft, musical inflections of the French language.

But there was a shady side to Alexander's life also, and this shady side was provided by Lefort's other servants. Egged on by the head serving-man, named Yuri, they took advantage of the child's tender years and made the part of his life spent in their company most miserable. It was not long before they found out that Alexander had been a common peddler, and that his parents were very humble indeed, and they taunted and abused him and struck him with their hard fists till tears of pain stood in his eyes. Every act of kindness and interest that their master showed his little page added to their resentment and jealousy, and Alexander suffered always more and more at their hands. But the child never breathed a word of all this to Monsieur Lefort.

That gentleman, one day, happened however, to come into the great hall and discover his small page crouching beneath the formidable figure of Yuri, who was administering blows and bitter words with great relish.

"You dirty little imp!" Yuri was saying, "To stumble and scatter your bundle of wood on the stairs, as though your shoulders, which could carry your peddler's shelf well enough, would break beneath this load. If the master knew that your father is a tinker, he would kick you out of the house, instead of teaching you book-learning, which you will always be too stupid and common to use!"

Lefort took one step further into the room, and Yuri turned and grew very red in the face. He could see that his master was displeased, but he tried to extricate himself from this embarrassing situation with the greatest possible credit to himself.

"I am teaching your new servant his duties in the household," he stammered; "he has had no training whatever, for all he knows is how to sell cakes to camel-drivers upon the streets."

"To fling *you* out of my house would be a treatment too gentle and easily forgotten," said the master; "you shall go untouched, but I will see to it that you find no employment in the homes of any of the adherents of Prince Peter."

Then he raised the child from the floor and took him into his own chamber.

"Since when has that wretch been abusing you?" he asked.

"Ever since I have been with you, sir," answered Alexander.

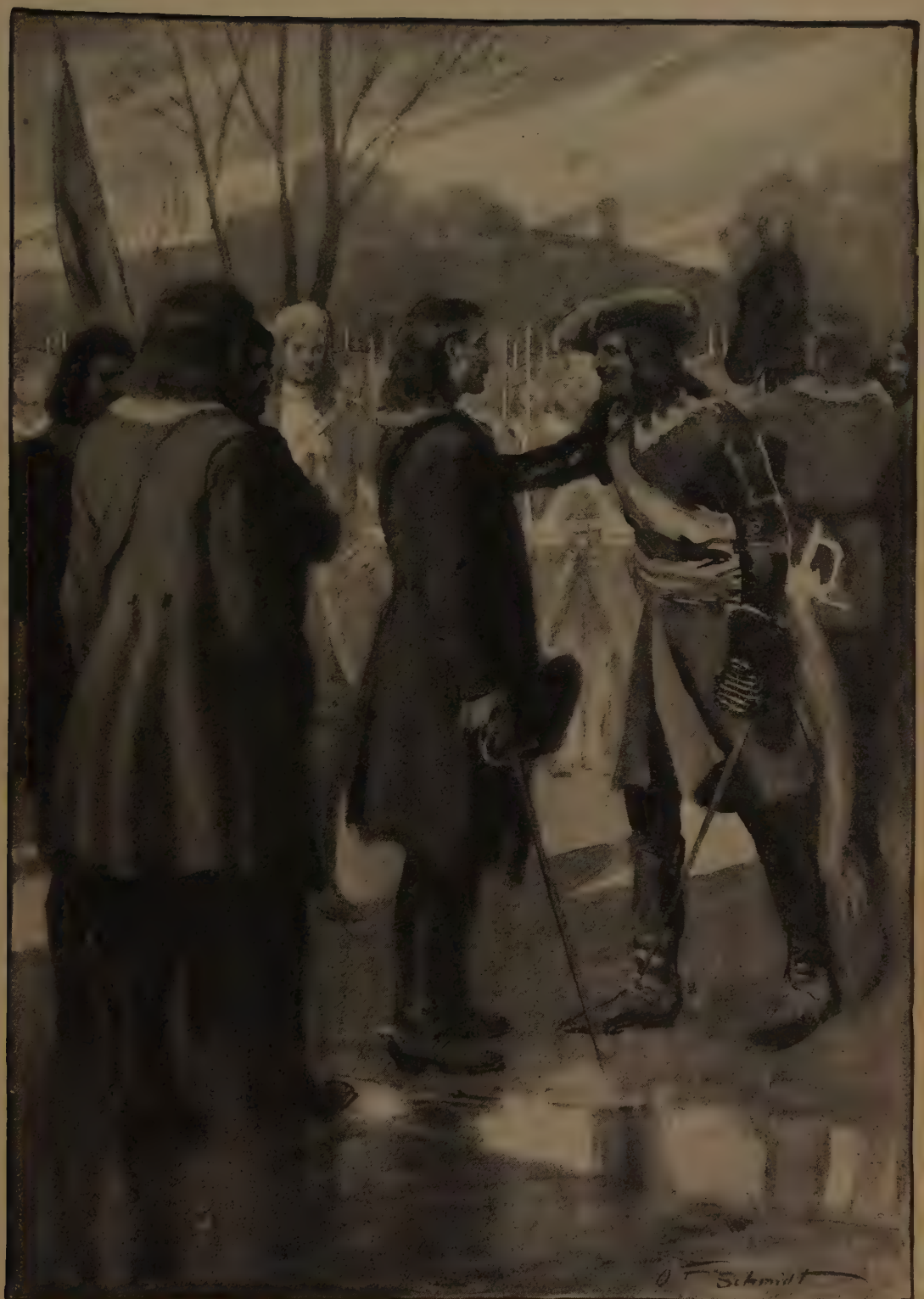
"Then why have you told me nothing of it?"

"Because what Yuri has said of me is true. I *have* been a common street-boy, and my father is only a tinker. I have not deceived you about it; you knew it all the while, and you have been so wonderfully good to me, sir. But I could not stop Yuri from talking about it—I could n't sew buttons on his mouth."

It was a quaint expression and Monsieur Lefort smiled involuntarily.

"Ah, we all have our enemies," he said, "and that is the worst thing about them—we cannot sew buttons on their mouths."

But from the time of Yuri's dismissal, none



"PETER THE GREAT MADE ALEXANDER A GENERAL FOR GALLANTRY IN BATTLE"

(*See next page*)

of the servants dared touch the little page of whom the master was so very fond.

A few years after this, Prince Peter, who occasionally visited his friend Lefort, was attracted by the sprightly and alert manner of the latter's page, and, upon each subsequent meeting with the Swiss gentleman, demanded at once to see Alexander. There is no doubt that young Peter, who was growing up in a gloomy palace, surrounded by intriguing ministers and thwarted by an older stepsister who aspired to steal all power from him, was never so happy as when in the company of the kindly Lefort, who recognized the unusual mental strength and courage of the prince. And, denied the company of young people of his own years, it is small wonder that he felt drawn to his friend's page, for he and Alexander were nearly the same age. It must surely be said to Peter's credit that he was democratic and unaffected, qualities most rare in those times and in that land, but which helped win for him in later ages the surname, "the Great." And his feeling of sympathy for young Menshikoff resulted in making him his own page and sharing with him his ambitions and progressive plans.

When Peter actually ascended the throne, in the year 1696, Alexander, the former cake-vender, could be called his servingman no longer, but his supporter and coöperator instead. And for many years thereafter Menshikoff's life was an ever-growing triumph. He accompanied the czar to battle and proved himself an able warrior. He traveled with Peter to Holland and England and Vienna, and brought back learning and culture such as Russia had never known before. For his gallantry in battle he was made a general at the age of thirty-two, and was later appointed a prince of the Holy Roman Empire, upon the czar's request. Naturally, he was very rich, for Peter heaped favor after favor on him. He lived in a grand mansion, and, I am glad to say, he fulfilled the promise of his childhood, giving freely to the poor, especially to the children of his old neighborhood. You see what a very important man Menshikoff was, for his influence over the czar was a good one and there is every reason to believe that he restrained that monarch from many harsh acts, for Peter was very cruel and accomplished his radical reforms by force.

But now comes the unhappy end of the story. Every great man has his enemies, and Menshikoff, who had risen so high and from so low a level, was envied and hated by a score of men who always considered themselves his superior because of their noble lineage. When Peter died, they lost no time in showing this man, who had been a power behind the throne, that his hour of glory was over. They began to express openly the bitter slanders that their jealousy invented. They accused him of many misdeeds of which he was innocent, and soon spread a rumor that he had stolen from the emperor's treasury the wealth which Peter had really bestowed upon his favorite.

For a while, Alexander held these unscrupulous men at bay, for he succeeded in placing Peter's widow, Catherine, upon the throne, and held the reins of empire himself. But when, after two years, she also died, his enemies soon stripped him of his exalted position and even of his wealth. He sank under one humiliation after another, and at last was banished to Siberia, together with his wife and three children.

Menshikoff was still in the years of his prime, but his spirit was broken, and his stalwart body wasted with it. The journey into the wilds of Siberia was at that time fraught with far greater dangers than now, and Menshikoff's wife and one daughter succumbed on the way. Bowed with grief and robbed of his dignity, the favorite of Peter the Great reached his destination, but could endure no longer, and died in the year 1729.

His friend Lefort, who was an old, old man by this time, but still possessed some influence at court, exerted every effort to vindicate the respect and honor the memory of Menshikoff deserved, and at length succeeded in winning the release of his two remaining children, who returned to Moscow and succeeded in recovering a part of their father's riches.

Lefort protected and loved these children and often repeated to them the simple phrase used by his little page Alexander, a great many years before. So exactly did that phrase express the cause of Menshikoff's downfall that Lefort had it engraved beneath a portrait of the one-time cake-vender, and therefore it has been preserved to the present time.

If you should be as lucky as I was and see this old picture of Alexander Danilovich Menshikoff, you will find beneath it these words: *You cannot sew buttons on your neighbor's mouth.*

And this is how a new proverb was born into the Russian language.

"HE FULFILLED HIS PROMISE, GIVING FREELY TO THE POOR"

CHOOSING THE CAST

By ETHEL COMSTOCK BRIDGMAN

AMONG the collection of notices posted on the bulletin-board of Miss Allen's School early that Monday morning, immediately after the Easter vacation, was one which, in significance, eclipsed all others. The bevy of excited girls gathered about the board, directly after the chapel exercises, jostled each other feverishly in their efforts to read the words. Little did it interest them just then to know that Molly Hendricks had lost her new seal-ring, which her father had given her for Christmas. Mollie was always losing things, anyway, and so, for the matter of that, was Hester Wentworth, whose fountain-pen "lost" sign was posted for the second time within three days. Some one had found a pair of overshoes; and some one else, a knitting-needle; and five girls had official notes, "Please call at the office at your earliest convenience. L. A. A."

It was quite probable that those five girls were interested in the communications from Miss Allen, but, certainly, no one else was. Every eye was glued on one particular sign which read:

Special meeting of the Thespian Club called for Wednesday next at 2 P.M. Spring play to be decided upon and cast discussed. Important!
CAROLYN ROGERS, PRESIDENT.

The membership of the Thespian Club was large. It included nearly all the girls at Miss Allen's, all the old ones and most of the new ones, and the choice of the spring play had long been under discussion.

Ever since the foundation of the club, more than fifteen years before, it had been its custom to present three good plays during the school year,—one each term,—and the choosing of these plays, together with the assigning of the various parts, caused tremendous excitement among the Allen girls. Few there were among them who did not feel confident that they possessed the spark of genius, and, to their aspiring minds, it needed nothing but opportunity to impress their talents upon the waiting public.

But to return to that important morning when the school gathered about the bulletin-board. The memory of the first two of the three school plays faded into insignificance in the light of this, the final one, to be given during commencement week, when many an admiring relative and friend would be there to witness individual triumphs.

"Whatever play we decide on," spoke Sophia Sudman, commonly referred to as "Soapsuds," "we 'll have to have the same sort of cast that all plays take. There is always a leading man and woman, a second man and woman (they 're called 'heavies,' you know), a character man and woman, an ingenue, a juvenile, and, maybe, a mob."

"Great hat, Soapsuds!" interrupted Rennie Martin, "where do you get all that stuff, especially the 'heavies'?"

Soapsuds gave her a withering look.

"You may not realize it, my dear young thing," she condescended to explain, "but I have made a real study of the drama, not just from your point of view, perhaps, but with a definite purpose. Who knows but what some day—well, never mind that. As I was saying," she continued, in a superior manner, "all plays have to have those principals, and we have developed clever girls to fill most of the parts except the character parts." Incidentally, Soapsuds had been the Thespian's leading man for two successful years. "You may not think it," she added, in a manner indicative of vast experience behind the footlights, "but those character parts are very hard to play, and I believe we 'll have to try out a lot of girls before we can get the right one."

"What do you call the club the Thespian Club for?" asked Ruth West, a new girl who had been ill in the autumn and had entered school in the middle of the winter term.

She was favored with numerous scathing glances, any one of which might be calculated to crush even a bolder young person than Ruth.

"Thespian means 'pertaining to Thespis,'" one girl in boned spectacles deigned to reply, "and Thespis was the founder of the Greek drama. So Thespian means dramatic."

It took more than that to flatten out young Ruth completely.

"Then why not call it the Dramatic Club," she demanded, "and let it go at that? It 's much simpler and no questions asked."

The disgusted group exchanged glances.

"No imagination," murmured one.

"Hopeless," added another.

Fortunately for Ruth, the big gong

"SHE WAS FAVORED WITH NUMEROUS SCATHING GLANCES"

sounded for the first period before her annihilation was complete, and the girls hurried away in different directions.

Of course, the play was pretty much decided upon before Wednesday afternoon, so that a very little time had to be devoted to that question at the meeting. "The Prince Chap" was the play chosen, and almost every one was satisfied. It was agreed to pay the twenty-five-dollar royalty fee out of the club's treasury. Then came the endless discussion of the parts and the girls best suited to take them.

"Suppose you read the cast as given in the book of the play, Carolyn," suggested Miriam Westley.

Acting upon this advice, Carolyn consulted the pamphlet and proceeded to read:

THE PRINCE CHAP

[CAST]

WILLIAM PEYTON: A promising American sculptor. Twenty-three years of age. Slight, dark, with an expression of tenderness combined with the merriment of youth.

JACK RODNEY: The Earl of Huntington, an amateur painter. A blond Englishman, with an open, honest, and kindly face. Faultless dress and easy bearing. Aged twenty years.

MARCUS RUNION: An English serving-man, of stolid countenance, side-whiskers, and shaven chin and lip.

BALLINGTON:
YADDER:
FRITZ:
TRUCKMAN: } Artists in studio-building.

CLAUDIA: (Part to be taken by three actresses.) In Act First, a child of six; in Act Second, a child of eight years; and in Act Third, a slender, thoughtful girl of eighteen.

MRS. ARRINGTON: Claudia's mother. A woman of culture and refinement, but thin, pale, and poorly clad.

PHŒBE PUCKERS: A maid of all work in the studio-building. In Act First, a ragged, unkempt "slavey" of the London lower class; freckled, ugly, careless.

ALICE TRAVERS: An American girl of twenty years; handsome, stylish, the fiancée of William Peyton.

The part of *William Peyton* was at once assigned to Soapsuds; and that of the grown-up *Claudia*, to Rennie Martin. Laura Taylor and Win Marsh were to impersonate her during the earlier stages of her career. *Jack Rodney* and *Marcus Runion* went to Mary Stanford and Sally Fisher, respectively. Carolyn Rogers would play *Mrs. Arrington*, and Winifred Lawrence, *Alice Travers*. The three artists and the truckman, small parts, fell to the lot of four lesser lights. But who in the world was there clever enough to do *Puckers*, the ignorant slavey with her awful twang, frowsy hair, sagging skirts, and blocked-out teeth—*Puckers*, who fell upstairs and stumbled downstairs and was forever sprawling over the coal-scuttle? Apparently this was the stumbling-block.

At last, in despair, Carolyn Rogers addressed the followers of Thespis:

"Well, girls, it 's up to you. Is there any one here who will volunteer to play the part of *Puckers*—any one, of course, who has some vague shadow of an idea that she can do it? If so, let 's hear from her."

There was an instant's hush. Then from the back of the room rose Ruth West.

"I should like to try it," she said earnestly. "I 've seen 'The Prince Chap' played by a splendid stock-company and *Puckers* would just suit me."

Awful, deadly hush! Soapsuds nudged the girl beside her.

"The poor child! Can you beat it?" she remarked.

The girl with the boned spectacles hissed in the ear of her room-mate, "She did n't even know what Thespian meant."

Her room-mate, a girl of considerable common sense, hissed back, "Well, what 's that got to do with it?"

Ruth still stood, waiting an answer from Carolyn. Carolyn looked about the room nervously, as though pleading for help. She caught surreptitious scowls and carefully camouflaged head-shakings, but no real moral support. She was very tactful. She coughed slightly.

"I don't see how we can decide to-day, Ruth," she answered finally. "It 's a fearfully hard part, and maybe we ought to have some try-outs for it. Of course, you must try out with the rest—and—and—so must other girls," she added lamely. She looked at the clock on the wall back of her. "I had no idea it was so late," she finished, with every appearance of great haste. "We 'll have to dismiss this meeting now and come together again at the end of the week. By that time a really wonderful *Puckers* will turn up, I 'm sure."

Many were the comments made as the

girls filed out, and none of them really complimentary to Ruth West.

"Did you ever hear such nerve?"

"Fancy! here less than four months, and offering, my dear, actually offering to play such a part!"

"Fancy her offering to play *any* part!"

held—still no *Puckers* chosen. The situation grew alarming. Late that afternoon Soapsuds, Rennie Martin, Win Lawrence, Sally Fisher, and the rest of the cast already chosen, got together in Carolyn Rogers's room to thrash the matter out.

"Let 's give up 'The Prince Chap' and try

"THE VISITOR ADVANCED TOWARD THE CENTER OF THE ROOM" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

None of these remarks were addressed to Ruth, of course, nor did she actually hear any of them, but it was clearly evident to the unhappy girl that her proposal, made in perfectly good faith, had not been received as cordially as she had hoped it would be. She wrote a long letter to her mother and detailed the situation. In the sixteen years of her life she had learned pretty conclusively that appealing to Mother generally brought results, when the appeals were deserving.

On the Thursday and Friday following the meeting of the Thespian Club several timid girls tried to read the part of *Puckers* with really distressing effect. Ruth was not among the number.

Saturday came and another meeting was

something else," said one girl, disconsolately. "There are plenty of other plays and it 's perfectly evident that we have n't any real character woman in school."

"Right you are there, old dear," answered Carolyn. "I have n't yet recovered from the depression caused by the poor souls who tried out. We have n't much time left, either. We ought to be rehearsing now."

"Oh, let 's wait a day or two," urged Soapsuds, who was very well suited with her part as leading man and had no idea of sacrificing it short of a desperate struggle. "Something may turn up. Gracious, girls! what 's that racket?" she asked suddenly, as a thud was heard in the hall.

"If I were home, I 'd say my kid brother was pogo-sticking," spoke one girl.

They all listened.

"Where 'd yer say Miss West's room was, lady?" they heard a voice ask. "I 've pounded three doors since I come in and ain't got it right yet."

"That one at the end of the hall, to the right," answered the voice of Rachel Hardy, she of the boned spectacles. "And be careful about stumbling. They have n't any light there."

"Oh, gorry, Miss, I ain't afeared of no ladies' seminary, I ain't, nor no dark neither," spoke the stranger.

Loud scuffing along the hall, accompanied by low mutterings. The girls looked at one another. The stranger made the wrong turn and paused in front of Carolyn's door.

"I 'd better light up," whispered Carolyn, "so we can get a better look at her."

A bang on the door announced the visitor, who pushed her way into the room without being invited to do so. She proved to be an object which in the dim light appeared to be a cross between a half-grown girl and an old woman. A shock of bright-red tangled hair set off a face so grimy and a grin so foolishly expansive that the girls were at once convulsed.

"Don't turn on the light, Carolyn, for cats' sakes," whispered Soapsuds. "We 'll disgrace ourselves."

Carolyn obeyed. The visitor advanced toward the center of the room, bumping over a chair as she did so. She stood for some seconds looking from one shaking girl to another, her grin growing wider and more foolish by the second. No one spoke. The girls could n't.

Then the visitor inquired in a hoarse voice, "This here Miss West's room? I come fer her washin'. Ma sent me."

Constant sniffing and the incessant applying of a presumable handkerchief gave ample evidence that the girl was the victim of the most trying kind of a cold.

"Well," she continued, as no one answered, "maybe one of youse is her. I 'll set a spell till you get the clothes together. Ma 'd give me the everlasting Harry if I come back without 'em."

It was Carolyn who finally gasped.

"You 're in the wrong room. Miss West is just across the hall."

"Don't matter," announced the visitor, calmly. "Say, youse girls has it swell here, don't youse? Comes high, don't it, livin' here? Ma says it costs somethin' to stay at this here place. Gorry! I 've got one of the awfulest colds, ain't I?" she finished.

"You certainly have," answered Carolyn, politely.

A girl in the rear of the room choked convulsively. The visitor gazed at her fixedly.

"You 've ketched one, too, ain't yer?" she remarked. "Salt pork in red flannel round yer neck and onions, chopped up fine, ter yer chest makes yer lay easier nights," she added helpfully.

"Thank you," said the girl, in a muffled tone.

"My, what a *Puckers!*" whispered Rennie to Soapsuds.

"Tuckered—well, I guess I be," remarked the extraordinary person. "Feels good to set, but I guess I 'll be joggin' along. Ma 'll nag me somethin' fierce, as 't is. Well, I 'll bid yer good evenin'," she concluded, with a sweeping bow, the bedraggled pink feather in her absurd blue felt hat bobbing rakishly. Her feet, incased in striped stockings and run-down old shoes considerably too large for her and with more buttons off than on, seemed to be painfully in her way. Reaching the door with much scuffing and awkward bumping into the furniture, she bowed again and was gone.

"*Sh-h!!* warned Carolyn. "She 's right outside the door. Don't laugh so and hurt the poor thing's feelings."

Every one listened. Why did n't the creature move on? It seemed hours. Then there came a knock on the door, this time firm and determined.

"Come in," called Carolyn, and again the door opened.

Speechless with amazement, the girls stared at the grotesque figure in the doorway. Wrapped about in the sad-looking skirt and tight-fitting jacket, but clutching in her hand the flopping blue hat and a bright red wig, stood a girl whom they all knew well.

"How about youse girls givin' me the part?" she asked.

Instantly the girls were on their feet and crowding around her.

"Ruth West! You 're immense!"

"How on earth did you ever get away with it?"

"Right under all our very noses, too!"

Ruth smiled indulgently. "Oh, I sent home to Mother for the wig and most of the outfit," she explained. "I told you I could do it, but I had to prove it, it seems. So I staged my own try-out. Now, do I or do I not get that part?"

"We 'll say you do!" was the answer.

A WINTER DAY AT VALLEY FORGE

By HENRY MARTYN KIEFFER

A CONTINENTAL SOLDIER

"Now, boys," said the headmaster of a Philadelphia school one afternoon in the early days of December, "attention! I am about to make an announcement that will, I am sure, interest you all. You all know that Philadelphia is a great center of Revolutionary history. Not only was the Declaration signed here, and the Liberty Bell rung, but in the neighborhood of our city certain things of great importance occurred. Not far away, on the Delaware River, is 'Washington's Crossing'; the battle of Germantown was fought near by; Trenton is not far off; Paoli is only twenty miles out; and if you go up the Schuylkill River for twenty-three miles, you come to Valley Forge.

"Now, this winter I am going to give you these topics of local historical interest as your subjects for composition. You are to have a month for each subject, and the boy who writes the best essay each month is to get a prize—a beautiful American flag, silk, four feet by two and a half, mounted on a pole with a brass eagle on top, planted in a tripod, all complete. The subject for the first essay is 'Valley Forge.' Now, boys, get busy."

When Schuyler Van Wirt reached his home that evening, he burst into the library, flushed with boyish excitement. "Mother!" he exclaimed, "think of it! We are to write an essay on Valley Forge. We have a month to do it in. And the boy who writes the best composition will get a prize—a brand-new silk American flag, with a pole and a brass eagle. Whoopee-whooperee!"

"Well, my boy," said his mother, "that should not be such a difficult task for you, for you have always been so much interested in history, especially in our very rich local history; and with some reading and study, you should certainly stand a very good chance of winning the prize. But, even if you should not, the knowledge you will gain in studying the subject, and the exercise and experience in writing about it, will be worth a great deal more to you than the prize itself."

"I have thought about that, too," said the boy, as he went to the well filled book-shelves of his father's library and began to select books on American history. "I am going to read all I can, first of all, and get all the information I can about Valley Forge."

He was deep in his studies when his father came home in the evening, and at the dinner-table the matter was thoroughly discussed.

"It is all right to read all you can on the subject, Schuyler," his father said: "reading is all right. But in such a case, I think that if you could make a personal visit to the field and see with your own eyes what Valley Forge is like, you would be far better able to write about it. Fortunately, I happen to have a very dear friend living up at Port Kennedy on the Reading Railroad, and Port Kennedy, you must know, is the nearest station to the eastern limit of the Valley Forge encampment, and I believe I can arrange to send you up there on a little visit. You could leave here, say, on a Friday and

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE

remain until the next Monday. You could be home again in time for school, and yet have plenty of time to run about over the field and study it to your heart's content. I will write to my friend Osgood the first thing in the morning, and the trip will do you good."

The boy was jubilant. Full of pleasing anticipation, he could hardly wait until the final arrangements were made and he was off on the train, bound for Port Kennedy. There an automobile met him and conveyed him to an ancient farm-house built before the Revolution, but which had been enlarged and remodeled. Here he made his head-quarters, as it were, and at once began his investigation and study of Valley Forge.

THE DINING-ROOM AT HEADQUARTERS

THE RECEPTION-ROOM, WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS

And now, while Schuyler is tramping through woods and fields and visiting every nook and cranny of the winter cantonments of Washington's army, the reader is to remember that it was here that the little army of Washington encamped among "the gloomy hills of Chester" in the very darkest days of the Revolution—during the terrible winter of 1777. It is true, indeed, that no battle was fought here, although several large forts were built, among them, Fort Washington and Fort Huntington, which are still standing, and long lines of high breast-works were thrown up, which can to-day be plainly traced a great distance through the woods and among the hills. Yet though no battle was fought at this place, a most terrible encounter was here sustained by Washington's men with those two great and formidable enemies—Hunger and Cold. For it was here, as every American school-boy knows, or may read in his history of the Revolution, that these devoted and patriotic founders of the Republic starved for liberty's sake, and left in the snow footprints reddened by their blood.

It is a beautiful spot now. The State of Pennsylvania has made of this memorable field a charming park covering many acres. There are miles of smooth and pleasant roadways leading to and among the principal points of interest, with here and there log huts, suggestive of those the patriots of '76 occupied in their winter cantonments. Here, near the Schuylkill River, is the old farm-house which was occupied by General Wash-

ington as his headquarters—a stone house, two stories high and containing five rooms. It is in an excellent state of preservation, having the same doors, windows, and locks as when it was occupied by the Father of his Country. In front of the door by which you enter—so tradition says—Washington himself once mounted guard in order to relieve the poor and hungry sentinel, whom he sent within to be waited on by Mrs. Washington. This old house is now one of the most interesting of the many occupied by Washington. Old colonial furniture is found in every room, and Washington's Office, as it is called, from the east window of which he could see the quarters of the "Life Guard" and, beyond them, the huts of the Southern troops, never fails to interest the visitor.

To the touring patriot, there are many points of interest on this memorable field besides Washington's Headquarters. There are the old forts, the old earthworks, and the Camp School, the Wayne Monument and the Waterman Monument, the latter marking the only named grave in this large cemetery where, it is said, three thousand patriot soldiers died in six months—died of cold and hunger, or of the illness consequent on such privation.

It was an admirable patriotic impulse which, twenty years ago, moved the Rev. W. Herbert Burk, the rector of All Saints' Church, of Norristown, Pennsylvania, to undertake to erect here a Washington Memorial Chapel. From a plain building of unpainted pine boards, which is still used for the Sunday-school, the work grew, until now a most beautiful granite chapel, with its well-developed "Cloister of the Colonies," stands at the edge of the forest which runs along the river road, on a spot commanding a fine view of the old encampment. President Wilson named it, "The Shrine of the American People."

Within the chapel are many significant reminders of Revolutionary days, and memorials of the Revolutionary fathers. The twenty-five pews, known as the "Pews of the Patriots," of exquisite design and said to be unequaled in America, are all memorials. On the face of the altar is the name-plate from Washington's coffin, while all around are imposing monuments of the great Deliverer and his men. The choir-stalls commemorate the brigades in Washington's army, and in the niches stand continental soldiers carved in oak, with the uniforms correctly colored. Above the stalls are reproductions of the flags of the ragged continentals. But the greatest glory of the chapel is the windows. They tell, as it has been told nowhere else, the story of America up to the inauguration of Washington. The whole chapel glows with the national colors, for the walls are white and the windows are alternately red and blue. Over all is the great Roof of the Republic, with every State in the Union represented by its arms carved and colored.

THE WATERMAN MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE UNKNOWN HEROES OF VALLEY FORGE

Near the chapel, there is a log hut, some fourteen by sixteen feet in area, erected some years ago to show the passer-by the appearance of the officers' huts that once stood here. As this old hut will figure to some extent in our Philadelphia boy's historical researches, let us pause a moment to describe it more particularly. It is built of logs cut in the forest on the edge of which it stands, "chinked and daubed," with a roof of rough pine slabs. In the front, from which one looks

away down over the tall Waterman Monument and across the field to Mount Joy, with its high observatory, there is a door. On either side is a window, with a shutter, wooden-hinged, of true backwoods make. At the end opposite the door a fireplace opens into a tall chimney built of logs and daubed with clay, soldier-fashion, such as every experienced soldier knows how to build in the woods. The floor is of clay, well pounded down, and there is a rough plank bench on either side of the fireplace where one may sit. Many visitors have here left memorials of themselves by laboriously carving their names or initials on the logs about the chimney-place.

A VIEW FROM FORT WASHINGTON, VALLEY FORGE

When Schuyler awoke the next morning in the old farm-house, and looked out of the window of his bedroom, he was somewhat disappointed to find the weather dark and threatening. There had been a light fall of snow during the night, and evidently more was to be expected. But after a hearty breakfast, he bundled up good and warm and sallied forth, guide-book in hand. Taking his way up the River Road, he passed by the chapel and the old hut near it, which he did not pause to investigate just then as he was anxious to visit the old forts and the breastworks before the snow got too deep for comfortable traveling. So he pushed on to the point where Washington Lane crosses the road. Here he turned to the left, following the road up to Fort Washington. Once there, with boyish eagerness he scrambled up the high wall of the fortification, and, with feelings of reverential awe, contemplated the scene, seeing, in imagination, the grim and stalwart artillerymen standing ready to repel an advance of the British from Philadelphia. Behind him, as he stood on the parapet overlooking the field, was Mount Joy, and much he wondered why it was so called. Climbing up its steep sides among the trees, he came to the observatory which has been built on its summit, and from the top of this iron structure he obtained as comprehensive a view of the whole field as the falling snow and the darkness of the day allowed.

On his descent, he traversed the entire length of the old line of entrenchments, running zigzag for a long distance through the woods. He found these breastworks still two or three feet in height, at which he wondered, reflecting that they had endured the wearing of the weather for a hundred and forty-five years. He observed, however, that they had been greatly protected by the growth of the trees that had sprung up on their sides and tops. And here again imagination came and saw these works raised to the height of a man and filled with a ragged and starving patriot soldiery.

By this time Schuyler was tired enough for one day and hungry enough for two, so he trudged wearily back to the farm-house to eat and rest and make notes of his observations.

The next morning it was snowing again, to his great disappointment, but his host kindly offered to take him in his car to Washington's Headquarters and leave him there to spend the morning among its memories. He put on a pair of rubber boots, however, for he said he preferred to walk back through the snow.

Schuyler was deeply impressed with the

thought, "that this had been Washington's home during that fearful winter." There was no other visitor, and the guard stood in the hallway. Much to his disappointment, Schuyler could not enter any of the rooms, as each doorway was covered by an iron screen. At first, he thought the furniture was that which Washington had used, and his imagination was fired by the thought. But after he had gone all over the house, he returned to the entrance to talk with the guard, where the only real information he gained was that nothing in the house had been there when Washington spent those anxious months at Valley Forge.

THE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL ON THE CAMP-GROUND, WITH THE CLOISTER OF THE COLONIES

Feeling he had been imposed upon, he left the house, disappointed. Curiosity, however, led him to look into the old kitchen, across the hallway from the main building. The open door and the steps leading down to its obscure depths had all the lure of mystery, and he soon found himself in a room of stone, wondering what it might have been. Was it a prison, or was it part of a secret passage to the river, as his host had said the night before?

THE NATIONAL ARCH, BEARING THIS INSCRIPTION: "NAKED AND STARVING AS THEY ARE WE CANNOT ENOUGH ADMIRE THE INCOMPARABLE PATIENCE AND FIDELITY OF THE SOLDIERY"—WASHINGTON

In front of the house, the creek flowed on to the river, and he wished the old mill were still standing on the bank, as it did in Washington's time. But there was nothing to show where its exact site had been.

As he tramped along the road to the Washington Memorial, he realized that he could hardly expect to find the original furniture at Valley Forge. He had read somewhere that even at Mount Vernon only a part of the furniture was really Washington's. His disappointment vanished, and he pushed on through the snow to see the famous Washington Memorial and the great Museum of American History, which he had passed the day before.

In the chapel he saw the wonderful memorials and heard their story. He had never seen anything so beautiful, and everywhere he looked he saw something to interest and thrill him. He did not wonder that a British consul-general called it "The American Westminster."

But it was the Valley Forge Museum of American History which interested him most. In the office he had enlisted in the "Valley

Forge Legion," and after proudly pinning the badge to his coat, he entered the museum with a sense of ownership. It was *his* Museum, this great collection of relics. Here was the tent which Washington used during the first week at Valley Forge, his headquarters' flag, which gave the stars to Old Glory, many relics of Washington and Lafayette and the heroes of the Revolution. There were Indian relics by the thousand, illustrating the background of American history,

THE HOSPITAL HUT AS RECONSTRUCTED

and relics of every later period from the Revolution to the World War. Down in the annex were fascinating things, too, a Conestoga wagon, a great whaling collection, and relics of war and of peace in bewildering array. Schuyler was indeed proud to be a member of the legion and one of the owners of the great collection. But he was also tired. The snow was still falling. He saw the lights shining through the chapel windows, and near at hand stood the hut.

He decided to go in and rest a while. As he entered, behold! a red squirrel that had evidently found a comfortable home somewhere in the crevices of the old logs sat up on one of the rafters under the roof and scolded him vigorously for intruding. The boy heard him out, then shied a pebble at him, laughing as he precipitately disappeared with a delightful little squeak.

Then Schuyler sat down on the bench by the fireplace and fell to musing. One might really make himself quite comfortable in this rude cabin. He would need some things, he thought,—plenty of wood for the fire and good wholesome food, at least. Given these, with good warm clothing, and he could spend a comfortable winter here in the woods. "And in those days," he said to himself, "there must have been plenty of wood here, for these hills and fields must all have been covered by a heavy forest. But what would one do for food? A man can't eat wood."

The boy's reflections evidently indicated that he was getting hungry, and he certainly was tired. He lay down on the rough bench, but in a few moments he sat up.

A SOLDIERS' HUT REPRODUCED ON THE EXACT SPOT WHERE IT STOOD IN 1777

"It 's cold in here," he said, "too cold for comfort. Well, there is a fireplace, and here in the corner is a pile of wood and dry leaves —and, gentlemen, what more would you have? Nothing more but a match, and I 've got that."

He rose and began to build a fire. It was soon crackling in the chimney-place, and he lay down on the bench again in far greater comfort. As he looked into the dancing flames he could see, as in a vision, the winter

camp of Washington's troops. There, in the gloomy background, were the frowning hills, covered by dark forests; and there in the foreground, among the glowing embers, were the camps of the different brigades—close beside the hut, Varnum's brigade; away yonder, along the Gulph Road, the huts of Muhlenberg's men and Weedon's and Patterson's;

WASHINGTON ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION AT VALLEY FORGE

then Larned's and Glover's; next, Poor's brigade, and Wayne's and Scott's; the artillery park; then Maxwell's camp, and Conway's, and Huntington's. The smoke was ascending to the sky. The deep snow covered all.

By and by his meditations were interrupted. Some one was coming. He distinctly heard footsteps crunching the snow. He turned on the bench to greet his visitor and to get a view of him. Judge of his astonishment on beholding an old soldier in regular continental uniform, rather the worse for wear, with his gun strapped across his back. Kicking the snow from his feet (they were tied up with old oat-bags for protection), he came in and at once posted himself in front of the fire, saying:

"Cold, blame cold, boy! An' I tell you what—it 's a goin' to be colder yit. It 's always colder before it gits warmer, you know. An' it 's snowin' fast, too. Must be nigh onto a foot an' a half. Let it snow, I say. The more it snows, the tighter we 've got old Steuben into a corner, anyway, and that 's worth somethin'."

"How so?" inquired Schuyler,

"How so? Why, don't you see, when there 's two foot of snow on the ground we just can't drill? If the ground was bare, that old Proosian would drill us to death. He 'd be at us as long as daylight lasted; an' if the supply of pine knots would hold out, he 'd keep it up all night long. But, by George—"

"Which George do you mean?" asked the boy.

"George Washington, sir!" exclaimed the man, with emphasis. "D' ye suppose I 'd be meanin' King George? It 's him that

we 're fightin' for our liberties, and ye don't suppose, do ye, that I 'd be after callin' on the name of a man we 're fightin' agin?"

Acknowledging quite cheerfully that that seemed reasonable, and hearing a drum beating, Schuyler asked, "What 's that drum beating for?"

"Oh," said his visitor, with a shrug of indifference, "I reckon it 's for fatigue duty ag'in. A detail, likely, to go out an' chop an' haul wood. They keep us at it 'bout all the time."

Schuyler now arose from his bench, went to the door, and looked out. What a change had come over the scene! The Waterman Monument at the foot of the hill had disappeared. The Memorial Chapel was nowhere to be seen. The fences were all gone, and most of the fields were covered with dark woods. Here and there he could see rows of cabins, and smoke curling out of their chimneys. What could have happened?

Just then the drum-beat was again heard, and, as he reëntered the hut, he said to his friend: "I don't believe that call is for fatigue duty. It comes from Varnum's headquarters, and I heard the guard call out, "Turn out the guard!" Some general officer must be coming this way."

"By George!" exclaimed the soldier, as he seized his gun and adjusted his three-cornered hat, "it might be General Washington himself; an' if it is, I 've got to be ready to salute."

Buttoning up his ragged old coat, he left the hut, and Schuyler followed. They could see the guard forming down below, and away down the road to the right appeared a horseman, followed by a single mounted orderly, coming through the deep snow. They came at a leisurely pace, and the guard had ample time to get ready. When directly opposite them, the men came to a "Present arms," and the great general returned the salute. On they came through the deep snow, and the old continental by the boy's side assumed the attitude of a soldier on parade. Stiff and erect as a sapling of the forest he stood, with his gun at "present," as Washington, saluting, went slowly by. They watched until the two figures had quite disappeared down the River Road, and Schuyler was heartily congratulating himself on his great and good fortune in actually having seen not only Valley Forge as it was in 1777, but also on having beheld the Father of his Country, George Washington himself, when the shrill whistle of a passing train awoke him. He had fallen asleep, and it had been only a dream.

But he wrote the best essay on Valley Forge—and he got the flag!

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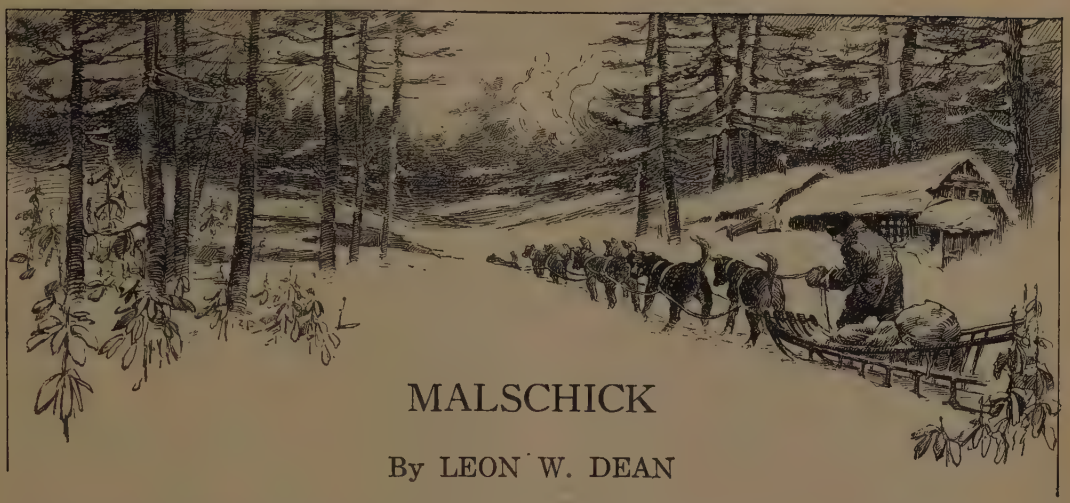
BARON VON STEUBEN DRILLING TROOPS AT VALLEY FORGE

PAINTED BY EDWIN A. ABBEY



MALSCHICK

By LEON W. DEAN

A DOG-TEAM topped the ridge and went plunging down the trail toward the river. The man who ran beside it was shouting incessantly, and whenever he dropped back to leap aboard the high-riding sledge and catch his breath, his long-lashed dog-whip hissed and snapped and whined. Snitch Donovan was in a hurry. So were his dogs. Snitch and his dogs had often been in a hurry.

Half a mile to the rear, there straggled across a valley another dog-team. He who drove it was also in a hurry. He was young. Snitch himself was not old, except as years crowded with bad living had made him old, but this second driver was scarcely more than a boy. He looked tired. His dogs looked tired. But they were good dogs—as good as those that had topped the ridge and were running for the river. The boy would have said that they were better, but there were others who might not have agreed with him. All the North Country knew Snitch and his dogs. They did not like Snitch, but they liked his dogs. They were mighty dogs. More than once had Snitch owed his salvation to their strength, speed, and endurance.

It was nothing new to Snitch to have a man upon his trail. Something stirred beneath the canvas covering of his sled, whimpering as though not at all in love with its cramped quarters. He swore aloud, and sent his dogs at the last stretch intervening between himself and the river. As they flashed out upon the snow-covered surface of the ice, he swung them southward, bringing them to a halt.

Southward lay the village of Moosekill, with its dozen or so frame houses, its trading-post and saloons. The man stared back over the way he had come. Evidently he saw that for which he sought, for, as he smote with mittened hand against his chest to keep warm, he laughed harshly. The pursuing sled had just come in sight on the crest of the ridge that he himself had crossed some few minutes before. The outfit looked fagged. He had expected it. Ten miles more and he would be in Moosekill, and then—

Another whine came from beneath the blankets. They tossed lustily as whatever it was that was pinioned there struggled valiantly to free itself from a situation so little to its liking.

"Two thousand dollars for a pup!" muttered the man. "Two thousand dollars for a measly pup!"

From the ridge on which he was breathing his team the boy looked away over the wooded slope to the long ribbon of white where the river flowed beneath its covering of ice, and where the dark shapes of man and sledge and dogs were stretched in a smudge of contrasting color against the snowy background.

"Poor little Malschick!" he whispered softly, "Poor little Malschick!"

He leaned heavily against the handle of his sledge. His dogs had fallen in the snow. He pitied them. A rare phenomenon in the North was Paul Kendricks, for he loved his dogs. And the big, varicolored brutes, belying their nature, loved him. Not once in all their savage, half-wild ancestry had the hand of love come to soften their fierce spirit. The whip, the burden, cold, and

scant rations had been their lot. Fear, not love, had been their guiding principle. Then had come Paul Kendricks, and the miracle of change had been wrought. They were dogs of true Northern blood. Men wise in the ways of the land had scoffed and said that such dogs were not for taming, that the only power recognized by their wolfish souls was the power of a stronger brute force than their own; that to show them kindness or mercy would be perhaps to soften their bodies, but not their hearts. A team of pet dogs was not a thing for the Northland. But Paul Kendricks had stuck to his ideals. He believed that these big-framed, big-muscled fellows, with their lion hearts and trained intelligences, would make wonder dogs if but properly treated. He had gathered about him the best his money could buy. He had made companions of them rather than slaves of them. With the old dogs, suspicion had died hard; but with the younger ones—the puppies—as they began to come along, it was easier. He kept the pick of the litters, bought new dogs where he found what he wanted, and in all ways strove to perfect his breed, building for size and speed. Others commenced to take notice. A demand for dogs from the Arctic Circle Kennels made itself felt. All through the North the name of Kendricks became known as a synonym for good dogs. Men wanted the big-boned, shapely-headed fellows that came from his kennels. They found them heavier, more powerful, and at the same time swifter, than the general run. Gradually they came to realize that the surly creatures with which they had been so long accustomed to get along were a nuisance. A manageable team was a better team. The boy's reputation spread southward across the Provinces and to the States. Orders bearing Canadian and United States post-marks began occasionally to arrive at that far-flung outpost of civilization where, within a dozen fenced-in acres, he made his home.

Then had come into the world Malschick. From the very first the boy had known him for a dog of dogs. Men who had followed the snow-trails for years without number looked upon him and marveled. Indian, white, and half-breed, it was all the same. Never before had they seen a puppy of such promise. Word of him began to travel abroad. Some one with an open eye notified some one else in the States. That some one, a man by the name of Gowan, wired a thousand dollars for him. His young owner refused. Two—three thousand? No. But who was this Gowan? Inquiries revealed him a Chicago sporting magnate. He might want the dog for anything from show purposes to breeding or fighting. Steadily the price went up. Steadily the Arctic Circle Kennels refused to part with its prize. Kendricks was fond of his dogs. He did not like what he learned of Gowan. Besides, the youngster was worth money to him right where he was. Every day of his young life he was advertising the kennels as nothing else could.

Malschick was about four weeks old when the young fancier began to suspect that mischief was afoot. One or two attempts were made to break into the building where the dogs were housed; but if the intruder was reckoning on their reputation for gentleness, his hopes were rudely shattered. They were gentle, as such dogs go, but he who ventured among them should come on lawful and timely business. The first of the attempts was made at night, and the boy was awakened by the clamor. All that his investigation disclosed to him was tracks. He was not certain of the motive of the person who had made them. The second attempt came in the daytime, when he was away. He was out hunting and had left his dogs at home. That was fortunate. Their ability as protectors was again clearly demonstrated. A few days later a stranger, looking them over, dropped a hint that Malschick was too good a six-weeks' pup to lose. Something in the man's tone caused the young owner to take notice. To his query, all the man would say, however, was that it might be well to watch him. The boy resolved to do so. His fears were crystallizing. He believed the attempts might have something to do with Malschick. There were men who would go far to get such a dog. Naturally enough, perhaps, he did not think of Gowan as having anything to do with the affair. Chicago was too far away. He ascribed it to local parties—local in that they belonged to the big North. He meant to be careful, but a message from Snitch Donovan lured him off his guard.

Snitch had one of the finest teams of dogs to be found in the country, but they were devil-dogs—dogs that would take a man's throat as quickly as crush the life from a running rabbit. They were born ferocious, and Snitch's treatment of them

had made them more ferocious. A year or so before he had tried to buy a dog from the Arctic Circle Kennels, but Paul, knowing his character, had refused to let him have it. He knew the refusal had made Snitch his enemy, and he was sorry, for Snitch was a dirty fighter; but it was not to be helped. Now he received word that the man was stranded with two sick dogs at a certain cabin some dozen miles above the kennels. He wanted Paul to bring on a dog and help him out. It was a request that in such a country could not well be refused. Paul set out with his dogs the next morning, taking two extra ones with him. That left the canine guard at the kennels rather scant.

In one way and another it was possible afterwards to piece together much of what happened while he was away. Snitch must have been watching from the wooded summit of a near-by hill and seen him go. When sure that he was safely off, he had started down. One of his dogs, catching the scent of the others that had passed, let slip a bark. A savage blow from Snitch laid him low in the snow. That blow later was to cost Snitch dear. At the kennels, he beat off the few dogs remaining and got possession of what he wanted, fighting a warlike retreat from the enclosure, so bitterly contested that he was forced to use his revolver, leaving two of the dogs dead in the yard. Then he fled, knowing that he had several hours start on his rival, and that the Arctic Circle dogs would be too tired when the trick was discovered to overtake his own fast team. That, at least, was what he thought he knew. Kendricks would be aware, of course, who was responsible for the trouble, for he had intentionally given his name to it, preferring to have the boy know that he had struck and got even. He was pretty certain of the way the affair would come out. One thing, however, he failed to take into consideration —that Paul would guess at the truth of the matter as quickly as he did.

At the cabin the boy found where a man had been, but there was no one there at the time. Sled tracks showed that he had left by a roundabout route in the direction of the kennels. It might, he knew, merely be that the dogs had become better and Snitch had gone on, or it might all have been just a revengeful joke; but something warned him that it was more. He put his nine dogs to the trail, and their going was like the going of the wind that comes down from out the vast open spaces of ice and snow. Before reaching the kennels he saw where a sledge had come in on the trail after his passing. A mile further on, the home clearing, with its snow-splotched log-cabin and outbuildings for the dogs, grew out from among the trees. He brought his panting team to a halt. By some freak of circumstance he had hoped to be in time, but he was not. Signs of the struggle greeted him. Malschick was gone. Two of the dogs—mothers of his puppies, that he had thought a great deal of—lay dead in the trampled snow where they had fallen in service to him. He examined their wounds, and his blood surged hot at the thought of the brutal heart and hand that had wrought them. They had been more demonstrative in their affection for him, they had more quickly responded to his advances. It was about them that he had founded the kennels. Vengeance as men know it in the North flamed within him. He could hardly breathe, so fast pounded his heart at the thought of Snitch Donovan.

At the kennels he had two fresh dogs that could be substituted for tired ones. He made the change and was soon on the trail once more. His string numbered nine. Snitch's numbered eight—reckoned as eight of the best in the North, and with such a tremendous lead as seemingly to prevent all chances of being overtaken. The most loyal supporters of the Arctic Circle Kennels would not have said otherwise. But the unexpected happened. A just fate intervened to even matters a little. As before, the boy could decipher the signs in the snow when he came to them. As the strain of the pace began to make itself felt, the dog that Snitch had knocked down for barking commenced to go groggy. No amount of beating could keep him to the trail and on his legs. Raging, the man had finally brought the team to a stop. At least an hour must have elapsed before the dog was fit to move on again, and even then the one who had struck him dared not travel as fast as he had been doing, for fear of another collapse.

All this Paul in due time read on the broad, clear page of the arctic white. He was driving his own team hard at the time—harder than he should have driven. He knew it; but what must be, must be. Always, except on the steepest up-grades, the dogs went at a run, halting only now and then as he permitted them a moment's rest and a chance to breathe. They were

strong with plentiful food and the work he had made a practice of giving them. He ran ahead, breaking trail, or to the rear. When necessity demanded, he rode, but not until his own breath came short and he could keep the pace no longer. It was a light load he carried, containing only a day's supplies for himself and dogs—not an ounce of superfluous weight, not even a gun. When he came to the place where the one he was pursuing had been forced to stop, he took heart. To that extent at least had fortune favored him.

Far into the night he followed the ghostly trail. The ethereal light of the great northern regions showed him the way. The silent fir woods rose about him. Long after Snitch in all probability had made camp, he was traveling—on and on, ever lessening the distance between them. When he called his final halt the dogs dropped exhausted in their traces, burying their noses in the snow and gulping great mouthfuls to cool their parched throats.

At earliest break of day he was up and away again. He had twelve hours in which to catch the man who led him. Once more he did not spare the dogs. Nor did he spare himself. As on the day before, he traveled hard, harder decidedly than he should have traveled, but travel hard he must, or lose. He could tell that the man ahead was making better time than he had been previously. He also made better time—again, because he must. If he exacted much of his dogs to do it, he exacted much of himself. Loyally and royally they responded to every demand. The iron hearts within them drove them on. Ahead and behind, at a staggering trot, he guided them.

"'MALSCHICK!' HE CALLED. 'MALSCHICK!' SENDING THE WORDS RINGING DOWN THE FOREST-LINED RIVER"

Snow began to fall. It fell steadily for two hours, swirling down out of a cloud-laden sky. It sifted into the coats of the dogs, lying in a ridge of white along their backs. They bowed their heads before it, as did the boy, and struggled on. As it deepened in the trail, the man and dogs ahead had to break it out. It was not of a depth to impede them much, but mile after mile of an obstruction, however slight, makes a difference. It was easier for the team behind. Filling the air, the snow would also

have made excellent cover under which to approach the racing sledge ahead, but nature has her whims. After a time it ceased to fall, and the sun came out. It grew colder.

Something like an hour later the boy's heart gave a sudden leap. Outlined against a slope far in front of him was a man and a team of dogs. The country was broken and the distance great. If his vision had not been keen, he might not have seen them at all. Evidently he was gaining. He compelled the dogs and himself to maintain the pace. Just what he would do, should he overtake the man, he did not know. That must come later. The hot spirit within him made him reckless of what might happen. He asked but that the meeting might take place.

He gained slowly. The tongues of his dogs were lolling, their eyes were bloodshot, their giant muscles drugged with fatigue. But he drew closer. Screened by the uneven nature of the land, it was some time before the unsuspecting man discovered his proximity. The boy could tell when this happened. The tracks in the trail showed where he had stopped and looked back. Then the dogs had been put to a faster gait. At that, for about the first time, the boy's own whip cracked, and the final leg of the chase was on. The leading dogs were fresher; but, with whip and voice, the boy urged his own team forward, and in a desperate, heartbreaking struggle they more than held their own, more than vindicated their title to being the greatest dogs of the North, as some had claimed for them. Despite the long, bitter, fast journey at their backs, their weary limbs and spent breath, they held their distance, and even gained. The fleeing man ahead, do what he might, could not shake them off. His team, too, was tiring. When they came to the river, ten miles above Moosekill, the kennel dogs were only half a mile to the rear. The taunting yell of Snitch Donovan drifted back to them as he started his dogs forward once more.

"Hoola, Boris! Hoola!" called the boy to his leader.

Small as it was, the little village of Moosekill, with its log shacks and its store and its saloons, played its part in the life of the North—a very important part to the region it fed and clothed, whose money it counted, and whose pleasure it provided, making possible much good or much evil, according to the desires of those who came into and went forth from it. It was a river town. Just now, a small river-steamer swung at its moorings there, nearly ready to cast off. Snitch Donovan knew of this steamer, and its scheduled hour of departure. He licked his dry lips—dry not alone from the keen wind and frosty air.

"Two thousand dollars!" he panted hoarsely. "Two thousand dollars if I get him there in time!"

In places, the snow on the river was soaked with water, particularly down under, where it lay next the ice. The boy noticed this as he swung his team toward it and headed southward behind Malschick and his captor. Where his forerunner's sled had crossed, it showed up most conspicuously, for the runners cut in, and the water filtered into the tracks they had left, quickly freezing. This condition existed only in patches, however, and was due rather to air-holes and the vagaries of the current beneath than to thin ice.

The boy's dogs could hardly keep their feet. They were completely done in. To overtake the man ahead seemed impossible. Yet the boy, too, knew of the steamer. In the endless hours of the chase he had figured it all out. He must reach the man before the man reached Moosekill. On a long stretch free from turns, Snitch faced about once more, hurling back his taunting cry. Inspiration, born of the emergency, seized the boy. He cupped his mittened hands in return, making of them a megaphone.

"Malschick!" he called. "Malschick!"—sending the words ringing down the forest-lined river. "Malschick! Malschick!"

The animated bundle of life beneath the blanket-and-canvas covering of Snitch Donovan's sled became more animated than ever as the familiar voice penetrated to its ears. All the growing puppy love in the little dog's heart responded. He was lonesome, he was frightened at the strange surroundings and treatment. He was a strong puppy. He struggled valiantly. The sledge was moving again.

"Malschick!" came the call—"Malschick!"

The struggles increased. The man at the sledge handles was cursing roundly. He brought his heavy whip down cruelly over the spot where the canvas bulged and shook from the contortions of the powerful little body beneath. Things were going wrong. The puppy was not supposed to make such a fuss. The man had underestimated the dog's strength, his sturdy, tempestuous spirit.

His exertions were taking him toward the edge of the load.

"Malschick!" came the master's voice. "Ho—Malschick!"

The boy had seen that something was amiss. A sudden successful lurch brought the puppy almost free. The man sprang forward. He was too late. A tumbling bag of vigorously fighting puppyhood slipped from beneath the canvas flap and out upon the snow.

There was nothing for it but to stop. The man halted his team, unmindful that the spot was a damp one. Luckily for him, the puppy was in a sack, leaving him at liberty to work. The lashing that held the blankets and canvas in place had to be unfastened. The blankets had been to keep the puppy warm. The canvas was the usual arctic protection against storms. At night it could be used for a tent. It was bound strongly down about the load. The man worked with as much dispatch as the cold would permit, but the boy, seeing it as his last chance, was coming on fast. The dogs, too, realized that they were drawing in upon the quarry that for hours without end they had been trailing. The knowledge bore them up and sent them flying forward in a last splendid spurt that must be the end. The man's fingers tore at the knots. They trembled with haste—with fear of failure. It was a race with time against the onrushing sledge. He won. The canvas was flung back, and the puppy once more roped beneath it.

He sprang for the handles of his sledge. The charging team from the Arctic Circle Kennels was not a rod behind. Their mouths were open, their lean sides heaving, but their eagerness equalled their master's. They knew what was wanted; the game was within reach—or so it seemed. The man's whip cracked, his voice was harsh with the tenseness of the moment. He lunged heavily on the handles of his sledge to help start it. There was a ripping, splintering sound, and a runner gave way. The water, collecting about the sledge, had frozen it in. The abrupt strain, coming just right, and with all the force of a man and dogs thrown into it in their hurry to get away, had been too much for some weak spot in the wood and it had parted. Ordinarily, it might have been soon remedied enough to go on, but now—

The man whirled, revolver in hand. Down the trail, close upon him, came the boy and dashing dogs. Paul saw the flash of metal. He was not afraid. An unaccountable sense of confidence possessed him; he felt that he was going to win. The gun flashed, thundering aloud in the hushed forest. He heard the quick whine of passing lead. The space narrowed. The man fired again. The distance was measurable by yards, by feet. The man stepped back. His own dogs had swung about in their traces to face the new-comers, and were at his heels. The backward step and a third report of the gun seemed simultaneous. The boy felt his arm go queer, but did not heed it. Other things were happening.

In stepping backward, the man had crushed the foot of a dog. Quick as the dart of a snake's head the animal struck, driving his fangs into the calf of the leg. The man, every faculty concentrated on something else, was taken off his guard, off his balance. He nearly fell. As he toppled, another dog leaped, and for the last time the revolver spat fire, the bullet going off harmlessly into the air. Never before had the dogs so had the man at a disadvantage. His back was toward them, he was falling—they leaped to bring him down. All their savage natures flamed up within them—the wolf natures, naturally fierce, that he had made fiercer. All their ancient grievances urged them on. The stronger brute was now the weaker. His arms went up, his revolver dropped from his grasp, the boy caught a glimpse of a face distorted with terror as he went down and under and was buried from sight beneath the fighting pack. A single shriek, filled with all the horror of a human soul in the throes of violent death, rose from its midst. Then Paul's own dogs hit.

Dog turned upon dog. There was the slash and clash of teeth, the place was a writhing mass of battling, snarling beasts. The sounds of the combat reverberated across the silent places. The boy leaped among them, shouting, striking terrific blows with the butt of his great dog-whip. Each moment he was in imminent danger of himself going down, of having the swirling packs close over him, as they had over the other. It was only because the dogs were at each other that he managed to pull the man out from beneath them. He was not dead. The turn of the battle had saved him. That and the fact that his team, when they had first attacked him, had been hampered by being still in the traces. Both teams had

"ALL THEIR SAVAGE NATURES FLAMED UP WITHIN THEM"

partially broken and cut their way out of harness by this time, but because they were still, in a measure, strung together, the boy was able somehow to get their attention and subdue and part them.

When it was all over he thought once more of his arm. He was wounded, and the dogs had mauled him somewhat in the fight, but it was Snitch who was the most badly hurt. He got him onto his sledge, and, leaving the eight dogs tethered in a clump of evergreen, went on with his own nine. It was difficult getting through, but he managed it. One of the first men he saw as he plodded into Moosekill behind his weary dogs was an officer in the uniform of the Northwest Mounted Police. He knew by this time from Snitch himself that he had not been working in his own interests alone, but in Gowan's. He and the inspector found a place where they could be by themselves.

"So you are Paul Kendricks," said the latter, when the boy's story had been told.

"Yes, sir."

Malschick, released from his prison walls of burlap, was trotting inquiringly about his new world, sniffing table-leg and corner and generally making himself interested and interesting.

"And this," continued the inspector, gingerly extending his hand as one who knows the Northern breed of dogs, "is Malschick."

"He won't snap, sir."

"No, so I understand. This is n't the first time we have heard of the Arctic Circle Kennels and Malschick. As a matter of fact, I was on my way to see you when I stopped off for the boat. One never knows what is going to happen when a boat leaves. I have with me an order for a couple of dogs. The Mounted will pay well for them. What are you going to do with Malschick?"

"Hang onto him, sir. I think too much of him to part with him. Did you see him look up when you spoke his name, sir?"

"I did that. He 's got brains as well as body. The Mounted will keep its eye on him. I have an idea that men like Snitch Donovan will show us the way no longer. The dog-show at Toronto will be coming on in a few months. Send Malschick down. I predict he will be returned a winner, and go straight through to the championships in the big Westminster Show at New York. It will be money and fame for the kennels. What do you say?"

"Yes, I believe I will. Thank you, sir."

JINGLES

By KITTY PARSONS

THE AIRSHIP

THE airship goes sailing and sailing along,
Above the trees so very high;
With wings spread like a wonderful bird,
It shoots across the bright blue sky.
I 'd love to go sailing and sailing along,
In such a nice big ship some day!
And when I am older—in five or six years—
Why then perhaps I may!

JUST TRY TO SMILE

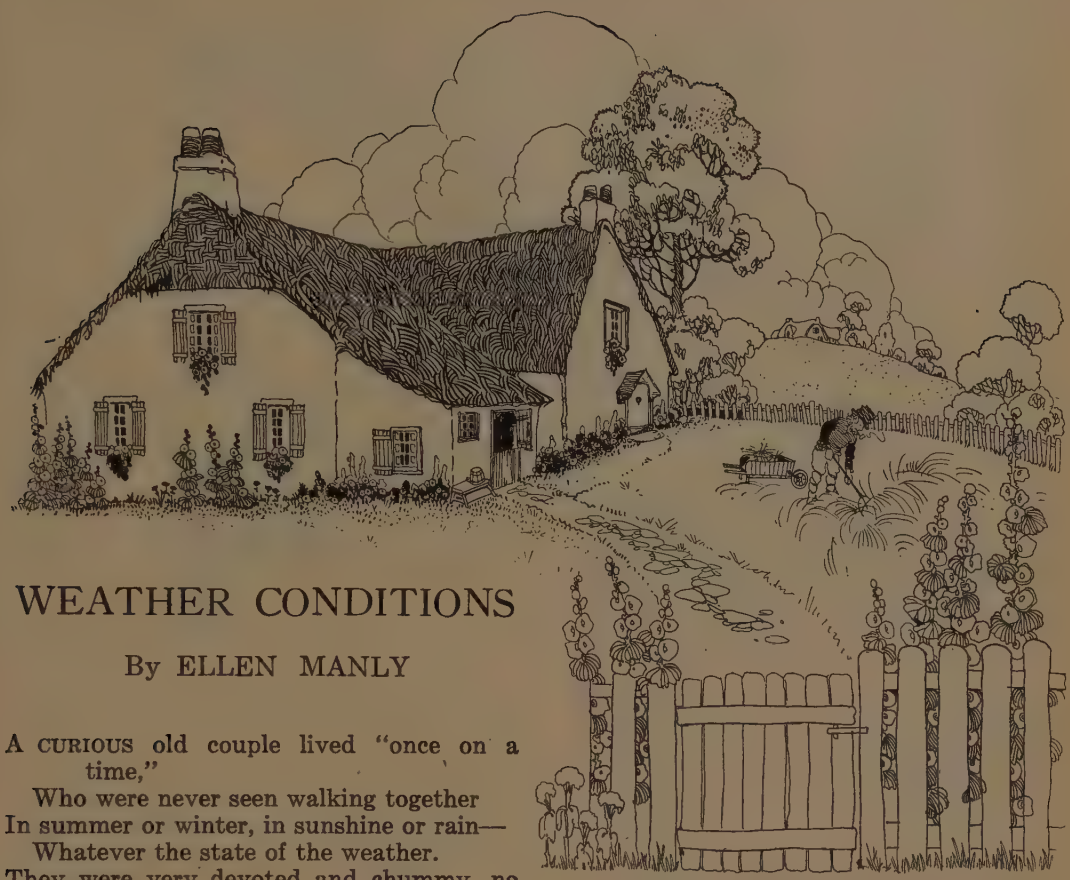
WHEN you feel you cannot hide
Your "crossness" down inside,
Just try to smile;
And you 'll find that smile will win,
And 't will spread outside and in,
In just a little while!

A LETTER

OH, Mister Postman, don't you know,
That I should like you better,
If you would only bring me, please,
A very nice, fat letter!
A letter, please, a letter—
A very nice, fat letter!

COASTING

COASTING, coasting, down the hill
In the snowy weather!
Coasting, coasting, through the chill,
Boys and girls together.
Coasting, coasting, oh, what fun!
Time is quickly flying;
Coasting after school is done
Till the day is dying.



WEATHER CONDITIONS

By ELLEN MANLY

A CURIOUS old couple lived "once on a time,"
Who were never seen walking together
In summer or winter, in sunshine or rain—
Whatever the state of the weather.
They were very devoted and chummy, no doubt,
But on one or two subjects they always fell out.
It is certainly so,
As the neighbors all know,
That, though comfort and peace in their cottage were found,
And they lived there in quiet the whole year around,
Yet on *some* points they never could fully agree,
So decided was she and so cranky was he.

If Mrs. Old Lady would coaxingly say:
"Let us go for a walk to the town.
I have put on my newest new bonnet, my dear,
And my very best holiday gown.
We might set out at once, while the weather is right,
For the sunshine to-day is most temptingly bright."

Then he 'd answer: "Oh, no!
'T is a poor day to go!
I 'm dreadfully busy, my dear, on the farm
Whenever the weather is sunny and warm.
The hay must be in ere the sun shall go down,
And I could n't spare time for a walk to the town.
Let us stroll in the wood, as an old couple should,
Or sit by the pond on a log.
We might happen to see a bird up in a tree,
And the frogs may be singing 'Kerchog.'
I have on my oldest old hat, as you see,
And the raggedy coat that 's so comfy for me."

Then she 'd say: "Dear me, no!
I can't possibly go!
When I 'm wearing my best I can't sit on a log,
And I never did fancy the song of a frog!
Don't you see that I 'm anxious to go to the town
To show off my newest new bonnet and gown?"

"'THE SUNSHINE TO-DAY IS MOST TEMPTINGLY BRIGHT'"

But whenever it rained, in the shocking old coat,
That oldest old hat he 'd take down,
And he 'd say, "Now, my dear, let us go for a walk,
For a nice little walk to the town!
My gingham umbrella is large, and, 't is plain,
It will do us both good to go out in the rain."

Then she 'd say: "I *won't* go!
Most decidedly—no!
You 're the worst-looking fellow I ever did see.
No dingy old cotton umbrella for me!
And nobody knows what the neighbors would say
If they saw me out walking this terrible day!"

"'NOBODY KNOWS WHAT THE NEIGHBORS WOULD SAY'"

"MRS. OLD LADY, WHEN WEATHER WAS FINE, WOULD DEPART BY HERSELF FOR THE TOWN"

So Mrs. Old Lady, when weather was fine,
Would depart by herself for the town,
And visit the movies and shop at the shops
In that newest new bonnet and gown.
And Mr. Old Man, on a pouring wet day,
In his raggedy suit would trot briskly away.
The ancient umbrella protected his head,
And he cared not a rap what his Old Lady said.

And the neighbors cried: "True,
'T is a wise way to do—
That she on a fair day should stroll to the town,
And he, if he likes, in the rain should go down.
When folks can't agree on the charm of the weather,
'T is best not to try to go walking together!"

"MR. OLD MAN, ON A POURING WET DAY, IN HIS RAGGEDY SUIT WOULD TROT BRISKLY AWAY"

NID AND NOD

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "The Turner Twins," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT

WHEN little Miss Comfort, past sixty, dispossessed of her modest home through the death of her married sister, was threatened with the poor farm, the Turner Twins, Ned and Laurie—or "Nid" and "Nod," as they were more commonly called—went to the rescue. So, too, did Bob Starling and "Kewpie" Proudtree, school-mates at Hillman's School; and, of course, Polly Deane, whose mother kept the tuck-shop frequented by the fellows, and Mae Ferrand, Polly's chum. An indignant telegram to the new owner of the house, Miss Comfort's brother-in-law, in Sioux City, brought no answer. A search of Orstead discovered no habitation, that Miss Comfort could afford. None, that is, until Laurie happened to see the *Pequot Queen*, a small discarded steam boat once used as a ferry boat.

CHAPTER III

ROMANCE AND MISS COMFORT

SPRING recess had begun on Saturday. As Ned and Laurie lived in California, a visit home was out of the question, since, if they attempted it, they would, as Laurie said, meet themselves coming back. Some twenty other boys were remaining at Hillman's during the week's vacation, too, and among them was Kewpie Proudtree. Kewpie, however, was remaining from choice rather than from necessity. Kewpie wanted to learn to pitch, and recess represented unlimited opportunity. Laurie had agreed to two sessions a day instead of one and Kewpie was happy.

Slipping away from Kewpie, who was counting the minutes to ten o'clock, at which time the first work-out was to take place, was not easy the next morning; but Laurie succeeded, and at a little before nine made his way down Washington Street toward the river. As he neared the stone-walled dock where lay the *Pequot Queen* a tiny engine tooted shrilly and came panting from the quarry, dragging a flat-car loaded with two great squares of rock. On the farther side of the small dock a lighter was being loaded, a big boom swinging from cars to deck to the music of a puffing engine and the shrill piping of a whistle. Laurie turned his attention to the *Pequot Queen*.

A few years before, the boat had been used in the ferry service between Orstead and Hamlin, across the river. Then the business failed to show a profit, the company was dissolved, and the *Pequot Queen* was pushed into the quarry company's dock—without permission, if rumor was to be credited—and left to rot. She was about fifty feet long and very broad of beam. The stern was occupied by a cabin with many windows, a few of which were still unbroken. Amidship, if one may apply the term to a launch, was a small engine-room in which a rusted upright engine still stood amid a litter of coal-dust. A door led to a smaller compartment, the wheel-house. Between that and the bow was a space for luggage and freight. The *Pequot Queen* had not carried vehicles.

At one time the boat had doubtless shone resplendent in white paint and gold leaf. Now there were few traces of either remaining. The name was still legible on each side of the bow, however, in faded black. Through the roof a rusty smoke-stack pushed its way to lean perilously to starboard. Atop the cabin, reached by a narrow companionway, benches, inside a pipe-railing, had afforded accommodation for passengers in fine weather. The boat was secured fore and aft with frayed hawsers, and her rail lay close to the wall. Laurie viewed her speculatively from stem to stern and then stepped aboard. Had there been any one about to observe him, they might have thought that here was a possible purchaser, for he went over the boat completely and exhaustively, giving, however, most of his time to the cabin. In the end, he went ashore and once more viewed the derelict in frowning speculation. There was no doubt that the *Pequot Queen* had outlived her use as a water-craft. She still floated and would probably continue to float for many years yet, but old age had claimed her, as rotting timbers and yawning seams showed. Yet Laurie turned away at last with an expression of thoughtful satisfaction on his countenance.

Back by the railroad, he stopped and viewed his surroundings intently. On one side lay the bridge, with the Basin beyond and to the left and the big quarry to his right. On the other side was the company office and shed, the dock and pier, the latter piled high with roughly squared blocks of stone. To-

ward town, the river's margin was unoccupied for a space, and then came the coal wharves and the lumber company's frontage. It was a noisy and dust-laden spot in which the *Pequot Queen* had been left to pass her declining years, and Laurie shook his head slowly, as though the realization of the fact displeased him. Finally, he crossed the bridge again, hurrying a little in order not to compete for passage with a slow-moving freight from the north, and continued along the river front until he had passed the station and the warehouses across the track and was again allowed a view of the stream unimpeded by buildings. Here there was no wall along the river, but now and then the remains of an ancient wooden bulkhead still stood between the dusty road and the lapping water. Here and there, too, a rotted hulk lay careened or showed naked ribs above the surface farther out. Across the road, hardly more than a lane now, a few dejected, but respectable, dwellings stood behind their tiny front yards. Behind them, the road led upward to the more pretentious part of town. Compared to the vicinity of the quarry, however, this section of Orstead was clean, quiet, and orderly. Here there were trees and grass on one side and the sunlit river and farther wooded banks on the other. Laurie nodded approvingly more than once as he dawdled along, his attention apparently riveted now on the river's margin. Finally, he turned and retraced his steps hurriedly to school.

Before the morning was over, Laurie had learned to his satisfaction that Bob's father was personally acquainted with the Mr. Porter who was at the head of the quarry company, that the narrow strip of grass and weeds, sand and boulder, lying between road and river some six blocks north of the foot of Walnut Street was town property, and that, some few blocks beyond it, near the abandoned chain-works, a man named Wilkins conducted a boat-yard and owned a launch.

That afternoon, perched on a counter in the Widow Deane's shop, Laurie broke the news to an audience of four. He talked and they listened. Then they asked questions and he answered. Ned ridiculed the scheme, and Polly turned upon him indignantly.

"I think it 's a perfectly splendid idea!" declared Polly, stanchly. "If—if only Miss Comfort would n't be scared."

"Nothing to be scared of," protested Laurie. "It 'll be tied up tight and it can't sink because there won't be enough water under it. It would take only two or three days and a—a few dollars to turn it into as nice a house as any one could want!"

Ten minutes later they all accompanied Laurie to the *Pequot Queen* and then to the site he had selected for the boat's future career. They discussed and planned, enthusiasm growing even with Ned, and finally they trooped back up the hill to find Miss Comfort and lay the scheme in all its grandeur before her. Finding her was not difficult, for she was having tea with Mrs. Deane in the room at the rear of the shop when they got there. Their errand was held up, however, until more cups of tea and more sweet crackers had been distributed. At last, with four pair of eyes fixed on him with embarrassing attentiveness, Laurie set down his cup, drew a long breath, and broke the moment's silence with an explosive, "*Miss Comfort!*"

That poor lady was so startled that she nearly upset her tea. Laurie plunged on hurriedly:

"I suppose you have n't heard any more from your brother-in-law, have you?"

"Why—why, no! No, I have n't, Mr. Laurie."

"Thought so," resumed Laurie. "Well, now, here 's—here 's something that it seemed to me—to all of us—that maybe would be something that you might sort of take into consideration if nothing better turned up, because, after all, that poor farm is n't any place for a lady like you, and being on the water is n't anything at all if you 're hitched up tight to the land and know you can't sink, which you could n't *possibly*, Miss Comfort, because there would n't be enough water under you." Laurie paused for breath and realized with confusion that he had made an extremely poor start.

Miss Comfort looked bewildered from him to Mrs. Deane, to Polly, to Ned, and back to Laurie. "Sakes alive!" she gasped. "What in the world is he talking about?"

Mae's giggle came as a welcome diversion.

"Laurie," said Polly, "you 'll have to start right at the beginning, you know." She turned to Miss Comfort. "He has a perfectly wonderful idea, Miss Comfort, and we 're all just crazy about it. Now, Laurie."

The interlude had allowed the exponent of the wonderful idea not only to recover his breath, but to rearrange his thoughts; and now he began over again and explained very

creditably just what the idea was. Occasionally, one of the others threw in a helpful word. Miss Comfort, who had taken up her crocheting after setting her tea-cup aside soon laid it down. Her face brightened as Laurie's idea became clearer to her, and her eyes sparkled more than ever. She leaned forward in rapt attention and did not interrupt once. Even when Laurie had almost took a trip from New York to Fall River on a steamer; but just at the last moment, Mother decided to go by train instead. I was tragically disappointed. And now to think that after all these years I 'm to—to go to sea!"

"But, you know," said Ned, breaking the little silence that followed, "it would n't be exactly going to sea, Miss Comfort, for, of

"THEY ALL ACCOMPANIED LAURIE TO THE 'PEQUOT QUEEN' "

said all he could think of and Polly had added an enthusiastic postscript, Miss Comfort said no word for several silent moments. Then she gave a deep sigh and clasped her thin hands tightly above her crocheting.

"And I would n't have to go to that place!" she breathed wonderingly.

"Laurie, what did I tell you?" cried Polly, joyously.

"I 'm sure," said Mrs. Deane, "it would be very nice, Pansy, but would you feel quite—quite *at ease* on a *boat?*"

"I should," replied Miss Comfort, with surprising emphasis. "I 've always been fond of the sea, all my life. Maybe it 's because my grandfather on my mother's side was a sea-captain. That Spode tea-cup that you admired so much was part of a set that he brought back from one of his voyages. Yes, ever since I was a child, I 've longed for the sea and for ships. Once I course, the boat would be tied to the—the land, and—"

"It would be for me," replied Miss Comfort, softly. "I 'd be living on a boat with the water all around me. And I could watch the steamers and the ships come and go. And there 'd be the smell of the salt water all the time, too. Oh, my dears, I 'd love it! It—it sounds far, far too good to be true, Mister Laurie. Are you sure that—that everything can be arranged?"

Miss Comfort felt for a square of linen with a narrow black border and gently dabbed her eyes. Laurie felt it his duty to acknowledge that he was n't sure at all, but he did nothing of the sort. He scowled surreptitiously at Ned and answered: "Absolutely, Miss Comfort. There is n't a doubt!"

And then, to Laurie's surprise, Ned said just as convincedly, "It 's as good as fixed right now, ma'am."

Miss Comfort sighed happily and beamed about the circle. "Well, I just can't believe it!" she said, laughing tremulously at her own emotion. "Why, I can't think of anything that would make me happier than to live on a real boat right on the water! Just think of going to sleep with the lapping of the waves all about, and of waking up in the morning and seeing the blue, blue ocean—no, I should say river—stretching away and away! Oh, my dears! there 's romance about the sea that I 've always longed to know. Maybe, at my time of life, I should n't be talking about romance, but—"

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Mrs. Deane vehemently. "Fiddlesticks, my dear! At your time of life, indeed!" It seemed to the others that the Widow might have borrowed Miss Comfort's handkerchief and put it to good use. Laurie cleared his throat.

"That 's right," he said gruffly. "I guess folks can enjoy things like that just as much at eight—sev—sixty as they can any time!" Aware of Polly's horrified look, he subsided. Miss Comfort, though, was far too absorbed in the joyous prospect to heed.

"I must go and see it," she went on animatedly. "Is it very far, Mister Laurie? I suppose," she concluded, with a sigh, "it 's too late to go to-day."

"Yes 'm," assented Laurie. "I guess you 'd better wait until to-morrow. It 's quite a walk for—er—for any one."

"We 'll all go down to-morrow morning," announced Polly; "every one of us. Yes, you will, too, Mama. I 'll get Miss Billings to tend the store for an hour. If we start at eight, I can get back in time for school."

"Eight!" exclaimed Laurie.

"Of course. We 're all through breakfast at half-past seven, and—"

"But, Polly, maybe that would be too early for the boys, dear," interposed her mother. "Perhaps they don't have breakfast—"

"It 's all right, Mrs. Deane," said Ned. "We 'll meet you over at the school corner at eight. Laurie was just thinking that perhaps we ought to start earlier, were n't you, old son?"

"Er—oh, yes! Sure! Still, eight will do, I guess."

"Then that 's arranged," said Polly. "Now let 's talk about the boat some more."

The next morning they all set out according to schedule to show Miss Comfort the *Pequot Queen*. Laurie had doubts as to the wisdom of this, for he thought it would have been better if they could have fixed up the boat a little before exhibiting it. But, as Polly said, Miss Comfort would never have waited, and Laurie need not have entertained any uneasiness. Even the river threw Miss Comfort into a tremor of delight; and after that, she walked so fast that Mrs. Deane had hard work to keep up with her. When, while still at a distance, Laurie pointed out the *Pequot Queen*, with a few stammered words of apology, Miss Comfort stopped still, clasped her hands, this morning adorned with black silk mitts, and gazed long and silently. The boys viewed her doubtfully and anxiously, but doubt and anxiety speedily fled, for the little lady's face expressed something very close to rapture. The boys looked away. Ned whistled a few tuneless notes softly. Then they went on, Miss Comfort walking faster than ever and saying no word.

"Well," said Laurie, later, "you 've got to hand it to her for imagination. Why, when I said to her, 'Here 's where the stove goes,' or, 'You could put your bureau here, Miss Comfort,' blessed if I don't think she actually *saw* them there! and after she 'd decided to put the kitchen table over on the farther side of the cabin, she was over there a few minutes later sort of feeling around, just as if she was trying to find the rolling-pin or something!"

"And was n't she pleased?" asked Bob. "Why, you 'd have thought we 'd presented her with a million-dollar castle! The old lady is certainly happy!"

"Cut out the 'old' lady stuff," growled Ned.

"Sure. I did n't mean anything, Ned. And as for being old—I 've seen a heap of younger folks that could n't have shown half her pep!"

CHAPTER IV

THE "PEQUOT QUEEN"

THERE seemed nothing for it but to take Kewpie into their confidence, and this they did when, after dinner, Ned and Laurie were back in Number 16. Kewpie, still demanding a work-out and impatient at delay, proved that he was not entirely obsessed by baseball. He became quite excited about Miss Comfort and the *Pequot Queen* and demanded to be let in on the affair.

"Got any money?" asked Ned.

Kewpie smiled in an irritatingly superior manner and showed a purse fairly bulging with crumpled bills and silver coins.

"Which," he observed grandly, "reminds me that I owe you fellows a trifle." The twins accepted payment without demur.

"I asked about money," said Ned, when that matter had been concluded, "because, to get in on this game, Kewpie, you have to have—er—three dollars."

Kewpie's countenance promptly betrayed the secret thought that he could remain out and still manage to survive. Whereupon Laurie added hastily: "Of course, three dollars makes you a life member, you understand. You can become an ordinary member for two."

Kewpie grinned and disentangled two one-dollar bills from the wad. Ned accepted them gravely. "Want a receipt?" he asked.

"Yes, I 'd like a receipt for your cheek," responded Kewpie, flippantly. "Bet nobody else has put in any little old two dollars! Bet nobody else has put in two-bits!"

"The books of the association are always open to inspection," replied Ned, coldly, pocketing Kewpie's contribution.

"All right, Nid. Now what about some pitching?"

Laurie tottered to his feet. "Come on," he sighed. "But, oh, Kewpie darlin', I rue the day I first looked on your ugly face!"

Later that day the initial contribution to the expense fund was augmented by like sums paid or pledged by the others, and the colossal amount of twelve dollars resulted. Laurie opined that it would suffice, since he meant to beg or borrow whenever possible. In the evening the twins went over to see Bob's father, and that gentleman readily agreed to intercede with the Porter Quarry Company in their behalf. "I 'll stop there in the morning, boys, and see Porter himself. Bob, you stay around the telephone here and I 'll call you up about nine."

And at a little after nine the next morning the message came. The Porter Quarry Company, Mr. Starling telephoned, claimed no equity in the *Pequot Queen*, and, furthermore, would be extremely relieved to see the last of her!

Five minutes later, Laurie and Bob had set out to find Mr. Wilkins, who conducted the boat-yard a quarter of a mile beyond the new location chosen for the *Pequot Queen*. There was a pier and a landing, two weather-stained sheds, piles of second-hand lumber, and a few boats in various stages of dissolution. But there was no Mr. Wilkins, even though they crossed the lane and adventured to a neighboring house. They had decided to give up the search for the time, when there came a hail from the river. A small launch chugged toward shore and a man waved to them from it. They went to meet it. The noisy motor was stilled and the man hailed again.

"Looking for Dad?" he asked. He was a tall chap of possibly twenty-two or -three years, with copper-red hair that curled closely about his bare head. His face was long and thin and chiefly remarkable for a lazy, good-natured, and very wide smile. The boys explained their errand while the little launch floated close to the inshore end of the wharf.

"Dad 's over to Hamlin doing a job of work. But I can give you a tow. Where 's your launch?" Bob told him. "Huh?" asked young Mr. Wilkins, his smile almost fading. "The old *P. Q.*? You bought her?" They explained further. Young Mr. Wilkins looked dubious. "Don't know as I 'd want to take a chance like that," he said. "S'pose the Porter folks had me pinched. May be all right, fellers, like you say, but you don't own her—"

"But we 've told you that it 's all right," interrupted Bob. "We would n't be stealing her, anyhow. All we want to do is bring her up the river and tie her up to the bulkhead down there."

"That 's so!" The tall youth's smile broadened to normal. "All right. When you want I should do it?"

"Pronto," said Laurie. "Right off. How much will you charge for the job?"

Young Mr. Wilkins viewed them swiftly and shrewdly. "Oh, it ain't worth more 'n five dollars, I guess," he answered carelessly.

"I 'll say it is n't!" exclaimed Bob. "Listen, please. We 're not selling you the boat. All we want is a tow."

The other laughed merrily. "I would n't give you five dollars for her, feller. Well, how much do you want to pay?"

Oddly, perhaps, they had n't considered the question before; but Laurie answered quite promptly, "Two dollars."

"All right," was the equally prompt reply. "Jump in!"

A minute later, the launch was chugging out into the stream, Laurie and Bob huddled in the stern seat, with the water rippling past, a scant four inches below the gunwale. The craft was rather an amazing affair, being not more than fourteen feet in length and apparently built of odds and ends. No two planks seemed the same width, while, as for

length, they were anywhere from two feet to ten. Water trickled in from innumerable seams. The engine was a diminutive thing of one-cylinder, with a fly-wheel scarcely larger than a good-sized dinner-plate; but it pushed the boat along at a good gait, the boat shaking and trembling at every explosion in the cylinder. The skipper, seated on an empty box by the engine, laughed.

"How do you like her?" he asked. "Some cruiser, eh? I knocked her together two, three years ago. Got that engine out of a yacht dinghy that sank over by Eagle Beak one time. She 's sort of wet underfoot, but she generally gets there. You fellers from Hillman's?"

Bob admitted that they were.

"Fine man, the doctor. Used to work for him sometimes when I was in high school. Mowed grass and so on a couple of summers. My name 's Ambrose Wilkins. Called Brose generally. What sort of a baseball team you fellers going to have up there this year?" He gave a negligent tug at the tiller-line and swerved around the stern of a tug that was backing out from the coal wharf with a lighter snuggled beside her.

"Why, pretty good, I reckon," answered Laurie.

Brose Wilkins's grin broadened more. "Guess you were n't up there the time we played you that 22 to 3 game. Course not. That was five years ago. That was some game, boys. Hillman's did n't get a hit until the fifth, and did n't put a run over until the eighth. Then our infield went flooey for a minute and your crowd piled in three runs. Some game!"

"Did you play?" asked Laurie.

Brose nodded and squirted some oil in the general direction of the little engine. "Yeah," he answered. "Pitched."

"Oh! Well, you must have been good," replied Laurie.

"Fair," the other acknowledged modestly. "That would have been a shut-out if a couple of our infielders had n't cracked."

Laurie stared intently at the *Pequot Queen*, now less than two hundred yards away.

"'SAY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN TO DO WITH HER, ANYWAY?'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

After a moment he asked idly, "Do you still play ball?"

"Yeah, I pitch for the Lambert team, over to Munroe. At least, I been pitching for them. There 's a team down at Carmel that 's written me a couple of times lately. Guess they 'll make me an offer pretty soon. I got twenty a game from the Lamberts, but I guess this Carmel crowd 'll do better."

"Twenty dollars a game?" asked Bob.

"Yeah. 'T ain't much, of course, but it helps. Besides, I like to play ball, and there ain't so much doing up here that Dad can't tend to it once a week. Well, here 's the old *P. Q.* Geewhillikens, fellers, I remember when this old scow was a regular lady! Say, what you guys meaning to do with her, anyway?"

"That 's a long story," evaded Laurie.

"All right. None of my business, eh? Reach under that seat, will you, and pull out that coil of rope."

No one paid any attention as the *Pequot Queen's* weather-grayed hawsers were cast off and, with Laurie and Bob at the bow, the long-idle craft moved slowly from the dock. Until the last moment, Laurie had feared that some officious employee of the quarry company would object, and he breathed freely only when the boat was clear of the little harbor and her broad nose had been pointed up-stream. She moved sluggishly, since, as Brose Wilkins remarked, she probably had enough water under her deck to fill a pond. "Water-line 's 'most a foot under," said Brose, "but she 'll come all right as soon as she gets started."

The boys thought the three-quarter-inch manila rope that Brose was using as a tow-line perilously weak, but it proved quite equal to its purpose. At first, the little one-lung engine threatened to throb itself into junk in its effort to move the *Pequot Queen,* but gradually the larger craft got under way, imperceptibly at first, and the voyage up the river began. It was slow going, but the tiny launch never faltered, and the *Pequot Queen,* having, as it seemed, finally made up her mind to say good-by to her old home and set forth on an exciting adventure, displayed a cheerful willingness to follow this new acquaintance.

On the coal wharf a half-dozen workers paused in their labors and stared incredulously. One shouted a question, and, after that, the *Pequot Queen* wallowed leisurely past to a chorus of ribald comments. In answer, Laurie, seated on the bow rail, waved a nonchalant hand. Farther along, other denizens of the water-front stood and stared at the sight. That they were causing a tremendous sensation was quite evident to the passengers on the old ferry-boat, and, boy-like, they enjoyed it thoroughly. Laurie regretted that they had n't brought a flag and run it up on the short staff beside them!

Getting the *Pequot Queen* into her new berth was far more difficult than persuading her to leave her old home. She had to be taken past the sunken canal-boat without running her bow on the bottom, and that task required patience and ingenuity. But Brose Wilkins was equal to it, and finally, after much tugging and swinging and shoving,—the *Pequot Queen's* steering apparatus was no longer of use,—the battered old craft was lying against the short stretch of bulkhead. That her rail smashed off the upper plank of the bulkhead was immaterial, since it allowed her to get a few inches nearer. That the boys had neglected to bring anything to tie the boat up with complicated matters at first. They had not brought the old hawsers along, since they had been uncertain whether they were the property of the boat's former owners or of the quarry company. In any case, those rotted ropes would have been of only temporary use. Laurie offered to run over to a store and get some new line, but Brose vetoed that suggestion.

"You fellers hold her here a few minutes," he said. "We 've got some second-hand stuff over in the shed that 'll do fine and won't cost you but a few cents. All we need is about thirty feet at each end." He chugged off, leaving the boys sitting on the rail of the boat with their legs dangling over the bulkhead planking. The *Pequot Queen* showed no desire to leave her new home. In fact, she seemed more desirous of pushing her way right up on the beach, and Laurie audibly wondered whether they had n't better somehow strengthen the bulkhead.

"I guess she 'll be all right when she 's once tied up," said Bob. "We 'll ask the Wilkins chap when he comes back."

Brose allayed their fears as he climbed abroad the *Pequot Queen* with a supply of thick hawser. "She won't budge when we get her fixed," he assured them. "Ease her off a bit while I stick these fenders over the side." The fenders were two sausage-shaped canvas bags attached to short lengths of cord and he inserted them between bulkhead and boat some ten feet apart, making the free ends of the cords fast under the low

rail. "They won't cost you anything," he said. "They 're worn out. All right for this job, though. Now let 's see."

Ten minutes later, the *Pequot Queen* was fast, bow and stern, the worn, but serviceable, hawsers securely tied to two spiles. "There!" said Brose. "She 'll stay put till the Yankees win the World's Championship, fellers!"

"We 're awfully much obliged to you," said Laurie, gratefully. "You 've been mighty decent. Now, how much is it, rope and all?"

"Two dollars and seventy-five cents," answered Brose. "But I 'll throw off the seventy-five cents if you 'll tell me what, in the name of Old Joe Barnes, you 're aiming to do with her now you 've got her!"

Laurie questioned Bob silently, and, because they had taken a sudden and immense liking to the queer, loose-jointed, red-haired Brose, Bob nodded. So Laurie told him the whole story, and Brose Wilkins's eyes opened wide and his broad smile threatened to jostle his ears while he listened. Once or twice he chuckled, too; and when Laurie had finished, he laughed until tears stood in his gray eyes. Laurie frowned then. He supposed it did sound sort of funny, but Brose's laughter lasted too long. It was n't *that* funny! Then, just when Laurie was forming a stinging rebuke in his mind, Brose wiped his streaming eyes with a sleeve of his old brown sweater and became coherent. He had previously attempted, without success, to speak.

"Well, if that don't beat the Cubs!" he gasped. "I got to hand it to you fellers for using the old bean! And, say, what about Miss Pansy, eh? Ain't she running true to form? I 'll say she is! You can't beat that little woman, fellers. She 's plucky, she is! Think of her living down here all by her lonesome and tickled to do it because she 's on a boat! Funny, eh? And sporting, too, eh? She 's a wonder, Miss Pansy is!"

"You know her then?" asked Laurie.

"Know her? Know Miss Pansy Comfort? Known her since I was that high." Brose swept a hand along some six inches from the deck. "Used to be in her Sunday-school class. Done odd jobs for her when I was a kid, often. Shingled the shed roof for her not more 'n four years ago. Sure, I know her! Guess every one does. I heard something about her having to leave that house up there, but I did n't know she was up against it like that. Well, say!"

"Don't you think she 'd get on all right here?" asked Laurie, anxiously. "I 've been thinking that it 'll be sort of lonely here at night for her."

"She 'll get on—trust her! She 's plucky. Anyway, no one would trouble her. Why, geewhillikins, I 'll look out for her myself! I 'm going past here all times, land or water, and I 'll keep the old eagle eye peeled sharp. Another thing. You say you 're going to fix this old ark up a bit. You 'd have to, of course. Well, that 's where I come in, eh? I 'm sort of handy with tools and I 'd like mighty well to help. What say, fellers?"

"I say, 'Sure!' " answered Laurie, joyfully. "That 'll be simply corking! And maybe you 've got some tools?"

"Tools?. Yeah. Or if I ain't, I can get 'em. When you aiming to get at her and what are you aiming to do?"

(To be continued)

TENDER-HEARTED TOMMY TO THE SNOWBIRD: "WON'T YOU COME HOME TO SUPPER WITH ME?"

GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE

By FLOYD L. DARROW

ONE Saturday morning, more than sixty years ago, a man and boy might have been observed standing over a pile of pipe in a machine-shop at Schenectady, New York. The man was giving instructions to his fourteen-year-old son, George Westinghouse, Jr., as to how he wished this pipe to be cut into pieces of a certain length. George had wanted to go on a hike with some other boys, but his father, a somewhat stern man, was assigning a task, which, he assured the lad, would require all of his spare time for several days to come. While his father had been talking, the boy had been thinking out a scheme to escape this drudgery. In a few hours he had rigged up a combination of tools which, when attached to a power machine, automatically fed the pipe and cut it into the proper lengths.

In this youthful incident we have the first glimpse of the wonderful inventive genius of one of the most extraordinary men that America has ever produced. But what do you know about George Westinghouse? Not much, I venture to say. You know a great deal about Watt, Stephenson, Morse, Bell, Marconi, the Wright brothers, and Edison. The story of the inventor of the air-brake and the pioneer in the manufacture and distribution of electric power is equally fascinating.

Westinghouse was born in the autumn of 1846 at Central Bridge, Schoharie County, New York. His father, a sturdy descendant of early Dutch settlers in this country, was an inventor of some note and possessed of great mechanical ability. He had a carpenter- and machine-shop, which he later moved to Schenectady, where George spent most of his boyhood. Young Westinghouse was not very different from other boys. He liked to play, and he disliked school. His fondness for play got him into frequent trouble with his father, who wished him to come into the shop after school-hours and learn the use of tools. Continued work at the bench upon any assigned task seemed impossible for George. His mind soon wandered away to some toy of his own contriving. For hours at a time he would work upon his own devices, much to the disgust of his father, who frequently sent them to the scrap-heap. At length, a kindly foreman in his father's shop took pity upon the lad and fitted out a shop for him in the loft, where he spent many happy hours. His first real invention, and one which he later patented, was a small rotary steam-engine, built in this boyhood laboratory. With it, he ran a small boat on the Erie Canal.

When the Civil War broke out, Westinghouse was only fifteen, but he wanted to go to the front. Unable to secure his father's permission, he decided to run away. A number of other boys were in the scheme. When the appointed morning arrived, however, only one other boy dared take so bold a step. Carpet-bag in hand, George started down the railroad track to the station; but a neighbor warned his parents, and his father started in pursuit. He arrived just in time to remove the would-be soldier from the train as it was about to pull out.

Two years later his father withdrew his objections, and George enlisted for thirty days. Failing in his attempt to recruit a company so as to obtain a lieutenant's commission, he reënlisted as a private. After two years in the cavalry service, he won an appointment as acting third assistant engineer in the Navy. Here he was fortunate enough to secure the use of a lathe, and spent his spare moments in perfecting his rotary steam-engine. In the spring of 1865 he returned to Schenectady.

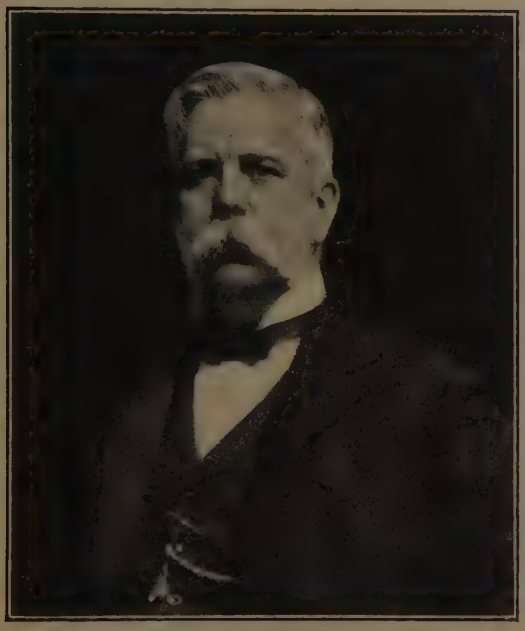
EDUCATION AND EARLY INVENTIONS

THE autumn of that year was spent as a student in Union College, located in his home town. But college did not appeal to him. For languages and theoretical mathematics he had no taste. He frequently absented himself from class, more interested in a number of machines that he was trying to invent than in his college work. Upon the advice of the president, his father withdrew him at Christmas-time. Thus ended his college career. This was a source of great relief to Westinghouse at the time, but his lack of technical training was keenly regretted in later years, and cost him much both in time and money. For want of a better job, he went to work again in his father's shop at two dollars a day.

He frequently went on business trips for his father. One day he was returning from

Albany, when the two rear cars on the train running just ahead of his jumped the track. For two tedious hours he watched the wrecking-crew while they slowly and painfully lifted the cars back to the rails. To a friend he remarked, "That was a poorly handled job."

While watching the work, there was born in his mind the idea of his first important



GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE

invention. It was to be a car-replacer, consisting of a pair of rails which might be clamped to the track and run off at an angle, like the frog of a switch. This device would enable the engine to pull the cars back upon the rails in a very few minutes. Here, as ever after, an idea and its execution went hand in hand. Before he went to sleep that night, he had the device fully thought out. The next morning he made drawings and a model. These he carried to his father, but could not interest him. The obstacles pointed out by the elder Westinghouse only increased the young man's determination to succeed. He then went with his project to a number of business men of the town, and found two who were willing to risk $5000 on the enterprise.

He patented his invention, and it proved to be a great success. He quickly contracted with a number of factories for its manufacture, and in a short time had his car-replacer in use on all the principal railroads of the East. Thus, before he was out of his teens, Westinghouse had become a successful inventor and a promising business man.

THE BEGINNING OF THE AIR-BRAKE

ANOTHER railway accident was to prove the incentive for the next and most important of all of Westinghouse's inventions. One day, as he was traveling from Schenectady to Troy, his train suddenly stopped. Going ahead to learn the cause of the delay, two battered locomotives and a score or more of wrecked freight-cars told the story of a head-on collision. The track at that point was perfectly straight for some distance and the road-bed smooth. It seemed to Westinghouse that the collision could have been avoided. Upon inquiry, he learned that the engineers had seen each other and had made every effort to stop, but that the brakes would not act quickly enough. There was not time to stop.

This set Westinghouse to thinking. Surely a better braking system must be devised. Suppose that, instead of blowing the whistle and waiting for the trainmen to set the brakes, the engineer could set them himself. Would not that put an end to such accidents? But how could this be done? His first idea was to extend a brake-chain the whole length of the train, which could be drawn taut by some device under the control of the engineer. Soon after, a business trip took him to Chicago, and there he learned that a system similar to this was in operation on the Burlington Railroad. His keen insight at once told him that this clumsy device would not solve the problem. Something better must be invented. But that was the sort of thing Westinghouse enjoyed. Undaunted, he began to experiment with all the enthusiasm of a youthful conqueror.

His next plan was to operate the brakes by a cylinder and piston placed under each car and supplied with steam from the engine. But he quickly realized that the condensation of steam in the pipes and cylinders, especially in cold weather, would make this scheme impossible of success. The problem baffled him, but he would not give up. It haunted him every moment of his waking hours. Then opportunity knocked at his door.

One noon-hour, as he sat in his father's shop, a young woman approached and asked him to subscribe for a magazine. Westinghouse was about to turn her away, but seeing the look of disappointment upon her face, he

repented. Pulling out a two-dollar bill from his pocket, he put his name down for a three months' subscription. In looking over the specimen copy, his eye was caught by an article on the Mont Cenis Tunnel, which was then being bored in Switzerland. He specified that his subscription must begin with this number.

A seemingly trivial incident this, and yet it solved Westinghouse's problem of the brake and changed his whole future career. When the magazine came he immediately turned to the article on the tunnel. In it he learned that compressed air was being used to operate a rock-drill located at a distance of more than half a mile from the air-compressor. Westinghouse threw down the magazine. Here was the very power needed to operate his brake—air—that was it! It would not condense. It would not freeze. It could be transmitted great distances without loss. Very quickly he designed his brake system and applied for a patent.

A VISIT TO PITTSBURGH

About this time, Westinghouse took over the entire charge of his car-replacer business and removed to Pittsburgh. There he arranged with a firm to manufacture the parts and allow him to act as salesman. This gave him an opportunity to meet railroad officials, and on every occasion he talked about his air-brake. It was the same old story. Westinghouse's experience was similar to that of many other inventors. Men were interested, but the "scheme was visionary," "impractical," "it would never work," and much more.

He did succeed in interesting a young man of Pittsburgh named Baggaley. Baggaley had some means, and together they built a working model. This was in the autumn of 1868, and Westinghouse was not quite twenty-two.

In vain did Westinghouse endeavor to induce some railroad to place a train of cars at his disposal for a public demonstration. Robert Pitcairn, local superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, became enthusiastic over the new brake, but he could not interest the officials above him. At the hands of all other railroad officials he met with similar rebuffs.

Then W. W. Card, of the Panhandle Railroad, became convinced of the remarkable possibilities of Westinghouse's invention. He persuaded his company to furnish a train of cars, provided Westinghouse would equip it at his own expense and agree to reimburse the company for any damage to the locomotive or cars. Weary of delay, Westinghouse accepted the offer.

THE DEMONSTRATION

The day of the trial arrived. It was in September, 1868, and a momentous day it proved to be for the future of railroading in this and every other country of the world. The Steubenville Accommodation, consisting of locomotive, tender, and four coaches, was on hand. A steam-driven air-pump was mounted on the locomotive. In a main reservoir, also on the locomotive, air was compressed to sixty or seventy pounds pressure per square inch. A pipe, leading from the reservoir through a valve mechanism near the engineer's seat, passed beneath the train to the brake-cylinders, one for the tender and one for each car. Flexible hose connections were provided between the cars, and the piston of each brake-cylinder was connected to the ordinary hand-brake gear. To set the brakes, the engineer turned the valve so as to admit air to the pipe-line and brake-cylinders. The admission of air thrust out the pistons and set the brakes. To release the brakes, the engineer turned the valve so as to cut off connection with the air-reservoir and at the same time open the train pipe and cylinders to the outside air.

Just before the train started, Westinghouse shook hands with the engineer, a young man named Dan Tate, and, in doing so, passed to him a fifty-dollar bill, the last dollar that the young inventor had in the world. The train pulled out. It had just reached a speed of thirty miles an hour when suddenly there came a jolt. With a terrific jar that sent the passengers sliding from their seats with bruised shins and battered hats, the train was brought to rest. A drayman had blundered upon a crossing scarcely two blocks ahead of the approaching train. The driver frantically whipped up his horses, but was thrown across one of the rails. There was no time to lose. Immediately, the engineer reached for the brake-valve and gave it a mighty twist. The air, rushing from the main reservoir into the line and cylinders, drove out the pistons and set the brakes with irresistible force. Just four feet on the safe side of the drayman and his rig, the train came to a stop. The disgruntled railroad officials and their invited guests tumbled out to learn the cause of their shaking up. A more dramatic scene could

hardly be imagined. Skepticism vanished like mist before the sun, and enthusiastic approval warmed the heart of the young inventor. Westinghouse was delighted. The trial trip was continued, and at every point the brakes worked without a flaw. It was a great triumph and the dawning of a new day in railroading.

THE FIRST AIR-BRAKE FACTORY

WESTINGHOUSE'S first air-brake patent was issued in April, 1869, when he was not yet twenty-three years old. He immediately abandoned his car-replacer business, and, with the assistance of his friend Baggaley, rented an old foundry in Pittsburgh, where he began the manufacture of his brake. The Pennsylvania Railroad now provided a train and asked for a demonstration. This was as successful as the other; and with the same train, Westinghouse was permitted to make demonstrations in Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis.

Success now became rapid and certain. A company, having on its board of directors some of the most prominent railroad men of the country and with Westinghouse as president, was organized in July of that year. All of the more important railroads, both East and West, began rapidly to install his brake. With this business prosperity came financial success in abundance, and leaving his affairs in competent hands in this country, Westinghouse went to England in the following year. After a hard-fought battle, he overcame British conservatism and was largely successful in introducing his brake there and on the Continent. By the fall of 1881, his brake was in use on 6599 locomotives and 30,080 cars in this and other countries.

LATER DEVELOPMENTS

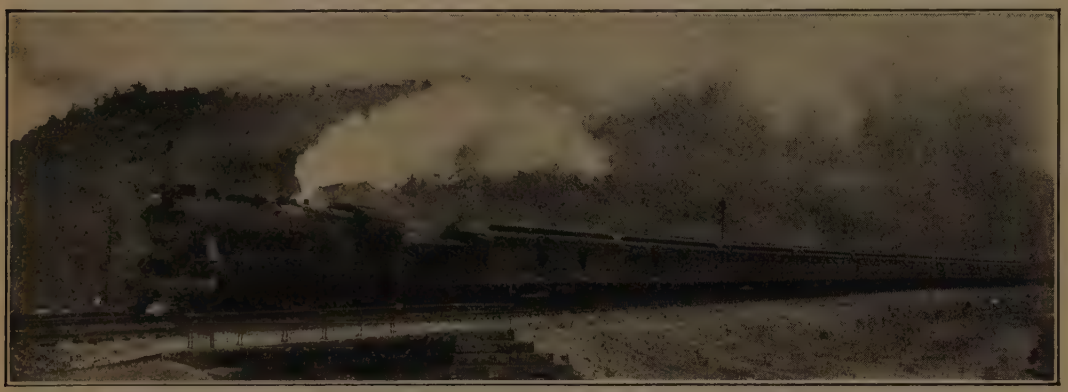
WESTINGHOUSE did not stop with his first model. As compared with his later inventions, it was very crude. But he immediately began to improve it. In case a train should break in two, as very often happened in those days, his first mechanism made no provision for setting the brakes. To overcome this defect, he brought out the automatic brake. In this system, each car carried an auxiliary cylinder of compressed air, and the brakes were applied not by an increase, but by a reduction, of air-pressure in the train pipe. Decrease of pressure from a ruptured hose-connection or any other cause, intentional or accidental, would stop the train. The device that accomplished this was known as the "triple valve." It was Westinghouse's masterpiece of inventive work. In this early form and in its later development, it represents one of the very highest examples of scientific invention.

LOCOMOTIVE AND COACH, PART OF THE FIRST TRAIN USED TO DEMONSTRATE THE AIR-BRAKE

At first, the air-brake was used only on passenger-trains; but by 1888, Westinghouse had perfected his system so that it could handle the longest freight-train with the utmost ease and safety. In his first experiments with long trains, he found the action of his brake to be too slow. The brakes would set on the forward cars first, thereby causing great havoc with the rear cars and their contents. Many railroad men freely predicted Westinghouse's defeat. But in a series of demonstrations in three successive years held at Burlington, Iowa, he overcame

every difficulty and convinced the railroad world of the vast superiority of his all-air system.

Consider for a moment what the air-brake has meant to the modern world. The railroads are the arteries of commerce. Transportation is the life-blood of industry. Any device that increases their efficiency adds to the comfort and happiness of every one.



A HIGH SPEED PASSENGER-TRAIN, THE OPERATION OF WHICH IS MADE SAFE BY THE AIR-BRAKE

The air-brake banished the short, light trains of one and two generations ago. It made possible the extension of mountain railroads, with their sharp bends and steep grades. It ushered in the day of giant locomotives, heavy steel cars, and immense cargoes. It has immeasurably increased the safety both of train-crews and the traveling public. Certain it is that, without Westinghouse and the air-brake, industry and commerce as we know them to-day would still be but dreams of the future.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ELECTRIC POWER

It would seem that his invention and development of the air-brake would have required the labors of a lifetime. As a matter of fact, they absorbed but a small portion of this wonderful man's genius for invention. He was equally brilliant in other fields. As a foremost pioneer in the manufacture of electric power, Westinghouse laid the foundations for the mighty age of electricity in which we now live. When he came upon the field, electricity was still the plaything of science. Its manifold applications in solving the problems of industry and adding to the convenience and comfort of people everywhere were hardly glimpsed. The telegraph had been in use for a generation. Electric arc-lighting was a novelty. Bell had just invented the telephone, and Edison was experimenting with the electric lamp. The immense field of the alternating current, which now comprises ninety-five per cent. of all the electric power generated and transmitted, was an unexplored realm. It is to the everlasting glory of Westinghouse that he had the breadth of vision to foresee the wonderful possibilities of this new phase of electricity, and the boldness to push forward, when the world's leading scientists and its practical men opposed and ridiculed him.

Unlike many other investigators in untried fields, Westinghouse had ample means. His air-brake industry and other enterprises had made him a wealthy man. It was in the early eighties that he began seriously to turn his wonderful genius for invention and organization into electrical channels. He gathered about him and trained in his research laboratories some of the most brilliant electrical engineers of his time. Although Westinghouse made many important inventions in the electrical art, his chief work was that of an organizer. He caught a mighty vision of the future and supplied the means and driving force to bring his vision to pass. Bringing the full weight of his keen, analytical mind to bear upon every problem, guiding, inspiring, he blazed the paths of progress.

In 1882, central stations for commercial lighting were just beginning to be put into service. But it was soon seen the cost of copper wire would prohibit the transmission of the electric current beyond a few hundred yards from the central station. This was because only direct current (i.e., current that flows only in one direction) and small voltages were being used in transmission. The losses involved in transmitting large quantities of current at small electrical pressures

over small copper wires to any considerable distance were very large. While the losses were less with larger wires, the cost of copper was again prohibitive. It was at this point that Westinghouse came upon the scene. He had become much interested in the alternating current, i.e., current that changes its direction many times per second. He had also learned of some crude attempts to invent a transformer, which would be able to vary the voltage and quantity of an alternating current in either direction. This was his key to the solution of the critical problem which opposed farther progress in the field of electric lighting.

At that time the transformer, without which long-distance transmission would even to-day be impossible, was only a dream. Taking the crude ideas of early investigators, Westinghouse set his engineers to work upon the problem. In a remarkably short space of time they solved it. It then for the first time became possible to "step up" electric energy to high voltage and small quantity for transmission, and at the end of the line to step it down to low voltage and large quantity for electric-lighting and power purposes. This reduced to very small proportions the loss involved in transmission, for this loss depends upon the quantity of current, and not the voltage. This invention marks one of the great triumphs in the history of electric progress. It was little short of revolutionary. And yet few other great inventions have been more bitterly opposed. All sorts of tales were told and published of the direful catastrophes that would follow the use of the alternating current.

Undismayed, Westinghouse, in December, 1885, organized the Westinghouse Electric Company with a capital stock of a million dollars. At Buffalo in November of the following year, he installed the first commercial plant employing the alternating system. To-day the central power stations of the United States generate each year nearly fifty billion kilowatt hours of electric power and transmit it over approximately 90,000 miles of high-tension lines.

THE ALTERNATING-CURRENT MOTOR

WESTINGHOUSE was also quick to see that his new system of electric power could not succeed without the invention of alternating-current motors and measuring meters. In 1888, Nikola Tesla had invented an alternating-current motor. It was a great invention and came just in time. Still, the motor was crude and undeveloped. In July of that year, Westinghouse secured the exclusive rights under the Tesla patents. For seven years his engineering staff worked upon this motor before they brought it to a state of commercial usefulness. Westinghouse's own contribution to this great achievement was that of imagination, courage, and financial

A SIX-ENGINE FREIGHT-TRAIN CLIMBING THE SISKIYOU MOUNTAIN, CALIFORNIA. THE CONTROL OF THIS LONG, HEAVY TRAIN IS MADE POSSIBLE BY THE AIR-BRAKE

backing; and in his laboratories, O. B. Shallenberger, chief electrician of the company, perfected the first alternating-current meter.

But still, for much work, direct current was indispensable. Therefore, the engineering staff in Westinghouse's shops at East Pittsburgh went to work upon the invention of a machine for changing alternating current into direct current. The result was the rotary converter, which was a large factor in the successful introduction of the alternating-current system.

WESTINGHOUSE ALTERNATING-CURRENT GENERATORS AT NIAGARA FALLS

Two of Westinghouse's greatest triumphs were his electrification of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in 1893, and the building and installation of the big alternating-current generators for the Niagara power-plant. At Chicago, the world witnessed for the first time a brilliant display of electric lighting on a magnificent scale. After taking the contract at a price of about $1,000,000 less than that of his nearest competitor, Westinghouse was required within a very few months to provide machinery for the manufacture of 250,000 lamps and to supply a continuous stream of replacements. To supply the current for these lamps, he built twelve alternating-current generators, each of 1000 horse-power.

Chiefly through the influence of Westinghouse, and against the opposition of many noted scientists and engineers, alternating-current generators were adopted for the large power-plant at Niagara Falls. This was in May of 1893, and in April, 1895, the first of the immense generators was installed and the commercial sale and distribution of electric power from Niagara Falls began. It is, perhaps, needless to point out that, had not the alternating current been adopted, the present-day long-distance transmission of electric power from the great cataract would be impossible.

In many other fields Westinghouse was a pioneer and master genius. He introduced into this country the interlocking system of railroad signaling, and, by a series of brilliant inventions, harnessed the air to operate the heavy switches. He invented a pneumatic shock-absorber for automobiles. He opened and developed the gas-fields of Pennsylvania, and made many inventions in the machinery for the distribution and use of this cheap source of fuel and power. He was an inventor and manufacturer of gas-engines and steam-turbines. He did much of the early work on the development of the modern gas-producer for the artificial manufacture of fuel- and power-gas. He invented an automatic train-coupler; and among his most important inventions was the friction draft-gear, which absorbs the shocks due to starting, running, and stopping long trains. These and many more achievements mark him as one of the chief geniuses of this age of invention.

Physically a giant, a man of genial manner and warm friendships, beloved by his associates, of the highest moral integrity, George Westinghouse was a prince among men. A glorious career of magnificent achievement, equaled by few and surpassed by none of his fellow-countrymen, will insure his place in the history of invention for centuries to come.

SANTA'S UNEXPECTED VISIT

ONCE Santa Claus called at the wrong time of year,
And caught all his little friends napping.
Nobody suspected the good saint was near,
For he enters, you know, without rapping.

The children all thought it a wonderful thing
To have him appear out of season,
And fluttered about him like birds on the wing,
Till they found he had come for a reason.

He 's jolly and loving, this favorite saint,
But he won't be imposed on and cheated.
For years he had heard from his workmen complaint
That his gifts were most shockingly treated.

So he called on his friends whom the Christmas before,
He 'd loaded with gifts rich and splendid,
And asked them to show, if they could, from their store
A single one whole and unmended.

Boys thought of their rusty skates flung in some shed,
Girls tried to conceal their toy dishes.
(With sweet sprays of rosebuds, in gold-leaf and red,
He 'd left them with love and good wishes!)

He saw the fine tool-chest he 'd carried to Fred
With contents now scattered and broken,
And gave a sad frown and a shake of his head,
Which needed no words to be spoken.

The doll Ethel showed was a pitiful sight;
Tears filled Santa's eyes at the vision.
Her fair curls were gone, and her raiment, once white,
Was ruined beyond recognition.

"Alas!" sighed poor Santa, "it makes my heart bleed
To see my good gifts lost and slighted.
I try ev'ry year to provide what you need
That no holiday wish may be blighted.

"My workmen are busy at spindle and loom;
Year in and year out they are toiling
To make the bright gifts on your Christmas-trees bloom
You seem to take pleasure in spoiling."

Before the dazed children could frame a reply,
He 'd left them in deepest dejection.
Their presents of last year, they thought with a sigh,
Would hardly bear Santa's inspection.

I give you fair warning: beware, youngsters dear,
He may come again out of season;
And if you receive fewer presents next year,
This visit will tell you the reason.

—*Adalena F. Dyer.*

A CONTINENTAL DOLLAR

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "The Luck of Denewood," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

ONE night in June, 1777, Patty Abbott, at Haddonfield, New Jersey, is awakened by the arrival of visitors and hastens down to prepare food for them. The kitchen door opens mysteriously and a note signed "E. P. U." is dropped on the floor, warning of danger on the Gloucester road that night. This does not alarm Patty until she learns that General Washington, who is one of the visitors, means to take that road into Philadelphia. Her father sets out upon the general's errand, when there is the sound of musket-shots and the British Major Tarlton takes Mr. Abbott prisoner in mistake for Washington, bringing him to Springhill, the Abbott's home, en route to the British camp, where Mr. Abbott is likely to be tried as a spy. Patty contrives her father's escape and, after the British officers leave, finds on the floor a continental dollar-bill, inside of which is concealed a cipher message. Although she can not read it, she feels that it is of importance, and hides it in an old rag doll which she takes with her when she goes to Philadelphia to spend the winter with her aunt, who is a Tory, and by whom Patty is received as a rebel. She and her cousin Rosalie grow fond of each other and discover that they look very much alike. Rosalie seems to shun all discussion of politics, and Patty and she become fast friends, when Major Tarlton arrives at the house in disguise and Patty overhears a conversation that makes her doubt Rosalie.

CHAPTER IX

I LOSE A DOLL AND A FRIEND

AT the sight of Major Tarlton entering the dining-room, I jumped to my feet in a sort of panic, and he, recognizing me at once, stopped short and for an instant gazed into my eyes in utter amazement. But only for an instant did he pause, then, suddenly alert, he glanced about him suspiciously.

"What is this? Some trick?" he cried out.

"Trick!" echoed Aunt Augusta, rising also. "What mean you, Mr. Black?"

"Nay, there 's no need to name me Black," he retorted. "The young lady knows I am—"

"Stop!" exclaimed my aunt, loudly, breaking in upon the other's speech. "Wait till we 're alone. Small," she went on, "leave the room and shut the door behind you."

In silence we waited till the butler had quitted us; and though it could not have been half a minute we stood thus, it seemed to me I had never known a man could cross a room so slowly.

When he was gone, Aunt Augusta sat down and spoke again to Tarlton. "Now what is it you have to say?" she demanded peremptorily.

"Nay, Madam, I think the explanation is due to me," he returned evenly, his coolness coming back to him. " 'T is evident that you were not aware that Miss Patty Abbott and I are—not old friends, exactly, but we have seen each other more than once. And, I may add, this was the last house in which I expected to renew our acquaintance."

" 'T is not unnatural, however, that she should be here, seeing that she is my niece," Aunt Augusta retorted; "but how comes it you have any acquaintance with her?"

"You may remember something of an expedition upon the Gloucester road that was planned for some few days ago, Madam," he said.

"Well planned and vilely executed," declared Aunt Augusta, scathingly. "But what has that to do with this girl?"

" 'T was in her house we discovered our mistake, Madam," he explained. "In the dark—"

"Oh, spare me excuses, Mr. Tarlton," said Aunt Augusta, insolently; "nor is it necessary to go into further details of the matter. If to excuse your failure is your reason for being here to-night, you might have saved yourself a hard ride and avoided certain risks to your precious skin."

It was quite evident that Aunt Augusta was very angry and at no pains to hide it. Doubtless, she would have talked the same way before Sir William Howe or King George himself, if she had felt so inclined, for she feared no one on earth and spoke her mind, counting neither the cost to herself nor the feelings she might chance to hurt.

Mr. Tarlton flushed crimson under her taunt, but held himself in check, and, when he spoke, seemed not unduly ruffled.

"My errand here had naught to do with that mission, Madam," he said. "It concerns a certain continental dollar-bill."

"Have a care, sir, before the child," my aunt cried, struck of a sudden out of her self-possession.

"Nay," laughed Tarlton, grimly, "Miss Patty knows more about it than I do."

"What mean you?" demanded Aunt Augusta, much agitated. "Tell me instantly. 'T is no matter to bandy words about. How comes my niece to know aught of it?"

"You mean she has n't told you?" he asked; and seeing by the expression of my aunt's face that no answer to this was necessary, he went on. "Then Mistress Patty has not changed her politics with her residence."

"What have the child's politics to do with this?" asked my aunt.

"You seem to forget, Madam, that, an I am taken in this city, I shall be promptly hung as a spy," Tarlton said with calm deliberation. "Miss Patty, I doubt not, fancies she owes me a debt of ill will for certain inconveniences suffered by her father. Nor could I altogether blame her for denouncing me, even though—"

"Have done with this talk," my aunt broke in. "Whatever my niece's political opinions may be, I guarantee they shall not interfere with you. She is in my house and—"

"But she may not stay in your house," Major Tarlton interrupted.

"And why not, if I am so minded?" said my aunt. "Think you I would hesitate to keep her here if there were need? It was not my wish that she should have known aught of this business, but that has been taken out of my hands. Rest assured, however, that too many grave matters hang on it to let me run any risks, and, if need arise, the child shall stay here until this little war is over. Now proceed, sir; you have naught to fear."

This assumption that Mr. Tarlton was fearful of something stung the young man, and I think my aunt was well aware that it would when she hinted at it.

"Madam," he said, "if I seem to display a certain prudence, I should prefer not to have it attributed to cowardice. I can, and have, risked my life as well as another's, but I am no more inclined than is any other to walk into traps."

"Have done and get to the meat of the business," Aunt Augusta railed at him. "You were pleased to mention a continental dollar-bill. What has happened to it?"

"I have it," Tarlton replied calmly.

"You have it!" she cried in amazement. "Why did you not deliver it into the hands it was meant for?"

"Because, as it happened," Tarlton explained, "I found upon examination that it would have been a useless procedure. There was no message within it."

"Impossible!" cried my aunt, in a fury. "Impossible, I say! Useless, indeed, you wish me to infer that you, yourself, have turned traitor!"

"I care not what you infer, Madam," Tarlton answered angrily, at last losing his temper at her constant taunts, "but this much you may learn to your profit: Miss Patty Abbott, there, can inform you as to what has become of that same message."

Aunt Augusta turned to me in amazement, her mouth half open as if to speak, and yet so surprised was she that no words issued from it.

"I see you do not know what has happened, Madam," Tarlton continued. "It is quickly explained. I dropped the bill, in the midst of some disorder at Mistress Abbott's house, and, finding it gone, returned from South Amboy and asked if she had seen it? She said she had it and, without more ado, gave me the bill, explaining that she had picked it up from the floor after our departure. I was rejoiced to recover it, but, riding alone in the dark, I had an opportunity for reflection, and a recollection of something in Mistress Patty's manner set my suspicions alight. I stopped at the house of a friend and made certain that the bill had been opened, its contents removed, and that then it had been neatly put together again. I hastened back with all speed, but Miss Patty had left the house with her maid and her steward. No one knew whither she had gone, and there was naught for it but to retrace my steps, empty-handed."

Aunt Augusta turned to me sharply. "Is this true, Patty?" she demanded.

"Quite true, Aunt," I returned.

"Then you have this message Major Tarlton speaks of?"

"Yes, I have it," I replied, knowing that it was useless to enter a denial, and saving all my strength for the struggle I saw coming.

Aunt Augusta gave a sigh of relief and addressed Major Tarlton.

"It 's all right, sir," she said calmly. "It is fortunate you came and told us. Patty, run upstairs and fetch that message." She spoke as if it were the simplest thing in the

world, of no more moment than if she had asked me to go for a reel of thread. So sure did she seem that I should obey her without question that I could not suppress a light laugh, though it was more from nervousness than because I felt that there was any humor in the situation. Yet was it funny to note how certain Aunt Augusta was, when I myself was just as set in opposition.

"What are you laughing at, child?" she demanded, and there was a sharp edge to the words.

"I was thinking, Aunt, that I should prefer to keep that message," I replied, as calmly as I could, and waited for the storm to break. But it still hung in the wind.

"My child," she said, soothingly, "there has been a vast pother made over a private matter; and if you have gathered that the message I seek is of some value, there is small blame to you. But, I assure you, you will only injure yourself and do no good to any one by persistence in refusing my request."

"And yet I must refuse, Aunt," I replied stubbornly.

Just then, for the first time since Mr. Tarlton had come into the room, Rosalie seemed to waken to what was going on. With a yawn she rose to her feet.

"Oh, these silly politics!" she cried. "Are they never to end? And now my poor dear Patty is mixed up with them. I vow I 'll listen no longer. I 'm going upstairs. Seek me there, Patty, if they ever let you off this stupid quizzing." And without a nod or a word more to any of us, she quitted the room.

But as she went, there came into my heart a sudden suspicion that Rosalie was not always what she pretended. I remembered the sound of her voice as I had passed her mother's chamber that very night. There was no hint in the tone in which she then spoke that politics were so dull to her as she was wont to make others believe. She had spoken tersely, and I knew now that it was to Major Tarlton her words referred. Was she so good an actress that, under her guileless, childlike interest in fashions and balls and routs, she hid the same fierce desire to aid the king that her mother displayed so openly?

I had scant leisure for this sort of reflection. Aunt Augusta swung to the attack with a right good will, and for the next half-hour

"'BEHOLD,' SAID LAFAYETTE, 'I AM A MAJOR-GENERAL IN THE ARMY OF AMERICA'" (SEE PAGE 514)

we were at it, hammer and tongs. She coaxed, threatened, wheedled in turn, to all of which I turned a deaf ear, telling her roundly that I should not give up the message. Nor would I admit that it was in my possession, there in her house, and for a time she suspected that I had left it at Springhill and was for going thither at once; but on second thought she arrived nearer the truth, assenting rather grudgingly, it seemed to me, to Major Tarlton's suggestion that, having come into possession of so important a document, I should not have left it behind me.

"Very good, then, stubborn girl!" she announced finally, "we 'll see who is mistress of this house. Go to your room! When you have repented and will give me that for which I ask, you may come out. Until then, step not across the threshold! There will be bread and water brought you as a cure for your stiff neck. Now go!" she ended furiously, pointing to the door with her stick. "Go, I say, and let me not see your face again till you have come to reason."

I escaped to my room, not so frightened as might have been expected, seeing that, indeed, my aunt was a most fearsome object when she was in a rage; but I ran in and locked my door, glad to be alone.

For a time I was too overwrought by the scene I had just been through to think of anything very clearly. My head and my heart, too, were in a whirl. My aunt's accusations and threats still echoed in my brain, and a dreadful feeling of catastrophe seized me. At length I grew calm, and, though I liked not the thought of bread and water as a daily diet, nor indeed to be kept prisoner in my room for I knew not how long, still that menace seemed not quite real, nor was I greatly alarmed by it.

Then of a sudden my thoughts went back to Rosalie. Could my suspicions of her be true? I looked around the room for a moment, where all seemed as I had left it. Naught had been disturbed. So far, so good; but I was not yet quite satisfied. I jumped up and ran to my portmantle in one corner and jerked up the lid. In it was my undergear, all as evenly packed as I had left it; but one object I must make certain was still there, and thrusting my hand down the side, I felt around for the rag doll.

My fingers found it not. Almost madly I began to tumble the things out upon the floor and in a few moments the box was empty and still my rag baby was lacking; but, turned up with the contents of the box, sticking in a flannel skirt I had brought with me, was a small clasp-pin which was not mine.

I picked it up to look at it and recognized it at once as one which belonged to Rosalie. I could not doubt that she had been there and that my doll was in her possession. Rosalie, to whom my heart had gone out as to a sister, was false! With a sob I threw myself across the bed and wept like a child.

CHAPTER X

BREAD AND WATER

It must have been at least an hour before I recovered sufficient control of myself to undress and go to bed. The scene in the dining-room with Aunt Augusta had taxed my fortitude to the limit, for defiance to so fiery and autocratic a woman as Madam Roberts was not offered without the expenditure of much nervous force.

But to find that Rosalie had been deceiving me all this time was a bitter blow, the more so in that she had won my love. Her ridicule of politics had been a sham. It was all too plain that she was as deep in plotting against our cause as was her mother. She had deceived me to win my affection, well knowing that I was a patriot. It would have been better had she been open with me. I could have allowed for an honest difference of opinion, and we might have agreed to say naught of the matter between ourselves; but deliberately to feign an indifference she was far from feeling—that was impossible to forgive.

As I lay awake, going over in my mind the events of the day and trying to piece together the consequences of my acts, I soon found that my interest in the secret message was not profound and that the loss of it did not particularly disturb me. To be sure, the actions of Aunt Augusta and her determination to have it, even if she had to keep me a prisoner on bread and water, showed all too plainly that to her, at least, it was of extreme importance. It might be that in the hands of one of our leaders it would prove a dangerous weapon against the Tories and result in the exile, or even worse, of a number of them. It might hold proof that those families who were suspected of plotting and spying for the king were indeed in the thick of it; but I had no wish to see Aunt Augusta sent out of the country or to jail. I should not have given it up to them voluntarily, but, now that they had it, I did not seem greatly

to care. No, it was Rosalie's action that made my heart sore, and I thought then that never in my life would I trust any one again.

But on the morrow, when I awoke after a troubled sleep, I changed my mind. I wanted that message back, and, failing that, I meant to tell Rosalie just what I thought of her treachery and then leave the house forthwith. When I remembered my cousin's drawling protests against politics and how, despite those protests, the moment she had quitted the dining-room she had run to my chamber to search through my belongings, I grew exasperated and angry.

I had hardly dressed myself when there came a knock on the door and, upon opening it, I found Mrs. McDonald on the threshold, carrying a tray covered with a napkin. She came in without a word, set her burden down on the small table, then turned to go out.

"What is this?" I demanded in no pleasant voice. The woman had taken an air of hostility toward me from the first; but I did not propose to submit tamely to her rudeness.

"'T is your breakfast, Miss," she answered in a sullen tone.

"I shall have breakfast with the family," I said, going toward the dressing-table.

"Madame Roberts and Miss Rosalie have left for Harrogate, and there will be no breakfast downstairs this morning," she told me, with a sharp note of malice in her tone. And while I stood with my back to her, thinking what I should say to put this insolent servant in her place, I heard her take the key out of the lock and, whipping through, close the door. Thus, before I comprehended what she was about, the key was turned from the outside and I was, in truth, a prisoner in my own room. There followed a grim laugh and the sound of the footsteps of the woman as she went away.

So Aunt Augusta had put her threat into execution! I had never half believed she would do it; but the door was locked, and on a sudden impulse I went to the tray of breakfast and pulled off the cover. Bread and water!

For a moment or two I fumed, my pride outraged as I had never thought possible. Then I began to consider my situation.

"Why," I argued to myself, "should Aunt Augusta keep me confined after Rosalie had found the message she was so desirous of obtaining?" And then I saw that Madam Roberts had given Mrs. McDonald her orders before she knew of Rosalie's success, and had been too indifferent to countermand them. "Let her stay in her room on bread and water for a day," I fancied I could hear my aunt saying. "It will do the saucy chit good."

When it came time for the midday meal I expected Mrs. McDonald back with more bread and water, and I was resolved when once she opened the door she would have extreme difficulty in locking it again, for I did not mean to let her keep me penned in, even if I had a struggle with her.

A plan entered my head, and with this in mind I took a stand beside the door and waited. The minutes dragged by unendingly and she came not. Suddenly I bethought me that I was in no wise prepared to leave the house, and, with a panicky haste, I made ready to depart forthwith if I should succeed in escaping. I changed my dress and put on stout shoes, then, taking all the hard money I had by me and putting on my hat, I ran back to my place.

For a long hour more I waited, my body growing tired from the erect position I maintained so that I might be more alert and ready on the instant; and then I began to bethink me of what an absurd plan I was counting on. With my heart sinking with discouragement, I concluded that Mrs. McDonald would not be such a fool as to give me this chance. Either she would not come at all, or, if she did, I felt sure she would take every precaution against any of the paltry tricks I might think of to surprise her. There I was a prisoner, and there I was like to stay until my aunt should be pleased to let me out again. What a silly girl I had been to hope that so simple a plan as I had hatched would be successful. And as I came to that conclusion, there was a step in the hall without, and a moment later I heard the key grate in the lock.

And the unbelievable part of it all was that exactly what I had hoped for happened. I stood rigid and tense beside the door, and Mrs. McDonald pushed it open and boldly walked in, holding a tray in her two hands. I let her take a few steps into the room, and then, with all my force, I ran at her and pushed her from behind. So unexpected was my attack that she lost her balance, the tray tipped, and its contents fell to the floor with a clatter, and the next moment I was in the hall, turning the key upon my jailer. For an instant I paused, panting with excitement, and then I fled to the head of the stairs.

There I halted and drew back in a panic of anxiety, for some one was coming up, running lightly. I flattened myself against the wall, hoping that the shadows might conceal me; but to my great joy, it was only Jinny, who started to speed past me toward my room. Desperately I clutched her arm.

"Jinny!" I whispered, "where are you going?"

"Oh, Miss Patty, is it you?" she murmured. "I was jes' gwin' to your room, hoping that that Mis' McDonald woman would let me speak to my missus. She said you was locked up there and would n't be let out no way."

"I was, but I 'm out now, Jinny, and we 're going to leave this house at once. Run and get your shawl. I 'll wait for you at the front door."

"I don't need no shawl, Miss Patty. Take Jinny jes' as she am, for I 'clare I 'm scared of this here mansion."

I took her at her word, and together we fled down the stairs and so out of the house on the run. Nor did we stop until we were a good three streets away, and a turn for every street.

Having escaped, I did not mean to be taken again an I could help it. Indeed, once outside, I thought it hardly likely that any one of that household would care to make a disturbance out of doors, and I vowed that there should be considerable disturbance ere I returned there. Had my aunt been by, I was by no means certain that she would not have made an attempt to seize me in the face of all Philadelphia, but she, I was glad to remember, was in Frankford.

It was not until we had turned into the park before the state-house that we paused to take breath; then we found a shady and secluded spot, and I sat down to think things over.

"WHEN I HAD SETTLED MYSELF I GLANCED AT THE PAPER" (SEE PAGE 515)

Now, although I felt that fleeing from the house of Aunt Augusta was a fine thing in itself, at the back of my head there was the annoying fact that there must be something to follow. Having left it, where was I to go? My promise to Father that I would stay with Aunt Augusta, I knew myself justified in breaking. I was sure he would not wish me to put up with the treatment to which I had been subjected, and my conscience was not at all uneasy on that count; but I realized that Father's desire was not so much that I stay with Aunt Augusta as that I stay not alone at Springhill. Or, to put it the other way, that I stay in Philadelphia, where he

felt that I should be in a community not likely to be subjected to such indignities as the Hessians had inflicted on the Jerseys during the previous winter. I wanted to go back to Haddonfield. Our country home was the only place where I could be really happy, but I had promised Father I would remain in Philadelphia and had not a thought of breaking my word.

But where should I stay in the city? That was no easy question to answer. For the night or for several nights, if need be, I could find lodgings among respectable people, so that I had no fear of lacking a roof over our heads; but at the end of that time I should be no better off, for, truth to tell, I knew of no one to whom I could turn for protection, as by right, except my Aunt Augusta, and I was like to need protection from her. All my life, Father had kept to our estate in Haddonfield. I had always felt that there was some reason to explain why he shunned any sort of society. Not that he was unfriendly, not that at all, for he made all welcome at Springhill and seemed pleased when guests came; but naught save the necessities of business ever took him away from home, and I could think of none with whom he was intimate.

I do not know how I had gained the impression that Father had been very popular and fashionable when he was a young man and when the family had lived together in Philadelphia. Doubtless it was some chance gossip I had overheard as a child; but I know that something happened, and, at my grandfather's death, Father took the estate at Springhill as his inheritance, and had lived there ever since in a rather secluded way. All this explains, in a measure, how it came that, when I stopped to think of it, there was no home where I could ask a welcome in the Quaker City; and, rack my brains as I might, I could not decide what my next move ought to be. Of one thing only was I certain—nothing should drive me back to Aunt Augusta!

As I sat there in deep thought, studying the ground as if I expected to read there a solution of my difficulties, I came to myself with a start to hear some one saying:

"Ah, now this is good fortune! Mademoiselle, I have gained my commission."

The words were in French, and I looked up into the beaming face of the Marquis de Lafayette. He was radiant. His face shone with such pride and happiness that none could see it and not feel glad, too.

"Oh, I am so rejoiced to hear that, Monsieur!" I exclaimed, rising and giving him my hand. "That is indeed good news."

I noticed that he was dressed much more elegantly than when I had seen him first, and that he looked the high-bred gentleman he later proved himself to be.

"Oh, Mademoiselle, it is such a pleasure that I meet you again, for it was your advice that brought me this, my greatest wish!" he went on enthusiastically. "When I was in despair you told me what to do, and I did it. Behold, I am a major-general in the army of America! Is it not the greatest honor, Mademoiselle?"

"It is indeed heartening to have your greatest wish."

"Of course," he went on rapidly, "they have not given me a division yet. That were too much to expect; but I am to meet his Excellency, the General Washington, tonight at dinner, and I think he will let me serve him as a special aide. I shall beg him on my knees if need be. Mademoiselle, I am so happy, I could dance."

"It is a little public here for a major-general to dance," I cautioned him with a smile. "I do not think the people would understand."

"That is all that keeps me from doing it," he answered gaily. "I would not offend these strict Quakers, Mademoiselle; but perchance you are one of them," he bethought himself anxiously, his face suddenly sobering. "I do not think they are really so very bad, you know, only—only—"

"Nay, I am no Quaker, Monsieur," I said, smiling at his embarrassment. "You might dance all day and it would not put me out of countenance."

"Word of honor, Mademoiselle, I scarce know what I am doing. Such happiness! A major-general, and I not yet twenty! It is something, Mademoiselle, it is something! Ah, how Madame la Marquise will be proud."

"And what of the others? Your friends?" I asked, and his face fell at the question.

"Ah, I forget in my own joy," he said. "I have done what I could. I have begged and plead with Mr. Hancock and other gentlemen of the Congress; but what can they do if there is no room for us? We were not correctly informed in Paris, Mademoiselle. There lies the trouble. Most of my countrymen will have to return to France. The Baron de Kalb has gone off in a fine rage; but they have found a commission for

him, and a fast horseman has followed to bring him back. That is most fitting. He is an officer of the finest. Of the others, two I will keep as aides, and one remains with your Congress as an engineer; but the rest, they must go back. Their chance to earn glory is lost, I fear."

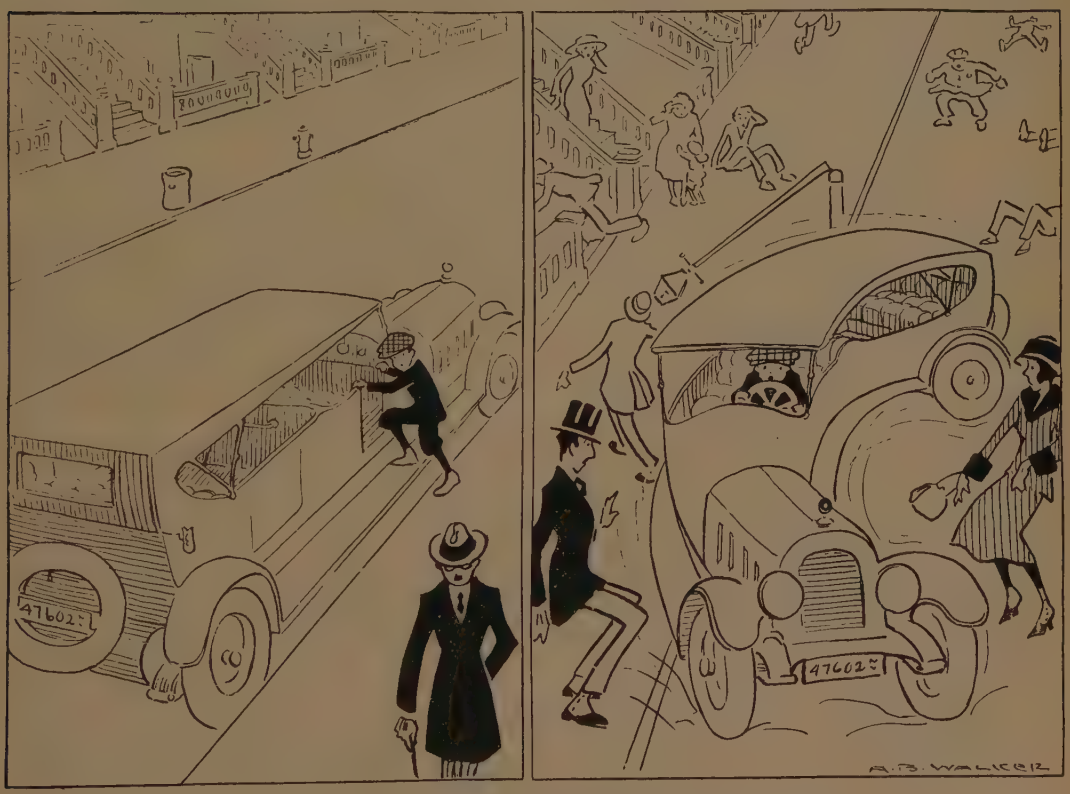
We talked a moment or two more, and then, excusing himself and again thanking me, he made off, swinging along joyously, his head held high and his shoulders straight, as a major-general's should be, no doubt. I watched him for a moment, still feeling the pleasure of his success and made happy for the time by his great joy; then my thoughts went back to my own affairs, and, with a troubled sigh, I turned to take my place in the shade and consider once again the problem of what I should do.

Jinny was sound asleep, propped against the bole of a tree, quite unconscious of what went on around her. I saw no need to wake her and was about to seat myself on the grass near by, when I noticed a square piece of paper lying on the ground before me. It could not have been there earlier, and as I sat down I picked it up, feeling a little puzzled as to how it had come there. When I had settled myself I glanced at the paper. There was but a line of writing on it:

"Seek sanctuary with thy uncle, John Abbott. E.P.U."

I looked up amazed, and across the pathway, a good fifty yards distant, I caught sight of a shock of red hair peeping from behind a tree; but at that distance I could not see whether the eyes that I felt looking at me were blue or not.

(To be continued)



"JUST NOW" NURSERY RHYMES

TOM, Tom, the piper's son
Stole a car and away it run,
The car was too fleet for the slippery sleet,
So Tom went skidding down the street.

"WHENCE IT COMETH"

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.
—St. John 3, 8

It was in the Moon when the Leaf Turns Yellow that Matámek and I were marooned on the shores of Lac du Nord. September gales blow long on the Height of Land.

But it is an ill wind indeed which has no compensations, and when Matámek sniffed into the northwest and said, "*Trois jours, Monsieur,*" I knew that it would be all of three days, and I was not sorry, for we had paddled far. Also, Matámek was pleasanter company than most Indians.

His mother had named him Matámek, the Trout, when in his first bath in the yellow-graveled pool he had smiled with those black, beady eyes; and his nineteen years of running in the bush had made him sleek and swift, and hungry, let me add, as any fish. But he was very able out of water, my bronze-skinned, black-haired Matámek, and our camp that night beside the wood-crowned waters of the windy lake was snug and sheltered. Outside, blew a gale.

The boy had served supper, had dragged up a back-log that would last the fire all night, and had lit his pipe, when a furious gust roared above the forest and out across the night.

"Where does it all come from?" I exclaimed. "Such a lot of wind!"

"The magic bird, he is flapping hard tonight," said Matámek.

"The magic bird!" I repeated, hoping for a story.

"Certainly, he is forgetting Gluskabe's instructions."

"Tell me, Matámek, as your father told you, about the magic bird."

There was a pause, while Matámek was picking up a red coal from the fire to relight his pipe, keeping the coal moving all the time to prevent it burning him, and then, "Certainly, Monsieur," in his quiet voice. Matámek always spoke as if there were a chipmunk sitting by him whom he did not wish to frighten off.

"Gluskabe, you must know, was a very great man, the greatest of all. 'I conquer' was his word. And he could do many things, overcome great beasts and dangerous beasts, and even other conjurers.

"One day, Gluskabe wanted to go duck-hunting. It was in the Moon when the Leaf Turns Yellow, too.

"He had no canoe with him, so he overturned a rocky point like ours, Monsieur, and made of it a canoe, and in his hollow-stone canoe went duck-hunting.

"But for all his skill he could kill no bird, because the wind blew so hard. He even could not paddle about, and at last he grew very angry, thinking, 'What causes such continuous winds?'

"At length, he went home to his wigwam and said, 'Grandmother, I am going to seek the place where the wind comes from.'

" 'Grandchild, it is very far,' she answered.

" 'But I am going,' said Gluskabe, 'no matter how far. I am going to see who makes the wind. Soon I shall return.'

"So he went away, going against the wind, it growing stronger as he went. On the seventh day he could hardly walk, such strong wind. Finally, it blew off all Gluskabe's hair.

"Then he looked about him, and saw a great magic bird waving its wings, this waving of its wings making the wind. The harder the bird swayed its wings, the worse the wind, and with difficulty did Gluskabe reach the place.

"Now Gluskabe liked to tease and he said to the bird, 'Grandfather, could n't you possibly wave your wings so as to cause a stronger wind?'

" 'Grandchild, that 's the best I can do,' said the magic bird.

" 'But if you could possibly sit higher up, far over there on the hill, on the very peak, then the wind from your wings would be stronger, Grandfather.'

" 'No, grandson, I could not. I have sat here since the beginning of things.'

" 'I will help you, Grandfather,' said Gluskabe.

" 'Oh, very well,' said the bird; 'if you will help me, I will go; I want all who face me to have the benefit of the wind my wings make.'

"Then Gluskabe took the big bird on his back, carried him to a high ledge, and there dropped him accidentally, for he liked to tease. And as he dropped him it broke his wing. Then Gluskabe left him there and

went home, saying, 'Now, we shall always have a calm and I shall have good duck-hunting.'

"So the next day Gluskabe went out paddling. Surely it was calm. The waters grew so thick with scum that he could scarcely paddle. Said he: 'I think I will go again where the wind is. It is always too calm.'

"So he went to where the magic bird was lying. The great bird did not know Gluskabe, because his hair had already grown out again.

" 'What has always caused so much calm, Grandfather?' asked Gluskabe, of the bird.

"'WHAT HAS ALWAYS CAUSED SO MUCH CALM, GRANDFATHER?' ASKED GLUSKABE, OF THE BIRD"

" 'Simply that an ugly, bald-headed man came here and wanted stronger wind; and I told him that I could not manage it, that it was all my wings could do; and he told me he would carry me on to a higher place. Then, sure enough, he carried me; and he dropped me and broke my wing. Now have I only one wing.'

"Then said Gluskabe, 'Grandfather, I will carry you back where you sat, and will also heal you.'

" 'O grandchild,' said the bird, 'I should rejoice so much if you would. I am already tired of lying here.'

"Then Gluskabe carried him and put him back where he wanted to sit, and healed his wing. 'Now, Grandfather, try your wing.'

"The magic bird tried his wing and it was healed. Gluskabe was blown over. The bird was very glad. 'Very much have you pleased me, grandchild.'

" 'Now, Grandfather,' said Gluskabe, 'hereafter do not use your wings too steadily, because our descendants cannot hunt for their living when there are such continuous winds. When you move your wings, our descendants cannot paddle or hunt ducks on the water. Now, if possible, wave your wings a day or two days, then rest a day, so that our descendants can hunt ducks.'

" 'You speak the truth. I guess, grandson, there was too much wind. From now on, there shall not be such strong wind.' "

Then Gluskabe went home; and his grandmother rejoiced for their descendants.

Matámek stopped, and with another coal rekindled his pipe. I could say nothing for a while, because the boy, sitting there by the flamey coals of the rich-resined black birch, had transported me away—away to the land where the wind begins; and his quiet voice had made the magic flapping bird very real to me. So I was startled when he said, "What is your story of the wind, Monsieur?"

"Mine? Oh, mine is a story as long as the wind itself, and the words of it are about invisible things, which would seem empty to you."

Matámek looked hurt. "I understand invisible things," he said. "I do not believe in the magic bird, Monsieur. Yet I do not know what to believe."

"There is a wonderful magic in my story, Matámek," I said, feeling sure that he wanted real knowledge of the winds. "What I shall say, I myself believe, even though it shall sound very strange."

"That is good," he replied contentedly; "make it as long as that," and he threw another birch log on the fire. We listened for a moment to the river of air rushing in a furious rapid above us; then I began:

"You must know, Matámek, that the knowing men of my race study books of magic which they have gathered and written down from watching things. Their magic is called the law of nature. They cannot change it, but they can use it. There are

many laws of nature which you know: that hot air, as over our fire, rises; that cold air, as in a ravine at night, falls; and that rising air goes round and round, as in the little whirlwinds that carry leaves. You know, too, that you and your mother cannot stand in the same place at the same time, and that, if you try standing on one leg with your eyes shut, you will fall toward the sunrise, for the world is turning that way."

"I know those things," said Matámek.

"There is one other magic law that the knowing men use. It is that the air over land gets warm faster than air over water, or gets cool faster. Knowing these things, our wise men can say why it blows. To begin with, take a summer morning over this great land of forest. All is still. We are sitting by our Lac du Nord here, contented in the sun, like a salmon in a motionless pool. But our pool is motionless air. The sun gets warmer. Presently the particles of air lying over the stones on the beach, the particles lying just above the mossy banks, get warm; they wriggle. They wriggle upward, just like tadpoles, and other particles of air roll in to take the places they have left. For nature never allows the least pin-point of space to be unfilled with something. Well, by now the air is rising from all the beach, all the forest, all the land, rising and rising. And cool air from the lake, from the ravines, from the mountain-sides moves in. We feel a breeze. The sun gets hotter. The air moves faster. We feel a wind. By three of the afternoon all is commotion. Streams of air are chasing each other over the forest, from west to east, because the eastern side got warm first, and rose first. That is why we almost always have a west wind when it is clear.

"There is one of the magic laws we have not yet considered—the law that wind circles when it rises. Well now, Matámek, close your eyes and think of the land as far as you can, farther than you have ever thought of it before. Over all this land air is rising and falling, as the days and nights march across it; and as it rises and falls it whirls. Now these whirls go in two ways. If the air is warm and rising, the whirl turns from right to left, just like the hands on a clock. If the air is cold and falling, it turns the other way, as if the hands went backward.

"So, with your eyes still closed, make this picture for yourself, Matámek: a great, broad country stretching hundreds of days' journey by canoe, from sunrise to sunset. Over this country lies an ocean of air. As it is always getting hotter or colder, it is always moving, in circles; and the circles are always marching from sunset toward sunrise. Some of the circles are made of warm air rising, and around them other streams of air are circling in to take the rising air's place. This is the why of wind. Sometimes, at nightfall and in the morning, there is a change, a tempered moment of equal heat and cold. That moment we call a calm.

"Why was there not a calm to-night?" asked Matámek.

"Because there is more to the world than I asked you to picture when your eyes were closed. There is not only our wide country, but a round globe, turning ever from sunset to sunrise. The ocean of air is held so tight against the globe that we should feel no wind but for the little whirls caused by night and day, by warm lands and cold lakes and ocean streams. But if you look high, Matámek, you always see those thin white clouds, that we call mare's tails, moving from sunset toward sunrise, don't you?" Matámek nodded. "Well, that is because they are above the surface whirls and are sent spinning eastward with the world. And now I ask you to think as big as you can, big enough to take in half the world, our northern half."

"I am so thinking," said Matámek.

"It is hotter around the earth's middle than it is around his head and feet. The knowing men call his middle the equatorial zone. The air is rising fast there, all the time. At the north, beyond us, the air is falling and flowing south to take the place of the rising air. Where the air falls is the earth's polar zone. We are not that far north. We are in the in-between zone, that lies between earth's stomach and his head, called the north temperate zone. Winds do not rise all the time with us, nor fall, but change their minds a lot. In summer our winds side with the sun and the south. They blow from the southwest. In winter they side with the cold of the north and blow from the northwest. Only when they are caught in the big whirls do they blow from the southeast, as in summer, and bring rain, or from the northeast, as in winter, and bring snow. Do you understand at all, Matámek?"

His black eyes fairly shone, as he nodded.

"Tell me what you understand," I asked.

"This, Monsieur. It is easy. Your knowing men say this: They say we have a magic that sees beyond the sky. It tells them that the air was all once still. Then the sun

looked at the air at the earth's middle, and it rose like a flock of geese, for it was hot. The sun did not look at the air at the earth's brow, and it fell like a shot goose, for it was cold. But as the air rose it circled, as it fell it circled, and that is why we have wind from sunset to-night, and in three days from sunrise. It could not be if there was just one magic bird. All the wind then would come from one direction. Have I told it?"

"'YOU HAVE TOLD IT WELL, MATAMEK. DO YOU LIKE OUR KNOWING MEN'S EXPLANATION?'"

"You have told it well, Matámek. Do you like our knowing men's explanation?"

He was silent a while, for Matámek is truly courteous and will not speak only from the surface of his thoughts. "I like their word, Monsieur," said he, "in the way I like the balsam medicine, which is good sometimes to take, but which does not taste like the wild strawberry."

That is, the boy wanted me to know that he was glad to learn, but that the truth was scarcely so palatable to him as the old legend. To me, the scientists' story was a most marvelously beautiful thing. I was sorry that I had not made him see it. I said:

"Matámek, think one step farther back with me. Think of the sun as the great magic bird, sitting in the sky, hatching now great storms that sweep the earth, and now quiet smiling days that heal the earth again. For that is true. Think of all the knowing men sitting on the tops of mountains, poking little seeing-tubes at her, trying to read the laws written in letters of fire on the breast of the magic bird. Some of the knowing men know how to fly. Some day they will fly high and learn more of the great bird that hatches the storms, and read the laws. Does not that idea have the taste of wild strawberries, Matámek?"

"It tastes better," he said, with a smile.

Before we turned in I read the third chapter of John to Matámek, without telling him to watch out for the eighth verse. But Indian ears are keen:

"Le vent souffle oú il veut et tu entends sa voix; mais tu ne sais d'oú il vient, ni oú il va: ainsi en est-il de tout homme qui est né de l'Esprit."

I looked at him and he was fairly quivering with excitement, "*C'est vrai*—it is true!" he cried, and, as if to second him, a fierce gust tore over the woods in savage joy.

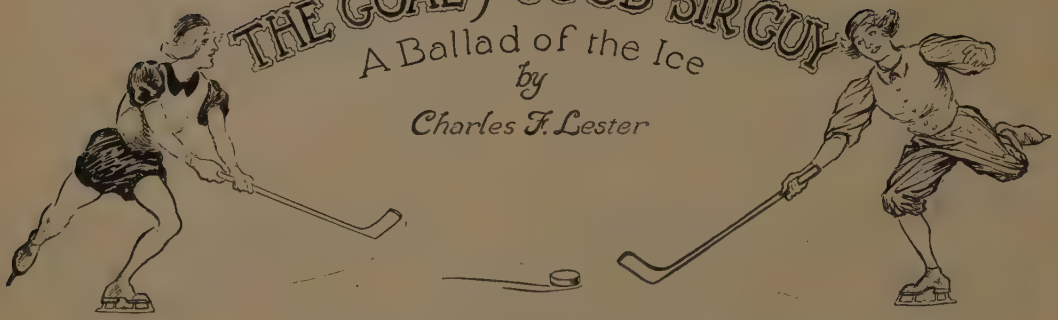
(I am indebted to Mr. Frank G. Speck for the interpretation of Matámek's tale. T.M.L.)

THE GOAL of GOOD SIR GUY

A Ballad of the Ice

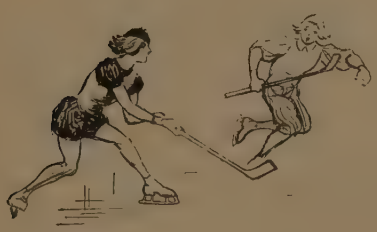
by

Charles F. Lester



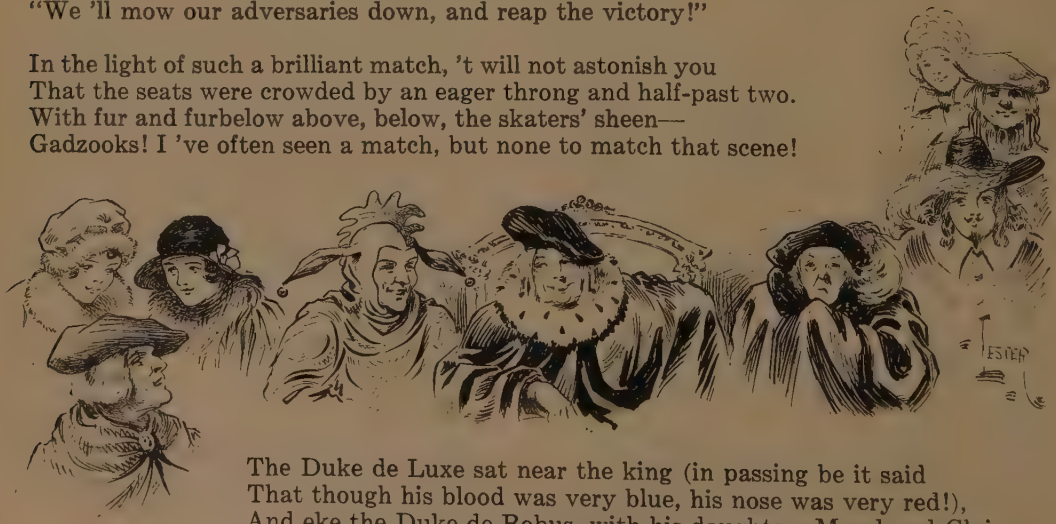
THE good Sir Guy, he oped an eye; anon he oped its mate.
"Egad!" quoth he, "'t is nine o'clock!—How early it gets late!"
He viewed his pane with joy. "Aha! 'T is icy! Aye, I see
It 's a splendid day for hockey—and the game is called for three!"

Sir Guy was left wing on the "Stars"; Sir Gigaboo was right.
A pair of fliers, you 'll observe, and fit for any fight.
They 'd often put the game on ice by working speedy plays
That won before the other knights recovered from their daze.



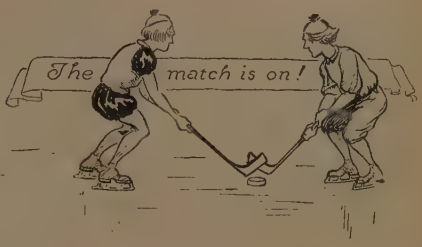
The other team, the "Whirlwinds," was led by Count Ker-whack.
They made a point of making points by hammering attack.
In fact, the Count was wont to say (a trifle boastfully),
"We 'll mow our adversaries down, and reap the victory!"

In the light of such a brilliant match, 't will not astonish you
That the seats were crowded by an eager throng and half-past two.
With fur and furbelow above, below, the skaters' sheen—
Gadzooks! I 've often seen a match, but none to match that scene!



The Duke de Luxe sat near the king (in passing be it said
That though his blood was very blue, his nose was very red!),
And eke the Duke de Bobus, with his daughters Maud and Claire,
(Who, while distinctly dark, were both considered passing fair).

Lord Zipp had brought a pot of coals to warm him with its glow.
(It worked too well—to put him out they rolled him in the snow!)
Count Piffle had some doughnuts—but hark! that joyful din!
I *must* break off; the match is on—and may the best team win!



The shimmering sunshine sharply shone the shifting scene to show.
(That seems so slippery, I 'd suggest a scansion somewhat slow!)
The puck shot quick from stick to stick with busy, whizzy whir.
Quoth old Sir Boz to Count Kazink, "Surpassing passing, Sir!"

Now Ziz, the Wizard, had a grudge against the good Sir Guy
(Who once had caught him wizzing Lady Lucy's lemon pie);
So he 'd sat six days in silence and his secret sunken cell,
Planning how to wiz our hero's skates and spill him with a spell.

The game wore on. The score was tied, with half a minute left.
A rush by swift Sir Gigaboo—a pass, both quick and deft!
Sir Guy is right before the cage; the puck comes flashing by—
A slip—a yell!—'T is Ziz's spell!—*Down goes the good Sir Guy!*

But even though he 'd lost his feet, our hero kept his head.
The pass was nearly past him, but he spied it as it sped;
E'en as he struck, before the puck with pluck he stuck his stick;
It glanced between Lord Lothar's legs!—Sir Guy had done the trick!

There, I 'm glad that match is over! I 'm out of breath,—are you?
Sir Guy, of course, was lionized, as doubtless was his due;
While Ziz soliloquized, as sadly in his cell he sat,
"No more I 'll try to wiz a Guy who has such luck as that!"

THE LAST PARRAKEET

By GEORGE INNESS HARTLEY

Author of "The Boy Hunters in Demerara"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

Two young naturalists, Fred Milton and Paul Jenkins, known as "Skinny" and "Fat," have just returned to New York from a collecting trip in South America. They are crossing Broadway when they rescue an old gentleman from a passing fire-engine. He proves to be Robert C. Whitehouse, proprietor of a large cattle-range in the Everglades of Florida. In conversation he mentions that he has seen parrakeets near his home, and invites the boys to visit him there. The boys are called to the office of Dr. Keene, the head of the museum, who informs them that they are to be sent to the Everglades in search of a living Carolina parrakeet, long supposed to be extinct. Five thousand dollars has been offered by the United Ornithological Societies for evidence that the birds still exist. Strangely enough, in a bundle of feathers brought to their laboratory by the U. S. Customs officers, the boys had just discovered part of the fresh skin of such a parrakeet. Encouraged by this to hope that their search may not prove in vain, they return to the laboratory, and find that some one had been handling the parrakeet skin. The invitation of Mr. Whitehouse is recalled and the boys decide to take him at his word. They set out, and upon reaching Jacksonville, receive a telegram from Dr. Keene saying that the parrakeet skin has disappeared. Greatly disturbed, they proceed on their journey and at length leave the train at a station called Prosperity. Inquiring their way at a near-by house, they are held up by a rifle in the hands of a rough-looking customer. The foreman of the ranch, Jeff Down, arrives just in time to rescue them from their predicament, and presently they and their equipment are on their way to the home of Mr. Whitehouse.

CHAPTER VI

THE THRASHER

"How far is it now to the ranch house?" Fred presently inquired.

"Only about a mile," Jeff replied. "Hyar comes Mr. Whitehouse, a-ridin' horseback."

The ranch owner was delighted to see the boys, and offered his apologies for not meeting them in person at the train. He was mounted on a big bay horse which pranced nervously at sight of the automobile; but although the left arm of the rider hung in a sling, he seemed to have little difficulty in controlling the beast with his good right hand. Urging his steed forward, he reined up beside the car, which had drawn to a standstill.

"Well, Mistah Milton and Mistah Jenkins," he greeted the boys, with a smile of welcome, "so you really meant it when you telegraphed you were coming. I *am* glad to see you! You are most welcome to Thrasher."

"Thank you, Mr. Whitehouse," replied Fred, who, with his chum had climbed to the ground; "we have been looking forward to the visit and are more than glad to get here." Then, with a look of concern at his host, he added: "I 'm sorry, sir, to see that you 've hurt your arm. I hope it 's not bad?"

"Pooh, suh! it 's nothing at all, suh. I met with a slight accident about a week ago —nothing worth mention. Did you have a pleasant trip?"

"Quite entertaining, at any rate," smiled the boy. "We had quite an exciting experience at the station, and met an acquaintance of yours—a certain Dan Boulton."

The face of the old gentleman hardened at sound of the name, and his eyes took on an unwonted, stony glint which had hitherto been absent. An expression of concern crossed his features.

"I hope you had no trouble," he said quietly.

"None at all—thanks to Jeff, here. The man did sort of take us by surprise, though." And Fred narrated their adventure.

"He is a bad one," declared Mr. Whitehouse, when the tale was concluded. "He is a man whom it is best either to shoot or avoid entirely. But he won't bother you any in this neighborhood, you may rest assured of that. You had better drive on to the house now, and I will trot after."

It was well nigh dusk when the truck drew up before a long, low, rambling structure set in an open glade in the forest. Surrounding it and placed deeper among the trees were a dozen smaller houses—quarters of the ranch hands. A great barn, half hidden by the pines, stood a quarter of a mile back.

The main house, the home of Mr. Whitehouse, was a one-story, shingled bungalow. From time to time he evidently had added to it, until now its numerous wings, its low gables, and screened porches gave it a great, comfortable, home-like appearance. The grounds, large and grassy, were dotted with orange-trees hung with bright golden fruit.

Vines of Virginia creeper, wisteria, and vivid, orange-blooming bignonia covered the porches and climbed to the shingled roof. On the lawn, scattered among the oranges, were small groups of cabbage palmettos, and, running from the rear of the house to enclose the servants' quarters, was a tall hedge of kumquat bushes heavily laden with small oval fruit.

Nor were the new arrivals disappointed with the interior of the house. It was all that the outside view promised it to be. The rooms were large, well-lighted by numerous windows, and airy. The furnishings were rich, but not gaudy, and gave evidence of the good taste of their owner. As Paul expressed it, there was sufficient room to breathe in that house, yet it was all comfortable and cozy.

The lads were shown to their room by an aged darky who occupied the place of confidential servant to Mr. Whitehouse. His hair, snow-white as his master's, still retained its negro crinkle; his coal-black face, deep seamed by time, was kind in expression, and his dark eyes sparkled with the same hospitable light already discovered by the visitors in the eyes of their host.

"Marse Robert tole me put yo' in dat dar room," the negro chuckled, pointing to a door opposite the one to which they had been led; "but ah say dat no git de wes' breeze, so Uncle Billy put yo' in hyar. Yo' chillun like big room with plenty coolness—Uncle Billy know, hee-hee, so hyar yo' is. If yo' want anyt'ing, jest yo' call yo' Uncle Billy."

With that, the kind-hearted black left the boys to their own devices. Five minutes later he reëntered with their bags and directed two small, half-grown darkies to deposite their trunk in the corner.

"Hab a care how yo' handle dat dar wardrobe, yo' rascals," he cautioned severely, as one of the boys seemed about to drop his end. "Hyar yo', ain't yo' no strenf? Is yo' growin' so weak dat yo' cyan't lift a straw, yo' young good for nuthin'? Yo' be careful dar! Doan't yo' know dat 's dese gen'lemen's propriety? If yo' should drap dat, it would cost yo' a billion dollars. Come on, come on, does yo' want yo' Uncle Billy to do it? Dar, dat 's better—now git out o' hyar, yo' inauspicious piccaninnies; git befo' ah fo'-git mas'lf an' lambaste yo' with mah cane."

As, grinning from ear to ear, the two chore-boys withdrew, Uncle Billy turned to Fred and Paul with an apologetic laugh. "Ah 's sorry, suhs, to hab to introduct dose no-count boys into yo' presence, but it became a necessary on account o' dat dar trunk. Yo' ole Uncle Billy ain't quite so spry as he uster been."

"We 'll try to forgive you this time, Uncle Billy," smiled Paul. "I must say that, for all your years, you don't seem to be much of a cripple," indicating the two large satchels which Uncle Billy had himself carried in. "Have you charge of the whole house?"

"Yes, suh; yes, suh! Ah takes command o' de whole caboodle. Marse Robert couldn't git along without Uncle Billy, suh. Ah 's head man, ah is. Ah makes 'em all toe de rope, ah does. Ah makes 'em all persevere, an' dey knows it."

"You must be an invaluable person to Mr. Whitehouse," agreed Fred, trying to keep his face straight and succeeding after a fashion.

"Ah is a most voluble persun, suh," nodded the darky, highly pleased. "When dat pore, low-down white trash, Dan Boulton, shoot Marse Robert, ah nuss him through until he git better. Yes, suh, ah 's—"

"So Boulton shot Mr. Whitehouse, did he?" interposed Paul. "When did that happen, Uncle Billy?"

"Last week, suh, in de arm. It ain't quite better yet. Uncle Billy, he—"

"How did it happen?"

"Dat good-fer-nuthin' Dan Boulton git cuttin' too much wire around hyar an' git druve away last year. At dat time he git hurt, an' 'clar' dat he gwine git Marse Robert. Well, he git him las' week from behint a bunch of palmettos 'bout five mile from hyar. He ain't hit Marse Robert hard, but just enough t' make him mad. Dan Boulton git away, though Marse try awful hard to stop um."

"I should think they would throw Boulton into prison for that."

"Prisum, suh? Dar ain't no jail hyar. Marse Robert, he doan't—"

"Hyar, Uncle Billy," sternly interrupted the voice of their host, as Mr. Whitehouse entered the room, "hyar, you black ace of spades, are you talking again? Get out of hyar and leave my guests in peace."

Rolling his eyes in pretended terror, nevertheless with a grin which slit his face asunder, Uncle Billy withdrew. He had known his "Marse Robert" from childhood, and ages ago, nearly sixty years, he had learned that his master's bark was far more severe than his bite.

"You must n't believe one tenth what that boy, Uncle Billy, says," Mr. Whitehouse informed his young guests with twinkling eyes, leading the way into his library. "If he can find some one to listen to him, he will talk for hours—worse than a phonograph."

"Now, my lads," he informed them with true Floridian hospitality when they were seated, "I desire to inform you that this dinner, if you young gentlemen don't mind," he presently said, and, rising, led the way to the spacious dining-room.

At the close of a most sumptuous meal, over which hovered Uncle Billy, clad in a dark cutaway coat with scarlet waistcoat and highly polished brass buttons, they pushed back their chairs and their host lighted a cigar. During the meal they had

"'I DISTINCTLY REMEMBAH NOTICING A PAIR OF PARRAKEETS A YEAR AGO,' MR. WHITEHOUSE REMARKED"

house and all it contains, together with the entire ranch, are yo's to command. I am deeply interested in yo' search, and when you tell me more exactly what you are after, I will do what I can to aid you."

"We deeply appreciate your kindness, Mr. Whitehouse," quietly replied Fred, as formal as their host, "and we accept your hospitality with pleasure. The object of our expedition to the Everglades is to find a living Carolina parrakeet." And he launched forth into the story of the reward, the scarcity of the bird, and the probable failure of their expedition, not forgetting to mention the loss of the skin from the museum in New York. Mr. Whitehouse listened attentively, gravely nodding from time to time.

"We will talk further on the subject after talked on every other subject under the sun but the parrakeets. The boys in turn had entertained their host with tales of adventure in South America, and the latter had narrated several anecdotes of the ranch and the country in which they now found themselves. Having finished their coffee, they sat silent for a few moments.

"I distinctly remembah noticing a pair of parrakeets almost exactly a year ago," Mr. Whitehouse presently remarked. Then, seeing the interest lighting the eyes of his guests, he continued: "My head man, Jeff Down, pointed them out on the top of a cypress at the edge of a swamp some twenty miles from hyar. I remembah we were quite excited over it, fo' they have become scarce of late years."

"Have you seen any since?" eagerly questioned Paul.

"No, suh, those were the last, I 'm sorry to say; but I 'm morally certain that a few may still be found not very far south of hyar in the Glades. I suppose you 're anxious to start right out after them?" he inquired with a smile.

"Yes, sir—that is, no, sir," stammered Fred. "We should very much like to see your ranch first."

"All in good time, gentlemen," replied their host, still smiling. "That can rest until you return from yo' trip. I know you are dying to start right out in the morning."

"Oh, no sir, we 'd—"

"Come now," Whitehouse chuckled, "own up. You would not enjoy yourselves fo' one second hyar unless you first had a try fo' the birds. Come, own up!"

"Well, you see, sir—"

"I knew it!" The old gentleman slapped his knee with his unwounded hand. "If you were not so eager to win that race, I would n't feel like helping you so much. From what you tell me, you *are* running a kind of race with other parties who may also be looking for the birds. Is n't that so?"

The boys nodded.

"Well," continued their host, "go in and win it. And that reminds me. Word came this morning from one of my southern boundary men that a queer bug-hunter, as he termed him, had been inquiring about parrots. That means you had better get busy right soon."

"It most certainly does!" Fred declared in an alarmed tone. "We 've got to get on the job right away, if that 's the case!"

"Yes, suh, it is; and I would advise starting out first thing in the morning—not that I want to drive you away from hyar," he added, with a quiet laugh; "but I want to see you win the race. Jeff will accompany you to the Glades, and I reckon you can do the rest yo'selves."

"Thank you, sir!" murmured the boys, gratefully.

"You can have the little Ford jitney for yo' tent and luggage," Mr. Whitehouse continued. "I will telephone to all my outpost houses to give you help if you should call fo' it. Provisions, weapons if you need them, and a collapsible canoe will be waiting in the truck in the morning. I am backing you to win, and you 've got to do it!"

"We 'll do our best," was the firm response. "At what time in the morning?"

"At daylight, suhs. Jeff Down will drive you to the spot where we saw the birds last year, which is within my boundaries, and he will remain there with you to establish a camp. He must leave the following morning, and you can arrange when he is to call for you."

Worn out from their recent journey, the boys retired early; but before daylight fully broke the next morning they had finished breakfast and stood in front of the bungalow ready for departure. The sun had just appeared above the tops of the tall pines when Jeff drove up with the car.

"All aboard fo' the Glades!" he shouted cheerily, making the motor hum and bringing the car to a sudden stop in front of them. "Git them things aboard, Uncle Billy, and be quick about it, yuh black rascal."

The boys shook hands with Mr. Whitehouse and climbed into the vehicle. They were clothed now in khaki, with leather puttees and flannel shirts. Both were armed with shot-guns. Their trunk remained behind in the bungalow, and their bags alone were placed in the automobile. They had stripped down to the barest necessities for field service.

"Let her go, Jeff," said Fred.

"Good-by and good luck!" called the old gentleman, waving his hand as they sped down the sandy road, and at last the hunt for the Carolina parrakeets was actually under way.

CHAPTER VII

THE CAMP

"WHERE are we headed for now?" Paul asked Jeff, when the houses were hidden by the trees.

"Anywhar yuh say," was the good-natured response. "Yuh are the bosses. I should say we travel south fo' about twenty mile until we git within the Glades, and then simply git out an' hunt."

"That 's the idea!" the boys enthusiastically agreed. "But can we get there in the car?"

"Surest thing you know. This hyar car will go anywhar a horse will. It don't mind a bit o' underbrush more 'n a steer. We 'll jest plow along until we hit the swampy region."

"How about horses?" ventured Paul. "Don't you think we 'll need some?"

"Ef yuh want them, yuh can have them, but I reckon this hyar car an' the canoe will be all the transportation yuh 'll need."

"Well, lead on, Jeff; we 're in your hands."

The forest, as a continuous belt of pines, suddenly melted when they had proceeded two miles from the bungalow. The road, a mere wagon-track through the wilderness, wound between long stretches of open marsh. Green islands of low trees rose from these, surmounted here and there by a tall cypress or the tufted head of a cabbage-palm. The meadows were dotted with cattle, knee-deep in the water, browsing blissfully on the rank grass which grew there.

After six miles of open country they drew into a second pine forest. Here the land was higher and the trees had firmer root. Ten miles more again found them in the open, with the trail well nigh obliterated by matted sedge and six inches under water, but with a hard sandy bottom. Unmindful of these obstructions, Jeff drove the car forward, bumping over ruts and sloshing through waterholes as if they did not exist.

Presently, to the unaccustomed eyes of the boys, the trail entirely disappeared, but still the engine chugged on. They plunged through the center of a half-mile of open lake, so it seemed, and momentarily the travelers expected to be engulfed in some hidden sink-hole. But Down knew what he was doing, and, to their great relief, landed them safe on the other side on one of the green islands which dotted the expanse.

"Whew, Jeff," murmured Paul, drawing a sigh of relief, when at length he saw dry land about them, "that was *some* trip! Were n't you afraid of being mired?"

"No, suh," laughed the man, "I 've traveled this hyar road befo'. This island is whar Mr. Whitehouse an' I last saw them parrakeets, an' hyar is whar yuh ought to make yo' camp."

Much rejoiced that the precarious journey was over, the boys agreed that the island was an ideal place. Terrifying visions of more shallow lakes to be forded in the car left them, and they breathed deep of satisfaction at their deliverance. Such motoring had never before come within their experience.

Without more ado they dismounted. So great was their eagerness to begin the hunt that, without wasting a thought on the establishment of a camp, they picked up their shot-guns and prepared to explore the region. Camp would wait, but the parrakeets could not.

"Hyar, yuh young fellers, yuh seem to be in a powerful mint o' hurry," their guide demurred good-naturedly. "How about fixin' up the tent? Here, hold on; yuh 'd better wait fo' me. This hyar country ain't quite so safe as it looks. Thar 's plenty o' sink-holes around that yuh might fall into, an' ef yuh should happen to git mixed in yo' direction, it would be right hard to find yo' way back to this hyar island—they mostly look so alike. Ef yuh 're so sot on goin' right now, yuh 'd better let me steer yuh around a bit until yuh git used to it."

"I guess you 're right, Jeff, about arranging camp first," Fred was compelled to acknowledge, controlling for the moment his ardor as a collector. "Suppose we do that, and then you can steer us around. We don't want to get lost the first day out. Fat and I have had some little experience in traveling through the wilderness, but it was in a different type of country from this."

"That so?" answered Jeff, much interested.

The boys told him about their journeying in South America, and thereafter he treated them with increased respect.

"That relieves me a whole lot," he observed. "I war afraid yuh was kind o' green at the game, but now I reckon yuh all can take care o' yo'selves. Still, I reckon fo' a while it would be safer to stick together."

They selected a camp site under a huge spreading live-oak. The tree, though scarcely fifty feet in height, shaded an expanse fully twice that in width and the branches dropped to within ten feet of the ground. The soil beneath was as bare as if scraped with a knife.

Just beyond the tree the land sloped steeply down into a deep slough choked with broad-leaved water-lilies which grew up from the water, not resting upon it, and were sprinkled with yellow, waxy blossoms. In the center of the slough, a hundred feet from shore, stood a small grassy island of long, needle-like pickerel-weed, mingled with arrow-heads and other water-plants. Beyond was a mass of small, tree-clad islands similar to the one on which they stood, but of lesser magnitude.

"It looks like a great resort for alligators," remarked Paul, taking in the tropical scene before him. "I suppose there are plenty around here, Jeff?"

"Yes, suh, thar are hundreds of 'em. Thar 's one now, a small one, stickin' his snout up onto the bank hyar." He pointed to a seeming log which drifted in the water scarcely twenty feet from them. The sau-

rian must have heard Jeff's words, for it opened a pair of evil yellow eyes, blinked, and, with a snort and a swirl, disappeared beneath the surface.

"Yes, suh, thar 's plenty of 'em around," continued the man; "but they don't touch no one who don't bother them. Leastways, I never hear o' any one gittin' hurt by 'em, except when they 've got powerful riled up."

"Plenty of game, too," suggested Paul, indicating some tracks in the soft ground near the water. "Deer, Jeff?"

"Loads of 'em."

"And wild turkeys," added Fred, picking up a large feather.

"Yes, suh, they 're common. It 's nestin' time fo' them now."

"But where are the parrakeets?" asked Paul.

"Yuh 'll have ter hunt *them*," was the smiling retort. "Now, what do yuh say to pitchin' the tent befo' we do anything else, an' gittin' things fixed up shipshape?"

"How about some grub first?" hopefully inquired Fat. "Here it is nearly three o'clock and we have n't had a mouthful."

"I reckon yuh 're right," agreed the man, in an apologetic tone. "I 'd clean forgotten that."

They made a hasty meal from sandwiches which thoughtful Uncle Billy had put up, and then fell to work on the tent. In a very short time this had been erected, and sufficient wood collected to last for the night. The tent being too small to hold them, together with all the paraphernalia, a low shed was hastily constructed and roofed with palm fronds, which would shelter the less perishable instruments. The camera and plates, however, were placed under canvas.

When the camp was set up to their satisfaction, Jeff motioned toward the canoe, which had been unloaded from the car and lay on the ground.

"Yuh 'll need this hyar contraption," he declared, "so I reckon we 'd better unfold it an' put it together."

The canoe was built of canvas, being held in shape by a collapsible framework which could be folded up like a camp-stool. When stretched out and fit for service it was some sixteen feet long by three in breadth, and quite seaworthy, though not exactly graceful in appearance. Jeff dragged the little vessel down to the edge of the slough and turned to his companions.

"I perpose we visit some o' the other islands in this hyar neighborhood," he said, "jest to git yuh acquainted. Thar 's nigh two hour to sundown, so I reckon thar 'll be plenty o' time. Come on, climb in. Yuh say the parrakeets ain't been seen fo' fifteen year or mo'; but I seen 'em last year, an' they ought to be stickin' around still. I 'm goin' to show 'em to yuh."

They embarked in the frail craft, and Jeff guided them skilfully through the lily-choked slough. The pace was slow, owing to the dense growth of water-plants which they had to penetrate, and at times it became necessary to use the pole which Jeff had cut.

Twice, alligators were seen, which plunged away at their approach; and once, in an open pool, a huge fish splashed them with its spray as it leaped from the water.

"What do you call that, Jeff?" inquired Fat, who was interested in fish of all kinds, wiping the drops from his eyes.

"That 's nothin' but one o' those hyar bass," was the careless answer.

"Bass? What kind do you mean?"

"Huh? I don't know—it 's jest a bass."

"Large-mouth," interjected Fred.

"Is that so?" cried his chum, in a tone of disbelief. "Large-mouthed bass in Florida? No bass that I ever saw grew as big as that!"

"He war n't a big one," vouchsafed Jeff, indifferently.

"Not a big one? Why, he must have weighed seven or eight pounds!"

"I expect he did," retorted the man; "but that ain't nothin' fo' these hyar waters. I done speared one over twenty pound, an' I heard o' one that weighed more 'n twenty-five."

"Jiminy!" muttered Paul, in amazement; "and up north we think six pounds is a whale of a bass! I 'm goin' fishin' in a little while!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE HERON MEADOW

THE canoe drew up to the nearest wooded island, and its occupants prepared to disembark. This island was identical with others they could see, small and covered with a dense mass of brush matted together with interwoven vines. The only tree of normal size was a royal palm, which reared its fronded crown sixty feet above the rest.

"Watch whar yuh walk," cautioned their guide. "Thar 's plenty o' snakes around hyar, so be careful yuh don't tread on a cotton-mouth or a diamond-back. They 're liable to treat yuh kinda rough."

"Snakes?" exclaimed Fat, drawing back into the canoe with a shiver. "Are there many here, Jeff? I hate 'em!"

"Jest watch whar yuh 're goin', an' they 'll git out o' yo' way. Wow, look out!"

It was not a snake which was about to lunge at an occupant of the canoe, but merely Fat, who was on the verge of taking an unlooked for plunge into the slough. As Fred and the guide stepped from the frail craft, Paul, in the stern, where he had remained, saw the bow pop into the air. His great weight had driven the rear end down, causing the vessel to assume an angle of forty-five degrees, with him at the lowest point.

"Grab the bow!" he gasped, making frantic efforts with his paddle to maintain his equilibrium.

"Haw-haw-haw!" shouted Skinny, doubling up, and making no move to rescue his desperate chum.

"Hyar yuh are," said Jeff, chuckling aloud, but nevertheless seizing the unruly bow. "Step ashore now. By the lord Harry, yo' extra size almost told agin yuh that time!"

Fat climbed shakily to the bank and vouchsafed not a glance at his laughing chum. There was nothing funny about the incident that he could see.

"Thank you, Jeff," he said in a cool tone. "Now, when that gobbling turkey over there gets through his noise, we can explore this island."

The guide led the way through the tangle of brush to the far side of the island. The boys saw nothing that resembled a parrot, though they startled from the bushes dozens of red cardinal-birds and scores of finches.

"This does n't look like much of a place for them," Paul declared, when they had reached the other side. "As I remember parrakeets in South America, they generally were found either in low fruit-trees or in the tops of great forest giants. That royal palm is the only thing that can be called a tree—all the rest are bushes; so I vote we try that piece of forest over there."

He pointed to a large tract of rising land fringed with palms, which lay several hundred yards off to the southward and appeared to be mainly composed of live-oaks, or trees of similar leafy character. Intervening, however, was a flat, seemingly dry, meadow covered with tall grass. An inspection of this open space caused Fat to catch his breath.

"Look at those herons, Skinny!" he gasped, forgetting in his excitement his estrangement from his chum. "Just look at 'em, will you! Did you ever see the like of that?"

The exclamations were not without reason. Over an area of several acres the ground was literally covered with birds. Tall ones, little ones, blue, white, and parti-colored, they were as thick on the meadow as grains on an ear of corn. They paid not the slightest attention to the spectators, but continued to feed, quarrel, and attend to their own affairs as if there were not a human being within miles. The trio watched, entranced.

"Six—seven—eight—nine!" enthusiastically counted Fred. "There are nine kinds there, Fat! Jove, what a bird paradise this is! If it was n't for the parrakeets, I 'd be willing to stay here a year. Just look at 'em, will you! The little and big white egrets, the Ward's herons, the little blues and greens—and the great white heron! And there 's the red egret, the one that looks like the little blue heron only larger and more graceful! And there 's—"

"There 're three quawks flying over there!" Fat interrupted excitedly. "Just plain, every-day, black-crowned night-herons! And what are those great big white fellows, Skinny, with the black heads and necks? Those are the ones—I mean, the fellers that make such a gobbling noise and flap their wings faster than herons? Jiminy, I believe they 're—"

"Hammerheads," said Jeff.

"Wood ibises," agreed Fred.

"They 're a species of stork," he continued, "with long, downward-curved bills like true ibises. They 're supposed to be growing scarce, but there seems to be plenty on this meadow."

"And what 's that big bluish-grey bird 'way out beyond the rest and not seeming to pay any attention to them?"

"It 's—it 's, by hicks, I do believe it 's a—"

"What?" almost shouted Fat.

"It 's a crane!" joyfully announced his chum, "a sandhill crane! And those fellows *are* scarce! Wow, this *is* great!"

For nearly half an hour the boys, fascinated, watched the ever changing scene before them. The marsh birds did not remain stationary, but time and again took flight—whole swarms at a time, as if at a given signal. Around and around they circled, chattering, squalling, and honking, the heavens teeming with them, and then

alighted in the identical sector just vacated. Or it might be a round dozen who flew, several species intermingled, but they invariably returned to their starting-point.

"FROM AFAR OFF CAME THE FAINT 'KLEE-KLEE' OF SOME STARTLED BIRD"

"I thought those chaps were nesting now," observed Fat. "That being the case, why are they all out on the meadow like that?"

"Some are, an' some ain't," Jeff informed him. "I reckon some o' them egrets are, an' perhaps some o' those little blue fellers, but most are done finished. A good many start in February, though some don't make it until April, but it 's May now, yuh know."

"But the egret plumes? If they were nesting now, you ought to see the plumes on their backs, should n't you? That 's what I 've always thought."

"No, suh; the plumes are thar, layin' close down against thar backs so 's yuh cyan't see them until yuh git closer than we are. It 's only when Mrs. Egret meets Mr. Egret nyar thar nest, that each sticks up thar plumes in greetin', as it war, an' then it 's a beautiful sight; but when they 're feedin' on the meader, they 're very exclusive an' keep 'em flat down."

"Hum," grunted Fat, disappointed. "I was hoping to see the plumes in action."

"So yuh may. Jest watch 'em close for awhile. Sometimes Mr. Egret, even while he 's feedin', makes up to the missus. Thar, see that?"

One of the smaller white birds suddenly commenced bowing and scraping like an old-fashioned beau. A demure little bird beside it became affected in a similar manner. Backward and forward they minced, and sideways; and then the watchers drew a quick breath. Up from their backs, and forward, had flashed the gorgeous, filmy plumes, until each bird seemed buried in a mass of lacy fringe. Then down sank the plumes, and up sprang their owners to wing their way homeward to a hidden nest.

"Gummy!" exclaimed Fred, "that was great! It 's a shame the plumes drop off."

"Yes, suh, it is!" the guide heartily agreed. "In a few weeks from now they 'll all be gone, jest plumb drapped away, an' the egrets 'll be jest as plain as those white herons fo' the rest o' the year."

"Can you tell me, Jeff Down, how anybody can have the heart to shoot the birds off the nest just for the sake of the plumes?" earnestly demanded Paul. "They are the most gorgeous things I have ever seen."

"No, suh, I cannot! Thar 's bound to be skunks in the world, jest the same as decent folks, an' it 's the skunks that does it."

"And the plume hunters actually exist in spite of the laws against them?"

"They sho' do. Thar ain't no enforcing o' the game laws in this hyar State."

"Well, though I hate to say it," later declared Fred, with a glance at the sinking sun, "I 'm afraid it 's growing late and we 'd better return to camp."

"I expect yuh 're right," admitted Jeff. "We 'd better move back to the canoe."

"Wait," demanded Paul. "Look at the birds!"

The herons were in the air again, circling and soaring and seeming alarmed at some unseen intrusion. Around they swept, but made no attempt to alight. After hovering uncertainly a few minutes over the feeding-ground, the entire flock broke up and dribbled off over the meadow.

"What do you suppose was the reason for that, Jeff?" Paul inquired. "Is that the way they generally quit for the night?"

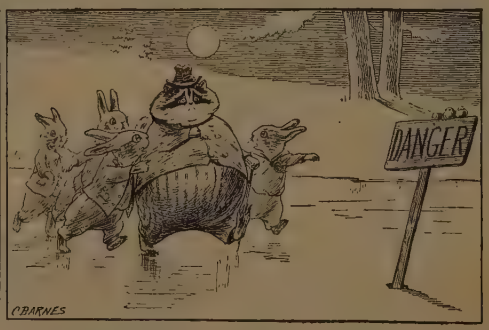
"No; it war an alligator, I reckon. It probably sprawled out in thar midst, lookin' fo' an easy mouthful, an' frightened 'em away. Hold on! Listen to that, will yuh!"

From afar off came the faint "*klee-klee*" of some startled bird. With hurriedly beating heart, Fred tightened his grasp on his shotgun and both boys stared in the direction of the sound—a sound which, once heard, could never be forgotten. It was the cry of a parrakeet!

(To be continued)

SPEED COON LOSES PRESTIGE

I. "LOOK OUT, BOYS, THAT MAY BE A TRAP! LET'S ASK SPEED COON—HE KNOWS EVERYTHING."



II. WHAT SPEED COON DID N'T KNOW "WAS N'T WORTH KNOWING"—AND

III. UPON CLOSE INSPECTION—

IV. HE DECIDED IT WAS A TRAP!

By BERNARD MARSHALL

Author of "Cedric the Forester"

ON a glorious morning in late September, when a blustering northwest wind tossed the branches of beech and oak and the sunlight glanced merrily from their autumn-tinted leaves, a body of a hundred and more of armed and mounted men had gathered in the outskirts of Shrewsbury. Beneath the wide-spreading branches of an ancient grove, they had grouped themselves in knots of two or three to half a score, according to chance and liking, and were discussing, with many a jest and vaunt, the news of the Crusade or of the court of Prince John at London town, while awaiting the outcome of the consultation going forward among their leaders. These were a half-dozen lords and gentlemen, equipped from head to foot in the panoply of war, who sat with their horses' heads drawn together in a close circle, a little apart from the squires and men-at-arms, eagerly planning the day's campaign.

"Nay!" cried Lord Colinwood, a tall and bearded knight in black armor, with the cross-hilted broadsword of a Crusader at his side, "my mind is fully made up on this. I 'll have no more than six in my party. 'T is what the robber hounds expect; and if I take a stronger force, it may be they 'll suspect their plans are known and thus forbear the attack. In that event, you will have ridden forth for naught, and Mordaunt and his crew will 'scape scot-free."

"Thou 'lt do well, then," said Dunwoodie of Grimsby, the eldest of the assembled knights, "to pick the men that shall go with thee with more than usual care. They 'll need to be both stout and ready for such a venture."

"Aye, that they are, every man-jack of them, I 'll be bound. Each one wears a good steel cap and, beneath his outer garment, a coat of mail that no arrow can pierce. They bear crossbows and broadswords both; and there 's not one but will give a good account with either weapon. If they slay less than a dozen of the thieves before you come to our aid, I 'll rate them soundly for laggards. For myself, I hope to know that treacherous dog, Sir Richard of Mordaunt, for all his disguises; and him I reserve for mine own sword. And so take notice all."

To this, none of the leaders made reply, but young Gregory of Colinwood, who with his dwarfish squire, Hildebrand the archer, had pressed as closely as he might to the circle of knights that were gathered about his father, raised his voice in eager protest:

"And will Hildebrand and I not ride with thee? How else shall we be sure to come to grips with them?"

Lord Colinwood smiled broadly as he turned to his son and heir.

"Nay, Sir Cockerel, thou 'lt see enough

of fighting, riding at the side of Grimsby here. If I mistake not, Tom O' Tilbury will bring threescore or more of his forest thieves to this ambush, and, do we never so well, there 'll be marks in plenty for thy arrows. I meant not that thou should 'st draw sword in earnest for two or three years to come, and mayhap I do wrong in letting thee go forth at all to-day."

Sir Gregory frowned impatiently and cast surly looks upon the ground, for he had counted on fighting at his father's side on this his first day in arms. Noting his discontent, Dwarf Hildebrand quickly addressed his master.

"My lord," he said, in the deep bass voice that came so oddly from one of his boyish stature, "will not the outlaws, that noted Sir Gregory and me in thy train when we rode from Colinwood yester morn be like to think somewhat hath gone amiss if we be not of thy parry to-day? We be smaller than thy other men, and so full easily known."

Lord Colinwood now laughed aloud.

"Nay, Hildebrand. Thou 'rt ever ready with device or argument; and verily thy head on occasion is of more worth and moment than the arm and sword of many a taller man. But this venture of to-day needs no more of planning. 'T is simply to ride into Mordaunt's ambush and hold his crew in fight till our friends here can come down on them in force, and mayhap abolish for good and all their threat to our forest roads. Now I have a duty for thee to-day. 'T is to watch over thy young master and see that no harm befalls him. We have men enough and to spare for the sterner work."

"Well, then," put in Sir James Dunwoodie, impatiently, "we 're to ride a half-mile behind thee."

"Aye," answered Colinwood; "and thou dost well to remind me that we waste time chaffering here. Come, men,—those that have volunteered for this work,—let us ride!"

Wheeling his horse to the pathway, Lord Colinwood struck spurs and cantered away down the road that led through the woods of Mordaunt and Tilbury toward his estate of Colinwood, ten leagues away. Closely following, rode five good men and true, with stout broadswords at their sides and with crossbows ready braced in their hands. Sir James and the others sat quietly watching till the dust stirred up by the horses' hoofs had fairly settled, then, in double column, and at a smart trot, rode forth in their wake.

For an hour or more they jogged steadily along the highroad, past the scattered farms and broken stretches of forest and moorland, marked here and there by lonely cottages of swineherds or foresters. Then the way grew rougher and narrower, and for miles together the branches of great oaks met in an archway overhead and the woods were dense on either side. At first, and at long intervals, they had caught glimpses of Lord Colinwood and his riders at the top of a long rise or on the other side of a moor, but now they had lost sight of them utterly and had no guide to their location save the hoof-marks in the dust before them.

As time passed and the shadows deepened on their roadway, Gregory and his young squire grew more and more uneasy at the slow progress of their party. Sir James Dunwoodie, as captain, and his brother William, rode in the van, with the heir of Colinwood and Dwarf Hildebrand following close behind; but such was the impatience of the two youths that they could hardly keep their places in the line. Every time the path broadened out for a space, Gregory's little black mare came abreast of Sir James's gray war-horse; and when Dunwoodie drew rein to listen or to exchange some word with one of the other knights, young Colinwood and his man rode out in advance. The second or third time that this occurred, Sir James called out full roughly:

"My faith, Sir Gregory! Art thou in command here, or am I?"

"Thy pardon, good Sir James," answered Gregory, bringing his horse to a halt that he might resume his rightful position in the line; "I mean not to slight thee, indeed; but I am fearful lest we lag too far behind."

"We ride exactly as thy father bade us," growled the knight. "We were to trot on smooth and even ground, and walk in the rough going and up the slopes. If we exceed the pace they set, we 'll mar all his plans. If the outlaws see approaching a force like this, they 'll e'en remain in hiding, so that we lose all our pains."

"But in this wood of Tilbury," put in Dwarf Hildebrand, eagerly, "the road is so darkened and so crooks about among the hills that half a mile of space betwixt our parties is far too much for safety. Besides, the Black Mordaunt—"

"And who asked *thy* opinion, thou midget knave?" shouted the Knight of Grimsby,

"FOR AN HOUR OR MORE THEY JOGGED STEADILY ALONG THE HIGHROAD"

his weather-beaten face grown red as fire with wrath. "When 't is needed, 't will be called for. In the meantime, if thou would 'st avoid a buffet on the ear, 't will be well for thee to hold thy tongue."

Hildebrand made no reply, but Sir Gregory drew himself erect and faced the knight.

"Sir James," he said, "I will not have my man flouted in this wise. Thou didst hear my father say but this morning that Hildebrand's head is often worth more than all the fighting skill of taller men. And I 'll remind thee that 't was by his contriving that he and I escaped the Mordaunt and his crew but yesterday, and brought the news of their design that makes possible this venture of to-day."

"Nay, if he be such a favorite of thine, I say no more," growled the knight.

" 'T is more than that," urged Gregory. "My father and I alike have learned that when Hildebrand leaves his tales and jesting and speaks in sober earnest, 't is well to listen, at the least. Now I know not his further thought of the Black Mordaunt and his schemes, but I venture to say that, in this juncture, 't is well worth the hearing."

"Well then, we 'll hear this wisdom," answered Grimsby, with a sour smile. "Say on, Hildebrand, and teach me how to order this riding. I have had but thirty years of warfare and have doubtless much to learn."

Hildebrand made no reply, but rode with downcast looks, seeming determined to hold his peace. But after some minutes had passed, he raised his head and said:

"My thoughts may be of but little worth, and, were anything less than the lives of our friends at stake, I would say no more. But here is something that came to me but now. It may be that my Lord Colinwood and all of us have too confidently counted on the protection that is to be had from helmets and coats of mail in this skirmish. 'T is true our enemies are outlaws in Lincoln green; and, in plain fighting, Lord Colinwood and the five men with him might well withstand a hundred such for the length of time necessary for our riding to their rescue. But these outlaws have with them the Black Mordaunt and Scarface of Belmere. Both of them know well that Lord Colinwood's party is likely to wear link mail. Mordaunt, black-hearted wretch that he is, is yet a skilful soldier. Is it not likely that he or some of the others may bring some weapons against my master and his men that may prevail against their armor?"

"Will they then mount mangonels or other such engines by the roadside?" jeered Grimsby.

"It seems not likely," admitted the dwarf; "and I can not think what they can do. Only I know full well that if I planned an attack on men in armor, I 'd find me other weapons than arrows; and 't is that that makes me fear that Mordaunt may reason likewise."

"And how shall we guard against such things, Sir Counselor?" asked the Knight of Grimsby, with a mock curtsey. "Shall we prick forward and join Lord Colinwood forthwith, saying that we feared too greatly for his safety to ride longer as he bade us?"

"Nay," replied Hildebrand, "but there is a middle course. Sir Gregory and I are lightly armed and mounted, and might well serve as advance riders for our main body here. We were with Lord Colinwood yesterday when the outlaws spied on his party; and should they catch a glimpse of us to-day, they 'll think we have but lagged behind."

"Thou 'rt right, Hildebrand, right as ever!" cried Gregory.

The Knight of Grimsby frowned again, and more deeply than before, but presently he answered gruffly:

"Well, then,—since thou 'rt bound to have it so,—ride on ahead and keep at half the distance. Thou 'lt do well, nevertheless, to keep out of sight of Lord Colinwood, for if you mar his plans, he 'll blame both you and me. Be off with you, then, for my head aches with argument."

The two youths lost no time in obeying. Setting spurs to their horses' sides, they rode at a gallop till they had left the cavalcade of knights and archers well out of sight behind them, and, indeed, till they had caught glimpses of Lord Colinwood's party riding steadily forward along the winding track. Then, greatly reassured, they slackened their pace again till they judged themselves midway between the parties. So for half an hour they rode without sight of their friends in either group, and only at long intervals catching the sound of an iron shoe as it clashed with a roadside stone or the clink of a scabbard that swung against a spurred boot-heel.

By now they were in the midst of Tilbury Wood, a broken and hilly region with many sharp slopes to climb and many streams to ford. Here and there were thorny and rocky banks, with tangles of brush and sap-

lings, or dark and gloomy vales where gnarled and twisted trunks seemed themselves to harbor evil designs and where scarce a sun-ray reached the ground. These would make proper hiding-places for outlaws bent on robbery and worse; and both the youths had borne them in mind from the time they knew the plans of Mordaunt. But, one after another, these ominous places were approached and safely passed; and as they neared the more open and level woods beyond, they began to question whether the robbers had in some way got word of their plans and would remain throughout the day close hidden.

But at last their path mounted a sharp rise and emerged on a sparsely wooded hillside where for a quarter-mile the view was unchecked by forest boughs. And there at the bend in the road, where it rounded the flank of an overhanging rock some twenty feet in height, they beheld that which made them suddenly draw rein and for one terrified moment to sit as though frozen in their saddles.

Lord Colinwood and his men were riding, two by two, at the very foot of the cliff, and had evidently sighted no enemy. At that instant a score or more of men sprang up from the bracken and low bushes that crowned the rock, each with a stone of the size of a man's head in his hands. Rushing forward, they dashed these ponderous missiles down upon the horsemen.

Lord Colinwood and two of his men went to earth with the first volley, and the others, momentarily threatened with a like fate, wrenched and spurred their horses away from the deadly spot and backward along the way they had come. But more of the outlaws with ready-drawn bows came swarming from the woods above the rock and at the roadside below and poured a hail of arrows on the luckless men-at-arms. These drew their crossbows and replied as best they might; but 't was clear at once that they were in desperate plight. Their leader had fallen and they were twenty times outnumbered.

"MORE OF THE OUTLAWS WITH READY-DRAWN BOWS CAME SWARMING FROM THE WOOD"

Gregory spurred his horse forward, but Hildebrand clutched his bridle rein and screamed in his ear:

"Turn, Sir Gregory. Turn and ride for Sir James. 'T is our one chance of saving them."

His furious grasp had already drawn his master's horse half-way about, and with his free hand he pointed commandingly in the direction he would have him ride. For an instant Gregory hesitated, then he drove

the rowels once more against his horse's sides and shot away down the hill and toward Dunwoodie and his men.

He had ridden scarce a furlong when the column came in sight, rounding at a slow trot a bend in the forest road. Gregory pulled up his horse so sharply as nearly to throw him down, and turned about again, screaming the while for instant help. Sir James and his followers had no need clearly to hear the words. The actions of the desperate youth would have told all without a sound. As one man, they spurred their mounts to a gallop, and swept up the hill as though in vengeful pursuit of the lad who now at utmost speed rode before them.

As they came out on the level stretch at the top of the hill they sighted Hildebrand by the side of the surviving men-at-arms, who were fighting for their lives, half surrounded by running and leaping varlets in the Lincoln green of foresters and outlaws. Hildebrand's horse had been felled by arrows, and the dwarf fought on foot, imitating the tactics of the outlaws in leaping from side to side, and once bringing a tall ruffian to earth with a well-aimed shaft.

As the hoofs of the horses roared along the roadway, the nearest of the outlaws fell back hastily into the wood, which was here too thickly grown to allow of mounted men pursuing them. The knights and men-at-arms raised a battle shout, and, following the example of stout Sir James, flung themselves from their horses and charged into the undergrowth, sword in hand.

At that instant, young Sir Gregory beheld a sight which filled him with furious and impotent rage and caused him to ride madly forward toward the ledge, swinging his sword and shouting like a madman. The two men-at-arms who had fallen at the first onslaught had ever since lain still; but Lord Colinwood, though grievously hurt, had stirred at intervals and once endeavored to drag himself away from where he lay in the roadway, five or six feet from the base of the rock. Now a tall and powerful man in forester's green, whom nevertheless Gregory knew at once for the dastardly Knight of Mordaunt, came staggering forward from the leafy cover of the woods, a dozen paces from the edge of the cliff, bearing in both hands a stone full half a yard in thickness. It was evident that he meant to strike a last and fatal blow.

Dwarf Hildebrand, from his place in the roadway, sighted the traitorous knight at the same moment as did young Gregory, and likewise instantly sensed his murderous design. Without a moment's hesitation, he drew back a cloth-yard shaft till the feather touched his ear, and let fly at the knight who, with his heavy burden, was making but slow progress among the rocks and brambles. The aim was true and the arrow struck Mordaunt full in the breast; but it fell harmlessly to the ground, and the black-hearted wretch, secure in the protection of the coat of mail he wore beneath his woodman's garments, paused for a second to jeer at the archer's ill success, then plunged forward toward his victim.

Hildebrand had dropped his bow on the ground, and now he darted forward like a faithful hound that sees his master overborne by thieves. For a moment Gregory thought that the dwarf meant to interpose his own slight body between the wounded knight in the roadway and the crushing weight that was even now held high above the Mordaunt's head as he rushed toward the verge; and the boy spurred forward his terrified and rearing steed with the aim of sharing in this sacrifice. But Hildebrand had a better thought than this. At his master's side he paused not at all, but stooped and with one hand grasped firmly the collar of Colinwood's garment, so that he dragged the helpless body forward with the very impulse of his running, and to a space scarce two feet wide at the foot of the rock, where its jutting face overhung the pathway and made shelter from any missile hurled from above.

Gregory's horse leaped uncontrollably aside from the hurtling stone, and it fell with a heavy thud on the very spot where but an instant before Lord Colinwood's defenseless body had lain. With a hideous oath at his failure, the Mordaunt turned from the cliff's edge and ran back into the forest above. But he had already tarried too long, for Dunwoodie's stout swordsmen had driven the outlaws before them up the slope slaying or making prisoners of those who did not quickly retreat; and the moment the Mordaunt reëntered the wood he found himself confronted there by Sir James and half a dozen men-at-arms. Instantly they surrounded him, and would have ended his career forthwith had he not flung down his arms and begged for mercy.

When Sir James and his men returned to the roadway with their prisoners they found young Gregory and his squire kneeling at

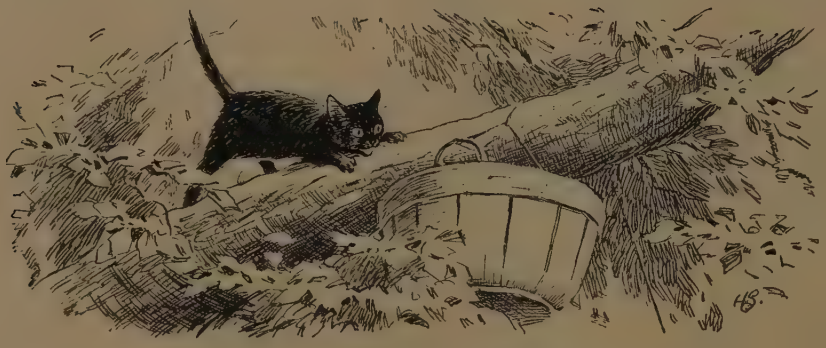
the side of Lord Colinwood. They had removed his helmet and dashed water in his face; and now he opened his eyes and asked how many of his men had fallen. The stone that had struck him from his horse had dealt his head a stunning blow, and, but for the helmet's protection, must have killed him outright. Glancing downward, it had broken his shoulder; and it was evident that it would be long ere he would ride again. But when he knew, from Gregory's breathless telling, how the battle had sped and how he had been rescued from imminent death, he pressed Hildebrand's hand in gratitude, praised the valor of his knightly friends, and made light of the hurts he had suffered.

"MORDAUNT FOUND HIMSELF CONFRONTED BY SIR JAMES"

Half an hour later, the men of Grimsby, with their prisoners, resumed their journey at a walking pace toward the Castle of Colinwood. The wounded noble was carried in a litter made with robes and poles, the ends of which were borne by horses led by Gregory and Hildebrand. A score of the robbers had been slain or captured; and the arch-conspirator was on his way to a dungeon cell.

They had scarce set out in this wise before their column was again brought to a halt. The Knight of Grimsby, who had been riding back and forth along the line attending to the proper disposal of the prisoners, returned at a sharp trot. He halted and leaped down from his saddle just opposite the litter. A smile illumined his rough countenance as he strode forward with right hand extended toward the midget warrior.

"Hildebrand," he said, full loudly and with a heart-warming ring in his voice, "here, before thy liege lord and thy comrades, I ask thy pardon for my rudeness of an hour or two agone. Had it not been for thee and thy counsel, which I had despised, Lord Colinwood and all his men might have perished here long ere we could have aided them. Once more have I learned, and mayhap will this time remember, that 't is not the beef and brawn which one may see full clear that make the man, but the wit and the mettle that show in his acts. Thy hand, my lad, and thy full pardon. Dunwoodie of Grimsby is glad and proud to call thee friend."



KITTY'S ELEVATOR

By ETHEL PUFFER HOWES

It must have been because Kitty Black Blossom was lonesome. The children were at Grandmother's, and Blossom had no one to run races with around the house. Anyway, this is what she did:

One night, when Papa came home to supper, there was no Kitty Black Blossom to "stand up and beg" for little bits of bread and cheese, as she always liked to do. And next morning, there was no Kitty to drink her milk with him; but he thought he heard her mewing somewhere. That evening he went and looked and called around everywhere, in the cellars, in the attic, in the garage, even in Peggy the Irish Setter's pen—no Kitty! Then he heard a little sad mew up high. And there she was!—away up—fifty feet up—in the upper crotch of a great, big, spreading elm-tree behind the house. He called her, and she tried to come; but she seemed not to know how to stick her claws in to go *down*, or even how she could turn around and go down backward, clawing into the bark of the tree. She could only use her claws to go *upward*, and so she kept going farther up and on along a branch. You see, Blossom was just a little kitten, although she was quite clever.

Papa went and got a small steel wrench and tied it to the end of a very long linen fish-line, wound on a reel. He thought he would try to toss the wrench over the branch, so he could pull it down with the fish-line. This he could do from the roof of the back porch, because the house was built on a terrace, and the big tree grew from the ground about ten feet lower than the house.

First, he unwound the fish-line from the reel and laid it out on the roof, so it would n't tangle or catch when he tossed up the wrench. But when he tried, he could n't throw the wrench high enough to go over the limb where Kitty was. Then he began to whirl the line around his head, the way David did when he slung his stone at Goliath. Only Papa whirled *his* sling-stone over and over, up and down, until he got it going with a lot of force. This time, when he let drive, it whirled up and up and over Kitty's branch. But oh dear! when he pulled the branch down toward the roof, Kitty did n't dare to run down it. She just held on, mewing.

So Papa had to give it up for *that* night. Next morning she was still there; and all day long he was thinking about poor Kitty, up in that big tree for two days and two nights, with nothing to eat. He was afraid that pretty soon she would get so weak and tired she would tumble right down out of the tree-top and be killed.

But when he got back from the city the third evening, he had an idea. Blossom was on the very top branch now, a little black blot against the sky. Again he went up on the roof of the back porch with his wrench tied to the end of the fish-line. He whirled it over her branch, and then, when it came down to the ground, he untied it, and tied on in its place one of those big splint baskets with a small wire handle on each side that

the grocery-man sometimes leaves filled with vegetables. Then he pulled on the other end of the string, and the basket rose up in the air to the branch where Blossom was clinging.

Did she get into it? No, indeed! She was afraid of it. She just stood there mewing and mewing.

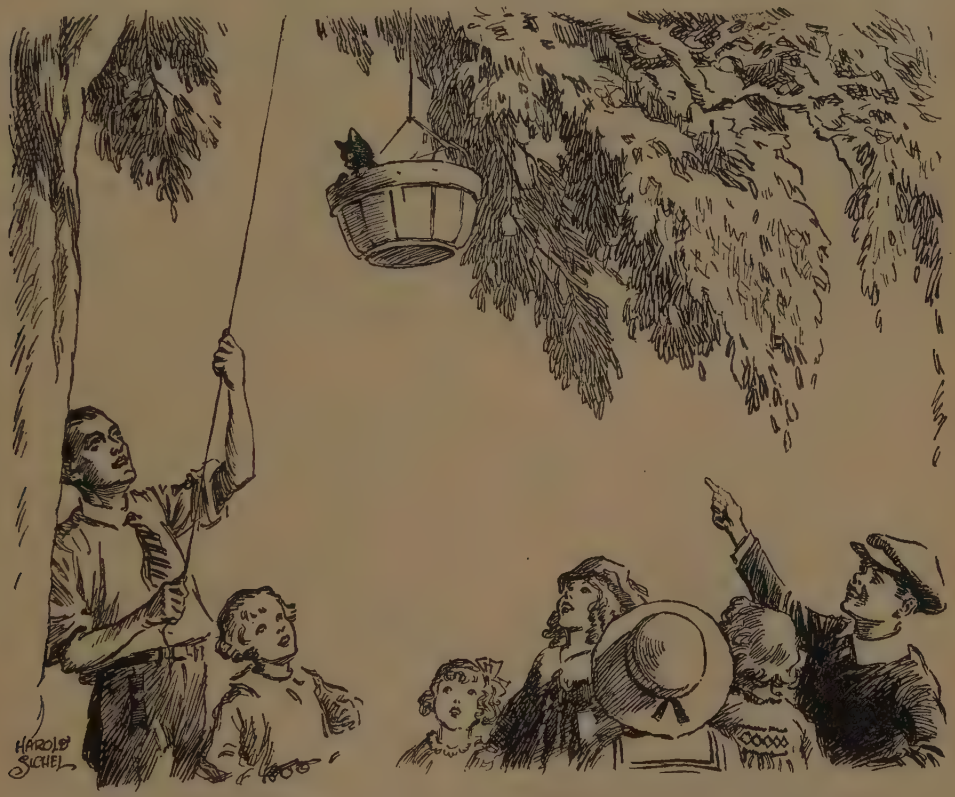
Papa was quite discouraged. At last he remembered that she just loved cheese as much as any little mouse does. So he lowered the basket and put in a handful of crumbled-up cheese and then pulled on the string till the basket was again in the tree-top not far from her perch.

Then he called, "Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!" Black Blossom put out her paw and came a little way along the branch. Then she was scared and went back. Papa called, "Kitty, come!" Then she came along again a little nearer the basket. Papa joggled it a little by shaking the line, and Kitty smelled that cheese! This time she ran right along and snuffed at the basket, and then hopped down into it and began eating cheese!

Papa lowered away, and down came that happy Black Blossom in her basket, all safe. Was n't she glad to see him!

And what do you think! In a week the children came home, and the very next morning, about nine o'clock, Blossom was discovered in the top of *another* just-as-big elm-tree in front of the house close to the road. This time Papa knew just what to do! Very quickly he ran and got his fish-line and his wrench and his splint basket. He threw the wrench over the end of the branch Kitty was on, then tied that fish-line end from handle to handle across the basket. Then he pulled on the other end of the line, and up the basket went. This time, Kitty no sooner saw the basket coming up, than she ran along the branch and hopped right in, never waiting to see whether there was any cheese in it at all. (There was n't!) All the children on their way to school stopped to watch that kitten coming down from her forty-foot-high perch, sticking her little black head out over the rim.

"Black Blossom just went up there to show us how she comes down in her elevator!" said Bennie-boy.



"ALL THE CHILDREN ON THEIR WAY TO SCHOOL STOPPED TO WATCH THAT KITTEN"

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK

THE SUBMARINE AND THE BABY PLANE

MARVELOUS as the submarine is, it has the very serious defect that it is more or less blind—purblind, at any rate. While it can cruise at will beneath the waters, like a shark or a whale, not even coming to the surface to breath, as the latter must do, it must come nearly to the surface in order to let its periscope project. The periscope is a clever instrument—a tube containing artfully arranged lenses, which reminds one of the eye of a crab—a sort of an eye on a stick. Its range, however, is rather limited.

But not long ago an inventor set his wits to work to remedy this defective vision of the underwater boats. He succeeded in building a tiny sea-plane capable of taking flight from the deck of a submarine, and yet so small that, when disassembled,—or "knocked down," as workmen say,—it can be stored in the hold of the submarine, even if the latter be only four feet square. Moreover, the whole process takes only five minutes. It is just as if a whale should press a friendly flying-fish into his service to "view the landscape o'er," (or rather, the sea-scape!) while he seeks refuge from his enemies in the depths below.

Keystone View Co.

A PLANE THAT CAN BE STORED IN A SUBMARINE

In fact, this trim little craft rather suggests the slim lines of a flying-fish, as you can see from our picture. It has been on view at the Naval Air Station at Anacostia, not far from Washington, D. C. The machine is known as the Casper-Henkle type of seaplane, from the German inventor of the original. It has a wing-spread of only twenty-one feet—the length of a moderate-sized room. The photograph shows Lieut. Dillon of the U. S. Navy Air Service about to take flight.

M. TEVIS.

THE CLEVERNESS OF SQUIRRELS

PROBABLY we rate the intelligence of gray squirrels far too low. I have long since learned, through years of familiar contact with them in the woods, how acute they are.

I once posted myself between a noted old "den-tree" and a certain strip of long-leaf pines, to which I knew that many squirrels resorted for the cones, of which they are exceedingly fond. I was not hunting, merely observing. I wanted to see whether a squirrel, making for his den-tree, would rush dangerously close past an enemy or would use his head. It was in the morning, perhaps ten o'clock, and the October sun was warm and bright. My watching was soon rewarded by seeing an old squirrel coming toward me. When possible, a squirrel loves to run on fallen logs rather than on the ground. This one was following a series of pine logs.

When he came within twenty yards of me, I made myself known. He eyed me carefully, thoughtfully. His home, he knew, was a hundred yards behind me. Then very coolly he made his decision. He changed his course, describing an arc about me. I mounted a hurricane log to watch him. His

semicircle was perfect; I saw him when he reached the den-tree. In precisely the same manner five other squirrels behaved; but one was only a youngster, and his arc was neither so wide nor so perfect.

Later, I took up my position at the foot of the den-tree; and I here found that the squirrels (several more came) would defy my presence, gaining the tree despite my leaning against it.

A fox-squirrel's shrewdness once surprised me. I saw one on a bald cypress in a pond in the pine-lands. He had a curious-looking object in his mouth. This I soon perceived to be a dropped deer-horn. (It is a known fact that squirrels and wood-rats and mice dispose of most of the dropped stag's antlers.) The squirrel did not see me. He carried the horn up to his hole; but he found that he could not get it in. The points prevented his doing so. Still gripping the antler in his teeth, he deftly *backed* into the hole. Then he attempted to pull the horn in; but he had it near the point of the beam, so that the tines caught against the lips of the aperture. Skilfully he shifted the antler in his mouth until he had it by the base. Then he drew it neatly into the hole after him—a remarkable aërial manœuver.

Lately I was talking with a Pennsylvania state forester, among whose many duties is the feeding of wild game during the winter.

"I tried to feed a flock of wild turkeys," he told me, "but the squirrels seemed to get the better of me every time. Of course, the regular method of feeding is to cut off a growing twig about two feet above the ground and stick an ear of corn on its sharpened point. But the squirrels climbed these twigs, bent them over, and ate all the corn. Then I tied the ears of corn on strings and suspended them from tree-branches. Do you know that those squirrels simply cut the strings? Then I tried wire. But the squirrels would go to the place where the wire was fastened, take hold of it, pull it carefully up, and thus get the corn. Finally, we put some tin discs just above the ears on the wire. This device seemed to baffle the squirrels; but it looked so very queer and trap-like that the turkeys would not come near it. I had never known before that gray squirrels were as resourceful as they apparently are." ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE.

Photograph by Howard Taylor Middleton

THE GRAY SQUIRREL

A TWO-LEAVED TREE

WHEN we think of a tree, the idea flashes into our minds of a tall, branching plant, adorned with a profusion of leaves. It is startling to learn, therefore, that the curious plant shown in our picture on the next page is in reality a tree—a healthy and flourishing tree, too, and already several years old. Very possibly—indeed, we may say probably—this tree will live for a century or more, as do many members of the species, but it will never be much more than a foot high and it will never have any more leaves.

Its two leaves, which look like long green banners, and which are thick and leathery with parallel veins, will hang on to the trunk of the tree as long as it lives. As the tree grows, however, they will increase in length, until they measure two or three yards or even more. Since this specimen is a hot-house plant, one of the most prized possessions of the famous gardens at Cambridge, England, the leaves will doubtless remain unbroken indefinitely. But on the dry and arid plains in southwestern Africa, which are the home of the tree, the leaves are so buffeted by fierce dry winds that they split into long ribbons.

This singular member of the vegetable kingdom—one of the greatest marvels known

to botanists—was discovered a little more than sixty years ago by a famous botanist, Dr. Welwitsch, the director of the Botanical Gardens at Lisbon, during a special expedition sent to Africa for the purpose of hunting for new plants. Dr. Welwitsch called the plant by the native name, the Tumboa; but later it was named, in honor of its discoverer, the Welwitschia, and to this name was added the second word *mirabilis*—wonderful.

THE TUMBOA TREE (WELWITSCHIA MIRABILIS)

This wonder-tree sends deep down into the earth a thick, powerful root, shaped like a carrot, called a tap-root. As the root grows longer and thicker, the top of the tree grows broader and broader, until, when it is full grown, it may measure as much as twelve or fifteen feet in circumference. This top, or crown, of the tree is very rough and knotty, with irregular depressions in it. It has been likened in appearance to a monster fungus.

The Tumboa is a very striking example of what naturalists call adaptation to environment. Since in the regions where it grows it must cope with fierce sunlight, violent winds, and a lack of moisture owing to the scarcity of the rainfall, the tree has adapted itself to meet these conditions by sticking close to the ground, and, by developing a huge root with which to anchor itself firmly, it avoids the danger of being broken or uprooted. By developing only two leaves, it avoids the danger of too great evaporation of the precious water it receives, while its deep-thrust root increases its chances of obtaining underground moisture.

But though the Tumboa has only two leaves, it has many flowers. These are borne in long spikes, or panicles, which are very handsome, since the scales which protect the small white flowers are a brilliant scarlet in color. When the seeds are ripened they form, together with the scales, a cone, and the tree is therefore classed as a conifer or cone-bearing tree, like the pine, the fir, and other evergreens.

T. A. MARCHMAY.

A NOVEL INDUSTRY IMPROVED

BOYS and girls who are amateur gardeners are now as desirous as their parents of annually securing some of Uncle Sam's free garden-seed, which the congressmen give away, because it is the best seed obtainable. A big and curious industry in the national capital has been developed, because the Government each year distributes several million pounds of free garden-seed. Forty seed-dealers scour this country and Europe buying up the best quality of vegetable and flower seeds to fill the federal contracts. All this seed is carefully tested before Uncle Sam purchases it. The dealers furnish the best seed, because they know that otherwise they will lose the contracts the following year. Sixty-five million packets of garden-seed were given away in 1922, sufficient to plant 240,000 acres and to produce $192,000,000 worth of food.

One school-girl in Ohio won a fifty-dollar prize for having the best garden in her county and she used Uncle Sam's gift seed. An Indiana farm-boy sold seventy-five dollars' worth of vegetables from the government seed which he secured from his congressman last season; and one school-boy raised and marketed twenty dollars' worth of food from a single packet. Boys' and girls' garden-clubs in all parts of the United States have almost swamped their local congressmen with requests for seed. Each congressman is allowed by law to give away 20,000 packages of garden-seed and 2000 packages of flower-seed each year. None of them ever have any seed left over, as the amateur gardeners begin writing in for it for the next season even before the vegetables of the

preceding year are all picked. There is more country-wide interest in the government garden-seed project than any other single matter that annually occupies the time of our national legislators.

The building in Washington where the federal seed is tested and packed is a famous old structure wherein were held the inaugural balls for Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, and Abraham Lincoln. It is more than eighty years old. The seed-packing season begins in October. All the seed must be sent out by the first day of the following April. Electricity is harnessed to run the clever machinery which has been designed and perfected for packeting the seed. To begin with, the seed is poured by hand into large hoppers, from which it flows by gravity to individual packeting machines on the floor below. Each machine is operated by a pair of girls. One girl fills the small packages—a special device on the machine weighs and delivers the seed—and then hands them to her mate, who places them in a moving-belt arrangement, where the flaps of the envelops are touched with glue, folded, sealed, and delivered into a hamper at the far end of the device.

THE TEAM THAT ESTABLISHED THE RECORD—48,200 PACKETS IN EIGHT HOURS

Before this sealing-machine was invented, it took three girls all day to fill and pack by hand 16,000 folders of seed. With the machine, two girls can now packet about 30,000 envelops daily. The record day's work is 48,200 packages. The team that established this record are shown above on this page. The hampers of seed are carried by hand to special chutes in the floor, whence they are dumped into huge bins. There are sixty-four of these big bins, and they accommodate 50,000,000 small packages of garden-seed.

"THE SEED IS POURED BY HAND INTO LARGE HOPPERS"

From the bins, the small envelops of seed pass by gravity to tables on the floor below. Large, endless-belt conveyors pass before the girls who stand in front of these tables. Five different packages of vegetable-seed are placed in one larger folder, which is addressed and properly franked. A group of girls paste the printed addresses and franks on the envelops at one end of the room, and then place the folders, one by one, on the endless belts.

Thirty different combinations of vegetable-

seed are sent out as, for example, peas, corn, beets, lettuce, and radishes. As the folder passes on the endless conveyor before the first girl, she will slip in a small packet of pea-seed; the next girl in line will put in corn-seed; and so on until the mailing-folder is filled. One girl then inspects the package, and another sees that it goes through the large gluing- and sealing-machine satisfactorily. At the end of the belt, it drops into a mail-pouch. When the pouch is full, it is inspected, sealed, and delivered at the railroad station.

The sorting of the addressed folders is done at the seed-warehouse by a half-dozen postal experts, in order to speed up the rapid transportation of the seed. Accurate account is kept of the quota of seed apportioned to each congressman; and as soon as his supply is used up, it is impossible for him to fill additional orders. To illustrate the vast amount of mail that is sent out annually, it is worthy of note that over four hundred tons of paper were used in making the packets and envelops sent out during 1922.

It costs the Government only about four cents a packet to purchase and distribute this garden-seed; but if this is multiplied by sixty-five million, it runs up into a large amount.

Just as this sketch is going to press, the news comes from Washington that Congress has refused to make the appropriation necessary to continue the free distribution of seeds after the present year; but luckily, even if we have to purchase our garden-seed hereafter, the cost is absurdly small when compared with the probable returns.

G. H. Dacy.

OUR BRAVEST GAME-BIRD

Few birds on the North American continent win more respect from upland hunter or bird-lover than the ruffed grouse, sometimes called the birch partridge, but usually known from Maine to Oregon by the name partridge. Its nerve-shattering roar of wing-beats as it leaves the ground and its tremendous velocity in darting through the heavily wooded cover which it loves so well are, indeed, enough to entitle it to be king of game-birds, but the fact that it braves the severe winters along our Canadian frontier is enough to win it the respect of all. While other birds are driven southward in search of warmth and food, the partridge stays near its northern home and feeds on the buds of trees, chiefly the white birch, which, some may be surprised to learn, come out in the fall.

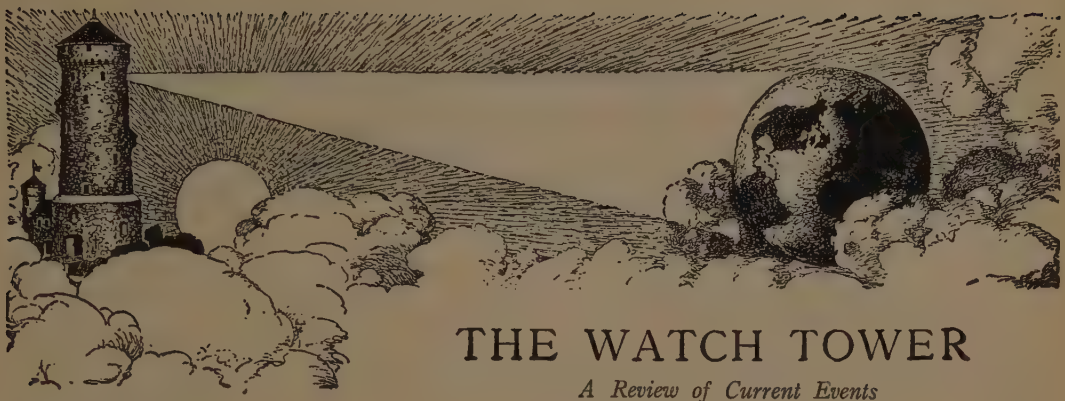
It is a rather strange fact that a bird which much prefers to stay on the ground

THE PARTRIDGE OR RUFFED GROUSE

should remain where the snow reaches a depth of five and six feet in the woods when, by migrating perhaps a tenth as far as most birds, it could find bare ground any month in the year.

Curiously enough, however, it is the snow that allows the partridge to endure the severe cold when the thermometer runs down to fifty degrees below zero. The birds go into the snow. The sleeping-rooms made by them are familiar sights to the snow-shoer who roams the woods in February or March. Usually the birds plunge into the snow on the sheltered side of a large clump of spruces. Sometimes the holes occur among the trees, but often they are found well out in cleared land, twenty rods or so from the edge of the woods; and since they stay in the holes till late in the morning, the snow-shoer may come upon them. You may be sure it is a thrilling sight to see the birds burst from the snow, throwing the glistening crystals for yards in every direction.

Fred O. Copeland.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

WHAT DOES THE TREATY MEAN?

IN the disagreement between England and France as to policies in the matter of German reparations, there is a lesson for our class in English. When England was standing for a four-year moratorium and France was insisting on protective guarantees, the argument turned upon a clause in the peace treaty which says: "In case of wilful default by Germany, the reparations commission members must send a letter to their respective Governments, who will decide what action will be taken."

France maintained that this meant that each Government should decide for itself. England answered that it meant that the Governments should act together. France stuck to her guns, went ahead with the seizure of the Ruhr district—and England let her go.

Presumably the intention of those who wrote the treaty was that for which England stood. Any other interpretation would weaken the nature of the alliance. But there is nothing to go by except the actual words of the treaty, and certainly the paragraph does not clinch the matter. Half a dozen words more would have made the meaning undebatable.

Let 's learn to write better than the treaty-makers do!

FRANCE IN THE RUHR

WHEN France declared that she would no longer go on accepting German excuses for default in meeting the terms of the peace treaty on reparations, there were many readers of the news who could see in the announcement nothing but the certainty of a new upheaval in Europe. Germany would be ruined, they thought; France would not succeed; England would break away from her; and this country's trade would suffer grievously. The prophets of gloom enjoyed themselves with predictions of a disaster more devastating than the war itself. Indeed, a new war was their favorite nightmare.

France, holding to the arguments she had long urged in vain, went ahead, and sent an army into the Ruhr district. She occupied that region of industrial cities, of coal and iron mines. She declared herself determined to enforce her treaty rights. Though it was with doubt and fear that the English people watched what went on, England stepped aside. And France went ahead, while Germany sullenly adopted an attitude of passive resistance.

Such international operations are always reflected quickly in the stock markets of the world, the centers of finance. When there are grave fears for the outcome, prices of securities fall, investors hold back, everybody waits to see what will happen. Up to the time of writing this article, nothing had happened—except that it became apparent that France had no intention of making a military conquest, of disturbing the conditions of productive industry, or of doing anything except getting out the coal and, in a businesslike way, showing Germany that what was demanded of her was possible. Of course, there was no positive assurance that there would not be serious trouble; but the first week was likely to be the hardest; and when that week passed easily, everybody began to feel better.

Some readers of THE WATCH TOWER have not agreed with its view of the reparations problem. We have made our monthly

comment in a spirit of friendship for all involved, for France and for England, for Italy and for Belgium—and for Germany, too. We have had no sympathy for the idea of letting Germany off easily. We have felt that she carried a load of guilt, that she owed a bill too heavy for any payments in goods and money ever to settle, and that she owed it to herself as well as to the rest of the world to make amends, so far as they could be made.

We have felt that the rebuilding of Germany, socially, is as important to the welfare of the world as the rebuilding of France, physically. But we have felt that it should be done by Germany herself, and we have been sorry to see the leaders of German finance and industry sending money out of the country, so that it could not be used to pay the war debt.

By the time this article is published, the French experiment may have scored a great success—or it may have come to an end in miserable failure.

But France maintains that she has shown patience—to the limit; that she has attended since the armistice some twenty-five conferences, the results of which have been a repeated scaling-down of the reparations due her, and in no one of them has she received *guarantees* that even the reduced amounts for reparation would be paid by Germany. It is a sad outcome, in any event, of after-war diplomacy and treaty-making.

TREASURES OF ANCIENT EGYPT

NEAR Luxor, in Egypt, is the Valley of the Kings. Here, three thousand years ago, the rulers of the people of the Nile Land had their burial place. Here the bodies of the dead kings of ancient Egypt were placed in tombs, with rich jewels and ornaments. And during this past winter, wonderful excavations have been made, opening up the chambers dark and silent through thirty centuries and revealing the secrets of Egyptian antiquity.

Wide World Photos

SCENE OF THE RECENT WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF BURIED TREASURE IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS, EGYPT

The tomb of King Tutenkhamen has been explored. Relics valued at $15,000,000 have been brought to light. But, impressive as such a sum of money still is, even in these days of billions, it does not exceed, or even equal, the value of these recent discoveries

in terms of something more important than money, something that cannot be measured by money at all.

By that, of course, is meant the knowledge of early ways and customs, the contribution to our acquaintance with the past history of the human race. This knowledge is precious beyond computation in dollars.

What a story it was that came from that ancient tomb! After all the centuries, filled with the rise and fall of empires, it has given up its secrets, and men meet men across the ages.

RADIO AND PLANE

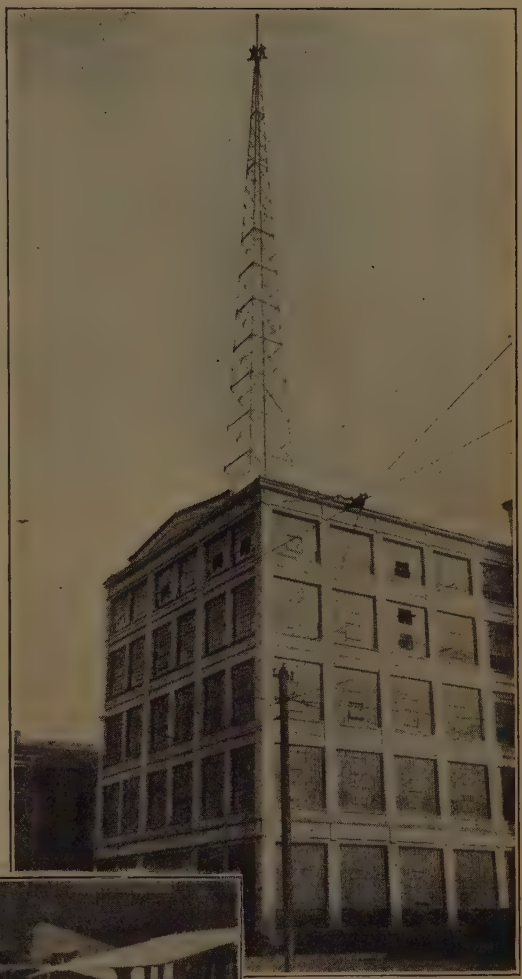
Two of the most interesting bills introduced in Congress early in the year were those designed to provide governmental control of radio and of air traffic. Each deals with a modern activity in which there are so many interests involved that it is desirable to have national legislation to regulate it.

In 1912, a radio-control bill was passed, but the progress of invention and the spread of wireless telegraph and telephone have already made the first law inadequate. With some 21,000 stations working, regulation is certainly needed.

Control belongs properly to the Department of Commerce. It should have power to grant or refuse licenses and to assign wave-lengths. It should be able to limit the number of broadcasting stations.

Control of civilian air navigation should also be given to this department. Forty-eight state laws could result only in confusion. Fliers should have a national code for their guidance. Passenger and freight traffic is bound to grow rapidly, and it is better to plan ahead for its development than to wait and meet the needs one by one as they arise.

The lawmakers of 1923 still have some of the excitements of pioneers.



ONE OF THE TWO AËRIAL TOWERS, 183 FEET HIGH, OF THE POWERFUL RADIO BROADCASTING STATION AT SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

Photographs by Underwood & Underwood

BLÉRIOT TWENTY-PASSENGER AIRPLANE, EQUIPPED FOR LUXURIOUS AIR TRAVEL AT A SPEED OF 200 KILOMETERS AN HOUR

A COURAGEOUS VETO

SENATOR BURSUM'S bill increasing the pensions of Civil War veterans from $50 to $72 a month and providing pensions of $50 a month for all widows of soldiers of that war was vetoed by President Harding. Considering the disappointment to many men and women who had been led to expect this bill to go through, the President must have found it hard to do what his best judgment told him was the right thing to do.

Mr. Harding said in his veto message that the immediate cost of such a law would be an addition of $108,000,000 a year to the present expenses of the Treasury Department, and that he believed that, if the act were to be made law, it would lead to the expenditure of more than fifty billion dollars for pensions in the next fifty years.

With regard to the interest of widows in this proposed law, the President remarked that it would make a woman eligible for the pension if she had married a veteran fifty years after the close of the war. It is not fair to ask the nation to pay pensions in such circumstances.

Whether an attempt would be made to have the bill passed over the veto was not known when this article was written. The significant thing about it was the repetition of the President's stand for having pensions measured with regard for the welfare of the entire country.

WILL THERE BE A CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION—WITHIN 50 YEARS?

NO document that we know of has ever so convinced mankind of its wisdom or has ever so stoutly stood the test of years as the Constitution of the United States of America. Yet in the fulness of time there comes, every now and then, a day when that ancient and revered document has to be changed in some particular in order to keep pace with the changing times.

There is nothing disgraceful, irreverent, or unpatriotic in suggesting these amendments. Even the stoutest defenders of the ancient frame of government must acknowledge that it cannot forever stand in a form even as close as the present one to that which the honored Founders gave it. It is because we are stout defenders of it that we wonder how many amendments are going to be made within the next half-century.

Perhaps that sounds like a paradox. But the reason that fine old Constitution has stood so long is that it was written in the spirit of permanence, not that of momentary political expedience. It embodies principles. It does not rule arbitrarily on every point of difficulty that may arise. It is lasting because it is elastic.

But there have been many additions made necessary by changes in our life. The railroad, the telegraph and telephone, and now the radio and the airplane, have made a new world for us and introduced many new problems. The increase in population has changed the conditions of farm and city life, of business and industry, of education and of labor.

There have been amendments for woman suffrage and prohibition. There is a strong demand for a child-labor amendment, and this one is imperatively needed. The powers of the Supreme Court have been seriously challenged. A new method of Presidential election is desired by many. The statement has been published that altogether more than two hundred projects for amendment are now being considered. But this seems absurd. For if we go on adding one amendment after another, in time we should have only a patchwork constitution. And as the additions became more numerous, the danger of getting away from the original spirit of wise provision for the public welfare would increase.

It is, therefore, exactly with the idea of preserving the spirit in which the Founders wrought that we venture to suggest the advisability of at least studying the problem whether, as inventions increase and life grows more complicated, the country will not have to get together, through selected representatives from all the States, to see what it can do in the way of making the Constitution fit the New Age—or the New Age fit the Constitution!

An American Law Institute has been organized this year to consider the possibility of remodeling state and national laws so as to get uniformity. But you will probably be much older before they tackle the Constitution too—the supreme law of the land.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THREE pictures shown in this department this month are of special interest for the way in which they show children taking part in matters of wide concern. The scenes are in

Underwood & Underwood

ITALIAN CHILDREN ASSISTING AT THE FLAG-RAISING ON THE PRESENTATION BY THE AMERICAN RED CROSS OF A PLAYGROUND TO THE CHILDREN OF ROME

Kadel & Herbert

GOVERNOR-GENERAL WOOD PURCHASING FROM A LITTLE FILIPINO THE FIRST CHRISTMAS STAMPS SOLD AT MANILA

Underwood & Underwood

AMERICAN SOLDIERS AT COBLENZ DISTRIBUTING CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO THE CHILDREN OF THE CITY

Italy, Germany, and the Philippines. It is a treat to have the TELESCOPE show these pleasant incidents, when the grown-ups in Europe are so busy making trouble.

DO you remember the article in THE WATCH TOWER a few months ago, about the ravages of the boll-weevil, which threaten to destroy the Southern cotton crop? Well, that danger to our cotton crop is a danger to the workers in the cotton mills of Lancashire, in England. In order to be sure of a supply of raw materials for her mills, England is making plans to increase the production of cotton in the Sudan. She is going to extend the Sudan railway into new cotton-growing country, and hopes in a few years to develop a large region of cotton production.

WHAT do you think of the move for a new calendar? It would divide the year into thirteen months of 28 days each, with an extra day called January Zero. The new month would come between June and July. Some one has humorously suggested that it be called Newmember.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

HERE is a letter from a real boy, acknowledging the receipt of a silver badge, and expressed in real boy language (which is apt to have a touch of slanguage, by way of added emphasis). But it has a direct honesty of thought and utterance that are refreshing, is pervaded by the true spirit of the LEAGUE, and bears witness to a genuine appreciation of ST. NICHOLAS by "all the family" of ten, which is indeed welcome and heartening news:

"A HEADING FOR MARCH"
BY ELIZABETH GOODWIN, AGE 13
(SILVER BADGE)

DEAR ST. NICK: Many thanks, old top! It has come. I am quite chesty about it. Ever since I was small I have envied the prize-winners. It was my ambition to be listed among them. What wonderful boys and girls they must be, I thought. As acquaintance lessens respect, I consider myself quite fortunate to have slipped in among them.

With your well-thumbed pages before me (there are ten in the family and every one reads it at least five times, from Daddy to the baby), anxiously waiting for the next number to arrive, I remain,

The proud winner of your silver badge,
TOM SMITH (age 15).

There is much which we should like to say about the LEAGUE this month, but the following poem says it, in effect—a breezy poem, that fairly rings to the tune of the winds of March.

UNDER A WINDY SKY

BY THEODORA THAYER (AGE 17)
(*Honor Member*)

A GALLOPING horse and a rolling plain
Under a windy sky;
And the hoof-beats pound on the ground, the ground
With a rollicking, joyous, care-free sound,
And the world stretches far to the sky all around—
Under a windy sky.

White clouds scud over the rain-washed blue,
Far up in the windy sky;
Like white-sailed ships that dip and dip
Through the clear blue sea, and finally slip
O'er the edge of the world with a farewell tip,
Under a windy sky.

The sun shines clear through the sparkling air,
Under the windy sky;
While cloud shadows chase with a rapid pace
Over the earth's fresh, wind-swept face,
And the wind shouts loud as we joyously race
Under the windy sky.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 276

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badge, **Julia F. Van der Veer** (age 15), California. Silver Badges, **Caroline Martyny** (age 13), New York; **Doris A. Lake** (age 14), Illinois; **Mary Elizabeth Sparks** (age 11), Illinois; **Alice M. Johnson** (age 11), Texas.

VERSE. Gold Badge, **Virginie Clark** (age 15), New York. Silver Badges, **Margaret P. Coleman** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Louise Hart** (age 11), Georgia; **Carl F. Bangert** (age 17), Pennsylvania.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badge, **William C. Putnam** (age 14), California. Silver Badges, **Elizabeth Goodwin** (age 13), Oregon; **Raymond Abos** (age 11), California; **Anna Ophelia Todd** (age 15), Colorado; **Margaret Jervis** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Florence De Puy Jacobs** (age 16), New Jersey.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badges, **Anna Lange** (age 17), Honolulu; **Margaret Fegtly** (age 17), Arizona. Silver Badges, **Charlotte Mosle** (age 14), Texas; **M. M. Ramsay** (age 16), Virginia; **Emily M. Williams** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Catharine Kouwenhoven** (age 15), New York; **Edith Heidingsfeld** (age 14), Ohio; **Margaret Freeman** (age 14), New York.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold Badge, **John W. Bodine** (age 10), Pennsylvania. Silver Badge, **Catherine Allen** (age 14), New York.

BY MAY F. C. HAMMER, AGE 14

BY CHARLOTTE MOSLE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

"FROM MY SNAP-SHOTS"

THE VOICE OF THE WIND

BY HELEN L. RUMMONS (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

I AM the wind, the wilful wind,
The wandering, the free.
I know the lands of all the world,
And the broad expanse of sea.

I know the lure of the languid South,
Where coral islands rise,
The limpid blue of southern seas
That mirror southern skies.

I know the strength of the rugged North,
With pine-crowned piles and peaks;
By frozen lakes and creviced crags,
The nest the eagle seeks.

I know the mystery of the East,
The junks, the long lagoons,
The queer bazaars, the winding streets,
In the hush of magic noons.

I know the land of heart's desire,
The flame, the trail, the quest,
The land-locked ports, the citron groves,
The West, the golden West!

But I love the prairies' rise and dip,
Where I lift the flag unfurled
Of the strong, free men who love the plains—
The men who will rule the world.

LUCK OR PLUCK

BY CAROLINE MARTYNY (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

AMONG those who went to fight in France was a man by the name of Sergeant Murray. He was a very unassuming young man.

A few months after a great battle had taken place, a surprising event occurred. Sergeant Murray and some of his friends were in a tent. They were seated around a table on which were some letters. A gust of wind blew in through the open door and scattered the papers on the floor. One of his friends picked them up. He happened to glance at one, and saw, to his astonishment, that it was a letter to the sergeant, stating that he was to receive a Distinguished Service medal.

"Look, boys, look!" he cried, "Murray is to receive a Distinguished Service medal."

Every one was eager to know how he got it, but no one could get a word of explanation out of him. All he said was, "It was nothing; I was on the battle-field and I stayed there." Later on, they found out from one of his comrades why he received it.

The company that Sergeant Murray was in was losing very rapidly. The captain and lieutenant had been killed and many other brave fellows lay dead or wounded. There was no one to lead the men. The soldiers were in a panic and were ready to retreat. Sergeant Murray, seeing the danger, left his line, and, with encouraging words, led the troops into the raging battle. After much struggling, they won the day.

When his friends learned the truth they all praised him, but he said as before:

"It was nothing; anybody could have done it."

It was luck that he was there, but it certainly was pluck that made him stay.

LUCK OR PLUCK

BY ELIZABETH EVANS HUGHES (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

WAS it the good luck, or was it the fearless pluck, of our raw, farmer soldiers that made us win our independence from Great Britain in 1776? I think almost every one will agree that it was the latter, plus some of the former.

When the call came that memorable night in April, not one of those farmers hesitated an instant, but grabbing up a weapon, they responded, a mere handful of men, and won their first, great victory. All through the war, it was the same way—they were always ready to meet every emergency. Although they suffered some severe defeats also, and were disheartened and discouraged for a time, they soon rallied under the influence of their cheerful leader, George Washington.

"WHAT I LIKE BEST TO DRAW." BY RAYMOND ABOS AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE)

George Washington was a man of rare genius, who, although bowed down with cares and responsibilities, always met his soldiers with a face full of hope, cheer, and courage. So it was no wonder that those men admired the leader who by sheer force of pluck kept his valiant little army together and won the war. That terrible winter at Valley Forge, when they were all on the verge of freezing and starvation, he gave of his own scant clothing and food to help keep his men alive. His wonderful personality—the pluck with which he met all his grave disappointments—made his followers resolve they would follow him, whatever the result to them might be. That is the reason why they won the war against the stronger British, who were so sure of victory that they lost it.

Let us now have no feeling against the brave English nation, our friend and comrade, for making us fight; and remember that it was the pluck, plus the luck, of our men that gave us our independence.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND

BY MARGARET P. COLEMAN (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE wind is out with battle shout
And sets the leaves a-flying,
And rushes through the ethereal blue
And o'er the hill is sighing.

It whistles and calls by garden walls
And sends the ivy swinging;
It sways the trees in a gusty breeze
And starts the world a-singing.

Good-by, my books! with backward looks
I leave you by the fire,
And join once more outside the door,
The wind that plays its lyre:

"Awake and sing, see what I bring!
How is there room for sorrow?
Start off to-day upon the way,
And never mind to-morrow.

"A gipsy be, and follow me
In the care-free life I lead,
And learn to love the stars above
And every flower and weed.

"Come out in the light, upon the height,
While all the world is young,
And laugh and play till close of day,
And our song of joy is sung."

"WHAT I LIKE BEST TO DRAW." BY ANNA OPHELIA TODD AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

LUCK OR PLUCK

BY DORIS A. LAKE (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

LUCK or pluck—which was it?

The girls' interclass basket-ball league had played off all but one of its games, that between the 1 B's and the seniors. This game was to decide the championship team, and was accordingly patronized by many cheering spectators, most of them for the plucky 1 B's, who had risen from ignorant onlookers to an excellent team in so few weeks. On the other hand, the seniors' partisans maintained that this was their team's last chance to win their basket-ball emblems, an honor every girl wanted.

The game was close, and full of thrills for both sides; the 1 B's were ahead one point at the end of the third quarter, due to their tight guarding. Desperate, the seniors pondered over their line-up.

"We 've plenty of good guards," said Betty Strong, captain. "What we need is a forward that can break through their defense."

Nancy Rich, guard, broke in eagerly: "Oh, Betty, please let me try. You know, I 've been coaching the freshies, and I 've had lots of practice. Besides, it 'll be such a surprise to them. I 'm sure it 'll work."

She waited anxiously for an answer, while Betty, worried and tired, tried to decide. Finally she said, "All right, Nancy; you take Helen's place, and we 'll put Peggy in yours."

With new vigor, the seniors started play again. The 1 B's, confused by the sudden change, decided that Nancy was only a ruse, and redoubled their efforts to guard Betty, the other forward. As a result, Nancy, upon receiving the ball, shot it neatly through the ring. There was no scoring after that, and when the final whistle blew, the seniors had won, 12–11.

What do you think? Was it through luck or pluck that the seniors won?

'NEATH WINDY SKIES

BY LOUISE HART (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

LO, in the wind and the wildness
And freshness and spring of the year,
The March winds play their havoc:
They bend the trees,
That to them homage do;
They ripple the still
Of the pool so blue,
Which the ice has forsaken;
They blow the fleecy clouds on high,
And buffet the cloaks of the passers-by—
The merry, mad winds of March!

LUCK OR PLUCK

(*A True Story*)

BY JULIA F. VAN DER VEER (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1921*)

WE were sitting around the fire listening to the March winds moan. "Tell us a story, Grandpa, please do!" I begged.

Grandpa took his pipe from his mouth, gazed at the fire, and began. "Well, some folks think it was luck that helped young Tunis from his tight pinch, and some say, pluck." That was the way Grandpa always began the story we loved best. "Your ancestor Tunis Van der Veer was only nineteen when he was a messenger for Washington. He rode all over on his horse, which was about the most faithful horse in the world. He was a beauty, with just enough Arab blood to make him the most lovable and the swiftest horse in the world, too.

"One day, Tunis was riding to Washington with a very important message, when he saw some British riding down upon him. He was cornered and he knew it, but he would never say die. He made an effort to get away, but he was forced into a muddy swamp. His horse mired, but he, plucky as ever, leaped from the saddle and managed to flounder to shore. He turned back for one last farewell to his horse, when he saw that, by some good luck, the beast, without the burden of a rider, had reached shore too. Then young Tunis, mounting, cried, 'Farewell, Redcoats!' and was off on the wings of the wind."

BY MARGARET F. HABERSTROH, AGE 12

BY M. M. RAMSAY, AGE 16
(SILVER BADGE)

BY LOUISE ABERNATHEY, AGE 15

BY MARGARET FREEMAN, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)

BY EMILY M. WILLIAMS, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)

BY CATHARINE KOUWENHOVEN, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)

BY EDITH HEIDINGSFELD, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

BY L. O. FIELD, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER)

"FROM MY SNAP-SHOTS"

THE VOICE OF THE WIND

BY CARL F. BANGERT (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

In autumn, the voice of the wind just sighs
Of golden summer days gone by;
Of harvest-moons, whose silver gleams
Reveal the fruits of the farmer's dreams;
Of leafy forests, all yellow and red,
Wrought from the sunset tints o'erhead;
And last of all, of winter's signs,
The voice of the wind in autumn whines.

In winter, the voice of the wind is shrill,
Whistling boastful o'er vale and hill,
Mocking with moans the naked trees,
Whipping the snow into drifting seas,
Howling down chimneys with bluster and roar,
Rattling the windows and slamming a door,
Laughing in glee as it plays hide-and-seek
With the dimples that come on each rosy cheek.

In spring, the voice of the wind is gay.
Softly it sings of the flowers of May,
Whispering low to each swelling bud
That the sunshine of springtime 's a golden flood,
That the hills are emerald in hue,
That the sky is a genuine topaz blue;
And when the bud blossoms—some time in June—
The voice of the wind sings Love's old sweet tune.

LUCK OR PLUCK

(A True Story)

BY MARY ELIZABETH SPARKS (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

At the foot of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California, was a small mining town. There the miners toiled night and day to find the gold they thought was hidden in the rocky depths of the mines. The country around these small mining towns and camps abounded in luxuriant flowers and tropical fruits. Pleasant as this land seemed, however, it had its drawbacks. The surrounding mountains were filled with many wild animals which went down to the towns at night, especially in winter, to steal food. My cousin, who was part owner of one of the mines in this region, after having worked all night, was just starting home. It was bright moonlight, and, as he stepped out upon the frozen ground, he pulled his cap down closer over his ears, buttoned his coat tighter around him, and thrust his hands into his pockets. It was then he remembered he had left his pistols at home, but with no thought of any danger, he started on. Rounding a huge boulder, he walked rapidly on to an open space, which had to be crossed before he reached the main road. When he was almost half-way over he was startled by hearing a low growl, and, turning around, came face to face with a huge mountain-lion. He stood as if rooted to the ground. What should he do? Alone, unarmed, and nearly a mile from home! Then he remembered having heard that lions were afraid of fire. Pulling from his pocket a box of matches, he began striking them as rapidly as possible. The animal gave one mighty roar, turned, and fled toward the mountain. The man lost no time, and, almost with one bound, reached the road, never pausing until he came to his own door.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND

BY VIRGINIE CLARK (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1923)

Have you ever thought and wondered,
As you lay in a cozy bed,
And, outside, the black night thundered,
What the voice of the wild wind said?

"I have sunk a thousand vessels,
And lashed to foam the sea,
And swept out scores of forests,
And raged o'er hill and lea.

"I shake your doors and windows,
And prowl about by night;
I whistle down your chimneys,
And yet escape your sight.

"The whole world is my kingdom;
And town and harbor, plain and hill,
From pole to pole, from sea to sea,
I ravage at my will."

BY MARGARET JERVIS, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)

BY WILLIAM C. PUTNAM, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1921)

"WHAT I LIKE BEST TO DRAW"

BY KATHLEEN MURRAY, AGE 13
(HONOR MEMBER)

"A HEADING FOR MARCH"

BY MARGARET FEGTLY, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON SEPT., 1922)

BY ANNA LANGE, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE SILVER BADGE WON SEPTEMBER, 1922)

BY HELEN SHUMAKER, AGE 12

"FROM MY SNAP-SHOTS"

THE VOICE OF THE WIND

BY MARGARET MACKPRANG (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

A MELODY played in the wind, one day,
And hummed in the budding trees;
And every one spoke, as it danced along,
Of the strains of the tuneful breeze.

The little song laughed in its joyous way—
A gurgle of elfish glee.
"Old World," then it sang, ere it lilted on,
"It 's the *spring* in the voice of me!"

LUCK OR PLUCK

BY ALICE M. JOHNSON (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

OFTENTIMES, people call this or that, luck. It was purely luck that M. H. S. won the baseball game. It was nothing else but luck that saved Marie Jones from drowning. Luck surely was on hand when Ethel Eastman won that silver badge from the LEAGUE.

When we do not wish to say out and out that it was Jimmy's pluck that saved Marie's life, or that is was M. H. S.'s pluck that won the game, or, maybe, that it was Ethel's pluck that won the badge, then "luck" is a very convenient word.

After Jimmy had risked his own life to save Marie's was it purely luck? and after M. H. S. had trained and practised for a month and had almost lost, but came back in the ninth inning, was it all luck? Then there was Ethel who had belonged to the LEAGUE for six years and had never won a badge, and when she *did* win one, everybody called it luck.

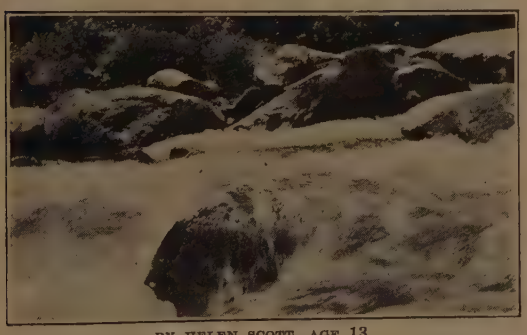
The word luck is often misused. Things seldom are entirely luck. Next time anything unusual happens, look away down through and see if you can't see some "pluck" before you pronounce it "lucky."

LUCK OR PLUCK

BY JOSEPHINE RANKIN (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

"I ANNOUNCE formally that this is absolutely the last time that my poor story will venture forth to the heartless editors," declared Marie, as she drew the last page from her typewriter. "If it comes back with another rejection slip to enlarge



BY HELEN SCOTT, AGE 13

BY EDNA MALMQUIST, AGE 15

"FROM MY SNAP-SHOTS"

my collection of "editor's regrets," "I will abandon the attempt to become an authoress."

"I 'm afraid we shall become prosaic school-teachers, after all," said Constance, wearily folding her own manuscript.

Marie Howell and Constance Bentley were seniors at Warder Hall. They had labored nearly four years toward their coveted goal—authorship. In their last year they decided to test their literary talents, and, accordingly, each had written a short story. Time and again the stories were submitted to various magazines and came back with the rejection slip, to be carefully revised and sent on another journey.

"A HEADING FOR MARCH" BY ELIZABETH B. PORTER AGE 14

As Constance was preparing for bed, she suddenly cried: "Oh Marie! The funniest idea just occurred to me! Why not exchange stories this time, —that is, each use the other's name,—just for fun?"

They agreed, and the next morning the two manuscripts fared forth with exchanged authors.

Two weeks later a letter of acceptance and a generous check arrived, addressed to Marie, and a manuscript was returned to Constance. Disappointed, Marie turned the check over to her chum and bravely forced back the tears.

The next morning a telegram came for Constance. It read: "Story returned by mistake. Mail it back. Will send check immediately."

Through happy tears, they read and re-read the message.

It is still a much discussed question between the two girls—was the incident founded on luck or pluck?

VOICE OF THE WIND

BY EILEEN McMAHON (AGE 14)

VOICE of the wind whisp'ring to me
Deep and mysterious tales of the sea;

Magic night 'neath tropical sky;
Stormy days when waves are high;

Night-light—on a foreign strand;
Daylight—in a distant land.

Voice of the wind whisp'ring to me
Tales of enchantment, tales of the sea!

"FROM MY SNAP-SHOTS." BY MARY ELIZABETH PEARSALL, AGE 14

LUCK OR PLUCK

(A True Story)

BY VIRGINIA SHOEMAKER (AGE 9)

ONE day, when Barbara and her sister went hiking, they came to a brook. Barbara was only five, so she thought she could not jump the brook, and said, "I have n't enough pluck to jump it." So Virginia, who was nine, carried her over.

Soon they came to another brook. Virginia stooped to pick her up, but Barbara said, "I am going to jump the brook as well as you." She did.

There were two things to learn: one, that if you were carried over a brook when you could n't jump it, you were lucky; and when you jumped it, you were plucky.

'NEATH WINDY SKIES

BY AGATHA M. CHANDLER (AGE 11)

'NEATH windy skies the pumpkins grow,
And corn shocks blow,
'Neath windy skies.
The long cool nights are here.
The harvest moon shines bright on harvest fields.
And with it comes Thanksgiving cheer,
The happiness of all the year,
'Neath windy skies.

And round the hearth-fire we will sit,
To keep Thanksgiving cheer.
The crops are in, the woods are bare,
And in his warm nest lies the hare.
The harvest in, the fields are clear,
And so we keep Thanksgiving cheer,
'Neath windy skies.

"FROM MY SNAP-SHOTS." BY JACK S. BOOTH, AGE 15

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Polly Henry
Leslie Friend
Martha McCowen
Angie E. Turner
Hallie Orr
Mary Helene Brown
Edith May Witt
John Hoover
Margaret Gott
Ellen Guilbert
Isabelle Johnston
Susan B. Hall
Esther McCartney
Emily Lee Brandt
Robert Oliver Johnson
June Little
Linn Mueller
Ruth Clark
Isabel C. Bosworth
Jean Inglis
Sylvester Gatewood
Isabel Burtis
Opal Lee Sharp
Philip A. Walker
Frances R. Brown
Samuel K. Merwin
Hope M. Wells

VERSE

Muriel Doe
Elizabeth Brainerd
Erminie Huntress
Susan Clayton
Catherine Crook
Caroline Sneed
Aline Fruhauf
Elva Van Winkle
Barbara Simison
Dorothea Griesbach
Margaret Haley
Cecilia Lee
Nora Grace
Elmira Horning
Rosalie Van der Stucken
Ruth Edstrom
Astrid H. Arnoldson
Charlotte Louise Groom
Virginia Dewey
Regina Wiley
Lillian D. Thomas
Barclay Boyce
Janet Wilcox
George Franklin

DRAWINGS

Esther M. Blake
William A. Gates
Edward W. Fox
Edwin J. Smith, Jr.
J. Colby Lewis, 3rd
Martha Kingman
Elease Weinss
Mildred Frye
George B. Hiester
Dorothy Watts
Virginia Snedeker
Elizabeth W. Kingsbury
Margaret O'Brien
Lois Crane
Alice Ross Bennett
Harriett E. Weaver
Jane Hintze
Margaret W. Buck
Donald McNeill
Rosamond Pauli
Peggy Schwartz
Emmeline B. Tucker
Beatrice Binkley
Ruth Fowler
Vincent Fioleck
Mary Kimball

PHOTOGRAPHS

Esther A. Gay
Mary Haven Edwards
Christine S. Miller
Jessie Gilbert
Beatrice Rosenwald
Virginia Hopper
Dorothy Bair
Catherine Howell
Jane Eads
Edith Reeve
Margaret Mansel
Bobbie Galbraith
Dorothy Eshleman
Frances Kimball
Elizabeth Masterson
Walter C. McClurg
Margaret Atkins
Mollie Welden
Constance Chipman
Leland S. Reid
Edith Callaghan
Alice L. O'Connell
Josephine Steckel
Frances Klamt
E. Allen Proctor, Jr.
Elizabeth Bradley
Dorothy Gaehr
Roger Simons
Doris Boardman
Stephen B. L. Penrose, Jr.
Ruth Strout

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Gladys Hitchcock
Eleanor Ashley
Rose Ginsberg
Claudia Jorgensen
Wilhelmina Rankin
Amy Bond Hayward
Ruth Roome
Florence Thill
Ruby Toliver
Eleanore Wilson
Marian Ruth Ballin
Leopold Damrosch
Eleanor Schlytter
May Dorman
Beth Joyce Crabtree
Dan Molnor
Susan N. Everhard
Susan S. Burroughs
Mary M. Sterrett
Charles Black
Phyllis Abell
Mary Perkins
Marion Bohn
Sarah Herring
Ethel de Mille
Eleanor Bennett
Ruth Callecod
Suzanne Leves
Helen Whitwell
Talia Fairchild
Merritt Garner
Ruth Heilman
Esther R. Girton
Marguerite Rae Graham
Ann Crocker

VERSE

Charlotte Orr
Charlotte M. Reynolds
Margaret M. Montgomery
Dorothy Guild
Shirley K. Waehler
Jean Moir
Catherine Anne Bangert
Warren Stone
Helen Calvocoressi
Florence H. Laws
Maxine Wiley
Dorothy Dobyns
Alice Freedman
Mary Rose Meehan
George Philbrick
Alice Laster
Lois A. Jameson
Marjorie DuBois
Elizabeth D. Brown
Katherine Dines
Brenda Heloise Green
Adelaide Marie Church
Elizabeth Bertrand Clarke
Bertha R. Herman
Christina J. Fish
Leo Sperling
Elinor N. Cobb
Laura Louise Canfield
Charlotte Ann Waddell
Elsie Westcott
Josephine Colgate
James C. Perkins, Jr.

"WHAT I LIKE BEST TO DRAW." BY FLORENCE DE PUY JACOBS AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

Dorothy Harnish
Barbara Irish
Anne Bradley
Susan Baker
Lucile Hutton
Mary Janet Traill
Mary Scannell
Frances Walker
Hortense Zehnder
Marucci Capuzzi

DRAWINGS

Ellen Janes
Louise J. Stouppe
Mack Blevins
Robert Rosenthal
Billie Klein
Norman Hallock
Albert J. Leonard
Margaret Kimball
Jean Crowell
Victor A. Hunter

PHOTOGRAPHS

Quita Woodward
David C. Duniway
Virginia H. Davis
Wallace G. Teare
Virginia Hanlon
Mary Whitelaw
Dorothy Crook
Lucy Wainwright Baxter
Katharine J. Rich
Frances J. Seymour
Romney Wheeler
Lucia G. Martin
Marion Boyd
Mary Scattergood
Helen Nelson
Sheila Bampfield
Catherine Halleran
Henrietta Harris
Helen Hodge
Elizabeth King
Janet Wood
Mary Calkins
Katherine Burton
Katherine Pearce
Alice Gephart
Loring Siegener
Gladys Eaves
John Brewster Korn

PUZZLES

Florence McKinlay
Mona Morgan
Catherine Jenks
S. L. Faison, Jr.
Mariaie Dale
C. E. Humphreville
Sylvia Epstein
Flora Varon
Vera A. Skillman
Margaret Steele
Beach Conger
Derexa W. Pentreath
Betsy Vogel
Ruth Kuchs
Charles W. MacSherry

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and now is widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 280

Competition No. 280 will close April 1. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for July. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"Noontide."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"A Good Citizen."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not develop and print their pictures themselves. Subject, **"Taken in our Town."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"An Act of Courtesy,"** or **"A Heading for July."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

OUR frontispiece this month will be recognized by those who were so fortunate as to see the famous collection of pictures made by the late J. Pierpont Morgan as one of the gems of that notable group of paintings. It was then catalogued as the portrait of a little Spanish child; but a recent note on the picture reads as follows:

The child is evidently Dutch. So is the painting of the portrait, though in all the early schools such painstaking work is common as is here seen in the rendering of the dress, with its pattern of gold on brown, and the white, fluted apron. A date, 164–, is painted on the tiled flooring. The picture has been catalogued as of the Spanish school, but research and comparison have resulted in its now being credited by The Metropolitan Museum of Art authorities to Jakob Gerrits Cuyp, who was born in 1575 and passed away in 1651 or 1652. He was father of Albert Cuyp, the celebrated painter of landscape and cattle, and was famous for his portraits. His "Portrait of a Woman," in the Berlin museum, is praised as a fine picture, and other works of his of note are at Amsterdam, Frankfort, Rotterdam, and Petrograd.

LONG BEACH, CALIF.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My daddy has just returned from a trip to Midway Islands. On one of the sand islands there he found a herd of wild donkeys. There were no wells, springs, or brooks on the island, so how do you suppose they get water to drink? Well, when they get thirsty they just start pawing in the sand and dig a hole three or four feet deep. This hole soon fills with good fresh water. The water comes from the sea, but having to come through the sand so far takes out all the salt. There are thousands of birds around the island. At the cable station, there are two little girls who had never seen a dog until my daddy's ship went there.

I look forward every month till you come. I was very much interested in "The Mystery at Number Six." A lot of my friends take you and all love you.

Your devoted reader,
HARRIET K. NEAL (AGE 10).

PYENG YANG, KOREA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Korea and have two older sisters and two younger brothers. We have lots of fun out here. I have only been to America one year.

The Koreans wear what I suppose you would call queer clothes, and some of the houses have only two rooms, one kitchen, and a living-room, bedroom, and dining-room all in the same room.

I am going to America to stay for about a year, and am going to school at Princeton, New Jersey.

Your loving reader,
GRACE P. ROBERTS (AGE 10).

AKRON, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you since last February, and I find you a delightful companion. One of my friends who lives quite a long way from Akron liked you so much that, when I finish you, she has the pleasure of reading a very interesting magazine. This year I am planning to make her a Christmas gift of ST. NICHOLAS for a year.

Several of my friends look forward to your coming as I do. My aunt took you when she was my age; she also belonged to the LEAGUE. I looked at a few of the copies of 1908 while at my grandmother's this summer, and I think you have improved wonderfully since then. I hope to enjoy you many years more, and remain

Your loving reader,
CAROLINE J. PARDEE (AGE 11).

CRISTOBAL, CANAL ZONE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last year I received a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS as one of my Christmas presents. I have enjoyed every number of the magazine so much that I was anxious to get the same present this year, as it gives me such interesting articles and stories to read each month.

I live on the Isthmus of Panama near the Atlantic entrance of the famous Panama Canal. Panama is near the equator, in latitude nearly nine, so we have warm weather all the time. There are two seasons, a rainy and a dry.

My home is by the ocean. All we have to do is to walk a few feet to go in swimming in the salt water, which we do all the year round, even at Christmas-time. With best wishes from Panama, I am,

Yours devotedly,
LOUISE J. MACK (AGE 10).

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are one of my best friends, so I want to tell you about a trip I took to Catalina Island, a little way out in the Pacific. It certainly is a wonderful trip, and many people in the East would give much to be able to go.

We could only stay over a week-end, but we enjoyed every minute of the time. We started early in the morning for San Pedro, where we went aboard the *Avalon*, the steamship which was to take us to Catalina. Finally, the whistle blew and we began to steam out of the harbor.

After lunch we were ready to go on the glass-bottomed boat. This was the most interesting of all. Every one was sitting in a little room around something that looked like a bath-tub. It was really a sort of deep trench with a bottom of glass. When we looked through the glass we could see beautifully colored fish, sea-ferns, seaweed, and many other things. Catalina and the Bahama Islands are the only places in the world where the water is clear enough to do this. Once the guide threw down some abalone shells, and a diver dived down and brought them up.

In the evening we went on the search-light trip and saw the flying-fish.

I said that if I did n't get you for a Christmas present, I was going to buy you with my own money—which would n't be any too much after Christmas! So, wishing you the best of luck, I am,

Your devoted reader,
GERTRUDE CROSS (AGE 11).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

A Bunch of Dates. Weather Bureau established in 1870.

Charade. A-bun-dance.

Zigzag. Valentine's Day. Cross-words: 1. Verbena. 2. Pacific. 3. Balance. 4. Careful. 5. Springy. 6. Seventy. 7. Trapani. 8. Furlong. 9. Screens. 10. Blessed. 11. Cadence. 12. Salient. 13. Younger.

Double Acrostic. Initials, Grant; finals, Tyler. Cross-words: 1. Great. 2. Relay. 3. Angel. 4. Niche. 5. Tenor.

Diagonal. Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Liberty. 2. Similar. 3. Century. 4. Catcher. 5. Economy. 6. Rapidly. 7. Madison.

Word-square. 1. Beast. 2. Ensue. 3. Astir. 4. Suits. 5. Terse.

Letter Groups. James Russell Lowell. 1. Joist. 2. Atoms. 3. Mount. 4. Eider. 5. Saint. 6. Raise. 7. Usage. 8. Serve. 9. Stair. 10. Ember. 11. Loose. 12. Llama. 13. Light. 14. Oasis. 15. Weave. 16. Evade. 17. Latch. 18. Loyal.

Central Acrostic. Monroe. Cross-words: 1. Tampa. 2. Stout. 3. Pansy. 4. Paris. 5. Brook. 6. Bread.

A Cluster of Diamonds. I. 1. A. 2. Eli. 3. Alice. 4. Ice. 5. E. II. 1. E. 2. Ada. 3. Edith. 4. Ate. 5. H. III. 1. H. 2. Pen. 3. Helen. 4. Net. 5. N. IV. 1. N. 2. Not. 3. Norah. 4. Tan. 5. H.

Cross-word Enigma. Lincoln.

Changed Initials. Jane, fane, sane, Dane, wane, lane, cane, pane, bane, vane.

A Patriotic Acrostic. Initials, George Washington. From 1 to 11, Valley Forge; 12 to 20, President; 21 to 27, Lincoln; 28 to 36, Roosevelt; 37 to 44, Franklin. Cross-words: 1. Grille. 2. Eskimo. 3. Orange. 4. Refund. 5. Gravel. 6. Eclair. 7. Wooden. 8. Afford. 9. System. 10. Helios. 11. Indict. 12. Nuncio. 13. Greedy. 14. Trivet. 15. Outlet. 16. Nipper.

Pi. Hence, rude Winter! crabbed old fellow,
Never merry, never mellow!
Well-a-day! in rain and snow
What will keep one's heart aglow?

To Our Puzzlers: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than November 27 and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-Box, care of The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the League rules (see page 557) and give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the December Number were duly received from Helen H. McIver—K. H. Davis—Kemper Hall Chapter—"The Three R's."

Answers to Puzzles in the December Number were duly received from No name, Dayton, 11—Eleanor Thomas, 10—Gertrude R. Jasper, 9—Dorothy N. Teulon, 9—Elizabeth Tong, 8—Carlan S. Messler, 8—John S. Davenport, 7—Emil Dessonneck, 7—M. Willard Messler, 5—Kingsley Kahler, 4—Hester S. Codman, 4— Eleanor B. Church, 4—Sally E. Pickle, 3—Mary A. Hurd, 3—Eliot Emerson, 2—Beth Lacy, 2—E. Rice, 1—M. M. Malony, 1—A. M. Middleton, 1—E. Bafford, 1—R. Jones, 1—M. Powell, 1—S. Finkenberg, 1—E. G. Miller, 1—A. D. Langerfeld, 1—L. W. Webster, 1.

November answers unavoidably delayed, Vera A. Skillman, 9—Marian R. Ballin, 6—Anna Weld, 3—C. W. MacSherry, 3—J Campbell, 1—M. C. O'Malley, 1—E. Carroll, 1.

BROKEN COINS

The names of certain coins have been broken up into syllables. Properly grouped, sixteen names will appear.

Ta, eign, ma, rin, tha, so, cat, li, as, gle, ru, an, le, ar, so, se, anc, ter, na, rub, doll, du, ea, pee, ta, pe, ra, fr, ver, drach, ler, flo, pi, pe, el.

JACK TURNER (age 13), *League Member.*

CONNECTED SQUARES

. . . .
. . . .
. . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . .
. . . .
. . . .

I. Upper Square: 1. A shell fish. 2. Uncommon. 3. Surface. 4. Part of a bird.

II. Left-hand Square: 1. To snatch. 2. A contest. 3. Pain. 4. A beverage.

III. Right-hand Square: 1. To entangle. 2. Part of a church. 3. Elliptical. 4. The surname of a popular national hero.

IV. Lower Square: 1. A metallic film. 2. A state. 3. Mentally sound. 4. A pronoun.

VIRGIL RULE, JR.

A FRENCH CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in Lyons, but not in Paris;
My second, in Paris, but not in Montpellier;
My third is in Montpellier, but not in Bordeaux;
My fourth is in Bordeaux, but not in Marseilles;
My fifth is in Marseilles, but not in Brest;
My sixth is in Brest, but not in Roubaix;
My seventh is in Roubaix, but not in Nice;
My eighth is in Nice, but not in Havre.
My whole was a famous Frenchman.

DORIS GOLDBERG (age 12), *League Member.*

METAMORPHOSES

The problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order.

Example: Change *wood* to *coal* in three moves.
Answer: Wood, wool, cool, coal.

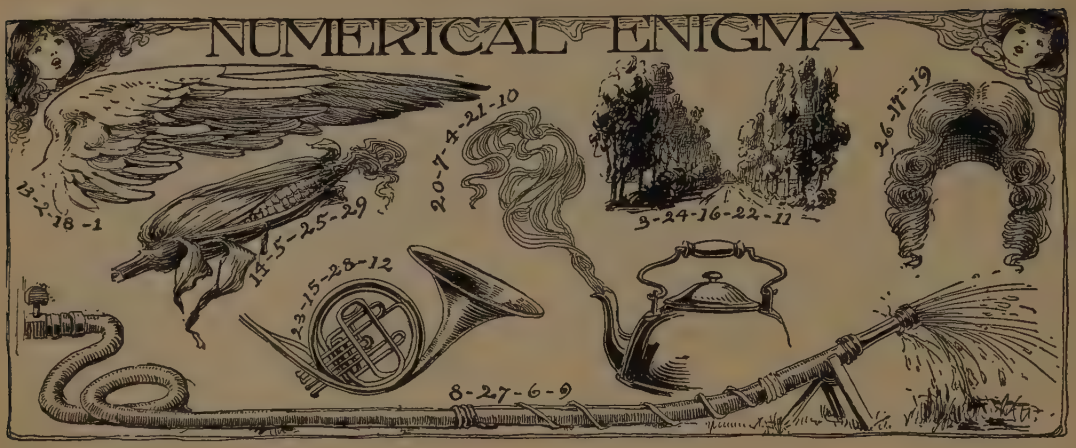
1. Change *chin* to *step* in five moves.
2. Change *bird* to *fish* in six moves.
3. Change *cook* to *fire* in four moves.
4. Change *beat* to *slap* in three moves.
5. Change *bed* to *cot* in four moves.
6. Change *dog* to *cat* in three moves.
7. Change *cool* to *heat* in five moves.
8. Change *camp* to *tent* in six moves.
9. Change *path* to *lane* in three moves.
10. Change *bay* to *sea* in four moves.
11. Change *wind* to *rain* in five moves.
12. Change *head* to *foot* in six moves.

ESTHER, PAUL AND PHILIP (SYRIA), *League Members.*

DIAMOND

1. In treat. 2. To reach or attain exactly. 3. An animal. 4. A number. 5. In treat.

BARBARA CLARKE (age 10), *League Member.*



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of twenty-nine letters, is an inspiring quotation from Carlyle.

SOME FAMOUS GREEKS

(*Gold Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

*	1	.	.	12	8	.	CROSS-WORDS: 1. A
*	.	5	.	.	22	9	kind of footwear. 2. To
*	.	.	4	.	.	.	call undue attention to
*	21	.	.	3	.	.	one's self. 3. To blame.
*	19	24	13	15	20	.	4. Showering. 5. To for-
*	2	23	.	6	18	11	bear. 6. The clover de-
*	10	.	.	7	.	.	sign. 7. A formal letter.
*	17	.	14	.	16	.	8. Rolls of paper or parchment.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will spell the name of a very famous Greek. The letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 9 will spell the name of a famous Greek philosopher; from 10 to 14, a pupil of the wise man named by the initial letters; and from 15 to 24, another pupil who became a famous Greek general.

JOHN W. BODINE (age 10).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

My primals name a famous composer who was born and who died in Vienna; my finals name one of his compositions.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Bags. 2. A large, strong rope or chain. 3. To indulge. 4. To combine. 5. An English title. 6. Additional. 7. Mad. 8. An appellation of dignity.

CATHERINE ALLEN (age 14).

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS

EXAMPLE: Triply behead and triply curtail confused; transpose the remaining letters and make a series. ANSWER: Flu-ste-red; ste, set.

1. Triply behead and triply curtail grotesque; transpose the remaining letters and make rested.

2. Triply behead and triply curtail a story; transpose the remaining letters and make a thick, black liquid.

3. Triply behead and triply curtail receiving; transpose the remaining letters and make to fondle.

4. Triply behead and triply curtail a large sea bird; transpose the remaining letters and make skill.

5. Triply behead and triply curtail an ornamentation for a handkerchief; transpose the remaining letters and make a common abbreviation.

6. Triply behead and triply curtail providing; transpose the remaining letters and make to strike lightly.

7. Triply behead and triply curtail a gloomy person; transpose the remaining letters and make a suffix which has come to mean an unusual theory.

8. Triply behead and triply curtail to vacillate; transpose the remaining letters and make to gash.

9. Triply behead and triply curtail known in advance; transpose the remaining letters and make knowledge.

When the nine three-letter words have been rightly guessed, their initial letters will spell the name of a patron saint.

MARY ABBY HURD, *Honor Member*.

PI

O clikef dan crunatine charm,
  Woh cloud yuo heav eht thear
Ot keam het dreten cuecross
  Form heirt debs tinymule tarts?

Hoste shoilof, gunpectsusin worsfel,
  Oto ecrusulod ot ese
Hatt eht tewes somespîr of archm
  Rea ton samy tinycrate.

ZIGZAG

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter, will spell the name of a distinguished senator.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Inheritance. 2. Bequests. 3. To disclaim. 4. A trespasser. 5. A pleasant summer occupation, when certain small fruits are ripe. 6. Delighted. 7. A welcome summer food. 8. A dwarf made famous by P. T. Barnum. 9. Situation. 10. Joined after being separated. 11. To make lawful. 12. A welcome summer drink. 13. Lazy. 14. Untaught. 15. Relating to the outside.

MARGARET HOVEY.

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

SONG

By WILLIAM WATSON

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

From "The Poems of William Watson"
Courtesy of Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

CINDERELLA'S FLIGHT

FROM A MURAL DECORATION BY WILLY POGANY

"In the midst of a dance, Cinderella heard the stroke of a clock, looked up, was dismayed to find it the first stroke of twelve, when she believed it yet an hour short of midnight, and made her escape as lightly as a deer. Only she dropped one of her glass slippers, which the Prince picked up and treasured."

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL L APRIL, 1923 No. 6

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American Photo Service, Inc.

Illustrated with reproductions of mural decorations by Willy Pogany

THOSE who attended the first performance at the new Children's Theater—the first performance for *children*, we should say—enjoyed as rare an experience as usually comes one's way in this grown-up and prosaic world. If the appreciation of an audience is the criterion of success in the theater—well, success, after all, is too mild a term!

The Children's Theater, as every one should know, is a part of the Heckscher Foundation for Children, that large and well-equipped building at 105th Street and Fifth Avenue, which opened its doors last August—a gift from Mr. and Mrs. August Heckscher to the boys and girls of the city.

The opening production consisted of a series of dramatic episodes, elaborating and bringing to life the mural decorations by Willy Pogany, which are the most fascinating feature of this complete and delightful playhouse. *Snow White* and the *Seven Dwarfs*, the *Sleeping Beauty*, *Cinderella*, and the *Frog Prince*—there they were on the walls; there they were on the stage! Could any one ask for more? To Tony, fresh (or more or less fresh) from Third Avenue, to Gertie, from the Henry Street Settlement, here was a treat indeed!

It was, "Hi, there 's *Puss in Boots!*" and, "Oh, gee, look at the old witch!" and, "Some pigs! Oh, boy!"

Such a craning of necks, such a pointing of fingers! Such wriggling and whispering!

And then from between blue velvet curtains came the little hostess, dainty Virginia Wilson, in the quaintest and sweetest of costumes. No affectation here, no elocution, just a little girl telling a simple story, as

she might tell it to her baby sister. Sh-h—listen!

"There 's enchantment in the air to-night;
When fairy-tales come true;
For the story children on the walls
Are coming down to you.

Now if you really believe in fairies,
And I 'm sure most of you do,
I 'll give you a glimpse of a beautiful land—
The land where your dreams come true."

Photograph by Nickolas Muray
PUSS IN BOOTS

Slowly she disappears. The curtains part. Hans Christian Andersen, surrounded by a little flock of children!

"A story! A story!" they plead. "Do tell us a story!"

"A story is it? Well, well, that 's not so easy—to tell a story—" That voice! That expression! Is this really a high-school boy? Are these little settlement children? Here is real acting—real, because it is absolutely sincere.

So the spell is woven, and the play goes on. First "Jack and the Beanstalk," bringing to life one of the most delightful of Pogany's panels. Oh, what a giant! What a stupendous giant! And what a stupendous voice! (No wonder, it 's Mr. Patschar, come all the way from the Metropolitan Opera-house, to scare us out of our wits!)

Next, dances, so charmingly done; and then, ho, for the tale of the Flying Trunk! with scene laid in the tower room of the Persian princess. Could anything be more romantic? (Settings, by the way, are little trouble here. They 're on the Gordon Craig plan—tall screens played on by colored lights.)

But sh-h! Here comes the *Merchant's Son!* Not Frank Hearn, as the program says; he 's gone to play with Barrymore, and young William Irwin takes his place, our story-teller of a while ago. Could one ask a nobler hero? Or a lovelier princess than Marguerite Churchill, with her long bronze curls?

And now for *Puss in Boots*—clever creature! If any one could do him justice, it 's

Photograph by Nickolas Muray
HANSEL AND GRETEL COME TO THE HOUSE OF THE OLD WITCH

this Regina Brown. And *Red Riding Hood!* And *Snow White,* with her *Seven Dwarfs!* Why, of course they can act—those dwarfs! Have n't they often played out stories at the Settlement? Hurrah! What jolly fun!

Photographs by Nickolas Muray

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

THE FLYING TRUNK

At last! *Cinderella,* home from the ball! It 's, "Oh boy, look at that step-sister!" and, "Some nose!" and, "Say, she 's lost her wig!" Nothing missed, you may be sure.

And so it goes—the *Frog Prince,* the *Little Mermaid, Hansel* and *Gretel,* that awful *Witch*—until an irresistible *Pied Piper* leads them all away.

Yes, we children liked it, and so did sundry grown-ups who stood around and renewed their youth. This "Glimpse into the Future of the Children's Theater," as the fantasy was called, was truly an encouraging glimpse, to those who look upon the theater as one of the really serious things in life. Such a performance opens up a vista of possibilities for a well-directed children's theater.

And right here we, personally, make our call for "Author, Author!"—in this case, it is also "director,"—Mrs. Gerda Wismer Hofmann, who is the author of many plays for children and who directed the children's theater in San Francisco.

"I don't like to preach," says Mrs. Hofmann, "but there is one thing I should like to emphasize—the first essential in a child's play is that it should be ethically sound. Perhaps that seems self evident, and yet you 'd be surprised at the number of plays for children that are just the opposite. Even Barrie, in 'Peter Pan,' you remember, makes Wendy's father ride through the town in a dog-kennel! Well, that may not be absolutely wrong" (and here she smiles delightfully), "but at least you 'll admit it is n't very wise!

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

A CASTLE FOR A CHANDELIER

"One could hardly exaggerate the educational value of a children's theater—provided they use the right sort of plays. The theater brings poetry and imagination and beauty into their lives; it introduces them to music, to literature; it stimulates their desire for self-expression. And how else do we develop effective personalities except through self-expression? For those who take part, playing rids them of constraint; it gives them freedom and self-confidence; it develops them as nothing else could.

"We don't call it acting. Oh, how I dislike that word! The theater is—or at least it should be—an expression of the spirit. Above all, it should be that for children. There must be no artificiality, no posing, no thrusting of one's self into notice. Team-work is perhaps the greatest lesson a child's theater can teach. Why, I 've seen little common minds transfigured as they lived through the beauty of 'The Snow Queen'; I 've had a little girl come to me (she was earning $500 a week in the movies) and simply beg for the privilege of wiggling the deer's head—and that from off stage! The children of the theater have more character than any others I know. Character is the material of the drama, and

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"YES, WE CHILDREN LIKED IT, AND SO DID SUNDRY GROWN-UPS, WHO STOOD AROUND AND RENEWED THEIR YOUTH"

in dramatic work they absorb character values quite simply, as a matter of course.

"I think it 's very important that the children should feel perfectly at home in the theater. Out in San Francisco we always had crackers on hand, and a basket of apples, —the property-man took care to wash them, —and so we knew that none of the children were hungry. Often, between performances, we would have supper sent in, and the cast and part of the audience would stay and join in the fun.

"I never hold rehearsals, you know—not what we call rehearsals. It is just playtime, and the children are encouraged to play just as they feel. I let them think things out for themselves."

American Photo Service, Inc.

JACK WATCHES FOR A CHANCE TO GET THE GOLDEN EGG

American Photo Service, Inc.

"COULD ONE ASK FOR A LOVELIER PRINCESS?"

Having seen Mrs. Hofmann "at play" with her little people, we don't wonder at her success. If ever there was any one calculated to win a child's heart, and to hold his attention, it is she! Every fleeting thought —and she has any number of them, whimsical, imaginative, delightful—is somehow expressed in action. One moment she is a giant, roaring over his evening meal; the next, a shy young mermaid; the next, a funny frog prince. And always she holds them spellbound.

As a dramatist she is no less gifted. "The Snow Queen," a charming, fairy musical drama adapted by Mrs. Hofmann from the fairy-tale by Hans Christian Andersen, was the second offering at this unique playhouse. It is a play which, in San Francisco, called forth the most enthusiastic comment from the press and from the public, and in New York it was received with equal warmth. It is an ideal play for children, and a rare treat for grown-ups. "The Snow Queen" is reminiscent of "Peter Pan" in its appeal. As one critic wrote of it, "It was like turning the leaves of a fairy-tale book, except that the painted figures moved through a bower

as lovely as the old-fashioned Christmas card, upon which the snow glistened like diamonds." And another said, "It was one of those lovely things we dream about, but never really hope to see."

There were two "pay" performances of

Photographs by Nickolas Muray

THE GOOSE-GIRL THE FROG PRINCE

this little masterpiece, on December 29 and 30, and on the following Saturday a free matinée was given for the boys and girls of the neighborhood, and for children from some of the city orphan asylums and other institutions.

How they did love it, these eager little folk! To many it was the only glimpse of fairy-land they had ever known. And not only was it entertaining, but here were those ethical values on which Mrs. Hofmann so strongly insists; a fairy beauty and a child-like quality one seldom meets with in this distressingly grown-up world. Fascinating old Danish folk-songs and incidental music by Abbie Gerish Jones were not the least of its manifold delights.

Next year, we understand, Mrs. Hofmann will give a child's production of her play, "The Snow Queen," by request, at the state theater in Copenhagen. With such a director, one is inclined to think a children's theater one of the most delightful, if not the most valuable, of modern educational ventures.

As every one knows, it is the spirit in the theater that counts for most; yet in this case the theater itself certainly merits more than a casual word. It is one of the most charming in New York. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Pogany's murals. The subjects are well chosen, and the treatment is such as to delight boys and girls of all ages. The rich and varied colors of the pictures—blues and grays and purples predominating—harmonize beautifully with the gray paneling of the theater. A unique feature, and one which delights the children, are the two huge stained-glass chandeliers, in the shape of turreted castles. On either side of the proscenium arch is a little dwarf, one representing comedy, the other tragedy.

With a stage forty-five by twenty-five feet, an orchestra pit to accomodate twenty musicians, eight dressing-rooms, and seats for nearly 1000 children, the little theater is prepared for many artistic triumphs. A moving picture apparatus is of course part of the equipment, and in the rear of the auditorium a large pipe-organ has been installed, which not only provides music for the theater, but also, by means of a system of flues and shutters, sends it wherever desired throughout the building.

Colonel Colter, manager of the theater, and chief officer of the Children's Society, wishes it understood that the laws regulating the appearance of children on the stage in New York will be carefully observed. No children will take speaking parts under the age of seven, none will dance and sing under the age of sixteen, and no child will appear in a speaking part without permission from the Mayor's Committee.

It is planned to finance the theater by giving some pay performances, the proceeds going toward the repetition of the entertain-

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

THE PRINCE COMES TO WAKEN THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

ment for the benefit of children from various settlements and institutions of the city.

Substantial amounts have been contributed in this way to the clothing fund of the Children's Society (which, be it noted, does not purchase sad little uniforms by the hundreds, but an interesting array of variegated costumes in all sizes, cuts, and colors). Many outside organizations have also contributed moving-pictures for the amusement of the little people housed, more or less temporarily, in the building.

"SPRING"—FROM A PAINTING BY BOLTON JONES

THE PRIZE-WINNER

By GEORGE M. JOHNSON

RAY BENSON was on the point of entering Smith's Sporting-Goods Store when a display in the show-window attracted his attention. A beautiful split-bamboo fly-rod was on exhibition, while a small card near by read as follows:

> This hand-made rod will be given by the Deep River Angling Club as a prize to the person catching the heaviest trout in Sheffield County during the open season. Full particulars inside.

As he hustled eagerly into the store, Ray utterly forgot the hooks he had come to buy. Joe Smith, the proprietor, was talking with several men at the rear counter.

"Sure, Ray," said Joe, in answer to the boy's question, "all you got to do to win that rod is to bring in the biggest trout this season and put it on exhibition in the window." But Smith winked at the other men as he spoke, nor did he see fit to inform Ray of the most important condition: namely, that the contestant must become a member of the local angling club. In fact, the prize had been given solely with the idea of increasing membership, so that the organization would be better able to carry on its work of protecting and stocking game-fish in the streams of that region.

Ray lived with his mother on a small farm a few miles from town, and it was therefore quite natural that he should be ignorant of this detail of the prize competition. He had so much work to do around his home that he came to town only two or three times a month.

The thought of that wonderful rod was constantly in his mind. For a boy, he knew much about trout and trout-fishing, and he longed for a finely made, well-balanced fly-rod, such as was used by the men whom he saw fishing down past the farm-house on Deep River. But such a rod was out of the question for him, as the boy had little money to spend on such luxuries as expensive fishing-tackle.

He tried to imagine how it would seem to cast with a rod like that. If only he could win it! Yet he had no great confidence in his ability to do so, for Deep River and its tributary brooks were not famed for large trout, the biggest fish the county produced usually coming from "up north," an out-of-the-way section reached only by automobile owners.

A three-pounder would certainly win the prize; but the biggest trout Ray had ever captured weighed only half of that, and even pound fish were decidedly uncommon in his experience. Still, it did no harm to hope, and Ray's imagination centered about some miracle which would enable him to land a prize-winner.

The season progressed, and on each of Ray's trips to town he went first to the store to learn the latest results of the contest. One Saturday he found that the previous record fish, slightly over a pound in weight, had been completely outclassed by a speckled beauty brought in by Dr. Jamison and displayed in a platter of cracked ice, its weight being given as two pounds, four ounces.

"That 's a peach of a fish!" Ray muttered in admiration as he gazed at it; "but he 's no prize-winner. Somebody 'll beat the doctor's catch, or my name 's Dennis. But would n't I like to be that somebody!"

Ray's prediction was quickly verified, for, within a week, Arthur Bristol, cashier of the First National, entered a trout which he had taken in the course of a three-days' trip up north; it tipped the scales at two pounds and eleven ounces, and, as far as anybody knew, it was the biggest trout that had been caught in Sheffield County for five or six years. The general opinion among local anglers was that Mr. Bristol had effectively "sewed up" the fishing contest.

As the season approached its end, it became more and more apparent that such was the case, since no other fish were entered. Ray had resigned himself to the inevitable, and, on the last day of the season, did not even plan a final attempt. What was the use?

He had to go to town that day on an errand, and, as usual, went by the store to look at the beautiful prize rod, so soon to be the property of Mr. Arthur Bristol.

"Well, I 've no occasion to feel disappointed," he mused philosophically, "for I always knew that I had mighty little show to win."

But as Ray turned regretfully away he could not stifle a tiny throb of jealousy. Mr. Bristol was rich enough to own a twelve-

cylinder car and a big assortment of rods. *He* did n't need another. Somehow, the whole arrangement seemed decidedly unfair.

As Ray went home that afternoon he stopped to look under the bridge across Alder Brook, a stream that formed the western boundary of his mother's land and which emptied into Deep River. Its water was much colder than that of the larger stream, so that, in the latter part of summer, trout were often attracted into the brook, occasionally even good-sized ones. In fact, some of the biggest fish Ray had ever taken came from Alder Brook.

"HE CAME TO TOWN ONLY TWO OR THREE TIMES A MONTH"

The rays of the setting sun slanted in from the lower side of the bridge, so that Ray had a clear vision of everything in the hole as he cautiously peered under the wheel-worn planks. There was only one trout to be seen; but the boy's eyes bulged as he saw it, and he narrowly escaped falling off the bridge in his excitement. It was the largest trout he had ever seen in his life, so big that he dared not attempt to estimate its weight—a veritable monster. Softly Ray rolled off the planks on which he had been lying at full length, fearful that he might startle the huge trout into a dash for Deep River, from which he had just come. Ray had looked under the bridge the day before, and no fish, large or small, was to be seen.

He sat down on an old log to consider the matter for a moment. That trout was a sure prize-winner, provided Ray could catch it. But the boy was shrewd enough to realize that here was no ordinary trout, for it had come from a portion of Deep River that was literally fished to death, and therefore must be a very wise trout indeed to have survived so long. No crude, hit-or-miss style of angling would ever delude him into biting.

"I 've got until midnight to catch that trout," the boy mused. "There 's a full moon to-night, and somewhere I 've heard that night 's the best time to tackle a wise old bird like this one here. I won't bother him at all till the moon 's up, or he might take a notion to hit the trail for Deep River. Here 's hoping for luck!"

Ray hustled on home, where he proceeded to plan his campaign. He tested his line, to be sure that it would not break in some unexpected weak spot, selected a new snelled hook, and then began considering the question of bait. Grasshoppers were his favorite summer lure, and he captured a dozen lively ones in the meadow back of the barn, adding several plump crickets for luck. Then he dug some worms, after which there was nothing to do but wait.

The moon rose at eight, full and round and big as a dinner-plate. An hour later it was a glorious sight above the trees, giving the whole country a brightness rivaling that of day. But there was rain in the air, and an enormous halo about the moon indicated an approaching change in the weather. Fishing conditions were ideal.

As Ray went down the road toward the bridge a big white moth fluttered up from the roadside; and, moved by a sudden impulse, the boy caught it, resolved to make his first attempt on the trout with the moth as his bait.

Five minutes later the gentle sweep of the current was carrying the moth, perched on the surface as lightly as a bit of foam, down under the bridge where lurked the monster trout, while, crouched in the alders above, Ray played out line, his nerves all a-quiver with excitement. The response was almost terrifying in its vicious suddenness. A heavy splash, sending a sparkle of water drops up into the moonlight, marked the strike. But Ray's line was slack—he had missed the fish!

"There goes my moth," muttered Ray. "Now why did n't I hook the old fellow? I 'll wait a while and then try him with a hopper."

A grasshopper, however, proved no attraction to the trout, the same being the case with a cricket and then an angleworm.

"He does n't want anything but another of those big moths," Ray concluded. "I 've got to catch one."

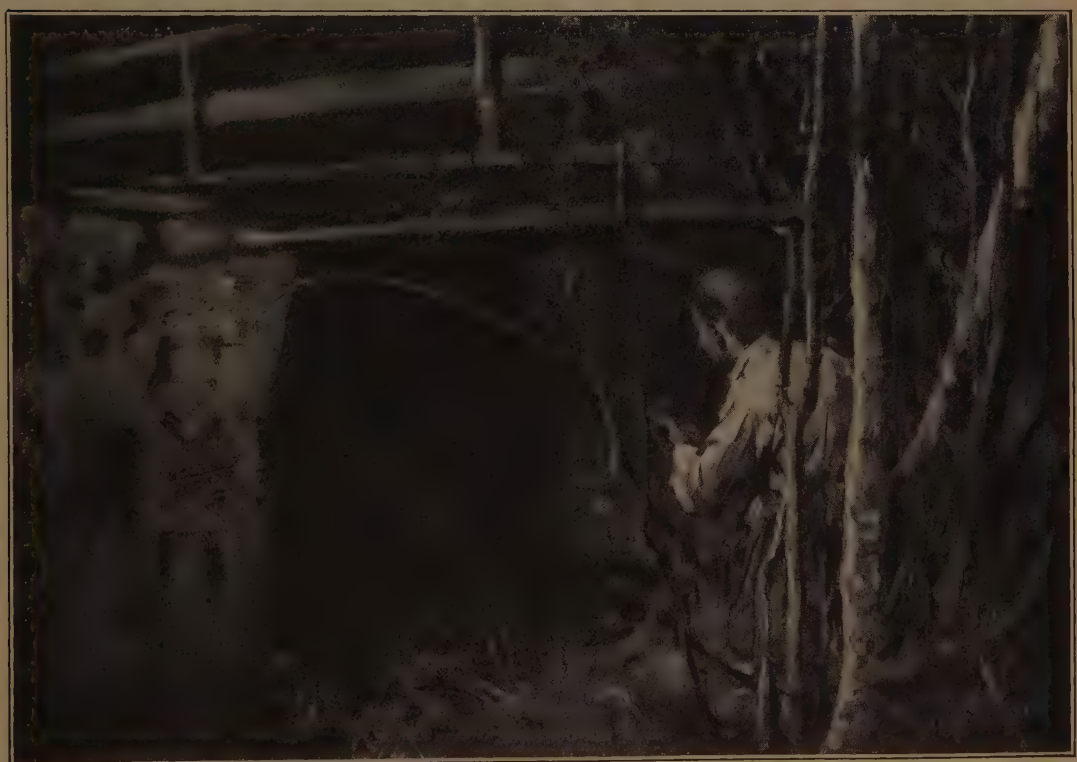
That seemed easier said than done. For half an hour the angler ranged up and down the road and through the meadow on either side before he succeeded in starting up another of the moths; and when he did find one, it was extremely unwilling to be caught, continually fluttering up just too soon for his eager fingers to grasp it. But at last the chase ended successfully, and Ray hurried back in triumph to the bridge.

That floating moth, gleaming white on the surface against the dark background of planks, was just what the huge trout was waiting for. He struck without a second's hesitation, and this time Ray was not caught napping, a quick, dexterous turn of his wrist setting the hook deep in the trout's bony jaw. The fish made a desperate rush down-stream for Deep River, but—

THE next afternoon an enthusiastic discussion in the back room of Smith's store on the respective merits of dry versus wet fly-fishing was interrupted by the arrival of Ray Benson.

"I 've a trout I want to enter in the contest," he remarked, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact voice. "I got him last night, just before the season closed." And then he opened up the big paper box he was carrying.

"Suffering mackerel!" gasped one of the men, as all crowded around to see. "Get your scales, Joe!" cried another angler.



"HE STRUCK WITHOUT A SECOND'S HESITATION, AND THIS TIME RAY WAS NOT CAUGHT NAPPING"

No less a personage than Arthur Bristol himself weighed the trout.

"Three pounds and a half!" was his verdict, and then he turned to shake Ray's hand. "You 've beaten my fish by nearly a pound, my boy," said he, "and I want to congratulate you. I 'm mighty glad you won. I 've got more rods than I 'll ever be able to use, anyway. We 'll go through the formalities right away." And he reached for the book in which Smith kept the records of the contest.

"Your name is Ray Benson, is n't it?"

Ray nodded happily; this was the biggest moment of his life.

"Let me see your card."

"What card?" Ray asked, suddenly sensing that something was wrong.

"Membership card in the Angling Club."

"I 'm not a member. I 'd like to join, but I can't afford the five dollars a year for dues."

Bristol looked up from the little red-covered book. There was genuine consternation in his face.

"But you have to be a member in order to enter the competition," he said gently. "Did n't you know that?"

A lump started deep down in Ray's throat and rose steadily, growing bigger all the time.

"I did n't understand," he managed to say. "Mr. Smith said I 'd get the rod if I caught the biggest trout. Never mind—it was just a mistake," and the boy turned away, ashamed that these men should see how bitterly disappointed he was. They heard him go out the front door, his beautiful trout lying forgotten in the pan of the scales.

"'MR. SMITH SAID I 'D GET THE ROD IF I CAUGHT THE BIGGEST TROUT'"

"Did you tell the kid that?" Bristol demanded of Joe Smith, and his voice was no longer gentle. "It was a mean trick to play on him."

"It 's all of that," Smith said regretfully, "and believe me, I 'm mighty sorry now.

But I never dreamed he 'd bring in a prize-winner."

"He 's a fine boy," another man remarked. "Works like a beaver to help his mother. He 's a true sportsman, too. I 've seen him fly-casting on the river with a home-made rod that none of you birds would use on a bet. The kid is entitled to the prize, and it 's a shame he can't have it."

"Why can't he?" Bristol demanded. "The executive committee passes on all applications, and we 've a majority of that committee right here. We 'll railroad him through and I 'll pay his dues myself."

"It 's not quite regular," one of the group protested.

"Who cares whether it 's regular or not?" Bristol snapped. "What we 've got to do is right this wrong that 's been done. Meeting come to order!"

And in less than a minute—fifty seconds, to be exact—Ray was a member in good standing of the Deep River Angling Club.

Some time later the boy returned, again master of himself, able to face the men with a smile on his lips and no catch of disappointment in his voice.

"I forgot my fish," he remarked. "Guess I 'll take him and amble along home."

"I put him in the front window," Smith said. "Thought you would n't mind if I displayed him for a little while. Makes a good advertisement for the store. I 'd like to keep him till to-morrow, if you have n't any objections."

"Sure, Mr. Smith, that 's all right," Ray answered heartily. It was apparent to all that he bore no trace of resentment for the cruel trick of which he had been the victim.

"Better take a slant at him," Smith suggested. "I 'll tell the world he looks fine. He 's a whale of a trout."

Ray turned back toward the front of the store, the others following curiously. His trout was displayed in the platter of cracked ice; but it was n't so much the fish that Ray saw as the following neatly lettered display-card:

THE PRIZE-WINNER
Length.....17½ inches
Weight.....3 pounds, 8 ounces
Caught by Ray Benson
(Youngest member of the D. R. A. C.)

The boy could hardly believe his eyes, and he looked in bewilderment toward the group of men who were smiling at him, watching in a friendly way to see what he would do.

"But I can't join the club," he protested. "I 'd like to mighty well, but I have n't five dollars to pay the dues."

"All paid," said Smith, briefly. "You can thank Mr. Bristol for the whole thing."

"Here 's your membership card," Bristol added, handing it over.

For the second time that afternoon a lump rose up in Ray's throat, threatening to choke him; but this was a very different sort of lump from the first one. To save his life, he could n't utter a word. Bristol, watching with a kindly smile, understood.

"It 's all right, Ray," he said. "I know how you feel. And next season I want you to take a good long trip up north with me in my car. Have to try out that new rod on a stream where big trout are common. How about it? Will you go?"

"Will I?" Ray cried, finding his voice at last. "Just try me once!"

LOVELY LADY APRIL

By MINNIE LEONA UPTON

LOVELY Lady April, in your silvery veil,
Scattering your jewels down each woodland trail,
Here we bring you greeting, from our hearts we sing;
"Hail to lovely April, Lady of the Spring!"

Long the March Wind's bugle sounded through the land;
Still, we knew your coming must be close at hand;
Never have you failed us! Glad of heart we sing;
"Welcome, lovely April, Lady of the Spring!"

CAPTAIN AND AURORA

By CAPTAIN JOHN M. ELLICOTT

THE darkness of a long winter night had settled upon Fairway Island, at the entrance to Peril Strait in Alaska. It was the night of the first great storm, and the icy wind from the northern glaciers thundered in terrifying blasts against the lighthouse, while the impotent rays from its powerful lamp revolved blindly around in the shroud of driving snow, and the hoarsely warning fog-trumpet alternately shrieked and groaned in the gusts of the rising storm; but so tempestuous was the wind and so dense the icy snowfall that no echo came back from the invisible forest-clad mountains across the strait.

In the lighthouse kitchen, there was warmth and light. The cooking-stove was still aglow, and a big oil lamp stood on the oil-cloth-covered table. No cold could creep through the stout double storm-windows and -doors.

Aurora had finished washing and putting away the dishes, and was now seated at the table under the light of the lamp, her feet hooked around the front legs of her chair, her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands, completely absorbed in the story of "Little Women," which the young inspector had brought to her on his last visit. He had been in the navy during the war and she called him her captain.

Aurora had been born in the lighthouse and, when old enough, had gone to school in Sitka, spending the winters there with an aunt; but her mother had died the year before, and she now had to stay with her father and help tend the light, for it was a one-man station. For a year she had been without playmates and had grown intensely lonesome, but this she hid from her father in order not to add to his burdens.

The storm was not terrifying to Aurora. She had been through them every winter. She was not even conscious of the roar of the wind or the jarring of the house or the shriek of the trumpet. In fact, she was far away in the realm of her story and in the midst of its sweet companionships.

Presently it ended. The companionship faded away into unreality, and Aurora came back to her lonely surroundings. With tears in her eyes, she turned and gazed around, then, with a sigh and a quick shrug, put the book on a shelf and shook some fresh coal from a scuttle into the stove. At that moment her face brightened, for she heard her father returning from his evening inspection. She heard him stamping the snow from his boots and shaking it from his great fur coat in the storm-porch, then his slow approach through the hall. The slowness of his footsteps filled her with foreboding, and by the expression of his face as she threw open the kitchen door to greet him she knew something dreadful had happened.

"What is it, Daddy?" she asked, putting her arms around him.

"The ice has cut away the wharf and swept the warehouse and all our provisions down Chatham Strait toward the ocean!"

"Oh, Daddy! What are we going to do?"

The lightkeeper lit his pipe, which Aurora always kept filled for him, and warmed his numb hands over the stove before he replied. "The tender will not be back this winter, and we have only enough provisions in the house for a week. The motor-dory was swept away with the wharf, so I cannot even go across the straits and try to shoot a deer."

"Surely some vessel will pass our way!"

"No regular vessel is due for a month, when the *Bertha* should pass on her way to Sitka; and if I went there, I 'd have to leave you here alone to tend the light."

"But, Daddy, you said we had cabbages and turnips enough to last all winter."

"We could n't live long on cabbages and turnips, child."

"Maybe Captain will make a winter trip in the tender. She is a fine new boat and he said last summer he might."

"Not in such a winter as this—no, daughter. I may catch some fish around the broken wharf, but we must go on short rations and hope that Providence will come to our aid. I will try to build a skiff which will carry me across the strait to look for deer. They are very scarce now, but this snow will be so deep on the mountains that, if there are any, they will be driven down by starvation to look for grass along the shore."

"You would n't kill them if they were starving, would you, Daddy?"

"To keep you from starving, yes; and would n't it be kinder to kill them outright than leave them to starve to death?"

This was hard to answer. Aurora was

"'WHAT IS IT, DADDY?' SHE ASKED, PUTTING HER ARMS AROUND HIM"

silent for awhile, but soon said: "Oh well! don't worry about it any more to-night, Daddy. It 's my first watch, so go right to bed and get some rest and sleep. I 'll call you at two."

Aurora awoke next morning to find her little room flooded with sunshine. She had had six hours' sound sleep, after her father had relieved her, and her room was now warm from a fire he had made. She sprang up with delight, and, rushing to the window, looked out upon a scene of indescribable winter beauty.

But it was a picture in the foreground which held Aurora spellbound. There, in her own kitchen garden, was a beautiful deer, pushing about the snow with his nose and ravenously eating a few remaining cabbage stalks wherever he could find them. She could see that he was still wet from a swim, thin, and trembling from weakness or fear; and every once in a while he would stop abruptly and throw up his head to look around in alarm.

Aurora dressed in nervous haste and sped to the kitchen. There she saw her father with the muzzle of his rifle pointed through the slightly opened back door, taking careful and deliberate aim.

"No, no, Daddy!" she almost screamed, springing upon him and dragging down his gun. "You must not! He is our guest and he 's starving!"

"But we 'll be starving, too, if I don't shoot him. Don't be silly, child, when Providence has sent food to our very door."

"I don't care. You may build your skiff and go across the strait to shoot others, if it must be done; but he has come to us for food, and I 'm going to feed him."

She went to the vegetable locker beside the house and got a big cabbage. Holding it out in front of her in both hands, she went softly around to the garden and advanced toward the deer. Although her footfalls were noiseless in the snow, the timid animal quickly got wind of her and sprang to attention. Aurora stood rigidly still, but, after a moment's scrutiny, the deer galloped away. He had evidently seen that tempting cabbage, however, and some instinct seemed to tell him that the sweet girl figure approaching him with proffered food could not intend harm; for after running some thirty yards, he stopped and turned and stood at gaze. Again Aurora advanced and again he ran; so she placed the cabbage where he had been eating and retreated to the kitchen steps. After a long time he timidly and haltingly returned, sniffed at it, and ravenously ate it.

It would take much space to tell how patiently Aurora strove to gain the confidence of the timid animal. Great was her delight when he took the first morsel from her hand; but when she attempted to caress him one day, his confidence was so shaken that she had to commence all over again.

At last all doubts were swept away and they became friends. The deer no longer swam back and forth across the strait, but remained on the island and slept on a bed of excelsior in the coal-shed, made up daily by the hands of his young comrade. He even grew to tolerate her father, but with alert watchfulness.

"I have named him Captain, Daddy," Aurora said one day, "because he stands so straight and holds his head high, the way our captain does."

But while Captain was thriving on cabbages and turnips, starvation stalked closer and closer to his young mistress and her father. An occasional halibut and a few cod were all that could be caught at that season in the waters around them. The light-keeper had completed a rude skiff, and in desperation had crossed to the closed fish-factory at Killisnoo, one rare fair day, and broken open its store-room, to find only half a sack of flour and a few onions. The *Bertha*, if she had made her trip at all, must have passed in a storm unheard and unseen. Aurora and her father shortened their rations to the lowest limit of existence and grew daily weaker and thinner.

There came one night a storm more violent than any preceding. Even Captain, in what to him were luxurious winter quarters, was wakeful and apprehensive; in fact, he was more wakeful than those in the building, sleeping the sleep of weakness and exhaustion. Presently he heard a cracking sound above the wind, and then a great crash outside his shed. Captain sprang out and braced himself against the wind and sleet to look. A tall spruce-tree had been blown down and had fallen between the shed and the oil-tank, grazing the tank as it fell. Captain sniffed a strange smell and listened to an unusual gurgle, then worked his way over to the tank toward the odor and sound. The tree had broken the faucet off the tank, and the precious oil was gushing out upon the snow.

Captain had watched the keeper draw oil

from that tank for the light, from day to day, and had noted how carefully the faucet was closed afterward to stop the slightest drip. Instinct told him that what was happening now was all wrong. Dashing around to the kitchen door, he pawed it violently, adding from time to time his plaintive cry, until Aurora and the keeper heard him and came out, whereupon the deer whirled around and trotted toward the tank.

"GREAT WAS HER DELIGHT WHEN HE TOOK THE FIRST MORSEL FROM HER HAND"

"He is trying to tell us something, Daddy," said Aurora. "Go and see."

Her father drew on his boots, slipped into his fur coat, took a spot-light, and went out. Almost immediately he rushed back for a hatchet and a plug of wood, and again went out. Captain, who had trotted back to the kitchen after him, remained beside Aurora with his nose in her lap, as if to allay her apprehension. When her father finally returned she knew by his expression that a new catastrophe was upon them.

"What is it, Daddy" she gasped.

"We have lost nearly all our oil. A falling tree broke off the tank faucet. Thanks to Captain, I have saved a little, but only enough for a short time."

"Oh, poor Daddy! What are we going to do now?"

"There is but one thing to do. The light must be kept burning. I must cross the strait in the skiff to-morrow and try to find a trail overland to Sitka. There used to be an Indian trail from the shore just opposite us. From there, I can wire our captain."

"But the snow in the mountains is too deep. You can never find the trail, and you could n't get through if you did."

"My child," said the old man, coming forward and laying his hand on her shoulder, "I 've got to try it. That is my duty. I will have to leave the light to you. I am not afraid of the trip; in fact, I have been thinking of trying it for a long time; but I 've kept putting it off — it seemed terrible to leave you here alone!"

"Why, Daddy, *that* will be all right if you *must* go. Remember, I 've got Captain. Are n't you glad that you did n't kill him?"

"I surely am. Providence seems to have sent him for something better than food."

"THE ICE-CAKE, WITH ITS TWO PRISONERS, DRIFTED AWAY"

Days upon days passed after Aurora had watched her father land among the ice-floes on the opposite shore and disappear into the snow-clad forest. At first, her responsibility for the light, her household duties, her gambols on good days with Captain, and the many new books which had been added to the little lighthouse library the summer before, kept up her spirits; but presently her meager food-supply was exhausted, the time for her father's return was long passed, and, with Captain to feed, even the turnips and cabbages were used up; so Aurora was literally starving.

One morning, when she tottered out to the tank to fill her oil-can for the next night's consumption, she found the weather changed. The wind was blowing violently up Chatham Strait from the ocean. It was much warmer, and the snow was fast melting from the mountains. A driving rain had succeeded the snow-storm, and a warm current must have come in from the ocean, for the ice-floes were breaking away from the shores and drifting northward with the changed wind.

Aurora unscrewed the stopper of her can and turned on the new faucet in the tank, letting the oil run into the can through a funnel. Then her heart stood still. Before the can was quite full, the oil stream sagged, gurgled, thinned out to a drip—and stopped! There was no more oil!

Aurora screwed the stopper in the can and set it on the near-by coal-bin. Perhaps she was mistaken. She crept around the tank to look at the gage, holding to the safety-rod around it to keep up against the wind. A queer little cry from Captain made her turn back, just in time to see her precious can of oil, blown by the wind, rolling down the slushy slope of the island toward the shore. Captain was already after it, but neither his mouth nor hoofs could hold the round, bounding thing, and it caromed over the floes at the water's edge and buried itself in the slushy snow on top of a huge ice-cake at the end of the broken wharf.

Aurora, forgetting her weakness, literally flew before the wind after it, scrambling over the floes on the beach and out on the ice-cake until she had the can in her arms.

But for some strange reason, Captain had not followed. He had stopped at the beach and was running back and forth uttering plaintive cries, as if to call her back. When, however, he saw that she was too weak to struggle back across the slippery ice against the wind, he changed his mind, and timidly, gingerly, stepped on the ice-cake and walked slowly out toward her. Then what his instinct apprehended happened. The ice-cake sagged, tilted, broke from the shore, and, with its two prisoners, drifted away before the wind. Aurora screamed and cowered down and Captain stood over her. They were rapidly swept onward through the broad reach of waters by wind and tide, the lighthouse growing smaller and smaller in the distance, while fragments broke continually from their ice-cake as it disintegrated in the warm current and choppy sea.

All this time Captain seemed to be wanting Aurora to do something which she could n't understand. He would leave her and go toward the edge of the ice, look back at her with his plaintive cry, wait, and then come back.

Then came a cross wind and current from a side inlet, and what was left of their ice-cake swirled slowly around, tilted and sank.

Aurora closed her eyes and threw her arms around Captain's neck to die.

But that was just what Captain did not intend she should do. Striking out vigorously and with all a wild thing's knowledge of wind and water, he swam for the nearer shore. Aurora soon realized what he was trying to do and took heart.

"Good Captain!" she said, "brave Captain! I 'll hold on and keep ever so still, and maybe we 'll make it."

But it was a long swim, and soon Captain was panting painfully. Then his strokes became uneven, and after awhile he commenced to beat the water uselessly with his front feet and sag downward. Then Aurora made a great resolution.

"We can't both make it, Captain" she murmured, "but you shall."

She let go and, instinctively holding her breath, sank under the water.

AURORA opened her eyes to find herself in a motor-boat, on the arm of her real captain, with her father bending over her. She tried to sit up and look around. Not far away lay the lighthouse tender, but Aurora was not interested in her, and turned to the opposite shore. Captain stood there, looking anxiously toward her. Aurora summoned her strength and feebly waved her hand to him, whereupon the deer kicked up his heels and dashed away into the forest.

Aurora sank back and sobbed.

"Don't cry, daughter," said her father. "Captain will come back to you next winter."

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A MULE TRAIN WITH SUPPLIES FOR A REMOTE MINE IN THE COLORADO ROCKIES

THE ROMANCE OF METAL MINING

By JAMES H. COLLINS

WHAT metal did man first find and use? Some say iron, others lead, tin, zinc, even steel or brass—which last is not a natural metal, but an alloy.

The right answer is, "Probably gold." It may have been silver or copper; but a miner knows that ancient man was most likely to have found gold first, because it is oftenest found pure in nature. Indeed, the archæologist finds gold ornaments in the graves of ancient man, with stone weapons and tools. Gold was bright and attractive. Ancient man learned to trim and hammer it into ornaments, and later to melt it. In the same way, it is thought, he soon found silver; but that, too, was used chiefly for ornament.

Man's first working metal was copper, and with that and tin, melted together to make bronze, he lived long centuries and built great kingdoms and cities and fought bloody wars, without ever using iron. The wonderful civilizations of Mexico and Peru knew only these three or four metals, and most of their weapons and tools were of stone.

Copper reached the Greeks and the people of Crete and other Mediterranean islands about 3000 B.C. It was not known in western or northern Europe until nearly one thousand years later, when Phœnician traders brought copper ornaments and weapons, marvelous to stone-age people. The Phœnicians got tin from Cornwall, in England, and mixed it with copper to make bronze, which was harder and better. The Greeks began to get iron in the thirteenth century B.C., but bronze was still used as well. Five hundred years after iron first reached them, the Greek poet Æschylus spoke of it as "the stranger from across the sea." It was common in Greece about 1000 B.C., after a bronze age lasting two thousand years.

We have about fifty metals to-day. Some of them are little used. Most of us probably carry a dozen different metals in our pockets—in our money, knives, watches, keys, fountain-pens, and so forth. We carry gold, silver, copper, tin, iron, zinc, nickel, lead, aluminum, with a bit of a rarer metal like iridium here and there, on the nibs of fountain-pens or in things made of alloy steels. In a bicycle, motor-cycle, or automobile, a dozen more of these rarer metals may be found.

Mining is a needle-in-the-haystack affair. The haystack is a mountain, and the needle, a very small quantity of metal that nature has concealed in it. Sometimes this metal is a vein of gold, silver, copper, deep in the mountain. Again, it may be a very small quantity of metal scattered in streaks through the whole mountain. The miner's job is to find the vein and get the metal out, or tear the mountain down and grind it up to get the metal.

Man did not get his first metals by mining, but picked them up.

Scientists have worked out a theory of the origin of metals—the process which they now believe was followed by nature. They know that most of the rocks on our globe, especially the very hard ones, like granite, were once molten and liquid. As they cooled, cracks would form in the granite of a mountain. Water escaping from the hardening rock would rise through these cracks in the

form of vapors, which were strong enough to carry metals. These metals would be deposited along the cracks, and thus ore veins were created in the mountain.

Nature no sooner raises a mountain than she begins tearing it down again. The rains fall upon it and wash into its crevices and cracks, forming underground streams. These streams may run along a vein which has a very small deposit of metal, but this they will wash loose and carry down to some deeper crack, and there collect it in a much more valuable form which, some day, miners will drill through and find. Wind, ice, heat, the roots of plants—even animals—help in this work of tearing down the mountain. Its rock is reduced to sand, which washes away into streams and rivers miles distant. Metal is washed out, too, and carried along, sometimes in particles finer than sand, and sometimes in large lumps. The metal sinks into the river-beds, and it is in such places that man first found gold and silver in fair-sized nuggets.

Copper was not so easily found. Sometimes it can be picked up in lumps of "native copper," but usually it is mixed with rock. Scientists reason that early man, probably an Egyptian, banked his camp-fire with pieces of copper ore in some place like the Sinai Peninsula, at the head of the Red Sea, where it was found, and next morning discovered glittering hard drops of the metal that had been melted out.

WHEN MAN HELD SKY-SCRAPERS AND LOCOMOTIVES IN HIS HAND

"WITHOUT knowing, this man stood at the dawn of a new era, the Age of Metal," says Professor James Henry Breasted, in his history of the early world, "Ancient Times," from which some of these facts about man's earliest uses of metal have been taken. "The little bead of shining copper which he drew from the ashes, if this Egyptian could have seen it, might have reflected to him a vision of steel buildings, Brooklyn Bridges, huge factories roaring with the noises of thousands of machines of metal, and vast stretches of steel roads along which thunder hosts of rushing locomotives. Since the discovery of fire, over fifty thousand years earlier, man had made no conquest of the things of the earth which could compare with this discovery of metal."

These drops were first used for beads, until people learned that enough of this new metal could be melted out of rocks to make knives, spear-heads, arrow-heads, axes, and working tools. Copper weapons were so much better than stone weapons that men, armed with them, soon gained mastery over enemies who wielded only stone weapons, just as, centuries later, men who invented iron and steel weapons vanquished enemies who had only weapons of bronze. With copper, too, men had better chances in hunting and fighting wild beasts.

Real mining began when people needed more metal than they could pick up. For hundreds of years a family might go through life with only a few ounces of copper—a knife, an ax, a spear, a chisel. But when armies needed weapons and soldiers were protected with bronze armor, it was different. Man could not wait for nature to wash the needle out of the haystack. He went to the mountain and found the vein and dug the metal out.

This is the first step in mining to-day—prospecting. When ancient man decided to go and find the metal in the mountain, he was no longer satisfied to sit down in a river-bed and look for nuggets of gold or silver or lumps of copper ore, but walked up the river, keeping his eyes open, tracing metal to the deposits from which it had come. Every mine, great or small, whether it yields gold or copper or zinc or diamonds, was first found by a prospector in the same way.

The prospector is the most romantic fellow in the mining business, certainly. He leads a rugged, outdoor life, tramps hundreds of miles into the wilderness, living partly by hunting and fishing, carrying the fewest tools and supplies, and sleeping in his tent or under the stars. This life gives him a strong body. To be a prospector, he must know a great deal about technical matters, like geology, ores, metals, and even natural history. He sees things that would not be noticed by other people, puts two and two together, and makes deductions as subtle as a detective—which is what he is, a *Sherlock Holmes*, pitting his wits against nature to find the wealth she has hidden in the mountain. No finer, healthier vacation could be spent than several weeks with a prospector, and the fascination of the work is so great that many men remain prospectors all their lives, by choice, though settling down and working a mine would usually be much more profitable. It is the independence and change and freedom from routine work, and the exciting chance of making a wonderful discovery to-morrow, that keeps prospectors roaming the hills,

seeking mineral wealth that the engineer and miner may later develop into rich mineral industries.

TAKING THE TRAIL WITH THE PROSPECTOR AND HIS DONKEY

With his donkey, or "mountain canary," following along behind with supplies and tools, the prospector walks up a valley, watching for "float"—pieces of rock containing metal. These may be found either in a stream, washed down by water, or on the valley floor, having dropped from the mountains above. He may go for days before anything promising turns up. The prospector of yesterday looked for just a few metals—gold, silver, copper, tin, lead. But to-day he may find riches not in gold, but some metal like tungsten, which the world had little use for twenty-five years ago. Forty or fifty years ago, there was a Western silver-mine which proved rich; but when the silver was taken out, the miners were bothered by some queer black stuff, which they hauled to the surface, sorted out, and threw on the waste-heap. That queer black stuff was tungsten, now used to make filaments for electric lamps, and now it has all been gathered up and sold for more than the silver in that mine was worth.

A BRITISH COLUMBIA PROSPECTING OUTFIT TRAVELING BY CANOE

A time comes when the prospector finds ore-bearing rock—not one or two pieces, but a trail of it leading up the mountain. It may take him days to clear away bushes and plants, working from one spot to another. He may have to clamber back and forth on steep slopes, examining every place where rock has fallen off. Finally, if he is lucky, he discovers the place from which this float has dropped, and it is an exciting moment when he chops and digs to see if there is more than one out-cropping of mineral and whether it looks like a big vein running into the mountain and how much metal there is in the ore.

Has he found a rich mine at last? No—not once in a hundred times! His vein may hold a real fortune in metal; but now the mining engineer must decide whether it can be taken out at a profit. The vein may be a hundred miles from a railroad. Some day the railroad will come there, and the ore can be sent to the mills and smelters; but to-day the cost of hauling it out may be more than the metal would bring. Ore must be crushed to powder and run through separating machinery, and for that a good supply of water is needed. This vein may be miles from water, in the desert. Separating machinery requires steam or other power, and it would not be profitable to haul coal so far. Men will be needed to work the mine, but they are scarce in that region. So there are many other things to be reckoned with besides simply finding a good vein of ore. One "strike" in a hundred may be worth working at a mine, and maybe only one in a hundred mines prove profitable. Indeed, there are so many chances against success in mining, and so many failures, that experts have said the world puts more money into gold-mines than it ever takes out—meaning that though some gold-mines pay, the money sunk in those that fail is greater than the value of the gold. This is rather a gloomy way of looking at mining, but it has a basis of truth. Much of the silver now mined in this country, being mixed with zinc, or lead, or other bulkier metals, can be mined only as a by-product. That is, the cost of getting out the silver alone might be more than it is worth, but the other metals pay expenses. There are such combination mines in our West, where the

lead or zinc may be bringing good prices; but the next year lead or zinc may be too cheap to mine, and the silver pays expenses.

Occasionally, the prospector finds a small deposit of ore so rich that he can take it out himself and haul it to a mill. Some gold-miners search for rich "pockets," and wash the metal out of the gravel or earth by hand. Mark Twain was once a "pocket-miner." He and his partners one day discovered what seemed to be a promising pocket. Mark Twain carried water to wash the gravel, which was getting richer and richer. But the day was cold and he was chilled and refused to carry any more. "Just one more bucket!" pleaded the man who was washing. But the water-carrier struck work then and there, and something took them away from that place. Two other miners came along later, found a rich pocket, and took out twenty thousand dollars' worth of gold.

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THE FIRST STEP IN MINING—A CALIFORNIA PROSPECTOR GOING INTO THE DESERT TO SEEK GOLD

It is of gold and the days of "forty-nine" that most Americans think about when they hear the word "mining." And rightly, for that famous discovery of gold in California led us to the great wealth of metals locked up in our own country. In colonial times, there was little mining, because, apart from iron and coal, with some zinc in New Jersey, our Atlantic seaboard is poor in metals. Some gold had been found in the Southern States, and it is a little-known fact that one of the first stamp-mills in California for breaking gold ore was set up by a gold-miner from Georgia, a State which still has a small output of gold. We now produce twenty per cent. of the world's gold, forty per cent. of its silver and lead, fifty per cent. of its zinc, and sixty per cent. of its copper and aluminum. Except the latter metal, which is not mined, but extracted from clay, these metals are mined west of the thirteen original States. Copper is found in Michigan, and lead and zinc, in Missouri. But the far Western States produce the bulk of all our metals. Our mining industry digs out of the ground one dollar in wealth for every dollar that farmers produce in crops, or for each dollar's worth made in our factories. That is, our crops in 1920 were valued at $25,000,000,000, our factory products at $25,000,000,000 and mine products at $25,000,000,000. However, this includes coal, iron, petroleum, natural gas, and non-metallic products, like stone.

It was the discovery of gold in California that opened up these treasures and set our inventors at work developing wonderful mining machinery—for it is the natural resources of the country that stimulate inventors. Other countries have gone ahead of us in gold production, but through our inventions we lead in metals like copper. Not everybody knows that the value of our copper being mined every year is greater than that of our iron.

"THE DAYS OF OLD, THE DAYS OF GOLD, THE DAYS OF FORTY-NINE"

On January 24, 1848, nine days before California was added to our territory by treaty with Mexico, a carpenter named James Marshall was looking at a mill-race on a branch of the American River in the valley of the Sacramento River in California. It had been dug to carry water for a saw-mill, but it was n't deep enough. The evening before he had turned a great volume of water in, letting it run all night, and that eventful morning he saw some bits of bright yellow

stuff in the gravel that was left behind. Picking up one of these yellow fragments, he hammered it and found that it was metal; beat it, and found it soft; put it into a boiling kettle, and it did not dissolve, but came out as bright as ever. Thinking it might be gold, he took it to his employer, an enterprising Swiss, John A. Sutter, who owned several thousand acres of land in that neighborhood, with many thousands of horses, cattle, and sheep. Several hundred men worked for him, and there was a fort for protection against the Indians. Sutter had some nitric acid among his chemicals. This acid will tarnish other metals, but not gold. It did not tarnish Marshall's bright yellow stuff. Then Sutter weighed it, compared it with a gold coin, and finally declared it was gold.

The news spread. Sutter's ranch-hands not only left him to become gold-seekers, but ran away with his horses. The Indians

THE ENGINEER FOLLOWS THE PROSPECTOR, SINKING A SMALL SHAFT TO SEE IF THE MINE CAN BE WORKED AT A PROFIT

refused to harvest his crops. He was beggared, and neither he nor Marshall ever profited by their discovery, both dying poor many years later.

Two years afterward, in 1851, more than $80,000,000 worth of gold was mined in California. Men flocked in from everywhere. First, they deserted places like San Francisco, then little more than a village, rushing to the region where gold had been found. Sailors deserted ships, and the neighboring Mormons came from Utah. People from the Eastern States crossed the prairies and mountains to reach California, and also went in ships by way of Panama, where they rode across the isthmus, taking another ship on the Pacific side. The rush was so great that a railroad was built across the isthmus to connect profitable steamship lines, opening in 1855. Still other gold-seekers came from South America and from Australia, where gold was found later, in 1851, by Edward Hargraves, an Australian who had been to California, learned where to look for gold, and knew it when he saw it at home!

With such a rush of adventurous men into a wild country having hardly any government, there was some lawlessness, of course. But it is a mistake to think that all "forty-niners" were desperadoes, though this belief has come down as a sort of tradition. The greater number were young, healthy, vigorous, intelligent, and enterprising men, and only a few were outcasts and criminals. They were rough in dress and in language, but sober and trustworthy; not only law-abiding, but able to establish government, make laws, and keep order. Had they been otherwise, they would never have founded a great new state nor a great new industry, such as mining has grown into since, with its wonderful machinery for handling millions of tons of ore. Keeping the world supplied with metals, even gold, by the hand methods of 1849 would be like going back to prairie-schooners to haul freight across our vast continent.

The first gold-seekers in California had only such tools as they could carry with them, for they roamed from place to place looking for gold near the surface. First, they had pick, shovel, and "pan," the latter a wide, shallow dish of metal like a flattened bread-bowl. A shovel of gold-bearing dirt was put into this and the miner rocked it in his hands, working out over the edge first the larger stones, then smaller and smaller ones, until only a little sand was left at the bottom, with the gold, which he skilfully separated. But let such an early California miner tell about it himself—here is what a man named

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HYDRAULIC MINING FOR GOLD AT CLEAR CREEK, COLORADO

Buffum, who washed gold in 1848, the year of the discovery, wrote about it:

I shall never forget the delight with which I first struck and worked out a crevice. It was the second day after our installation in our little log hut—the first having been employed in what is called prospecting, or searching for the most favorable place at which to commence operations. I had slung pick, shovel, and bar upon my shoulder and trudged merrily away to a ravine about a mile from our house. Pick, shovel, and bar did their duty, and I soon had a large rock in view. Getting down into the excavation I had made, and seating myself upon the rock, I commenced a careful search for a crevice, and at last found one extending longitudinally along the rock. It appeared to be filled with a hard, bluish clay and gravel, which I took out with my knife. And there at the bottom, strewn along the whole length of this rock, was bright, yellow gold in little pieces about the size and shape of a grain of barley. Eureka! Oh, how my heart beat! I sat still and looked at it some minutes before I touched it, greedily drinking in the pleasure of gazing upon gold that was in my very grasp and feeling a sort of independent bravado in allowing it to remain there. When my eyes were sufficiently feasted, I scooped it out with the point of my knife and an iron spoon, and, placing it in my pan, ran home with it, much delighted. I weighed it and found that my first day's labor in the mines had made me thirty-one dollars richer than I was in the morning.

That did very well where the dirt contained a good deal of gold—maybe several hundred dollars in each pan. But not all gravel is as rich as that, and very often the gold in a river-bed had worked down to bedrock, making it necessary to dig to some depth. For washing poorer gravel, the cradle, or rocker, was used, a box mounted on rockers with a perforated sheet-iron bottom. This held several shovelfuls of dirt, and, when water was poured on it and the mixture rocked, the finer particles of dirt, with the gold, fell through the bottom on a canvas screen. Then it ran over riffles, or transverse bars of wood, holding mercury, the gold formed an alloy with the mercury, and was saved. Next came the "Long Tom," a wooden trough into which a stream of water ran, the miners shoveling earth into it, and riffles with quicksilver catching the gold at the other end.

Among people as inventive as Americans, these crude tools were sure to be improved. Gold-seekers stopped roving and settled in camps, for, in a little while, gold was not so easily won. They had to dig down to bedrock for it in some places, and, in others, tunnel into a hill. From the first, the work was very hard. Men who stood up to their waists in water, washing gold with a pan, or prying and lifting stones so that pay dirt could be shoveled into a rocker, were sure to find better methods.

Gold-bearing dirt was found far from water and had to be carried to streams for washing, until miners brought the water to such places in sluices—wooden troughs often miles in length, bringing water from the mountains. This led to hydraulic mining. Water coming from the mountains with great

force was used to wash down whole hills, being spouted through nozzles in powerful streams, and the gold caught with quicksilver. There was one rich hill of gravel into which hundreds of miners had dug holes, carrying the dirt some distance and washing it in a stream. When water was brought to that section in a sluice, the whole hill was quickly washed down by the hydraulic method.

Hydraulic mining in California was begun in 1852 by a Frenchman named A. Chabot. He had a gold-bearing gravel-bank near a stream which ran on higher ground, and he

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A SPECIMEN OF SILVER CRYSTAL—ALMOST PURE SILVER—FOUND IN A MICHIGAN COPPER-MINE

brought the water down in a hose, intending to wash the gravel after shoveling it into a sluice. His hose was four or five inches in diameter and about forty feet long. After a while, instead of shoveling the dirt, he turned the water directly on it and swept it into the sluice, the first use of a powerful stream to wash dirt instead of shoveling it. In 1853, another California miner, E. E. Matteson, rigged up a hose with a metal nozzle and directed the stream against a gravel-bank. He found he could do as much work as a hundred men. Out of his nozzle was developed the "monitor," a tapering nozzle that concentrated the water and increased its force. With the monitor and a good supply of water, large streams could be thrown hundreds of feet with the force of a cannon. In a short time, hydraulic mining came into general use wherever there were gravel-banks to which water could be brought in sufficient force. In a single season, whole acres of ground would be undermined one hundred to two hundred feet below the surface, washed away, and run through sluice-boxes, leaving their gold. These monitors moved dirt so fast and cheaply that later they were used to cut through gravel hills in railroad building.

THE QUARTZ-MINER ATTACKS THE MOUNTAINS

But already gold was being found imbedded in quartz,—one such discovery had been made in 1850,—and a wonderful new field was to be opened up to the American inventor. Quartz-mining is so different from the simple placer-miners did not always know wealth when they saw it in quartz. In 1849, a party of Mormons bound for California stopped and panned gold in a little creek in Nevada, passing on disappointed. That little creek was the door to one of the treasure-vaults of the world—the Comstock lode, on the border of Nevada and California, an ore-body one hundred and twenty-five miles long. Mexicans came two years later and washed gold up the creek and found the great vein from which most of the gold came, but did nothing with it. In 1856, two brothers named Grosh found that a metal about which gold-miners complained, thinking it lead, was really silver. But they died before they could take advantage of their discovery. Finally, on June 8, 1859, two miners, Patrick McLaughlin and Peter O'Riley, washing gold in that region, found it in astonishing abundance on some unworked ground. Just then a trapper, Henry Comstock, happened along, saw the gold, and insisted that they were trespassing on his ranch of one hundred and sixty acres. It was pure bluff, but he argued with them until they gave him an equal share in their discovery, and thus the name of an unscrupulous, keen-witted rover was given the ore-body which men had been on the verge of discovering for ten years. These miners knew nothing about quartz-mining—indeed, the mining of silver in this country was unknown before the Comstock lode was found. They sold their claim for a few thousand dollars, and all died poor, Comstock a suicide.

That discovery brought the inventor, the engineer, and the financier to the aid of the miner, who, up to that time, had been little more than a wandering prospector, taking

only such loose gold as he could find and separating it from dirt and gravel with the simplest tools.

The prospector of to-day seeks veins of metal rich enough for quartz-mining. Carrying his samples of ore back to civilization, he has them assayed, or analyzed, to find out whether they contain enough metal to be worth mining. If they do, and he can interest men of money, a trained mining-engineer is sent to the place from which he took his samples, studies the vein, estimates its probable size, location, and richness, and whether the ore can be mined and its metal taken out at a profit. He brings pack-animals carrying more tools than the prospector had, instruments to survey the ground, and helpers to dig and tunnel for the vein in different spots. A surprisingly correct estimate can often be made, because mineral veins have certain ways of running in certain places, and the mining-engineer has learned much about them from study and experience. His helpers go to work upon the outcroppings with drills and dynamite, and if their findings show it to be a mine really worth working, then the property is sold to a mining company, or, more often, a new company is formed to work that particular mine. More machinery is brought in—air-drills to bore holes rapidly, with the air-compressors and engines to furnish power; hoists for cars to get the ore out of the mine; machinery to crush it and separate the metal from the worthless rock-dust. A regular village grows up around the spot where the lonely prospector began chipping and digging a few months before. Miners come with their families. There is a store where they can buy things, and often a school for their children, with maybe a moving-picture show for entertainment in that out-of-the-way place. The mail-carrier comes, and a stage-line from the nearest railroad station—or, nowadays, more likely an automobile stage, running on a road built for hauling out ore with motor-trucks. If it is a great mine requiring years of work to extract all its metals, the railroad will come, and the mining village will grow into a permanent town. How many years of work may be ahead of miners is shown in the deepest mine in the world, the No. 3 shaft of the Tamarack copper-mine in Houghton County, Michigan, which has reached a vertical depth of 5200 feet, or virtually one mile. Such deep mines are warm, for the deeper men go, the warmer it gets. Rock temperatures of 158 degrees Fahrenheit have been faced by miners with good ventilating apparatus, provided by inventors, without which they must have stopped, though great wealth lay beneath them.

Perhaps the prospector and engineer discover not one rich vein and a single mine,

A PACK TRAIN TAKING SILVER BARS FROM A CENTRAL AMERICAN MINE—NEARLY TEN TONS IN THE SHIPMENT

but a great new ore-body like the Comstock lode, or the gold deposits at Cripple Creek, Colorado, and Calgoorlie, Australia, which, oddly, were discovered and opened up on opposite sides of the world at almost the same time, in 1890. Then there is excitement! Prospectors, miners, and adventurers join in a "rush," ranging over the new district, exploring, finding new outcrops and veins, staking out claims, and maybe fighting over disputed discoveries or getting possession of rich claims by theft and worse. That was more common thirty or forty years ago when, in districts like Cripple Creek, prospectors suddenly found gold in very hard

rock, left by an extinct volcano, and the West was still a new country, often lacking means of preserving order in out-of-the-way places. In one of the newer mining regions developed in recent years in flat desert country, instead of the red-shirted gold-seeker of other days, prospecting is often done by men who work in the mines week-days and run out into the country roundabout with an old automobile on Sundays and holidays.

In April, 1919, two prospectors in a worn-out "flivver" were bumping over a California road—John Kelly and Hamp Williams,—the latter, a half-breed Piute Indian. Kelly's hat blew off. Hamp got out and found it in a small hole some prospector had dug years before. Looking at the exposed rock, he said, "This looks like silver ore to me," and filled Kelly's hat with the stuff.

"That 's the best hat I 've got," objected Kelly. "I wish you would use something else for an ore-sampling bag; but we 'll have it assayed." Thus was discovered California's largest silver-mine, the California-Rand, at Randsburg. In its first year it yielded more than $1,000,000 worth of silver.

Visiting a modern metal mine, and seeing its machinery both below and above ground, one finds it a great deal like a modern factory, and realizes how many inventors have worked to bring it all about—and how much room there is yet for ingenious inventors.

Nor have machinery and engineering science destroyed the thrill of mining. As the veins of metal-bearing rock are followed into the mountain they may grow thicker and richer, or else may taper off and become poor. They may widen out again, or they may stop dead. But in many cases where they do stop dead, mining engineers make surveys of the direction in which they have been running and figure that so many hundred feet farther on, through solid rock, they will be found again. So they start new tunnels to reach them by the shortest distance. Sometimes the calculations are correct within a few feet; again, they may be wrong; and again, instead of the old vein, they may run into an entirely new one. There are still thrills a-plenty in mining, and there will be thrills as long as men are willing to wager with Nature that they can find the needle she has hidden in the haystack.

"JUST NOW" NURSERY RHYMES

LITTLE Jack Horner stood in a corner,
Looking quite timid and shy;
That kind of a ball was not his at all,
But with baseball and bat, oh my!

By Jane Gilliland

HOCKEY-STICKS had fallen from listless hands. Scotti, black-eyed forward, dug a vicious heel into the ground and rendered her verdict.

"It 's plain enough to me," she said to the group of bloomered girls sprawled disconsolately around the goal-posts of the Huntley High athletic-field; "we can't get any more games because they 're all afraid to play us."

Hoots greeted the remark.

"A modest little violet lived upon a little hill—" singsonged a derisive voice; but the jingle was cut short by the appearance of a figure which waved jauntily from the other end of the field.

"It 's Coach Mackenzie!" cried Winifred, captain and center-forward. "She 's a peach!" She paused reflectively. "If only we could do something for her—something really helpful. We can't just simply offer money."

"But some one will have to offer money soon," spoke up the irrepressible Scotti, "or I don't know what will happen. I learned yesterday that her mother is worse, and Miss Mackenzie has n't enough to send her away to the only place where she can get well. It 's awful that such a wonderful coach can't get a better-paying position."

"I know," added Captain Winifred; "Mrs. Mackenzie has been in bed for months and is seriously ill. What would Miss Mackenzie do if anything happened to her mother? They have no friends or relatives in this part of the country."

"Sh-h! here she is."

Smiling down at her frankly adoring team, the subject of this discussion showed none of the trouble which was supposed to weigh heavily on her slim young shoulders. Her vivacious face expressed many things, but there was no hint of sorrow.

"Well," she asked gaily, "have you managed to get any more games?"

"Any more?" echoed a tragic chorus, "Why, Grayling has canceled their date!"

"And that," pouted the dark-skinned Scotti, "leaves us with exactly no game with which to finish the season."

The coach laughed. "Well, don't look as though you 'd lost your very last hope. I have a suggestion." She hesitated. "I don't know if you 'll like it, though." Some humorous thought twisted the corners of her mouth.

The girls caught a note in the coach's tones which brought them quickly to their knees. "What is it? What is it?" they begged.

Miss Mackenzie went on. "I 've just been talking to a friend of mine who plays on the Livingston eleven, the club that holds the championship of the east coast. They have a big game coming, but have n't been able to get a scrub team together for practice. I mentioned that you wanted games and suggested they use you to practise on. They 'd

like very much to have you go out for a game some afternoon, they said. The club is n't far. Would you play them?"

"Oh, Miss Mackenzie!" gasped the girls, delighted, but awed by the thought of a game with the champions. "Do you want to see us thoroughly beaten?"

"It would n't be a question of who would win," answered the coach. "They 're much practise. Maybe we 'll get a few goals from them when they 're not looking."

In the week that followed, the hockey-field was worn to a threadbare brown by the eager feet that raced back and forth, back and forth, in tremulous preparation for the game.

And on the eventful Saturday a hilarious group of youthful players boarded the train

"'WELL,' SHE ASKED GAILY, 'HAVE YOU MANAGED TO GET ANY MORE GAMES?'"

older than you, most of them college graduates, and the club has held the title four years. I just thought it would be fun, if only to try to score against them. It would be wonderful practice, too. How about it, Winifred?"

The entire team accepted the offer clamorously.

Greatly thrilled, they were afraid they were n't good enough; they had instant visions of calamitous defeat, of the other schools laughing at them if the news got out. But, one and all, they were willing to take a beating, provided it was on a hockey-field.

"Fine!" laughed the coach, affectionate approval shining in her eyes. "They gave a tentative date—a week from next Saturday. I 'll let Livingston know."

"Come on!" whooped Scotti, "let 's for Livingston. There was spirited discussion as to the score they could hold the champions to, and whether or not Huntley would shoot a single goal. Christine, the goal-keeper, a girl of generous weight, brought shouts of laughter when she announced she would lie down between the goal-posts before she 'd let the champions score.

But the imposing Livingston club-house and luxurious locker-rooms decidedly dampened Huntley's high spirits. In the impressive and businesslike atmosphere of the place, this did not feel like an informal practice.

"I 'm so nervous!" fidgeted Scotti, lacing her shoe, "my fingers are all thumbs."

Coach Mackenzie rushed in. "Ready to go up to the field?" she asked.

"Anywhere for a breath of cool air," answered Scotti.

Miss Mackenzie laughed. "I have a surprise for you," she said, unable to suppress her own agitation. "The National Hockey Association happened to hold a luncheon at the club to-day, and most of the guests have decided to stay for the game. Several N. H. A. officials were speakers, and have offered to referee." She paused. "That makes it more of a game than I had expected."

The girls were speechless. Even Scotti was overcome. Decidedly, this was not the practice they had anticipated.

The coach glanced quickly from one sober face to the other, reading their thoughts.

"Pshaw!" she chided; "don't take it so seriously. Go out and give them a good fight. That 's all that 's necessary. Get your passes working the way they were last week, and no team will walk over you." She smiled reassuringly. "Come on; all ready?"

Keyed to top pitch, the team followed its coach upstairs, and in the thrill of walking out on the great playing-field Scotti began talking to herself. It was a habit she had when unduly excited. "Going to show that team something!" she muttered.

And in the short warming-up before the game, Huntley did show the stands something. Their shots went clean and true, and the girls ran with all the ease and grace of their youth.

Then Livingston appeared, amid hand-clapping. Dressed in dark bloomers and middies embroidered with the flaming L, heavy shin-guards, head-protectors, and gauntlets, the champions presented a formidable, almost sinister, appearance. As they trotted, tall and confident, to their positions, the high-school team seemed suddenly pathetically youthful and ill equipped for the contest.

There were other disadvantages, too. Not only was the field very much larger than the one to which Huntley was accustomed, but the halves were to be thirty minutes instead of the usual twenty.

Coach Mackenzie, sitting on the side-lines, grew apprehensive. In the crowded stands were many prominent coaches and hockey enthusiasts, and she feared that the conditions under which the game was being played would not show her girls to their best advantage. It seemed unfair that her team should, so unexpectedly, have to parade its inexperience before such a gathering.

She need not have worried.

To the hushed stands, the referee announced the line-up. Then a whistle blew, the sticks of the center-forwards cracked in the bully-off, and the game was on.

In the first flash of play, Livingston rooters were dumfounded. Huntley's forward line, running like the wind, took possession of the ball and swept down the field, the champions in futile pursuit. To the dismay of all, this fleet-footed group reached the goal circle without opposition. Then a Livingston full-back tore through and sent the white sphere cannonading back down the field again.

Huntley had not scored. But it had shown one tremendous asset—it could run infinitely faster than its opponents.

However, Livingston soon exhibited its justly famed team-work. Again and again the title-holders dribbled relentlessly past Huntley's half-backs, and only reckless blocking by arms and legs, as well as sticks, kept them from breaking through the grimly determined defense. Yet each time, when it seemed beyond all hope that the ball would not bore in on one of those crashing drives, it would miraculously shoot out from the players bunched within the goal-circle. A Huntley forward would swoop down upon it, and again the speeding line would carry it to the very brink of Livingston's goal.

As Miss Mackenzie stared, amazed to see this repeated time after time, her apprehension turned into an uncontrollable excitement. Her girls were not only holding Livingston, but they were threatening the champion's goal! It was unbelievable. Those slim, unassuming, clear-eyed school-girls were showing a grit and coolness far beyond their years.

When it seemed that the first half must end with neither team scoring, suddenly Livingston smashed down the field, ripped through the opposing full-backs, and shot a goal. A minute later the whistle blew.

As Huntley ran off the field, the girls caught exclamations from the stands, hurried questions. They heard their names being spelled out, saw people writing things. Dazed and panting, they hardly knew what they saw or heard.

When Miss Mackenzie reached them, down in the locker-rooms, the team was lying breathless, apparently engrossed in sucking lemons. But at the coach's enthusiastic entrance, the girls could not conceal pleased and bashful grins. They knew they had done well, and they waited delightedly for the coach's praise.

Her first words were more startling than

anything that had yet happened on this thoroughly exciting day.

"Do you realize what you 're doing?" gasped Miss Mackenzie. "You 're contending for the championship of the east coast."

"But it 's only practice," put in the flushed Captain Winifred.

Miss Mackenzie shook her head. Then the thunderbolt fell. "According to N. H. A. rules, it is only necessary that a game be played on the Livingston field and be refereed by N. H. A. officials to make it a contest for the title."

There was a single startled exclamation in that large locker-room. The girls were stunned.

"There are only two goals between you and the Eastern championship," said the coach.

The girls looked at each other open-mouthed. The championship! Then all began talking at once.

In a voice which she tried to keep from trembling, Miss Mackenzie quieted them and helped them plan the attack for the next half. She praised, she criticized, and at last sent them out to the field, the most determined team Livingston had encountered in four successful years.

As the teams took their positions and the whistle blew, the buzz of voices sank to a deadly silence.

It was impossible to restrain Scotti in her anxiety to get started, and when, at the bully-off, Winifred shot the ball directly down to this black-haired young dynamo, she set upon it with the greedy snatch of a young terrier. According to instructions, she should have carried it a few yards and then passed to the wing. But Scotti was keyed beyond such tactics. Straight at the Livingston half-back she charged; and when it seemed the two must meet in thundering collision, she deftly swerved and continued down the field. Livingston pounded after her.

She reached the goal-circle well ahead of her other forwards, and, by a lightning manœuver, passed the full-backs. Only the goal-keeper remained. And when the stands rose, expecting to see Scotti take a tremendous swing and count on main force to carry the ball between the posts, the astonishing forward surprised the onlookers and outguessed the goal-keeper. Scotti continued to dribble the ball and, as she and the Livingston girl collided, slipped it diagonally over the line. Huntley's first goal! Tossed sticks flashed the news to the other end of the field.

Again, up and down, up and down, thundered the teams, attacking furiously, eluding, Huntley with dazzling speed, Livingston with cruel precision. Each girl was giving every ounce of strength she had. The champions began to show the strain, and it was only nervous excitement that kept the younger girls going. It seemed that the score would stay 1–1 forever.

Again Huntley's line was passing down the field. It was a beautiful exhibition, and the stands rose to follow each play more closely. From right-wing to right-forward shot the ball, to center, was carried a few yards, shot off to the left-forward and then to left-wing. Now it was within the circle. Would the Livingston full-backs be able to break the attack again?

Just as one threatened to, the wing shot the ball to Winifred. The captain caught it on her stick, twisted, and with one blow sent it flying—for another goal. There was tremendous applause. The play had been absolutely perfect. The score was 2–1, in favor of Huntley.

Again the clash of stick against stick. Then a long drive by Livingston, their forwards charging after the ball. But a Huntley half-back was on it first. She swung, and the sphere flew into the air. A Livingston half-back flung herself at it, and ball and player went to the ground. Quick as a flash, the Livingston line was passing triumphantly down the field.

Huntley's defense was ready. As a full-back advanced, the ball was swung behind her. In the scrimmage that followed it was impossible to follow the play. Only splintering crashes told the story of a frantic defense.

Then Livingston sticks flashed in the air. The champions had scored—2–2.

To Coach Mackenzie it seemed the game would never end. Time must be almost up, and Livingston again was threatening Huntley's goal, driving the ball with deadly accuracy. Suddenly it shot out of bounds.

Winifred ran to throw it into play again, and, without waiting for signals, Scotti started a mad flight down the field.

The captain was not slow to complete the play. She threw straight and true, and Scotti picked the ball up at the fifty-yard line—with a clear field before her.

Black head low, she sped along, Livingston's half-backs close at her heels.

The full-backs dropped back to guard goal. This time the surprising Scotti changed her tactics. Stopping just inside the circle, she

swung with all her might, and a white streak glanced off the shin of a Livingston full-back. It crashed into the goal-post, bounded back, and, as the goal-keeper lunged desperately,

"SCOTTI PICKED THE BALL UP AT THE FIFTY-YARD LINE—"

took a reeling hop—and skidded over the line!

Just in time. The final whistle blew, and a championship had passed to the team from Huntley High.

Excited groups swarmed on the field, congratulating the young team, wringing hands. Confused, and only knowing they were more tired than they ever had been before, the Huntley girls gave their cheer and, as quickly as the crowd would allow them, wormed their way off the field.

In the locker-rooms they threw themselves down, fighting to keep back tears of exhaustion. Knuckles were skinned, shins bruised, and bodies and minds too tired to take in the real glory of their victory.

The door opened, and in burst Miss Mackenzie. There were tears in her eyes, but a smile on her lips.

"Do you know what you 've done?" she gulped.

"Yes," sniffled Scotti, "we 've won the championship of the east coast."

"Yes, and I 'm terribly, terribly proud of you. But you 've won something wonderful for me, too."

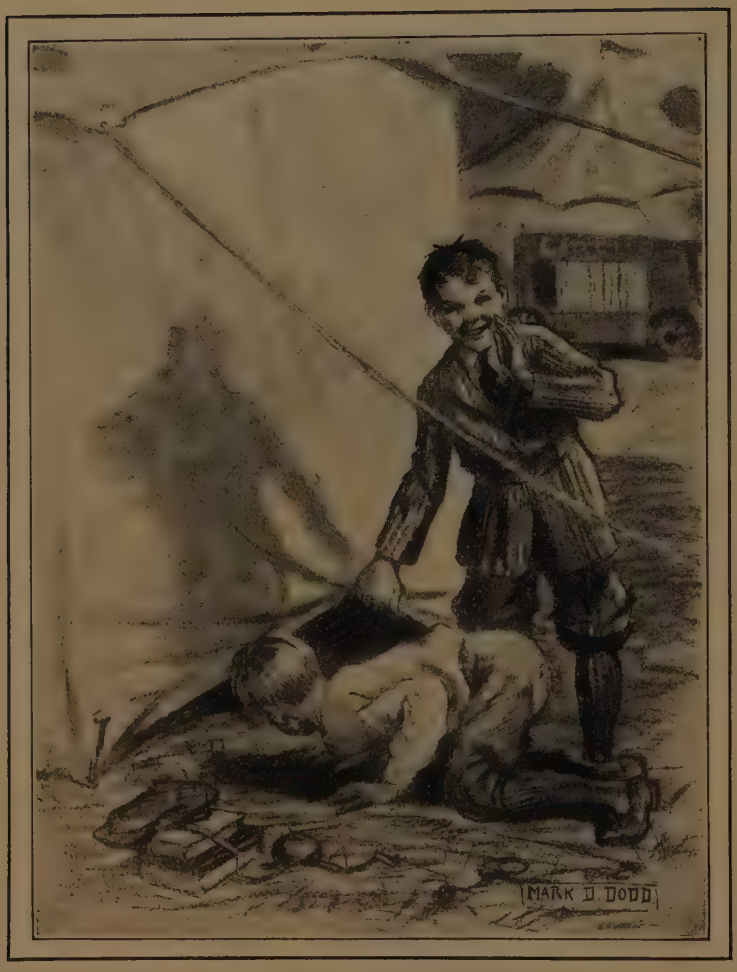
The girls jumped to their feet.

Coach Mackenzie choked a little. "The head coach of Harleigh Hall was at the game, and she was so impressed with your splendid spirit and the way you played that she has asked me to coach hockey at Harleigh. The position pays better and carries more prestige than any other school in the East."

"Oh, Miss Mackenzie," cried Captain Winifred, "I 'm so glad! Now your mother can have the proper care. To think we 've really helped after all! I 'm *so* happy."

"There 's one thing I can't bear to think of, though," gulped Miss Mackenzie; "it means I 'll lose you all."

"Oh no, you won't," asserted Scotti, vehemently. "When we graduate from Huntley, we 'll go right straight to Harleigh!"



"HURRY UP! THE CLOWN IS JUST COMING IN!"

A TITLARK DITTY

By JOHN RUSSEL McCARTHY

LITTLE pipit on the grass,
Nodding, running, as I pass,
Tell me how you came to be
In La Jolla by the sea.

Does a little titlark know
All the mighty miles to go
From Alaska's bitter strand
To this Southern fairy-land?

Underneath the stately palm
You are monarch, proud and calm,
Dining with your feathered *frère*
All the white days of the year.

Yet when bleak Alaska breaks
Into green, and springtime wakes,
You will wing away and nest
In the hills that you love best.

Little rover, though you roam
Half the world away from home,
When Alaska 's gay with spring,
You will mate and nest and sing.

FROM EXPRESS IN A SATCHEL TO ROUTES THROUGH THE AIR

By BOARDMAN PICKETT

REPRESENTATION OF WILLIAM HARNDEN

If we could have seen the largest airplane in the world soar into the sky like a great eagle and start off from New York with a cargo of express packages bound for Chicago; or if we could stand in all of the ten railroad terminals for New York City at the same time and watch expressmen handle the forty-four million express shipments that pass through their hands in a year; or if we could go back in history about seventy-five years and see Buffalo Bill, as one of the first Pony Express riders, pursued by a band of fierce Indians, we should find it difficult to imagine how such a tremendous business, and one so full of exciting adventures, could have been started by a frail young man with a satchelful of express parcels.

And yet that is the way the express service did start, in 1839. William F. Harnden, the first expressman, was a young man of twenty-seven when he decided to establish an express route between New York and Boston. It took a good deal of courage to start out on this untried venture with almost no capital and with very few friends who were wealthy enough to help him out financially. Of course, stage-coach drivers had been carrying parcels and doing errands of various sorts for their patrons for a long time. But the business was carried on in a very irregular way, and Harnden was wise enough to see that big commercial and banking houses, especially, needed a more secure and dependable method of forwarding valuable documents and parcels.

Harnden hoped to have a carload of express shipments right at the start, but he soon found that people were not very quick to take up his new idea. Day after day he traveled back and forth between New York and Boston, enduring all kinds of discomforts and putting up with long and irregular hours. It was a case of work, work, work, with almost no money coming in, for the express consisted of a few parcels carried in Harnden's satchel.

And then there came a stroke of good luck. The Cunard Steamship Line began sending steamers from Liverpool to Boston, and that meant more business for Harnden's express. No matter what time of day or night the British mail-steamers docked in Boston, Harnden was the first aboard. And we may be very sure that he was alert to collect all the parcels that were to be forwarded to New York or Philadelphia.

It seems strange to think of an expressman's bringing over laborers from Europe to this country; but it is said that, through Harnden's efforts, about one hundred thousand of them were settled on our unoccupied lands. His connection with transportation companies brought him into touch with immigrants, and when he learned how they were being swindled and how badly they were treated, he decided to change things for the better. By establishing an express

BUFFALO BILL WAS A PONY EXPRESS RIDER AT SIXTEEN

and foreign-exchange business, with headquarters in England, he made it easy and safe for people in this country to send back passage-money to relatives and friends in the Old World. Then he talked over the situation with officials of the steamboat, railroad, and canal lines, and found them very ready to follow his suggestions for adding to the comfort of travelers. The result was

CHANGING MOUNTS AT A PONY EXPRESS RELAY-STATION

that desirable people soon began to flock to the West from England and the Continent.

Those were days when lonely trails across mountains and valleys were the only connecting links between pioneer towns and rough mining-camps in the West. There were plenty of gold nuggets and letters and valuable parcels to be forwarded from these settlements, and Harnden planned some day to push his express line across the continent to the Pacific coast.

But it was not until 1852, seven years after his death, that such a route was actually established by Wells, Fargo and Company.

The man who had any fear in his heart was not the one to undertake the express business in those early days of the West. Robbers or bands of Indians were more than likely to attack a lone rider who was known to be carrying valuable parcels, so that an express messenger needed to be a fearless horseman and a dead shot with the rifle.

Most of us have heard of Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show, but not so many of us know that he was chosen to be one of the first Pony Express riders when he was only a youngster of about fifteen. Boy that he was, he was more than a match for the men who came up against him. Several times, when he was riding a lonely trail, the express messenger who was to relieve him at a certain station was killed by Indians. Already nearly exhausted from his long ride, and knowing that he must be on his guard every instant if he hoped to escape death, Buffalo Bill had to go on alone to the next relay station. Once this meant that he covered three hundred and twenty miles in twenty-one hours and forty minutes; and another time he was so hard put to it that he had to ride at breakneck speed for twenty-four hours without changing ponies. Sometimes he was held up in steep cañons by highwaymen; but he always managed to get the better of them in one way or another.

After about two years, stage-coaches took the place of the Pony Express, for by this time there were passengers to be carried, as well as quantities of gold bullion from the

mining-camps. This is sometimes called the "shotgun era" of the express, for six armed express messengers sat on top of the swaying, lumbering coach, ready to deal death to any one who threatened to touch the valuable treasure which they guarded with their lives.

From a painting by Frederic Remington

THE OLD STAGE-COACH OF THE PLAINS

There were many express messengers of this "shotgun era" who made themselves famous by their courage and daring. If they had cut notches in the barrels of their sawed-off guns for all the robbers they had killed, their guns would have looked like "rat-tail files"! Bret Harte is perhaps the best known of these "shotgun messengers" because of his thrilling stories about those early days in the West. As he sat, rifle in hand, on top of the Wells Fargo coach, his keen mind was taking in all that he saw and heard, so that later, when he wanted to portray the bold, strong characters of pioneer towns and mining-camps, he could draw on his experiences as an express messenger.

The express has passed beyond that excit-

ing period of the pony-riders and the stage-coach; but if we follow its history down to the present, we shall find that it still reads like a book of adventure. The men who fill its pages have the qualities that appeal to us Americans—courage to put through untried ventures, pluck in the face of heavy odds,

AN EXPRESS TRAIN IN A MISSISSIPPI FLOOD

indifference to personal inconvenience or danger, and last, but not least, loyalty to trust.

When we send off a parcel or a trunk by express, the business seems simple and easy enough. And it is, for us! But from the expressman's point of view, it is a different matter. The express offices at large railroad terminals are like huge beehives. Men, motor-trucks, horses and teams, electric tractors, revolving belts loaded with parcels, all appear to be whirling around together and avoiding a collision only by good luck. But in reality the whole thing has been carefully planned out in detail, so that each person knows exactly what he has to do and how to do it quickly, without getting in the way of others.

If we were to visit one of these terminals in New York City early in the evening, we should see a line of motor-trucks and wagons stretching off through the streets for five or six blocks. The line moves slowly forward as each driver deposits his load of express on the station platform. These thousands of parcels are quickly transferred from the platform to a revolving belt, which carries them to the top of a huge wooden cone. As the parcels slide down the sides of this cone they are distributed to men who are seated at the cone's base. These men see that each shipment is properly recorded and started off toward its destination. Small parcels addressed to the same section of the country are packed in express trunks, which save them from wear and tear en route. When these trunks have been filled, they are shot out to the loading platforms and stowed away, with other larger shipments, in express cars which are standing on tracks alongside the platforms.

SORTING SMALL PARCELS IN AN EXPRESS TERMINAL

Every night, six days in the week, twenty-four solid express trains leave the terminals of New York City. When we think of twenty-four trains, consisting usually of six or more cars each, loaded from floor to ceiling with express shipments, it seems a far call back to Harnden's satchelful!

The printing of waybills for the three hun-

dred million shipments handled in a year by the American Railway Express Company is so necessary and important a part of the express business that there is a big printing-plant in New York City devoted entirely to this work. Several heavy truck-loads of printed forms leave the shop every day. In fact, it turns out more printed matter than almost any other one of its size in this country. Its twenty-two presses are all of the high-speed class, one of them turning out nearly half a million forms a day. In but a single operation, some presses can print on both sides of a sheet, number both sides consecutively, print in two colors, and perforate.

THE EXPRESS TERMINAL AT SOUTH STATION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Something interesting is always going on in the express business. There are the trains loaded with fruit and vegetables that must be re-iced at certain stations and rushed forward to their destinations. If we could stand on one of the high icing-platforms down on the "Peninsula" when the "strawberry special" is due, we should probably catch the excitement of the men who are waiting in line, ready to shove great pieces of gleaming ice from the platform into the bunkers of each car. "There she comes!" a voice calls out, as the headlight flashes around a curve. And the train has scarcely come to a full stop before the bunkers have been thrown open and the icers are at work. Everything must be done at high speed, for a little delay may mean that the whole load is ruined.

From Florida and California, from the truck-farms of Texas and Arkansas, and from many other parts of the country, quantities of early fruits and vegetables are rushed in this way to the markets in our large cities. The American Railway Express Company controls about a thousand refrigerator-cars, and there is probably not a busier set of cars in the country. Besides these, the company has special cars fitted with tanks for carrying live fish. After the tanks are filled with water, air can be pumped in often enough so that fish can swim about and enjoy themselves on a trip as long as that from Seattle to Boston.

If we were to follow the express from one end of our country to the other, we should gain a pretty good idea of the special products that come from each section, for, as a rule, the express has a large part in handling raw materials as well as manufactured articles. For instance, in Akron, Ohio, there are twenty-two rubber companies. They manufacture automobile tires, molds used in making these tires, rubber coats and shoes, in fact, almost everything in rubber, from a fountain-pen to a dirigible balloon. The express handles so many thousands and thousands of shipments from each one of the rubber factories that this branch of their work is almost a business in itself.

Then there is Westfield, Massachusetts, "the whip city of the world." About eighteen million whips are shipped out from her

factories every year, a large part of them by express. The materials for these whips come from all over the world. One factory uses in a year about a hundred tons of thread, several hundred thousand yards of cloth, about two hundred thousand pounds of hides, thousands of gallons of varnish, a hundred tons of glue, and quantities of iron and lumber for butts.

As the saving of time is one of the chief purposes of the express, officials of the company are always interested in the development of new methods of transportation. On November 14, 1919, just eighty years after the first expressman started out from New York to Boston with a satchelful of express, the largest airplane in the world started from Mitchell Field, Long Island, with a cargo of express for Chicago. The idea in sending out this first express-airplane was to see how much time could be saved in the delivery of shipments by making a non-stop flight from New York to Chicago. A Super Handley-Page machine equipped with four giant Rolls-Royce engines, which had just made a non-stop flight from Nova Scotia to Long Island, was engaged to carry out the experiment. The plan was to start at midnight and reach Chicago about eight hours later.

AN ELEPHANT IS NOT AN UNUSUAL SHIPMENT

The mixed sensations of the first aërial expressman have been entertainingly described by Advertising Manager Douglas Malcolm, who was the company's representative on this first flight. It seems that after the "hop-off" from Mitchell Field, the great plane winged its way over New York City and New Jersey and then kept its nose pointed constantly upward until it had reached an altitude of 7500 feet.

"For two hours we rode without ever a sight of the land beneath," so runs Mr. Malcolm's story. "By that time my heart was becoming more or less normal and I went below and picked out a good fur coat for a blanket, fixed the express packages for a couch, and went to sleep for a couple of hours. I was awakened by the engineers, who had brought out our noonday meal. This consisted of bread and butter and chops, plus a thermos bottle of tea. The chops were frozen stiff. The tea was hot, but when some of it jolted out on my coat, it froze immediately. To me, the cold did not seem so great, as I had enough clothes on to stock up a clothing store. My outfit was borrowed from the ends of the earth. My boots had driven an ambulance at Mt. Grappe, in Italy; my leather coat had fought the Germans in Flanders, on another aviator's back; my goggles had bombarded Zeebrugge from a Royal Flying Corps plane; and my helmet had flown over the Argonne. If any one ought to have had a brave heart from the associations of his raiment, I was the man.

"After my nap I went outside again and noticed that the wings of the ship were flapping one way and then another. At that time the admiral crawled back from the navigator's compartment and wrote to me: 'We are in bad luck. There is a powerful headwind directly against us. Our engines are making ninety miles an hour, but we are actually covering only fifty.' This

Wide World Photos

LOADING THE HANDLEY-PAGE AIRPLANE FOR THE FIRST AËRIAL EXPRESS FLIGHT

was very unfavorable news, because, at that rate, we could not possibly reach Chicago by daylight.

"Thus we flew on until a little after three in the afternoon. We were swaying and jolting, and when I stepped out onto the platform I saw that we were going around in a circle. 'What 's up now?' I wrote to the first engineer. 'I don't know,' he answered with his pencil, 'but we are going to land here.' For several minutes we circled over the woods and mountain-tops, drawing nearer and nearer to the earth. Finally spying an open field, we shot directly for it, the pilot making the most beautiful landing I ever saw."

This flight is but one of the many tests of new methods which the express company is constantly making in order to keep the service up to date.

WHAT SHE TOLD ME

By M. D. COLE

A LITTLE night-time fairy upon my bedpost sat,
She wore a little moonbeam frock and a tiny cobweb hat,
Her wings were made of gossamer, she wore a cobweb veil
And as she sat she made for me a wondrous fairy-tale.

She said the stars were diamonds upon the robe of Night
And the Moon a lovely lady all dressed in shining white,
She told me how the wind was made and how the evening rain,
And where the fairies dance at night, when the moon is on the wane.

She told me what they use to paint the flowers in the spring,
And of the music fairies who teach the birds to sing.
She told me of all sorts of things that I had longed to know,
Such as why the crab walks sidewise and where the rainbows go.

A Song for April

Illustrated by Julia Daniels

Some think the world is made for
Fun and Frolic-

And so do I
And so do I

Some think it well to be
all melancholic-

To pine and sigh-
To pine and sigh-

But I - I love to spend my time
in singing - some joyous song -

To set the air with music bravely
ringing — is far from wrong

Listen! Listen!

Echoes sound a-far–

Funicoli – Funicola–

NID AND NOD

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "The Turner Twins," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

WHEN little Miss Comfort, past sixty, dispossessed of her modest home through the death of her married sister, was threatened with the poor farm, the Turner Twins, Ned and Laurie—or "Nid" and "Nod," as they were more commonly called—went to the rescue. So, too, did Bob Starling and "Kewpie" Proudtree, schoolmates at Hillman's School; and, of course, Polly Deane, whose mother kept the tuck-shop frequented by the fellows, and Mae Ferrand, Polly's chum. An indignant telegram to the new owner of the house, Miss Comfort's brother-in-law, in Sioux City, brought no answer. A search of Orstead discovered no habitation that Miss Comfort could afford. None, that is, until Laurie happened to see the *Pequot Queen*, a small discarded steamboat once used at the ferry across the river. Laurie saw possibilities in the *Pequot Queen*, and so, oddly enough, did Miss Comfort, who, perhaps because her grandfather had been a sea-captain, had always secretly yearned for a life on the bounding main! With the colossal sum of twelve dollars, contributed equally by the six, the *Pequot Queen* was moved to a better berth and the work of making her over into a house-boat was begun. In this task they had the help of Ambrose—otherwise "Brose"—Wilkins, who, with his father, conducted a boat-yard. Even "one-idea" Kewpie, erstwhile football center and now laboring, with Laurie's connivance, to become a baseball pitcher, sacrificed an occasional practice hour and lent his assistance.

CHAPTER V

THE FUND GROWS

THEY parted from Brose Wilkins half an hour later. The work of fixing up the *Pequot Queen* for Miss Comfort's accommodation seemed shorn of all difficulties. They were to start in the morning on the gangway between boat and shore. "Better get that up first," Brose advised, "so 's you can get aboard without wading. You don't need to bring much material, fellers. There 's a pile of second-hand stuff over on our wharf we can make use of. Don't forget the spikes, though. Well, see you fellers again."

He pushed the launch off, jumped nimbly aboard, and waved a long, lean hand. And just then Laurie remembered something.

"Hold on!" he called.

"Pshaw," said Brose, "that tow ain't going to cost you anything, now I know who I done it for!"

I fear that Laurie begrudged Kewpie the two sessions of pitching practice that day. Certain it is that the afternoon session was shortened to a scant thirty minutes, after which four boys set forth on a shopping expedition, armed with a list that Laurie had made after dinner. Still later they joined Polly and Mae at the shop. Progress was reported and plans for the next day laid. Then Bob treated the crowd, Kewpie virtuously choosing a ginger-ale.

To their disappointment, a light rain was falling that Thursday morning when the four boys set forth for the *Pequot Queen*. Ned trundled a wheelbarrow laden with lumber, and the others each carried a couple of two-by-fours or planks. They scarcely expected to find Brose Wilkins on hand when they reached the boat, but there he was, awaiting them. Laurie introduced Ned and Kewpie and work began.

By eleven o'clock a gangway led from the bank to the deck of the *Pequot Queen*. Or, if you liked, you could call it a bridge. Ned and Kewpie, who had been to Walnut Street on an errand, arrived just as the last plank was laid, and the five drew up on the bank and admired it. Then they all walked along it to the deck and solemnly and approvingly walked back again to the shore. As Bob said proudly, "It did n't even creak!"

They spent an hour clearing the boat of the worst of the dirt and rubbish, preparatory to the more careful going over to follow in the afternoon, and finally they parted from Brose and climbed the hill again.

There was no pitching practice that forenoon.

Shortly after half-past one, they went to Mrs. Deane's, reported progress to Miss Comfort, borrowed two pails, a broom, a scrubbing-brush and a mop, and returned to the scene of their labors. Brose was again ahead of them. He had taken down the smoke-stack and was covering the hole in the roof with a piece of zinc sheeting.

"I was thinking," he explained, "that she might want to use this place for something, and there was a lot of water coming in around that old funnel. After I paint around the edges of this, it 'll be tight." Brose drove a last flat-headed nail and swung his legs

over the side of the boiler-room. "I was thinking that maybe she 'd like to keep a few hens in here."

"*Hens!*" cried the quartette below, in incredulous chorus.

Brose nodded. "Yeah, she was always fond of hens, Miss Pansy. Used to have quite a lot of 'em until her fences got sort of bad and they took to wandering into other folks' yards. There would n't be much trouble here, I guess. They could go ashore and wander as much as they pleased and not hurt anything."

Ned broke into laughter. "Can't you see Miss Comfort's hens filing ashore every morning with a big red rooster in the lead?"

"Sure," agreed Brose. "Put up half a dozen nests and a couple of roosts across here, and you 'd have a fine chicken-house. Anyhow, no harm in stopping the leak."

"I dare say she can use it for something, anyhow," said Laurie.

"If it was me," said Kewpie, "I 'd keep ducks. Look at all the water they 'd have!"

For more than an hour, dust flew from bow to stern on the *Pequot Queen*, and the scrape of the scrubbing-brush and the slap of the mop sounded from cabin, deck, and wheel-house. By four o'clock the boat was thoroughly clean, and only sunlight and warmth were needed to complete the work. By that time Polly and Mae, released from school, had also arrived, and the *Pequot Queen* resounded to eager voices. The rain had ceased, and beyond the hills westward the gray clouds were breaking when, carrying pails and mop, broom and brush, the party of six went back to the shop in merry mood, and from there to Miss Comfort's.

It had been very hard to keep Miss Comfort away from her new home thus far, and, since they wanted to have everything in shape before she saw it, they did n't recount to her all that had been accomplished. "You see, ma'am," said Laurie, "she was pretty dirty, and—"

"But I 'll attend to the cleaning," declared Miss Comfort, eagerly. "Land sakes, I don't expect you boys to do that!"

"No, ma'am, but—well, now you take that hen—I mean, boiler-room. That would n't be any sort of work for you."

"But it does n't seem right to let you young folks do so much. Why, just look at the boy's shoes? They 're soaking wet!"

"Oh, Kewpie does n't mind that, Miss Comfort. Besides, I guess it 's just the outside that 's wet. Is n't it, Kewpie?"

Kewpie moved his foot once or twice experimentally and obtained a gentle squishing sound. He nodded. "That 's all," he said.

"But," resumed Laurie, "I guess we 'll have everything ready for you by Saturday noon. I thought we might get the stove down that morning and put it up. Then, maybe, on Monday you could move in!"

"You don't think I could get settled Saturday?" pleaded Miss Comfort. "I 'd so love to spend Sunday in my—my new home."

Laurie silently consulted the others and read assent. "Why, yes, ma'am, I think we could have everything all ready by, say, half-past ten or eleven."

"That would be much nicer," exclaimed Polly, "for then we could all help get the things arranged!"

"Oh, thank you!" cried Miss Comfort, gratefully. "To-morrow I 'll engage Peter Brown to move my things Saturday morning. And to think that it won't be to the poor farm! I told Mr. Grierson yesterday about it. He 's one of the overseers, you know. He seemed almost—almost put out, and I thought for a moment he was going to insist on my going to that place after all." Miss Comfort laughed softly. "He said he had been 'counting on me'!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Laurie, "you go ahead and arrange for the team for Saturday at about ten-thirty, and we 'll see that the place is all ready, won't we, Polly?"

"Yes, indeed we will, Miss Comfort, even if we have to—to work all night! Mae and I don't have to go to school again for a week after to-morrow, and we can do lots of things for you, I 'm sure."

"You 've done so much already, my dear, all of you!" Miss Comfort sighed, but it was a happy sigh. "I don't know how to thank you, I 'm sure. It does seem as if—as if—"

She faltered then, and before she could continue, Laurie got to his feet somewhat noisily and the others followed suit. "Got to go along," he said hurriedly. "Change Kewpie's feet—shoes, I mean. Might take cold. See you in the morning, folks."

Laurie made his escape, followed by the others, sighing relief. Outside on the bricks, Kewpie's shoes squished beautifully, but Kewpie was frowning. "I like the old soul," he announced, "but, say, she 's awful leaky around the eyes!"

"So you 'd be if you were seventy years old and folks were—were kind to you and—and all that sort of thing," replied Laurie.

It was still well short of supper-time, and so they stopped at Bob's to thank Mr. Starling for his assistance.

"Glad to have helped, Laurie," replied Bob's father. "And that reminds me. Seen the pear-trees?"

"Pear-trees? No, sir. Not to notice them."

"Come and look at them." Mr. Starling led Laurie around the corner of the house and along the further walk to where a few fruit-trees, their branches still bare, occupied one corner of the garden. Laurie viewed the trees interestedly, but failed to note anything remarkable, and he turned to his guide for enlightenment. Mr. Starling was selecting two bills from a long black wallet, keeping his back to the others. He thrust the bills into Laurie's hand.

"We 'd like to help a little, my sister and I," he said. "Use that in any way you like, Laurie, but you need n't say where it came from. If you need more, let me know."

"But we don't really need it, sir," protested the boy. "We 've got twelve dollars, and I don't believe—"

"Put it in your pocket," insisted Mr. Starling. "You can find some way of using it for Miss Comfort's—er—comfort!"

At supper, Doctor Hillman asked the twins to come to his study, and there he produced a pink slip of paper from a desk drawer and handed it to Laurie. "My sister and I have wanted to help ever since we first learned of Miss Comfort's—ah—embarrassment, but have been somewhat at a loss to know how to do so. She is greatly averse to anything resembling charity as you probably know. To-day we heard of your interest in the matter, Laurence, and of your—ah—ingenious solution of the lady's problem, and it occurred to us that, if we handed a small contribution to you, you would doubtless be able to use it and at the same time—ah—consider it confidential."

"Twenty-five more!" exclaimed Laurie, when they were back in Number 16. "Forty from Mr. Starling. Seventy-seven in all! What 'll we do with it?"

"Blest if I know," replied Ned, "unless we install steam heat and open plumbing!"

CHAPTER VI

MISS COMFORT COMES ABOARD

BEHOLD the *Pequot Queen* at ten o'clock Saturday morning!

She is freshly painted from end to end on the shoreward side—gleaming white, with bright yellow trim. The other side is to be done later. Just now the painter, a sure-enough professional painter from Joyce and Connell's, is finishing the upper deck.

The gangway is resplendent, too, for Brose did that himself yesterday, using plenty of dryer. The deck is protected by bits of board to walk on, although by evening the buff paint will be hard enough. The doors are to have a second coat later; but even as they are, they look pretty fine. Wonderful what paint will do, is n't it? You'd hardly think this was the same old *Pequot Queen!*

But there 's the cabin yet. Linoleum shining with new varnish, walls and ceiling creamy white, blue-and-white curtains at the windows, Miss Comfort's old stove blackened and polished by Kewpie until you 'd never suspect it was not brand-new! And that 's a real sink in the corner, even though it is n't working yet. You just can't hurry a plumber! There 'll be a pump alongside, of course. Miss Comfort will get her drinking water at the Parmenter's, across the road. They 're real friendly folks. Mr. Parmenter hauled the coal that 's in the bin in the boiler-room himself. That shelving is all new. Brose and Bob put that up. The hanging lamp in the center is one Mrs. Deane had. Miss Starling sent those flowers. Looks pretty nice, does n't it? Would n't mind living here yourself? Well, neither would I! And look at the view from those windows—sun sparkling on the water, boats passing! Think Miss Comfort 'll like it?

That was a busy morning. As early as Ned, Laurie, and Kewpie reached the *Pequot Queen*, Polly and Mae and Brose Wilkins were before them. Bob arrived an hour later, bearing a box of flowers from his aunt. Kewpie, eager for employment, got in every one's way and accumulated a great deal of fresh white pigment every time he turned around. The plumber went away, and the awning man arrived. The awning was to cover the rear half of the roof deck. There had once been an awning all over the roof, and, although the frame had disappeared, the sockets into which the uprights had been screwed remained. Brose was to make two long flower-boxes for the benches along the railing so that, when summer came, Miss Comfort would have a veritable roof-garden up there.

At eleven Peter Brown arrived with the load. Peter's wagon was small, but he had managed to get a great deal on it.

Peter and Brose unloaded at the end of the gangway, and the boys bore the things aboard. In the cabin, Polly and Mae directed the bestowing of them, wiping everything clean with a dust-cloth as it was set in place. The packing-case was left on deck, as was the barrel, but the rest of the things went inside; and when they were all there, there was just room for the two girls to move cautiously about!

But half an hour later, there was another tale to tell. The cooking utensils were hung on nails, the dishes were on the shelves, the bed was set up and dressed, the trunk was under the deal table, the rugs were on the floor, the pictures were hung, the drop-leaf table stood under the hanging lamp, and order had emerged from chaos. Of course, as Polly acknowledged, the place did look a trifle crowded, but she guessed Miss Comfort would n't mind.

Exactly on the hour of twelve, Polly flipped her dust-cloth for the last time, the painter stowed his belongings in the wheel-house and called it a day, Brose relinquished his hammer, and seven satisfied and hungry workers gave their attention to the luncheon that the girls had prepared.

There was plenty to eat, and full justice was done to the viands. It was a jolly, happy meal, too, for the *Pequot Queen* looked as none of them had ever hoped to see it look, and, as Brose remarked, it would look a sight better before they got through with it. "When the awning 's up and there 's flowers along the rail there—What color 's the awning, Laurie?"

"Red and white."

"Great! And then there 'll be little window-boxes under the two windows on this side. I 'm going to paint 'em white, with green crisscrosses on 'em; sort of lattice effect, you know. And then I was thinking this morning that it would n't be hard to make a little flower-bed on each side of the bridge there later. I could plant morning-glory or something so 's they 'd climb along on the hand-rail. And some bright things, too, like geraniums or zinnias."

"FOR A LONG MOMENT THE TWO STOOD MOTIONLESS THERE" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"Brose," exclaimed Laurie, "you 're a wonder!" He held aloft a paper cup filled with hot chocolate. "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Mr. Brose Wilkins, without whose assistance—no, directorship—this undertaking would have been a—but a partial success. To his untiring zeal and—er—"

"There they come!" cried Kewpie, excitedly.

And there they did come, Miss Comfort in her best black dress (and probably her only black dress) and Mrs. Deane—Miss Comfort at least a yard in advance; Mrs. Deane trying hard to recover the distance. Polly jumped to the rail, "yoo-hooed," and ran inside. Miss Comfort heard and, it seemed, saw the *Pequot Queen* for the first

time. She stopped short and stared from a half-block away. Mrs. Deane regained her lost ground and stared too. For a long moment the two stood motionless there. Then Miss Comfort started on again, this time at a funny little half-trot. Once more Mrs. Deane was outdistanced!

Polly and Ned and Bob ran across the gangway to meet them. The others remained on deck, Kewpie grinning broadly, Laurie only half smiling, Mae emitting little whispered ejaculations, and Brose, his comforting hammer once more in hand, humming a funny sort of tune under his breath. Miss Comfort's face was a study as she paused at the end of the gangway and swept the scene with rapt gaze. Then, still silent, she declined Ned's offered assistance and walked firmly and proudly across the gangway and stepped down onto her own deck!

It was not until she stood at the cabin door and looked inside that the little lady became articulate. Then she drew a deep breath and said, "*Well, I never!*" in a voice that was scarcely more than a whisper. Then she was inside, with the others clustering about her and every one talking at once—Polly apologizing for the clock, Mae explaining about the what-not, Laurie promising water for the sink not later than Tuesday, Mrs. Deane exclaiming repeatedly to no one in particular: "Why, I had no idea! I simply had no idea!"

After a moment or two Miss Comfort seated herself in the walnut rocker with the gray horsehair upholstering and sighed again. "It 's too beautiful for words!" she said. She reached out for Polly's hand and drew it to her, patting it with little quick gestures. "I never thought it would be like this, my dear, never, never! I just can't find any words to thank you all—not now. Perhaps some day—" She searched for and found her tiny black-bordered handkerchief. Kewpie frowned and turned toward a window. Gee, she was getting leaky again! But Laurie provided a diversion.

"Here 's the fellow that did more than the rest of us put together," he said.

Miss Comfort looked. "Why, Brose Wilkins!" she cried. "You, too! Why, I did n't see you!"

Brose shook hands, his broad smile again threatening his ears. "Yes, Miss Pansy, it 's me," he said. "But you don't want to believe what Laurie tells you. I ain't done much but swing a hammer. Now, how you feeling, ma'am?"

"Very happy, Brose," replied Miss Comfort, softly. "Happier than a person has any right to be at my time of life, I guess. Is n't it wonderful?" Her gaze swept over the little white room with its blue-and-white curtains a-flutter in the sunlit breeze and all her belongings about. "Does n't the picture of grandfather's ship look beautifully there, Brose?" Brose agreed that it did.

After that, Miss Comfort arose and inspected minutely every inch of her domain, listening to Laurie's somewhat involved explanation of the water system not yet installed, to Ned's story of the roof-garden above, to Polly's reason for placing the wash-boiler here and the knife-board there, and to Mae's confidences regarding the where-abouts of the linen. Then she was taken off along the deck to see where the coal and wood were kept.

In due course they all returned to the cabin and sat or stood around and did a good deal of talking and exclaiming and laughing until, at last, Mrs. Deane jumped up suddenly and announced in a shocked voice that she must get right back and that she did n't know what Miss Billings would be thinking of her! That started a general exodus. Polly said that she and Mae would be down after supper to see if everything was all right. She had already offered to remain during the afternoon, but Miss Comfort had almost pathetically declined the offer. Miss Comfort, as was evident to all, wanted to be left quite alone for awhile.

"You 're sure you won't be nervous at night," asked Mrs. Deane, anxiously, "all alone here like this?"

"Nervous?" repeated Miss Comfort, placidly. "Not a bit. No more than I was in that empty house up there. I never was one of the scary kind, and down here, with the friendly water around me, I 'll never be lonesome again."

"I 'll be looking in now and then," said Brose. "I 'm liable to be passing 'most any time, Miss Pansy, and whenever you want anything, you just let me know."

"And to-morrow," said Mae, "we 're all coming down to call on you in your new home, Miss Comfort."

"Do, my dear, do! Come to-morrow afternoon and I 'll make some tea for you. In the morning, of course, I 'll be at church."

"Church?" said Mrs. Deane. "I would n't try it unless I felt real well, my dear. It 's a long walk and a real steep one."

"All the better," replied Miss Comfort.

"All my life I 've lived so close to the church that it was n't any effort at all. Sometimes I think that if religion was n't made so easy for us, we 'd think more of it. 'T won't do me a mite of harm to have to walk a little on a Sunday in order to worship the Lord. And I guess maybe He will approve of it."

Going back, Laurie, walking beside Polly, said with a relieved sigh: "Gee, I was glad to get away without having her ask questions, Polly! I thought every minute she 'd want to know where everything came from and how we had paid for it!"

CHAPTER VII

LAURIE IS CORNERED

THE following afternoon saw the boys, minus Kewpie, escorting Polly and Mae to the *Pequot Queen*. Mrs. Deane had begged off. One must n't expect all April days to be fine, and this particular day proved it. It had showered off and on during the forenoon and now, at half-past three, the rain was coming down hard and fast. It seemed a particularly long way to the *Pequot Queen* under these circumstances, and it was a rather bedraggled quintette that at last filed into the cabin. Once there, however, discomforts were forgotten. A fire in the stove defied the dampness of the outside world, a kettle sang cozily, the white light that entered the open windows flashed on polished surfaces, and the bowl of flowers on the table added a cheerful note of color. And then there was the little hostess, all smiles of welcome and concerned murmurs over damp coats and skirts.

Miss Comfort was brimming over with pride and happiness. Everything was too wonderful for words! And sleep—she held up her hands in something almost like consternation. Why, she had n't slept the way she had slept last night for years and years! She had had her supper late, because she had been so busy fixing things up, and then she had sat at the window there for a long time watching the lights on the water and on the farther shore, and suddenly she could n't keep her eyes open a minute longer, it had seemed, and she had gone to bed and fallen right to sleep and slept and slept!

"It was so wonderful lying there and listening to the water lapping against the boat that I tried my best to keep awake. But I could n't. And then this morning, when I awoke, there was a beautiful fog, and I could hear bells sounding, and now and then a great, deep fog-horn on some boat. It was perfect! From my bed I can look out of the windows and see the river, and when the sun came out for a little while, quite early, it was beautiful!"

"Yes, ma'am," agreed Laurie. "For myself, I never cared much for fog-horns, but maybe the kind they have here are different. I 'm awfully glad you slept so well, though, and—and like it."

"Like it! Oh, Mister Laurie, I can never, never thank you enough for finding this beautiful home for me!"

"Oh, that was n't anything," muttered Laurie.

"Why, Laurie Turner," exclaimed Polly, "it was wonderful! The rest of us might have passed this boat a thousand times and never thought of making it into a—an apartment!"

"Please, Polly dear," Miss Comfort protested, "not an apartment! I want it just what it is, a boat—my boat. You don't think, do you?"—she appealed to Laurie—"that it would do to change the name? Of course the *Pequot Queen* is very pretty, but I would so like to call it after grandfather's ship there." Her gaze went to the oil-painting on the wall.

"Don't see why not," said Laurie. "All we 'd have to do would be to paint out the old name. What was your grandfather's ship called, ma'am?"

"The *Lydia W. Frye*," replied Miss Comfort. "He named her after my grandmother."

Laurie had a slight fit of coughing, which he recovered from so abruptly when he encountered Ned's scowl that he nearly choked. "A nice name," declared Ned, sternly. "I 'm sure we could change the letters on the bow."

"Oh, now I don't believe I 'd want you to go to all that trouble," said Miss Comfort. "I 'll just call it the *Lydia W. Frye* to myself, and that will do quite as well. Now I 'm going to give you some tea."

There were some cookies and sweet crackers with it, and for these the hostess apologized. She had n't had time to do any baking yet, she explained, and Brose had got these at the store for her last evening. To-morrow, however, she was going to get to work, for she had several orders that just had to be filled at once. It was after the first cup of tea—and it did seem that Miss Comfort's tea was very, very different from any other tea, tasting, as Ned put it, like *tea* instead of leather—that Laurie looked enquiringly at his brother and Ned nodded and the twins arose and stood with their

backs to the door. Then Ned bowed and announced: "Original poetical composition by the Turner Brothers entitled—"

He paused and looked at Laurie. "What *is* it entitled?" he demanded.

Laurie shook his head. "We forgot to entitle it."

"Entitled 'Ode' " continued Ned.

Polly clapped delightedly, and Bob inquired facetiously, "How much?" The twins bowed in unison and Ned recited the first line and Laurie the second, after which they again alternated.

"'WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO KNOW, MA'AM?'"

"O, *Pequot Queen*, your stormy voyaging's o'er.
No more you 'll brave the wave's and wind's discomfort.
Here, nestled 'gainst a peaceful, kindly shore,
You 're parlor, bedroom, bath for our *Miss* Comfort!"

Applause was loud and prolonged! The twins bowed repeatedly, their hands on their hearts, their eyes languishing gratitude on the appreciative audience.

"Why," exclaimed Miss Comfort, with the tone of one making a surprising discovery, "it was poetry!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Laurie, defensively; "but we warned you!"

Miss Comfort looked a trifle puzzled until Polly laughingly assured her that she must n't mind Laurie, that he was always saying silly things. Whereupon the little lady said disapprovingly: "You must n't say that, Polly. I 'm sure Mister Laurie is n't *silly*. Sometimes I don't quite understand him, my dear, but I 'm sure he is n't *silly!*"

"You 're a perfect dear!" replied Polly, rapturously.

Laurie had seized his cap and Mae's umbrella. "Back in five minutes," he said from the doorway.

"Hold on! Where are you going?" demanded Ned.

"Got to see Brose Wilkins a minute about—about something."

"Well, make it peppy," said Ned. "We 're not going to wait for you long, old son."

Laurie's five minutes was more like fifteen, but he returned at last and they said good-by and were almost on their way, when Miss Comfort sent Laurie's heart down toward his shoes.

"Mister Laurie," she asked apologetically, "I wonder if you 'd mind stopping in to see me for a minute to-morrow."

"Why—why, no, ma'am," stammered Laurie. "I 'd be pleased to." He exchanged meaning glances with Polly.

Then Polly asked, "Why don't you stay now, Laurie, if Miss Comfort would like you to? We 'll leave one of the umbrellas."

Laurie viewed her in strong disapproval, but accepted the situation. "I don't need

any umbrella, though," he said sadly. "I 've got my coat, and it is n't raining so hard now." He and Miss Comfort watched the others depart, and then she motioned to a chair.

"Won't you sit down, please?" she asked.

Laurie sat down, but on the extreme edge of the chair, as though to lessen the space between him and the door.

"You see," Miss Comfort went on, after a pause, "I 've wanted to ask you ever since Wednesday how you were doing all this; but I did n't like to when the others were around. Now I do wish you 'd tell me, please."

"Yes, ma'am." Laurie gulped. "What —what was it you wanted to know, ma'am?"

"Why, who has—has met the expense of all the changes and improvements you have made here, Mister Laurie."

"Oh," said Laurie. "Oh! Well, you see, Miss Comfort, we have n't done so much, after all. Now, you take that hanging lamp. Mrs. Deane had that and was n't using it—"

"Yes, I know about the lamp," interrupted Miss Comfort, gently; "but there 's that sink and the awning and—and so many, many things."

"Yes, ma'am." Laurie glanced longingly at the doorway. "Well, now you 'd be surprised how little things like that cost. You take that stove-piping, Miss Comfort. Maybe you thought that was new pipe, but it was n't. It was second-hand. We just shined it up, you see!" Laurie waved an all-encompassing hand. "Same way with the other things—more or less."

"That sink is n't second-hand, is it?" she asked.

"Well, no, ma'am, not the sink." Laurie smiled engagingly. "But sinks are n't expensive. I was surprised, honest, I was, ma'am, when we got the price on that! Why, seems like things don't cost half what they did a couple of years ago."

"Mister Laurie," said Miss Comfort, firmly, sitting very straight in her chair and looking at him earnestly, "you should n't try to deceive me. I know that you and the others have spent a great deal of money, and I 'd feel horribly if I thought it was all yours. Now please tell me."

"Well—well, it 's like this. We did put in a few dollars, Miss Comfort, but not enought to mention, and we were so glad to do it that you ought n't to care a mite. Then —then two or three other folks, grown-ups, you understand, wanted to help out, and there was quite a good deal to be done, and so we took the money and promised not to tell who 'd given it. You see, Miss Comfort, they wanted to see you comfortable here. And they were folks who could afford to do it, you know. And so—well, that 's how it was," Laurie concluded, observing Miss Comfort anxiously.

"Thank you for telling me," she said. "If you promised not to divulge the names of the people who were so kind, I sha'n't expect you to. After all—" But she stopped and was silent a moment. "I 've always said that I would never accept charity," she went on, musingly, "but—well, I don't know. Maybe I have n't any right to be proud. Then, somehow, this does n't seem so—so degrading. It seems more like—well, just kindness, don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do," agreed Laurie, emphatically. "And that 's just what it is, ma'am."

"I don't feel about it as I would have a few years ago, anyhow," said Miss Comfort, thoughtfully. Then she smiled. "Thanks for telling me, Laurie. You don't mind my calling you just that, do you? You 've been so—so— Won't you have some more cookies?"

"No, ma'am, thank you." Laurie felt that after going through the last few minutes he deserved a whole plate of cookies, but he resisted the temptation. Too many cookies were n't good for a fellow who hoped—sometimes—to be a catcher!

He was so relieved at the outcome of the talk that he did n't realize that it was pouring harder than it had poured all day, until he had turned into Ash Street. When he did, he gave up the idea of joining the others at the Widow's and headed, as straight as Orstead's wandering streets would let him head, for East Hall, arriving there extremely wet in spite of his oilskin coat. Sounds told him that many of the fellows had already returned, and at the head of the first flight he encountered Elk Thurston and his roommate, Jim Hallock, coming down. Hallock said, "Hello, Nod," and then Elk asked: "How 's the great pitcher coming on? Going to spring him on us pretty soon?"

Laurie said, "Not for another week or so, Elk," and heard Elk laughing as he and Jim went on down. A little later, when Ned and Kewpie arrived, Laurie held their undivided attention.

(To be continued)

The Whooping-Cough Boy

by

Esther W. Neill

A BOY that 's got the whooping-cough
Has moved next door to me;
And there 's a hole in our back fence
Where I can peek and see.

"HE SURE IS HAVING A DANDY TIME"

He sure is having a dandy time
With the washtub, sailing a boat.
He must n't go to school for weeks,
The teacher said in a note.

Their fat old cook just follows him round
With plates of doughnuts and sweets;
When it ain't those, it 's cakes and pies—
Gee! How that feller eats!

"THEIR FAT OLD COOK JUST FOLLOWS HIM ROUND"

His father feels so sorry for him,
He bought him a bat and a ball;
This morning his mother gave him a knife,
Though it ain't his birthday at all!

"HIS FATHER BOUGHT HIM A BAT AND A BALL"

"THIS MORNING HIS MOTHER GAVE HIM A KNIFE"

I think it 's fine to be sick like that,
Just playing and being fed,
And no doctor to fuss around and say:
"That child must stay in bed!"

But when that boy gets well again,
I 'll not peek any more,
But walk right out of our front gate
And knock on his front door.

I 'll say I 've come to play awhile,
Me and my new bull pup;
And with his boat and knife and things,
I guess we 'll stir things up!

"MY NEW BULL PUP"

AN AMERICAN SCHOOL-GIRL IN RED RUSSIA

By MARY BURR

6000 Miles through the Land of the Bolsheviks

MARY BURR, the author of "An American School-Girl in Red Russia," is thirteen years old, and was just finishing her first high-school year at the Peking American School when she set out on the journey described in her story. She has been educated mainly in Europe and the Far East, and, during the past eight years, has lived in eastern Siberia, Japan, and China, where her father was first an official in the employ of the United States Government and, later, a journalist.—Editor.

MARY BURR (AGE 13)

WE, Father, Mother, my brother and I, were leaving Peking, after a stay of several years in the Far East. Europe was our destination, and we had three ways of getting there: we could go by way of America, as the traveling companions of a former Chinese official; we could take the route past India and through Suez; or we could travel by train across Siberia and Russia. Which way should we take?

A trip through Siberia and Russia would help Father, who is a journalist, and we would be the first American mother and children to cross the country since the Bolsheviks took charge of it in the autumn of 1917. So Siberia it was.

We left Peking on Friday morning, March 19, but we did not really set out on our journey until we left Tientsin the following Sunday noon, March 21. And right here, at the beginning, we discovered that our basket of bedding had been left behind; and it took us only a week to find out what a very necessary article that basket of bedding was!

Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, was the first large city along our route. We changed trains there and again at Changchun, the last really Chinese town that we saw. After that, Russia,—or Siberia,—with its evil odors and dirt, began. At six o' clock on Tuesday morning a tired, yawning Burr family stepped out on the platform of Harbin station, bound for a hotel and bed. It was our first Russian hotel and town, and they were mighty disappointing! We could get only one room with two beds in a dirty, dingy hotel. The town was muddy, cold, and pretty awful all round, and the people were worse. But we continued our journey the same afternoon in a comfortable sleeper.

Soon after leaving Harbin we crossed the Sungari River. It was frozen solid, and people and carriages were going over it everywhere. On Wednesday evening we arrived in Manchuli, a frontier town overlooking Manchuria, Siberia, and Mongolia. The train for Chita, which we wanted to take, was puffing away at the station. We reached the platform just in time to bid it farewell as it pulled out without us! It was exasperating! Here we were, stranded in a little border town till Saturday night, when the next train was due to leave for Chita.

Manchuli has wide, dirty, unpaved streets, bordered by little one-story houses, and a person walking in any direction for more than five minutes suddenly finds himself in the prairies. The place is very much like a western mining-camp town, and one could almost imagine one's self to be in western America, except for the dress and talk of the Russians and Chinese, and the Russian droshkies, or small carriages, which dash wildly through the streets and make their passengers hang on for dear life unless they want to find themselves suddenly sitting in the mud. It is surely a wild place, too. Here Chinese and Mongols, Red Russians and White Russians, good people and bad people, all come together. It is not safe to go out alone after dark without some weapon which one is willing to use if necessary.

We left the exciting town of Manchuli on Saturday evening, on a second-class train, for our sixteen-hour journey.

Chita! And, oh, what a disappointment it was when we arrived there Sunday morning! The town might have been worse, perhaps. It was bigger than Manchuli, but a lot like it, with the same wide, muddy streets and dirty, unpainted houses. But the so-called hotel! It looked like two cents with a hole in it beside the one in Manchuli.

None of the windows in the place had been open all winter! Most of the beds had boards for springs, and thick hay mattresses.

Well, as we expected to stay in Chita for only a week at the most, we thought we could stand the Hotel Hermitage, so Father got busy immediately with the Government as to going on. Passports had to be viséed and looked over by about six different officials, and other documents had to be obtained. Finally, we went to Mr. Shen, the Chinese consul-general, who intended to go to Moscow. "Yes, maybe he could take us on his car, but he was not sure when he was going." We had a look at the car, which contained eight two-berth, first-class compartments, two of which we could probably have. So far, so good. But the consul refused to be hurried. It was delay, delay, delay. Twice we started to pack up, only to find out, on the very day set for our departure, that we could not go for another week. It finally began to seem to us as though we might become the oldest inhabitants of Chita, especially as we could not travel in anything except a private car, since on the regular trains nine, ten, twelve, fourteen persons would crowd with bag and baggage into compartments built to hold four or six. Even at that, dozens were left behind. We preferred to wait in Chita five or six weeks for a private car rather than travel under such conditions.

In the meanwhile, we had almost nothing to do. In the morning we usually took a stroll around the town or to one of the markets. There is the Old Market, which is about like the markets one sees anywhere, and the so-called New Market, which is much more interesting. Here you can buy anything, from a bed down to an old button, and many people can be seen here selling their last jewels, furniture, or clothes in order to keep alive. Here are men, women, and children, going back and forth in the hope of selling a few old clothes, some silver spoons, or a little bit of fancy braid or lace, all relics of a more prosperous day. It was pathetic to see them.

We sometimes went to a cake-shop in the afternoon, and once in a while we took in the movies, where we saw very weird and old American films. Occasionally, too, we took a walk in the country, but this was not very safe, as there are many robbers around Chita. For luncheon, we generally went to a women's coöperative restaurant, managed by about forty wives and widows of former imperial Russian ministers and army officers. This restaurant, which was called the "Injen," was started by these women in the days when General Semenoff was in power in Chita, so that his officials and officers could buy good and cheap meals. When the Reds overthrew Semenoff and captured the city, the women were forced to continue the restaurant, even though a good deal of their capital was taken away from them. Besides this, the husbands of most of them had either been killed or had disappeared, so that they were left with absolutely no money except what they earned, and this was very little. Now these women and their children, over two hundred persons in all, are getting one free meal a day from what their restaurant earns. Many persons go to eat at the "Injen" in order to help these widows and their children; but many officials and others go there simply because the food is pretty good and very cheap. We often saw General Shiloff, the Cossack who drove Semenoff out of Chita, eating there. He is now vice-president of the Far Eastern Republic, but he still wears Cossack clothes and looks very wild and picturesque.

The Russians hardly ever get up until ten or eleven o' clock in the morning. For breakfast, they simply drink a cup of tea; at about two they begin to get dressed; and between three and four they eat lunch. Toward six, they have another cup, or glass, of tea and, maybe, some bread. This lasts them until about midnight, when they have a big dinner. On Sunday they all go out in their best, which is not much, and stroll up and down the main street. One night we were invited out to supper by an official in the Government, who could speak English. He was very poor, but he gave us cold meat and sausage and bread and tea, and made us all feel very much at home. It is a simple life that the Russians in Chita lead, but they are very hospitable and always ready to welcome one to what they have.

Easter was a great holiday in Chita. The people had saved up for months so that they could celebrate in fine style, and nearly every family had a "Sakusska" table, upon which were dishes containing all kinds of delicacies —fish, Russian eggs, caviar, salad, and so on. All their acquaintances were supposed to come to the house at least once during the holidays and partake of the food, and the Easter revels lasted for almost a week.

May-day, too, was a great day. Nearly all the soldiers, about 5000 altogether,

paraded in the Great Square, near the station, and there were dolled-up motor-cars, arches decorated with red, a Bolshevik globe, aëroplanes that flew low and scattered leaflets over us, and hundreds of red flags. Russian soldiers sing beautifully, and the troops, as they paraded by on May-day, sang all the lovely old Russian folk-songs in different parts.

For five weeks and two days we lived this life and saw these sights. Finally, one Tuesday morning—it was the second of May—Father came home with the news that we did not have to spend the rest of our lives there, but could leave that same afternoon. Our train was likely to leave anywhere between three and seven in the afternoon, so we were at the station at half-past two. There we found Mr. McMullin, a young Englishman from Peking, who was also traveling to Moscow on the Chinese consul-general's car. The American vice-consul, Mr. Thomas, two other Americans, and a Russian friend were there to see us off. First bell! Second bell! Third bell! Whistles! *Choo-choo!*—and we were off on our thirteen-day trip to Moscow.

On board our car were the Chinese consul-general, with his two secretaries, a cook, and a Russian servant, the four of us, Mr. McMullin (the British aviator from Peking), a Polish mechanic with his wife and baby, and the *provodneek*, or car porter, in this case a woman. The Polish family and the provodneek shared a two-berth compartment. Most Russians live that way,—packed together so that they can hardly breathe,—and do not mind it at all. And oh, yes, I forgot to mention the old woman whom the Chinese consul-general let aboard at Irkutsk so that she could travel to Moscow and see if there was anything left of her husband and her property.

CHITA'S STREETS ARE WIDE AND UNPAVED AND ONE WADES THROUGH THEM ANKLE-DEEP IN DUST OR MUD

When most people think that Siberia is a big snow-covered plain they are wrong. Siberia is as pretty a country as one can find anywhere. All through the day after our departure from Chita we traveled through a land of rivers and tree-covered hills and valleys. After winding our way for several hours along the banks of the Selenga River between sloping walls covered with trees and undergrowth, we crossed the river on a long bridge a few miles east of Tataurovo, the border town between Soviet Siberia and the Far Eastern Republic. The Russians are still afraid that somebody will throw a bomb or something to ruin their bridges, so we had to close our windows and withdraw into our compartments. We were not even allowed to look out.

It took five hours at Tataurovo before we could go on again, into the real land of the Bolsheviks this time. Next morning, when I woke up, I gazed out in astonishment on a tremendous expanse of ice and snow. It was Lake Baikal, frozen solid on the fourth of May! At about eleven in the morning we finally left the lake and followed the valley of the Angara River for three hours up to Irkutsk, where an English friend and his sister-in-law were waiting for us at the station. They took us over to their house to spend the day.

Irkutsk is a town of about 120,000 people. Before the Russian revolution, it used to be a center of culture, a thriving city. During the revolution it became a center of oppression. Here it was that men, women, and children were tied to blocks of ice until they confessed what the Reds wanted to know. Our friend's mother-in-law, a Russian, told us how again and again during the night they had heard awful knocks at their door, and had had to open to one search-party after another, each of which was after anything it could get. It took not a little determination on her part to save even a

portion of the family silver and other household articles. Most people lost everything they had, and now Irkutsk is just a dead city, with no hotels, no shops, and no life of any kind.

But Irkutsk is still quite a pretty town, especially if one stands on the bridge over the Angara River, from which the town looks like a little island, with houses, gilded church-

ON MAY-DAY, ABOUT FIVE THOUSAND SOLDIERS PARADED IN THE GREAT SQUARE IN CHITA

steeples, and the smoke of a few factories rising from it. The river itself is the bluest of blue, and on a sunny day one can see the pebbles and sand on the bottom, thirty feet below the surface, as the water flows by under the bridge at eight miles an hour.

We spent a day and a half in Irkutsk, and left on Friday night at ten o'clock on our five-days' journey to Omsk, the next big stopping-place.

Our train had no dining-car, so we took most of our food along with us and prepared it ourselves. The Chinese consul's cook fried eggs for us sometimes, and now and then Mr. McMullin made the loveliest wet hash. At nearly every station we could buy milk, eggs, butter, and sometimes some wet black bread. Cold meats and smoked fish could be had occasionally, too. Hot water runs out of a tap at every station, so we never had any trouble about that. The people at the stations were always in great need of salt, thread, needles, soap, and cloth, and some of them refused to sell their goods, saying that they would only trade them for these articles. And, when they did sell, one of the funniest things was that a bottle of milk cost 100,000 rubles and an egg 30,000 rubles. Before I got to Siberia I could hardly believe that the Russians were reckoning in millions. It certainly did seem queer—4,000,000 rubles to a dollar!

All through the trip we took life easy. We did not get up until nine or half past—at least, I never did. At about ten we put up our table in the doorway between our two compartments and ate our eggs, bread and butter, or whatever we had. Sometimes we played cards, or we read or went out for walks at the little stations at which the train stopped almost every hour. We usually had luncheon at about two o'clock, and after that I either read or looked out of the window—I can stand for hours just watching the landscape go by. Dinner, I mean supper, was at about seven, and then came bed-making. If there is anything that I hate, it is making the upper berth. Getting at it is awfully hard, and I usually fell all over myself trying to tuck in the sheets on the farther side. Thank goodness, we did not have to wash the dishes as well! The Chinese cook did that.

Sunday night we crossed the Yenisei, one of the biggest rivers in Siberia, and it certainly did take us a long time to get to the other side of it. A few minutes later, our train pulled in at Krasnoyarsk, a large town which used to be a camp for German and Austrian prisoners of war. The station here was full of men, women, and children, encamped in the waiting-rooms and on the platforms. They just lay around on their baggage, poor, ragged, dirty human beings, either waiting for their trains or just staying

there with no especial object. It was not so very bad here; but the farther up the line we got, the worse it became. Especially at Omsk—but wait a minute; I am not at Omsk yet! Madam Train stayed at Krasnoyarsk for an hour or so. She was very easy-going, and stopped for at least ten minutes at nearly every station. And she

ONE OF THE DECORATED ARCHWAYS AT CHITA

only traveled on an average of sixteen miles an hour—did not like to hurry herself.

I did not see much of Omsk. We got there early Wednesday morning, May 10, and left at two o'clock the same afternoon, so I did not go up to the real town, which is over two miles from the station. Omsk is a place to which many Russian famine refugees are sent to be washed, fed, and transported farther eastward; and its station platforms were a sight! I shall never forget it! Hundreds of the dirtiest and wretchedest human beings I ever saw, all sitting or lying around their few pieces of baggage. I remember one man who was half standing, half lying over a bag, fast asleep. They had all suffered so much that they did not care about anything any more. They had no food, except a little that was given them by the Omsk relief committee, and most of them had not had a bath or a change of clothing for months. Oh, it was awful! Many of the refugees never got to Omsk at all, because typhus took them on the way. But it did not matter—nothing mattered.

After leaving Omsk, we came to the first real prairies, and the next morning we got to Tiumen—just full to overflowing with beggars. When we walked around the station we were followed everywhere by gaunt, ragged individuals, mumbling and crying for food or money. They went in crowds from window to window of the cars, and, if anybody threw them out some bread or other bits of food, they fought over it like wild beasts. We were all glad to leave Tiumen.

Conditions began to improve after this. The stations were neater and cosier, with little ivy-covered houses and sweet-smelling gardens. There was also less poverty to be seen. If we had taken the southern route through the famine district, it would have been different.

I woke up the next morning to find myself on European soil again after nearly eight years. We were in the heart of the Urals, which extend along the boundary between Siberia and European Russia, and had stopped at Ekaterinburg, the boundary town, at twelve o'clock the night before. It is here that the Russian czar and his family were murdered by the Bolsheviks.

After leaving Ekaterinburg the train almost had a fit trying to climb up through the mountains. It would go ahead for a few yards and then stop with an awful jerk that almost sent me out of bed; then it would go on again, stop again, and so on, until the worst was finally over and we began to descend.

We were getting more and more excited the nearer we got to Moscow. There we should be in civilization again—good hotels, good, clean beds, lots to do and lots to see. We were going along quite nicely when we came to a wrecked train beside the tracks—an engine smashed to smithereens and six or seven cars all in pieces. It showed how good the railroad service was! Early the next morning we saw the chimneys, houses, and golden domes of the city.

The station was, as usual, a camping-ground for ragamuffins. The building itself was rather imposing, with big pillars and a huge dome. This I noticed as we drove past in real droshkies, driven by *isvostcheeks* in

blue uniforms and pulled by the biggest horses that I had seen for eight years.

All that day, in a drizzling rain, we hunted for the hotel rooms to which we had been looking forward for so many days. At the Savoy Hotel they told us that we had to get a permit from the Government to live there. There were no rooms vacant, anyway, but maybe something could be done if we came back with a permit in the evening. A permit from the Government! Some hotel! Mr. McMullin finally got a room at the British Mission, but we had no luck at all. We stopped at another hotel for luncheon, and

If we had not had the car, we should probably have had to sleep on the station floor just like the Russian tramps and ragamuffins. The third day we all went into the city,—the station is out of town, in the suburbs,—and had luncheon at a nice little restaurant quite near the Savoy. But, as usual, we ended up again in the car. Finally, on Thursday, the fourth day after our arrival in Moscow, we received the good news that we could leave the station and car for two rooms in the Savoy Hotel. It was seven in the evening when we left the car with our things; but it was not until half

OUR TRAIN AT THE STATION IN IRKUTSK. OUR CAR IS AT THE EXTREME RIGHT OF THE PICTURE

our isvostcheek tried to charge us 200,000,000 rubles for the drive. But Father got the manager of the hotel to call in a police officer, and all of a sudden the drivers were mighty thankful to take 20,000,000 rubles. We could not have a meal at this hotel because we were not communists.

We had our luncheon at last in a neighboring café, and then we were off again on our hunt for rooms. At the Foreign Office they said they would see what they could do for us, but told us it was impossible to get any rooms at the Savoy that day, and that the Savoy was the only place where we could stay at all. Then we went to the American Relief Association, but were told there that they could not do anything for us either. So we went back to our car again, and were mighty glad to get there. We had always heard that Moscow was a very beautiful city, but it did not seem so to us at the end of this day.

Next morning, Father went to town again. He stayed away all day, but still no rooms.

past nine that everything was safely loaded on a cart outside the station and we ourselves were able to leave for the hotel by way of a restaurant where we intended to get our supper.

We did not reach the hotel and get settled down until nearly eleven. We had two rooms at the hotel, each with one bed,—not a double bed either,—an uncomfortable sofa, a wardrobe, and a place to wash in. There were no carpets. Mother found two mattresses on her bed and with one of them and some of our bedding, fixed my brother Dick up on the floor. The Associated Press representative, who lived in the hotel, lent us another mattress, upon which Father and I slept in turn. I got the bed the second night, and it seemed like paradise after that mattress—but not for long!

Moscow is a beautiful city, with lovely parks and several hundred churches, some of which are very fine. Only a few parts of the city were injured by the revolution, and none of the churches were damaged, so far

as we could see. But by far the most beautiful sight in Moscow is the Kremlin, around which we walked one afternoon. It is a huge compound situated in the center of the city on one of the town's nine hills and entirely surrounded by a high, red brick wall. Inside the wall are government buildings, palaces, in which the czar used to live, and several wonderful churches. The Russians consider the Kremlin to be the most sacred place in their country; and it seems queer that Lenin and other Bolshevik leaders should now be living in it and using it as the headquarters of the Red Government. For this reason, we could not get permission to enter the Kremlin grounds; but we did get a good view of it from the river and from the Red Square. It was a wonderful sight, with its gilded domes and roofs glistening in the sun above the high red walls.

A FAMINE-REFUGEE TRAIN AT OMSK

Up the river from the Kremlin lies Moscow's most beautiful church. It is very simple, all in white, with a large gilded dome in the center and half a dozen smaller ones around it. Fancy frills, in the shape of countless chains and crosses hanging from or between the domes, are lacking, and it is this, I think, that gives the church its reputation of being the most beautiful in Moscow. On the other side of the Kremlin, in the Red Square, as the Bolsheviks have christened it, is a church of a quite different kind, but very typical of Russia, too—the Cathedral of St. Basil. It was begun in 1554 and completed in 1679; but, in 1812 Napoleon and his soldiers looted it and turned it into a stable, and it was not restored until 1839. There is nothing pretty about it, but it is very interesting, with its eleven domes, painted green, red, yellow, and blue, and some of them shaped like onions, pears, and pineapples. It is, too, the biggest church in Moscow, and it has all kinds of gloomy nooks and passages which I should hate to explore in the dark.

We did not do a great deal in Moscow, because the town is so large and hard to get about in. Besides, it is not very safe to go out at night, as the streets are poorly lighted and said to be full of thieves. But Father and I did go to the Big Opera House—there is a Little Opera House, too—one night, and saw the famous Moscow ballet. The Big Opera House is huge and, one might say, majestic. Above the entrance is a marble statue of a Roman athlete driving a chariot, and all along the front of the building are high and simple Doric columns. You will probably think now that the entrance is grand and imposing, too. But, no—it is very far from that; for, inside the columns, there are only four or five insignificant little doors which ought to be taken out and replaced by an entrance that is really worthy of such a fine theater. But when we did finally get into the actual theater—oh, it was grand! Father said it was the most beautiful theater he had ever seen. On the ground floor were the orchestra seats, hundreds and hundreds of them; and all around them, in a huge semi-circle, were the carved and gilded boxes and balcony seats, rising in five tiers to the domed ceiling, which was beautifully painted by one of the leading artists of Russia. In the first balcony, opposite the stage, was a huge box where in former days, before the Bolsheviks began to rule Russia, the czar and his family used to

sit in royal state and splendor. There were also a number of large boxes for members of the czar's court. The Big Opera House has room for over 4000 spectators, and it was full the night we were there, imperial box and all.

The Moscow ballet itself still deserves its reputation of being the best in the world. The Bolshevik revolution does not seem to have affected it at all, and the Russians told us that the Big Opera House was only closed for two days on account of the revolution, and that, during all the rest of the period of fighting and rioting, ballets, operas, and other entertainments were given here every night. The music that evening made me think I was in fairy-land, and the dancing was wonderful. I never expect to see anything like it again unless I go back to Moscow.

A rather unpleasant little incident happened to us all one morning in the Old Town, near the Red Square. We had been informed that we could take pictures with our camera, and Mother had just taken one of a tower in the Kremlin, as it shone in the sun across the square, when a plain-clothes man touched her on the shoulder and told us all to come along with him. On being asked by us what authority he had for demanding this, he called a policeman, and this settled the matter. We went with him through the narrow, winding streets of the Old Town until we finally entered a large house and I saw the inside of my first police station. After we had waited here for about half an hour, the youthful police captain and our friend the plain-clothes man entered the room, the latter making a great fuss and seeming to get more excited the more he dwelt on our awful crime. He left us after a while, however, and the atmosphere began to clear immediately. The police captain now asked Mother why she took the picture, and she replied: "Because I thought the tower of the Kremlin was so pretty. But you may take my film and destroy it if you want to." Instead of that, however, the captain telephoned all over Moscow to find out what ought to be done with us; but every one happened to be out for luncheon just then. So the captain finally let us go, after first taking down the whole story on paper and asking us innumerable questions. He said he would keep the camera, but that we could get it back at some later time. A policeman went with us as far as the Savoy Hotel to see if we really lived there, and left us as soon as he had found out that we did. We never got the camera back, although Father tried twice to obtain it. And all this fuss about a photograph that we could have bought in any stationery store in Moscow!

We had to stay in Moscow for ten days before we were able to get out of it, but we finally pulled out for Riga the evening of May 26 at seven-twenty.

Although our car was better and decidedly more comfortable than the one in which we crossed Siberia, we still had to cart our own eatables along, as the train had no dining-car.

Saturday afternoon we saw another train-wreck. An engine had run into two freight-cars, to the disaster of all three. Later in the afternoon we came to the Russian border, where we stayed for two hours trying our best to miss the connection at the Latvian border town, half an hour away. And—would you believe it?—there was no baggage-car running between the two border towns. We found it out just in time, and so stored away our numerous pieces of baggage, after they had been examined by the Russian customs officers, in the rear end of the courier's car. And here they stayed until we got to Riga the next morning. If the provodneek had not been so good-natured, we should have had to leave the baggage behind us at the Russian frontier.

At six o'clock the next morning, after we had first attended to that everlasting baggage of ours, we went to the Hotel Petrograd, a very old-fashioned, but comfortable, little hotel in the old-fashioned, but civilized, little town of Riga. Our rooms were lovely; the food was good; the hot water did not run only once in two weeks; and one could have a bath every day. We were back in civilization again, and we were certainly mighty glad of it after our long journey covering more than 6000 miles and lasting for seventy days. That night at ten o'clock we left for Berlin in a *wagon-lits de luxe* sleeper, with every comfort that we could ask for and—cleanliness!

If you want to learn how to appreciate the comforts of life, just make a trip through Siberia and Russia now, and you will never again feel so glad about anything as you will feel when it is over. Still, I should hardly advise any one to make such a trip yet, not even for the joy and appreciation of home after one gets back. I have made the trip, and I am glad I did make it. But I do not want to make it again for some time to come.

THE LAST PARRAKEET

By GEORGE INNESS HARTLEY

Author of "The Boy Hunters in Demerara"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

Two young naturalists, Fred Milton and Paul Jenkins, known as "Skinny" and "Fat," have been sent to the Everglades of Florida by a large museum in New York to hunt for a living specimen of the Carolina parrakeet, a bird thought to be extinct. Five thousand dollars has been offered by the United Ornithological Societies for evidence that the birds still exist. Strangely enough, on the very day that the reward is offered, the boys discover part of a fresh skin of such a parrakeet in a bundle of feathers brought to their laboratory by U. S. Customs officers. Upon reaching Jacksonville, a telegram is received from the museum saying that the skin has mysteriously disappeared from the locker in which it had been placed. Greatly disturbed, the boys proceed on their journey to the cattle ranch of a friend, Mr. Whitehouse, at the edge of the Everglades. They leave the train at a station called Prosperity. Inquiring their way at a near-by house, they are held up by a rifle in the hands of a rough-looking customer. The foreman of the ranch, Jeff Down, arrives just in time to rescue them from their predicament, and presently they and their equipment are on the road to the home of Mr. Whitehouse in a station-wagon. They spend the night at the Thrasher ranch, and next morning set out with Jeff Down in the station-wagon for the spot where parrakeets were last seen, some months before. They establish a camp on an island in the Everglades, and then, in company with the foreman, start out to explore the neighborhood. They are much excited over the vast amount of wild life they encounter, and finally, as they are just about to return to camp, the distant call of a parrakeet reaches their ears.

CHAPTER IX

PAUL, THE FISHERMAN

"THERE, that settles it!" exultantly cried Fred. "If that was n't the call of a parrakeet, then I never heard one of that family before in my life!"

"It sure was!" his companions agreed in one breath.

"Then come on!" shouted Fred, hurrying toward the meadow which separated them from the forest whence rose the sound. "Come on, we 'll get right after them!"

"Whoa, thar, hold them horses o' yourn!" Jeff drawled. "Of course it 's them parrakeets, but it 's too late to find 'em to-day. Thar, look at the sun hangin' jest above the tree-tops. It 'll be dark in an hour. Yuh-all can git 'em to-morrer."

There was no denying the good sense of Jeff's words. It would have been twilight before they reached the other side of the meadow. Therefore, grumbling, the hunters returned to the canoe and in ten minutes were back at camp.

"If it 's too late to hunt parrakeets, it 's not too late to catch one of those bass we saw jumping a while ago," Paul declared in a businesslike voice, fitting together the joints of a light steel casting-rod which he had insisted upon bringing along. "You fellows go ahead with building a fire and getting the cooking utensils ready, and I 'll get you something to put in 'em."

He selected a bright-green spinner shaped like a torpedo and covered with hooks which seemed to sprout from it like the spines from the shell of a sea-urchin, and, having threaded the rod, he secured it to the end of the line. Making sure that the reel revolved freely, he embarked alone in the canoe and slowly and carefully worked out toward an open pool in the slough.

Paul was not an expert fisherman, but he was more than ordinarily fond of the sport. He had never before tried casting, but felt that, if left to work it out by himself he could master the art in a very short time. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, however, Fred became interested and accompanied him to the edge of the slough. There he remained, watching and offering uncalled-for advice, while his chum commenced his amateurish efforts.

"Here, that 's not the way," Fred called, when the stout lad flicked the heavy spinner ten feet from the canoe and stripped in the line by hand. "Reel in the plug until it dangles about a foot from the tip of the pole and then sling it out just as if you were throwing an apple with a stick. When it hits the water, reel in slowly."

Paul, realizing the logic of this, did as he was told. Fred, after all, seemed to hold a few wise thoughts in his brain. He swished the rod through the air with all his might. Nothing happened.

"Take your thumb off the reel when the rod 's half-way around," ordered Fred.

Paul again did as he was told, and the

spinner sang through the air, only to catch up with a jerk as the reel, turning too fast, caused the line to back-lash. The plug fell with a splash among some pickerel-weed and clung there. Paul busied himself with untangling the line, and then paddled across the pool to release the spinner.

"Don't let it run out so fast next time," warned the other, from the bank.

"Aw, shut up!" Fat growled ungraciously, his patience showing signs of strain. "You go back to the fire, Skinny, and leave me alone. I can work it out by myself."

But Fred grinned provokingly and held his ground. He knew that his presence and advice only served to embarrass his chum, and therefore, tease that he was, he maintained his position on the bank.

Again Paul attempted a cast, this time with more success, and the spinner fell in open water. He reeled in slowly, nevertheless, causing the paddles on the bait to twirl at great speed, but with barren result. Three times he threw and did not strike a fish.

"Better try another pool," advised Fred, with a tantalizing laugh; but Fat gritted his teeth and in silence cast again.

Scarcely this time had the spinner struck the water before the fisherman felt a sharp tug at the line. There was no sudden swirl or heavy splash, just a single hard pull. With a whoop of joy, mingled with derision at Fred, he jerked the rod. Then, assured that the fish was hooked, he began to reel slowly in. The rod bent as under a great weight, and the fish commenced a furious, though logy, struggle.

"That-a-boy!" encouraged Fred, from the shore. "You got him that time, Fat! Take it easy—he 's a big one!"

Inch by inch, foot by foot, the large fish approached the vessel. So strong was the pull that the canoe was dragged across the pool toward a patch of lily-pads, and the boy was hard put to it to prevent the line from becoming wrapped around their stems.

"Look out you don't lose him in the pads!" warned Fred. "There, that's right! Now you 've got him! Be careful he does n't drop off as you lift him into the boat."

But there was small chance of losing that fish. Having worn the creature out until it lay helpless alongside the canoe, Paul, for lack of a landing-net, grasped the line in his fingers and slowly heaved his catch over the gunwale. It was heavy and he had to pull hard. Up it came, and then, with a thud, landed at his feet. It was a small alligator!

Paul stared at his catch in stunned amazement. An alligator! From the shore came a whoop of utter abandon, and out of the corner of his eye he saw Fred doubled up with mirth. He could not avoid a good-humored grin himself, but it was short lived. The alligator, left to its own resources and recovering its strength, made its presence painfully felt.

The young creature was not over two feet long, but it had a large mouth and sharp teeth which it lost no time in using. Paul had "stolen" it, a hook of the spinner had caught it through the tail, and the youngster had come into the canoe hind side foremost. This reverse condition was quickly remedied, and the little terror sank its teeth into one of Paul's tough leather shoes.

Perhaps that was the most fortunate thing that could have occurred. The small teeth were not of sufficient length to penetrate deep into the flesh and the reptile merely clung there. Clamping a precautionary hand over its muzzle, the fisherman released the hook from the leathery tail. This accomplished, he grasped the body just back of the head, and, as the alligator loosened its grip on the shoe, with a heave he tossed it back into the water. This procedure was greeted with a howl of delight from the figure on the bank.

"Shut up!" Fat growled sharply, though with an inward chuckle. "Do you want to scare all the fish away, you laughing hyena?"

"Goin' to try it again, Fat?" hilariously gulped the other.

"Of course," was the short response.

"You 'll probably hook a sea-cow next."

Disdaining an answer, Paul reeled in and sent the spinner hurtling over the water. He was becoming an expert. The piece of painted wood fell with a slight splash and slowly moved back toward the canoe. This time there was no mistaking the fact that he had a fish on. There came a sudden splash which deluged the astonished boys with spray, and the reel sang as the line tore through the little agate guides. It was no alligator.

In spite of every effort to restrain it, the reel continued to unwind at a perilous rate. The frail steel rod bent almost double as the fish altered its direction and darted under the craft. More line it took, and then all grew slack. The rod straightened and the boy gathered in a limp, weightless line.

"Oh," he groaned "that 's tough luck! Lost him! Ouch, what 's that?"

A great fish leaped from the water not ten feet from the canoe, and, vainly shaking itself as if to get rid of something which clung to its mouth, plunged back. Paul felt a slight jerk on the line.

"He 's still on!" he joyfully gurgled. "And he 's—"

The words were cut short by another whizz of the reel, and the end of the canoe shot around. Away rushed the fish, with the boat after it, across the pool and back again. The strain on the rod slackened and Paul regained a few yards of line. The fish plunged far down into the depths. Then up it came, and Paul reeled in more line.

Time and again the performance was repeated, until at last the victim rose docilely to the surface beside the craft. Once more arose that all-important question: would the line hold the enormous dead weight when he pulled the fish out of the water? Having learned caution from his first attempt, the boy leaned over the side and inspected his catch before hauling it in. The fish lay on its side apparently exhausted, with gills feebly moving.

Satisfied by what he saw, Paul grasped the line close to its head, and, with a heave which required all his strength, dragged his quarry from the water and allowed it to drop into the bottom of the canoe. Then, with a relieved sigh, he grasped his paddle and urged the craft toward shore.

"There you are, Skinny!" he declared in triumphant accents, as he stepped from the canoe. "Now you can laugh just as much as you please!"

But Skinny, lost in jealous amazement, was beyond words. He inspected the giant bass that Paul held up and stared at his chum in admiration. The fish was an enormous one of its species, nearly three feet long, and with a mouth which would hold a grapefruit. Later, they found that it weighed a trifle more than fourteen and three-quarter pounds!

"By Jove!" Fred finally murmured, while they advanced in triumph toward the fire, "I never really half believed the stories of big large-mouth bass down here, but I 'm cured now! That 's a whopper, Fat!"

Jeff did not seem half so impressed as had Fred, but nevertheless he congratulated Paul upon his success. When told about the alligator, he laughed heartily.

After the giant fish had been cut up and fried in fractions they sat around the fire eating and talking. Darkness had fallen long ere this, and mosquitos had ventured forth in hordes. Jeff filled his pipe and the boys, between slaps, related yarns of their South American adventure. Presently the man chuckled.

"I war jest thinkin' of that thar alligator Fat caught," he explained. "I never heard o' one bein' took that-away befo'."

CHAPTER X

THE EGRET ROOKERY

At daylight the parrakeet hunters were aroused by Jeff, who informed them that he must soon be leaving. After a hearty breakfast, which the boys found he had already prepared, he bade them farewell.

"I hate to leave yuh," he said, "but I reckon yuh can take care of yo'selves. Ef anything should turn up that yuh wanted to git word about back to the ranch, thar 's a boundary house some five mile to the west o' hyar. The Thrasher boundary fence runs through that thar forest on the other side of the meadder whar we saw the herons yesterday. All yuh 've got to do is to follow that along until yuh come to the house. Thar 's a telephone thar, an' the man in charge will fix yuh up in anything yuh want. Ef thar 's no word to the contrary, I 'll be back hyar at this place day after to-morrer an' yuh can change camp ef yuh want to. Now, so-long."

Five minutes later, with a sputter from the engine and a lurch of the car, Jeff departed, and the boys found themselves alone in the Everglades.

"Now I guess it 's up to us," gravely declared Fred, as the swaying jitney truck drew out of sight. "What do you suggest, Fat, as the first move?"

"There 's only one answer to that," was the quick response. "We 'll cross the slough and the heron meadow, and just gather in those parrakeets we heard last night. Grab the camera and your gun, and come on."

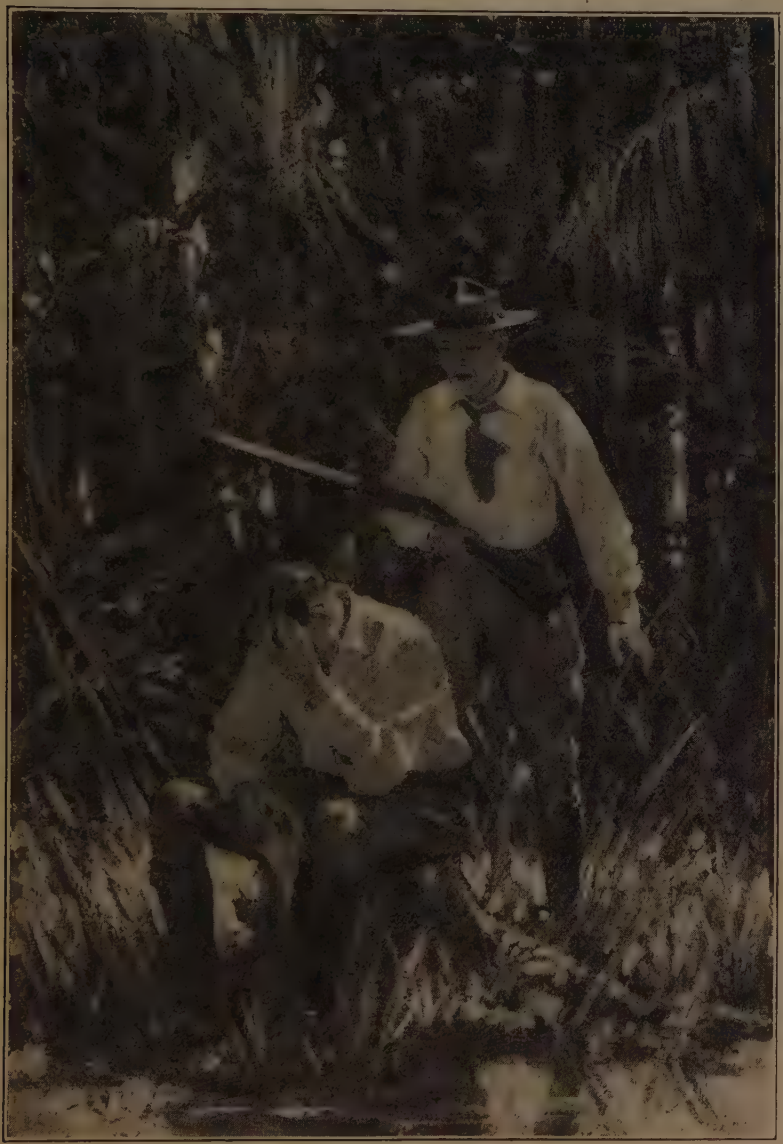
Thus, ten minutes later, they clambered into the canoe, loaded down with shotguns, a camera, a light, folding tripod of aluminum, and a leather case filled with plates. These, all but the guns, they intended to cache in the forest until the feeding-ground of the parrakeets was discovered. The hunt was actually under way.

Scarcely had the boys crossed the slough and set foot upon the island where they had

landed the previous evening, when they were startled by a distant, muffled, booming noise. Hurriedly forcing a passage through the heavy brush, they soon stood at the edge of the meadow which, as usual, was covered with herons of a dozen varieties. The sound which they had heard had come from the high land on the other side.

"What did you think it was, Fat?" asked Fred, gazing doubtfully at the dark line of trees a quarter of a mile away.

Before his chum could answer, the silence was again broken, and this time by a sound which both recognized. It was the double report of a gun, and not far off. Some herons which flew above the trees in that direction suddenly swerved and climbed skyward on frantic, beating wings.



"IT TOLD ITS OWN STORY. PLUME HUNTERS WERE AT WORK" (SEE PAGE 631)

"Some one else is hunting around here!" exclaimed Paul, uneasily, and, with a start, he held up his hand. He thought he caught the distant call of a parrakeet. "Did you hear it?" he demanded.

Fred nodded. "It 's a parrakeet!"

"And some one is shooting at it!" groaned the other.

"That 's so!" his companion muttered. "Suppose they—"

His supposition was cut short by Paul, who, with an excited, "Come on, Skinny," started across the meadow at a ponderous run. Slinging the camera over his shoulder, Fred hastened after his chum, plunging through the coarse grass in his wake.

Being thinner and more wiry and longer of leg, Fred soon caught up with the leader and presently passed him. The path chosen was one fraught with difficulties. The ground, though solid to the eye, in reality was a shaking quagmire, cut by numerous rivulets underlaid with bottomless depths of soft, black, oozing mud. It became necessary to leap with great care across these lest a misstep precipitate them into the clinging ooze.

From tussock to tussock they jumped, avoiding all open flats which might prove treacherous, and watchful where their footsteps fell. The verdure in some places came to their waists and even to their shoulders;

in others it was short, and the going, though dangerous, was rapid. A few stunted bushes grew on the meadow, which was thickly dotted with tall, graceful herons, but otherwise its level was unbroken.

Once Fred, still in the lead, leaped quickly aside, and, with the muzzle of his gun, prodded at a sedge clump. There followed a rustle, the dart of a slim dark body, and something white shot from the grass and struck at the metal barrels.

"A cotton-mouth!" panted the boy, as the snake glided off into the grass. Lifting the gun-barrel, he pointed to several tiny drops of colorless moisture which adhered to the surface. "Poison!" he muttered, and carefully wiped the metal clean with blades of grass.

Paul shuddered. In spite of much and varied experience with snakes, he had never quite overcome an inborn repugnance for the reptiles. The cotton-mouth, the deadly water-moccasin of the south, is one which is not calculated to lessen prejudices in that direction. The stout boy had caught a fleeting glimpse of a pair of wide-open jaws as snow-white inside as a tuft of cotton, from which their owner takes its name, and that was sufficient. He felt ill, but his determination to go on was not lessened.

They pressed forward. Numerous boat-tailed grackles, large as our own purple grackle, with broad, kite-shaped tails, flew up ahead of them. Several small marsh-finches flashed up from beneath their feet. A huge bittern, brown speckled and barred, rose with a squawk from a low growth of cattails, startling them by its hurry, and out on a near-by flat they saw a lone Florida gallinule, slate-blue and red-wattled, flirting its short white tail-feathers as it stalked majestically from them into the reeds.

Reaching higher land, the hunters plunged into the forest in the direction from which had come the shots and the call of the parrakeet. The trees here were different from most others they had thus far encountered in Florida. Aside from the wide-spread live-oaks were gumbo-limbos, with their red, papery bark, which can be peeled like white birch and from which, when cut, exudes an aromatic gum. There was the satin-leaf, which has a golden-brown, satin-like lining to its leaves, the laurel-cherry, whose leaves, when crushed, give forth a bitter-almond odor like prussic acid, the wild tamarind, of fern-like foliage and white bark, the mastic or wild-olive tree, the fiddlewood tree, and the pigeon plum. Many of the trees were bound together by thin lianas, not so large as seen in tropical forests, but equally tenacious. Many were armed with long, recurved hooks, which impeded progress and inflicted painful wounds. Spanish moss hung in profusion from the branches, most of which were lined with pineapple-like air-plants and dainty ferns. It was a paradise of verdure.

But for all the density of the forest, the walking was not bad. So close were the tree-tops in many places that there was little undergrowth, and the collectors made good time. Hundreds of birds—robins, southern flickers, blue-jays, and others, flitted through the trees around them, filling the woods with a pleasant chatter as they gathered to feed on the ripening fruit of the gumbo-limbo. But among all the bird sounds, there was not a single note of the ones they sought.

"This is the place for them," said Fred, with evident satisfaction. "There is at least one parrakeet in these woods—for we heard it after the shots. It 's the most ideal spot I 've yet seen."

They pressed forward, skirting numerous swampy areas, hummocks choked with foliage, but always maintaining the direction which led them toward the heart of the forest. Presently the trees thinned abruptly, and they paused to draw breath at the edge of a large open glade.

There the ground gradually fell away to form a watery basin some two hundred yards across, surrounded on all sides by the heavy mass of jungle. The surface of the lagoon was a bed of reeds, through which, here and there, could be caught gleams of water. Around its edge, with their queer, rounded "knees" protruding from the water at varying distances from the trunks, stood a few cypress-trees, but the true border, on soil scarcely moist, was a close-growing belt of wild olives. Several lone cypresses and tamarinds studded the center, rearing like tall sentinels to guard the contents of the lagoon. A few clumps of dense high brush—rounded, perfect islands of dark green against the brown of the reeds—completed the picture.

But not quite. As the boys broke through the encircling border of thick, interlaced branches and burst, knee-deep in water, into the thinner belt of cypress, their eyes were greeted by a sight which alone well repaid their journey to Florida. The islands of brush set in the middle of the lagoon were

studded with scores of birds which glittered white in the rays of the morning sun. A dozen great snowy creatures, alarmed by the intrusion, soared majestically to the taller branches of the scattered trees. A large blue Ward's heron flapped slowly off over the forest. A pair of graceful long-necked, slate-colored birds peered defiantly at them from the over-hanging bough of a near-by

"TURNING, WITHOUT AN INSTANT'S HESITATION, HE SPRANG IN THE DIRECTION OF THE NOISE" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

tamarind. An anhinga, in uneven flight, circled the glade high above the trees. They had stumbled on an egret rookery.

Awe-struck, the boys took in the scene before them, the beauty of it, the moss-spangled cypresses, the feathery tamarinds, the islands of emerald, the flashes of living light—and then their eyes fell upon an object drifting in the water at their feet. It was white, bedraggled almost beyond recognition, and covered with blood—a white heron!

An egret, actually on the threshold of its home, possibly one of the very pair yesterday seen courting on the meadow, lay dead and bleeding before them. This then had been the object at which the shots had been fired, and not the parrakeet.

For a few seconds the hunters gazed, speechless, at the body. It told its own story. Plume hunters were at work. Anger filled their souls. They almost wished that it had been a parrakeet rather than this beautiful creature. How utterly contemptible!

"The vandals!" exploded Fat, stooping to pick up the poor remains. "Look here, Fred, the skin on the whole back has been torn off! Probably this poor chap has a nest out there with a pair of starving, half-grown young ones."

"As Jeff has already told us once or twice, there are plenty of such scoundrels left in the world," quietly declared Fred, but the dangerous sparkle in his eyes belied the mildness of his tone.

"And as I said back there in New York," vindictively added the other, "hanging 's too good for 'em. Heavens! did you ever see so many egrets?"

Fred silently shook his head, and, taking his chum by the arm, led him back to dry land. "Now, Fat, it 's up to us," he said soberly. "That plume hunter must still be around. The shots were n't fired very long ago, and it 's our business to see that he does n't fire any more."

"I guess you 're right, Skinny," Paul

agreed. "We 'll let the parrakeets go for a while until we 've cleared this matter up."

CHAPTER XI

AN UNREQUITED SEARCH

BUT the plume hunter, alarmed by the approach of the boys, or perhaps satiated with killing,—the mutilated remains of ten other egrets floated on the surface of the lagoon,—had fled the vicinity. A thorough search of the jungle that surrounded the lagoon failed to produce any trace of the man save a few exploded cartridges and the slaughtered birds. Satisfied that the culprit had escaped them, at the end of an hour of diligent search the boys gave it up.

"I reckon he 's got through for the day and left," Paul finally concluded.

"I guess you 're right," his chum agreed. "Now, as long as he 's gone, let 's get down to the business that brought us here. The first thing, I vote, is to hide the camera and plates somewhere where we can find them. They 're heavy and I 'm tired of lugging them around."

The camera, plates, and light tripod were deposited beneath a low, smooth-leafed holly which grew near the margin of the lagoon; and thus lightened of their loads, which hitherto, in the excitement of the chase, had been forgotten, they started in earnest to seek for the parrakeets.

"Remember, no shooting, Fat," Fred cautioned his companion when they were about to separate for the hunt, this being the best manner in which to cover the forest. "We know for certain that the birds are here, and the main thing is to get a photograph of one, which will be absolute evidence of their presence. The museum would rather have that than a skin, for the birds are almost extinct, and, by killing one, we might break up the last existing pair."

"All right, old Skinny Shanks," the other retorted, with an affectionate grin; "I won't shoot any to-day, at any rate. To-morrow will be time enough for that. If we can locate the berry-tree on which they feed, that is all we want. The whole proposition rests on finding the tree, eh?"

"And, with the telescopic lens, snapping a picture," completed his chum. "How do you propose to hunt?"

"With my eyes and ears, you old shovel-handle!" was the endearing retort; then, seriously, "Suppose I take the forest to the west of the lagoon and you the eastern part?"

"All right. I 'll have a look for the boundary fence at the same time." And with these words they separated.

Fred did not forget the plume hunters, and, during his search for the parrakeets, he determined to remain within a short distance of the rookery. Having come to the east end of the lagoon, he plunged into the dense tropical growth which surrounded it, and, pausing every few moments to listen, forced his way through the forest.

A few hours later, the boy found the boundary fence. It consisted merely of five strands of barbed wire nailed to trees. As these did not grow in straight lines, the fence of necessity was an irregular affair, zigzagging back and forth to meet the trunks, but running in a general direction east and west.

Turning, Fred followed the line westward. Thus far he had caught neither glimpse nor sound of parrakeets. In spite of the calls the boys had heard earlier in the morning and the night before, the jungle seemed as barren of the birds as an oak grove in Connecticut. Aside from the intense heat and the tropical character of the jungle, the hunter might have been tramping a wood on Long Island.

Somewhat downcast by lack of results, the boy pressed doggedly on. Having progressed three quarters of a mile, he figured that he must be opposite the lagoon and turned northward. According to his calculations, he could not be more than three hundred yards from the edge of the rookery. Paul would be returning shortly, and he was anxious to learn the result of *his* explorations.

Ten minutes later he caught, still far on ahead, the gleam of light which denoted a break in the trees, and hastened his steps. The rookery was almost in sight. Not a hostile sound had come from there during his absence, and he felt that, in spite of his failure—and probably that of his chum—to locate the parrakeets, they had, as a slight recompense, by their presence served to drive away the plume hunter.

But even as these thoughts crowded through his brain, he was brought to a halt by a sharp report not fifty yards distant and the crash of hurriedly trampled underbrush. Turning, without an instant's hesitation, he sprang in the direction of the noise.

(To be continued)

THE FLYING PIEMAN

By FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

A CENTURY ago and more, in merry London town,
Refreshment venders by the score went daily up and down;
You 've heard of some of them, no doubt, and of the food they sold,
But say, didst ever hear about the Flying Pieman bold?

You never did? Then here 's the tale: James Egland was his name;
His feet were fleet as any gale, and thereby hangs his fame;
An honest baker, he, by trade, and witty, too, and wise,
Who once a goodly fortune made by selling mutton pies.

"Mutton pies and hot pud*ding*," thus would he cry aloud,
And almost like a bird on wing go racing through the crowd;
"Mutton pies! If you are wise you 'll buy them on the spot;
Here 's hot pud*ding*, and mutton pies hot! hot! hot!"

To learn the news he 'd never wait; 't was said, before his call
Had died away at Billingsgate, the man was in Pall Mall,
Clare Market, Covent Garden, too, all over London town—
So fast the pieman's buckled shoe went scurrying up and down.

No hat or coat he wore, indeed, be weather foul or fair;
A man so fleet had little need warm garments for to wear;
A steel to grind his sharp knife on hung dangling down behind;
His apron, made of snowy lawn, went flip-flap in the wind.

So fast they bought his mutton pies his board soon empty grew;
To waste good time would be unwise; quoth James, "This will not do;
To hold my trade I must not be long absent on the way;
I have a plan, and we shall see what my good dame will say."

Dame Egland was a worthy dame, and liked her husband's vim,
And when he with his message came she quite agreed with him;
So afterward each day she 'd fare to some appointed spot,
And set her good Dutch oven there and keep his puddings hot.

"Mutton pies and hot pud*ding!*" he 'd cry from place to place;
Of all the piemen he was king, and ran the swiftest race.
You 'd see him come, he 'd pass you by, and then you 'd see him not,
But from afar you 'd hear his cry, "hot! hot! hot!"

All that was years agone, you know, but if to London town
Just you and I would some day go, a-journeying up and down,
And we should meet a friendly fay who 'd grant us wishes three,
Now *I* don't know what *you* would say, but *my* first wish would be,

To see the pieman coming on,
All merry and refined,
His apron, made of snowy lawn,
Flip-flapping in the wind;
My second wish that I might eat
A steaming mutton pie;
My third, to hear from street to street
His famous London cry:

"Hot pud*dings* and mutton pies,
Pie and hot pud*ding!*
You have them here before your eyes
As hot as anything;
I never bake them *cold*, not I!
Why, then? I 'd rather not!
Now 's your chance for a mutton pie,
Hot! hot! hot!"

ANIMALS FROM NOWHERE

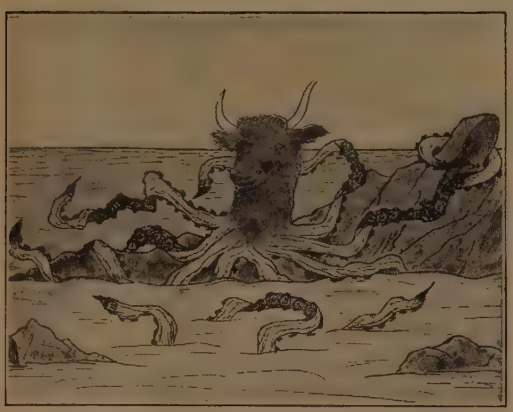
By AMY S. MULLIGAN

THE PORKUPOWL

The sly Porkupowl has a very sharp way
Of earning his living and capturing his prey;
He creeps up behind it with caution and care,
Then turns a quick somersault—presto! and there,
Stuck fast on his prickles, the poor victim lies,
While off to his den this bad animal hies.

THE PELICURTLE

This odd-looking object is called by a name
As queer as himself (though he is not to blame)—
He 's an old Pelicurtle, so sluggish and slow,
That what he is good for I really don't know,
Unless good-for-nothing; for all that he wishes
Is to sit on a bank and keep swallowing fishes



THE OCTOPOX

The Octopox lives in the darkest of caves,
A gloomy old dungeon far under the waves;
Yet he 's kindness itself to the ends of his toes,
And so good that he even thinks well of his foes.
You may see him sometimes, when his day's work is done,
Sitting peacefully out on a rock in the sun.

THE WHALION

The Whalion seldom is seen on the land—
It annoys him because he 's not able to stand.
His natural home 's in the water—and yet
He objects very much to his mane's getting wet;
So he never is really contented at all,
And his chances for happiness seem rather small.

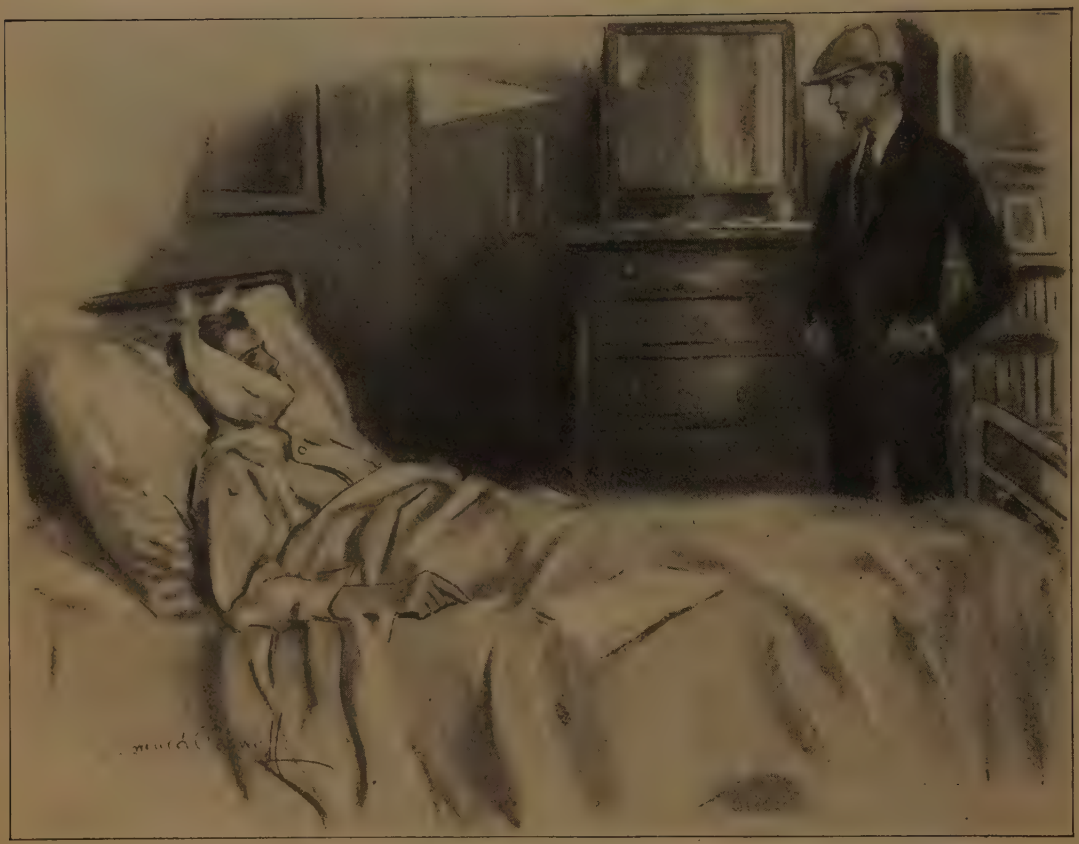
THE ALLIGAZEBRA

The Alligazebra is thought so unique
That he 's kept in a pen as a sort of a freak;
Yet he 's merry and gay and so fond of his jokes
That he goes about grinning and just nearly chokes
When he takes people in—that 's his special delight,
Though for simple amusement it hardly seems right.

THE ANTELOPOSSUM

The Antelopossum to trouble is born
On account of his stag-like abundance of horn,
Which tangles him up in the trees when he climbs
And makes him take tumbles—oh, dozens of times!
So that 's why this unhappy animal 's found
Nearly always in tears and close to the ground.

THE ANIMALS FROM NOWHERE FAVOR JIMMY WITH A VISIT



"'MY SPEECH IS HERE, ALL WRITTEN OUT. YOU 'RE WELCOME TO IT, SLATS'" (SEE PAGE 638)

THE QUITTER

By A. MAY HOLADAY

In a way, the Stanford basket-ball coach was responsible for the victory that broke the debating team's run of hard luck. He did nothing but detain Sidney Walburn for a moment after basket-ball practice; still, great victories often hinge upon the most trivial of incidents.

At any rate, the noisy stampede to the showers had ceased before Sidney arrived at the gym. Quickly throwing off his basket-ball togs in the locker-room, he made for the nearest shower. The big room was cut up by numerous six-foot partitions of white marble, to which the rows of showers were attached on either side. Sidney's bare feet made no sound, and all was silent save for the chatter of two loiterers, sheltered from view by the high partition. Sidney stopped short at the sound of his own name.

". . . think Walburn will win the Carrington medal to-morrow night, Merve?" one was asking.

"We-ll, I 'm touching wood and keeping my fingers crossed. There 's sure one big jinx on that Stanford-Westham debate, Pepper! You know Walburn has been on the Stanford team twice, and we 've lost both years, though I 'm not saying—"

"Seems queer," the first mused, "for in the try-outs Walburn always carries the judges by storm. His style is smooth as cream; but when it comes to the show-down, he has n't got the punch to put the thing over."

"Pepper, I 've been wondering how it would pan out if the alternate, Jerry Fraser, could have Walburn's chance."

"Slats Fraser! That spineless sorrel-top! Heaven knows how he ever got by in the try-out. Why, he'd be so rattled he'd think he was the clapper in a cow-bell!"

"Pepper, you 've got the darndest way of knocking! You know very well that Slats has been coming right out of the kinks since he was elected president of Encina. Just knowing that the fellows like him and have confidence in his judgment —"

"I get you. But even if the Stanford team *could* win, that 's not saying Slats would score above Steele and win the Carrington medal. Points count, you know."

"I 'd bank on the old string-bean, under certain conditions. Once I heard Slats in a high-school debate after somebody had made him sizzlin' mad. Oh, daddy! He 's like a whole army when he gets going—though I must say he does n't often break loose unless he thinks a fellow is putting over something crooked. Then—look out! If only Slats could have a whack at the medal when he feels like that—but what 's the use of talking! Race you to the lockers—"

Sidney Walburn's face burned uncomfortably for a long time after Mervyn Kane and "Pepper" Grein had gone. So this was the opinion the underclassmen had of him! What was the use of spending hours and days slaving over a debate if "smooth as cream" was the best they could say of it! And suddenly a surge of bitterness came over him, and a sickening distaste for the whole thing. But soon his set lips curved into a smile at the thought of the alternate, Slats Fraser, carrying off the honors. Somehow, he could n't visualize Slats in the light of a prize-winner. And no one need think that he, Sidney, would conveniently drop out of the race just on a chance that Slats *might* win. Anybody *might!* Besides, Stanford's ancient rival, Westham College, was handicapped by the loss of several good debaters through transfers, among them Steele, who would this year compete for Stanford. Why, the thing was practically a cinch! No need for worry.

As Sidney Walburn emerged from the gym after his shower he fairly radiated health and strength. His well-groomed appearance, the squared shoulders, the frank blue-eyed gaze, all showed the popular senior as he was at all times—an unspoiled, democratic chap. Besides being prominent in dramatics and athletics, he had been chosen as a member of the student control board—one of the highest honors—and was also president of the senior class; yet there was none of that "heady" feeling that often accompanies such high tributes to popularity.

All through the evening meal, as jokes and quips flashed about the tables, and later as Sidney was walking slowly toward the library, the conversation he had overheard in the gym persisted in clinging to his memory. And for the first time the situation was brought squarely home to him, his two previous failures, and now the third chance—Why, he had no moral *right* to it! He was rating personal ambition above school spirit. Maybe—maybe some one else could win. If so, he ought to step aside—and yet, no one could expect such a sacrifice on his part. "It is n't as if I had n't earned it fairly at the try-out," he muttered.

The more Sidney thought of withdrawing in favor of the alternate, the less the idea appealed to him. Slats Fraser had never debated in an intercollegiate contest and was sure to lose his head completely; while he, Sidney, was a finished debater of wide experience. And then it came over him with a humiliating rush that perhaps he was too finished, too polished, thinking all the time of *manner* instead of *matter*. As the boys had said, Slats possessed just the punch that he lacked. If only one could be sure!

It would be a bitter disappointment to relinquish this honor that he had fairly earned. And why should he do it? He just could n't! The path at his feet and the familiar campus buildings ahead seemed to blur and vanish; and in their stead was the Assembly Hall, its ushers, the lights, the eager faces. He saw himself bowing his acknowledgment of the thundering applause. He had worked so hard—victory seemed so sure—and yet, it had seemed just as sure on the two previous occasions when he had *lost!* What a tangle it all was!

An unusual interest was attached to the Stanford-Westham debate this year because of the one-hundred-dollar cash prize offered, in addition to Major Carrington's annual medal, to the winner of the highest number of points. The hundred-dollar prize meant little to Sidney Walburn; but he knew it would mean everything to Slats Fraser, struggling through his junior year and trying hopefully to make both ends meet. The words kept recurring, "If only Slats could have a whack at it when he was sizzlin' mad!" The fog was clearing rapidly from Sidney's mind. Stanford *must not* lose again! Slats must be given a chance—but how?

An ordinary withdrawal at this late date would never do. In some way he must stir up the boy's anger, as the fellows had suggested, for Slats would need all the fight there

was in him. Sidney was thinking rapidly. To achieve the desired end he 'd have to make Slats think him "yellow"—and be condemned without a hearing! It was the only way, but no one could ever know what the decision cost him.

"Just like football," he muttered wearily. "A fellow can't be thinking of personal glory; it's the triumph of the *team* that counts."

Early on the following morning the campus breakfast tables were buzzing with a common topic—Sidney Walburn's severe attack of mumps. The blow could n't have fallen at a more unfortunate time. Not only had it come on the very day of the Stanford-Westham debate, but Fraser, the alternate, was a novice at debating. What beastly luck!

Jerry Fraser finished his breakfast in a sort of daze and left the table. The great honor and the opportunity that Walburn's

"IT WAS A SPEECH BORN OF NECESSITY"
(SEE PAGE 640)

illness seemed to promise—well, it just could n't come true! There 'd be a hitch somewhere.

As Slats swung rapidly up the steps at Encina Hall, he collided with the telephone-boy.

"Just lookin' for you, Slats. 'Phone call."

A strangely muffled voice, evidently disguised, came over the wire: "Something phoney about that case of mumps Walburn 's picked up. Better investigate!" And the receiver at the other end clicked sharply.

Slats could hardly believe his own ears. Quickly he rang central. But he was doomed to disappointment. She could n't, or would n't, tell him who had just called Encina. The boy's face grew troubled. What was the meaning of this movie-plot stuff? Well, he would keep his eyes open, anyway.

An hour later a faint "Come in" greeted his knock on Sidney Walburn's door at the Union. Slats shot a keen glance at the flushed face on the pillow, the jaws and head being enveloped in thick bandages.

"'Lo, Slats!"

"This is tough luck, old man! Could n't you possibly appear to-night? I know what it must mean to you to give it all up."

Sidney grinned stiffly. "A face swollen like a poisoned pup would hardly appeal to the judges. No, it 's your turn, Slats, and I just feel that you 're going to wallop Westham to a finish!"

"Now you 're stringing me."

"A-b-s-o-l-u-t-e-l-y not! You 've got it in you to win."

Slats found himself suddenly embarrassed.

"I—I—if I had more time to think about it, I 'd be scared stiff," he confessed. "I 've got to cut classes and spend the day whipping my points into shape."

"My speech is here, all written out. You 're welcome to it, Slats, though you probably remember most of it."

"Thanks—I—of course I can't hope to do as well as you would, but I 'll do my best. I won't be a quitter."

"I 'll say you won't! I 've heard you express your opinion of the species." Sidney raised himself on one elbow and was awkwardly adjusting the bandage pinned about his head, when it slipped off in his hand. The visitor stared stupidly. Even without the warning 'phone tip he would have noticed that Sidney's jaws and face were no more swollen than were his own! And in that flash of time, as Slats' accusing gaze met the guilty look on Sidney's face, doubt became conviction in his mind. The whole thing was a fake—a stall!

Fraser's lip curled; then a leap of hot blood swept a wave of anger through him. There could be but one reason for such a cowardly trick—Sidney knew that he could

n't win. He was yellow! Without another word or look, Slats turned and strode from the room, slamming the door behind him.

The mumps patient gave a soft, low chuckle; but it was a feeble effort, and the lump rising in his throat almost choked him. His telephone tip had aroused suspicion, then Slats had detected the fake, had labeled him a "quitter," and was already seeing red. Things could n't be going better!

THE eventful moment had arrived. Long before eight o'clock every seat in the big Assembly Hall was occupied, the crowd being composed largely of Stanford students, with a visiting delegation of Westham rooters grouped on one side.

The subject for debate held a particular interest at this time because of the unlawful smuggling of Chinese across the Mexican line. It was: Resolved—That the United States Government should force Mexico to patrol her border to prevent the illegal entrance of undesirable aliens into our country. Stanford chose to uphold the affirmative; Steele speaking first, and Fraser taking Walburn's place as second speaker. Bone and Hale would defend the negative for Westham.

The Stanford debating coach chuckled as he flitted about the wings of the stage. He well knew that the alternate was much better prepared than Walburn had ever been. He had quietly watched Slats—who had never dreamed of being anything but an alternate—poring over reference books, rejecting, selecting, and cataloging the best points. If only he had more confidence in himself!

But the audience knew nothing of this, and doubtful murmurs were tossed about. In one day, Slats could n't have made much progress in delivery—his weak point. Why, a class recitation almost finished him; what would he do in facing this big audience? Oh, why did Walburn have to drop out! Still—there was Steele—maybe— And so they alternately feared and hoped.

As the orchestra swung into the opening number and the debaters took their respective places on the stage, a dark form outside cautiously made its way toward the Assembly Hall and crept nimbly up the fire-escape to a point just outside a gallery window. Flattening himself against the iron framework, "the quitter" peered wistfully through the window to the platform where *he* might have been representing his school. And what he saw there added to the weight already pressing heavily on his anxious heart. Slats, the old redhead, sat there white and trembling, his long legs twisted about each other, his hands nervously clenching and opening. Was Slats going to flunk?

"'THE QUITTER' PEERED WISTFULLY THROUGH THE WINDOW"

At the close of the first affirmative speaker's argument the Assembly Hall rocked with cheers, for Steele had done well. Fewer in number, but equally enthusiastic, were the Westham rooters for their first speaker, Bone. And then it was Fraser's turn.

It had been a whirlwind day and Slats had worked himself up to a high pitch of excitement. Great beads stood out damply on his forehead as his trembling legs carried him toward the front of the platform. It was as if he had been seized with a sudden attack of ague. His throat felt dry and rusty; and what a sea of faces! If only the floor would open and swallow him!

Then suddenly he was seeing, as he had glimpsed it that morning, the guilty look on the face of Sidney Walburn, whose cowardly fear had proved stronger than his loyalty to Stanford. But the bitter sneer that was forming died abruptly on the boy's lips. Why—*he* was no better than Walburn! He was a coward too! Afraid of a crowd! And there flashed across his memory the philosophy of his old high-school teacher, "A fellow can do almost anything he wants to, *if he wants to hard enough.*" The boy's spine stiffened; his fists clenched. Then from his lips there poured a stream of words, in which loyalty to a cause and to one's own self intermingled with arguments as to why Americans should be so loyal to their own country that they would do anything to prevent the entrance of those who would be a detriment to it.

The speech was n't a model of eloquence; its delivery was n't smooth; but those faults were overbalanced by its forcefulness and earnest purpose. The cheers almost shook the windows. And while the lone watcher outside dared not add his bit to this generous tribute, his heart was singing. Stanford would win, and nothing else mattered!

There had been debates and debates in the old Assembly Hall, but never one like this. Bone and Hale gave the impression of repeating their speeches, parrot-fashion, from a book; Slats spoke his from the heart, and it was a speech born of necessity and a great desire.

To the one crouching outside in the darkness, it seemed hours before the suspense was over and the chairman announced the judges' decision. *The Stanford team had won!* And Jerry Fraser was unanimously awarded first honors, receiving the beautiful Carrington medal and the certified check for one hundred dollars. A roar of applause like rain on a tin roof filled the building.

Outside, the quitter stretched his cramped legs and stumbled down the fire-escape. He had lost Slats Fraser's respect, but Stanford had won! He must get back to bed and to those hateful bandages. The fellows must never suspect. And as his hurrying form melted into the dark shadows, his heart was light in spite of the choking ache in his throat.

Slats Fraser, somewhat dazed by his conflicting emotions, elbowed his way through the surging crowd. He had atoned for the cowardly desertion of Sidney Walburn; and now he wanted to get away. While locked in a jam near the door, a voice seemed to separate itself from the buzz of congratulations and come straight to his ears.

"Did n't I tell you last evening in the gym that if old Slats could have a chance when he was sizzlin' mad he 'd win? I wonder—

"Anyway, his speech was a whale!"

Slats was startled. Sidney Walburn always went to the gym after basket-ball practice. Could he have overheard? A sudden enlightenment came—and with it a subduing sense of shame. "The darned old bluffer!" he muttered huskily.

Eager hands reached out to detain the hero of the hour, for there was a supper-party planned at Sticky Wilson's—Betty would be there. But Slats renounced the welcome invitation firmly.

"Mighty sorry, fellows, but I 've just discovered that I 'm seventeen kinds of a darn fool; so I 've got to square it right now with the fellow who has known it all along." And with his lips puckered into a cheery whistle, the tall figure strode away into the night.

A VIEW OF THE STANFORD "QUAD" SHOWING THE ASSEMBLY HALL

A CONTINENTAL DOLLAR

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "The Luck of Denewood," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

ONE night in June, 1777, Patty Abbott, at Haddonfield, New Jersey, is awakened by the arrival of visitors and hastens down to prepare food for them. The kitchen door opens mysteriously and a note signed "E. P. U." is dropped on the floor, warning of danger on the Gloucester road that night. This does not alarm Patty until she learns that General Washington, who is one of the visitors, means to take that road into Philadelphia. Her father sets out upon the general's errand, but is taken prisoner in mistake for Washington by the British Major Tarlton, who brings him to Springhill, the Abbott's home, en route to the British camp. Patty contrives her father's escape and, after the British officers leave, finds on the floor a continental dollar-bill, inside of which is concealed a cipher message. She hides it in an old rag doll which she takes with her when, her father having sailed for England, she goes to Philadelphia to her aunt, who is a Tory. She and her cousin Rosalie grow fond of each other and discover that they look very much alike. Rosalie seems to shun all discussion of politics, and Patty and she become fast friends, until Patty overhears a conversation that makes her doubt Rosalie, and Major Tarlton arrives at the house in disguise, seeking the message that was in the continental dollar, and insists that Patty has it. Patty refuses to give it up, and her aunt has her locked in her room. In the meantime, however, Patty discovers that the doll in which the message was hidden has disappeared, and is convinced that Rosalie has taken it and is a British spy. She escapes from her aunt's house, and another mysterious message signed "E. P. U." directs her to go to her uncle, John Abbott for help.

CHAPTER XI

A DEAF-AND-DUMB BOY

WHEN I record the fact that never in my life had I seen my Uncle John, it will be understood why I have not spoken of him before. Truth to tell, the message had to be read twice over ere I was at all sure it was intended for me; because I was forced to stop and think in order to bring to memory the fact that the gentleman mentioned was my father's brother.

This will seem all the more surprising because Mr. John Abbott was a man of prominence in the business affairs of Philadelphia, and hardly a news-sheet was published without some announcement from his great warehouses of the arrival of sundry commodities that people stood in need of. But his name was never uttered in our family. Indeed, up to this time, Father had never referred to him in any way. When we were younger, Val and I had often talked of this with bated breath, wondering what it could have been that had brought such an estrangement between the brothers; but we had never reached any solution and, as we grew older, ceased to think of it altogether.

There were a number of stories current about Uncle John, whether true or not I have no means of knowing, but they had to do mostly with his short temper and general bearishness. I had heard, but where I could not remember, that he was unmarried and vastly rich. Those two items were the sole facts about my uncle that were in my possession, and as I sat there under the trees I could not have told how I had obtained even so much information.

It will be readily seen, then, why it had not occurred to me that there might be a place of refuge for me and Jinny. It was at least a possible solution of my problem; but had it not been for the mysterious message, I confess it would never have entered my head.

"At least he can't eat me," I said to myself, jumping to my feet. I had determined to find Mr. John Abbott and present him with a new niece.

"Come along, Jinny," I cried, shaking the girl by the shoulders. "We can't stay here all day, you know."

"'Deed, Miss Patty, I wish you had n't waked me jes' then. I was dreamin' we was down at Springhill, and Hesper was jes' chasin' that Mis' McDonald woman all over the pasture down by the brook and was jes' gwine to catch her. It was a beautiful dream, Miss Patty."

From the first person I inquired of, who was a grave and courteous Quaker, I learned that my uncle's place of business was on Dock Street near to Market, that it was the largest warehouse in the vicinity, and that I should have no trouble in finding it. Forthwith I hurried down toward the Delaware, and, after something of a walk, came upon the building.

To make it sure, there was a sign above a

small door bearing, in tarnished gilt letters, the name John Abbott.

With somewhat of hesitation, I mounted the two steps and knocked on the door. I waited a moment, expecting some one at least to call out an invitation for me to enter; but seemingly no attention was paid to my summons. After what I thought was a suitable time, I knocked again with greater insistence, and scarce had my hand struck the panel, when a cheery voice bade me come in.

I pushed open the door and stepped directly into a small, dusty box of a room, with a railing dividing it in half. Upon the far side of this was a huge desk, before which a man was leaning over a large book with his back to me. He had a quill pen stuck behind each of his ears, which gave him a rather comical look, as if his head bore small wings. I suppressed the desire to laugh that possessed me at sight of him, and stood waiting till he should cease his labor.

"Well, what is it you want?" he asked, without turning around.

"I 've come to see my uncle," I replied rather timidly, and at my words he whipped about and disclosed himself as a young man with merry eyes and a most surprised face.

"Strap me!" he cried, "'t is a lady! Your pardon, mistress," he went on rapidly. "We are so seldom honored by the fair sex that when I enter here I leave my manners behind me and think of naught but business. Whom did you wish to see?"

"My uncle, Mr. Abbott," I replied; and at my answer a puzzled look came into his face.

"I did n't know he was an uncle," the young man said vaguely. "Are you sure?" he questioned, with his head on one side.

"To be sure I 'm sure," I replied, with a hint of spirit in my tone. "I could n't be mistaken about it very well, seeing that my father is his brother."

"I did n't know he had a brother," the young man said; then speaking as if to himself, "This is going to be a bit awkward."

There was a pause while I waited to see what his next move was to be; but he made none, and my patience began to grow short.

"Will you please let my uncle know that I am here, or else inform me where I may seek him?" I demanded. And at this the young man shook his head mournfully.

"You don't understand, miss," he said. "I pledge you my word, 't is as much as my position is worth to tell him of your visit."

"How can that be?" I asked.

"'T is like this," he replied, looking about mysteriously, his voice dropping almost to a whisper. "He does n't allow females in the place, miss. He won't see one under any pretext whatever. I 've special instructions to warn him if one comes, and I should be out in the warehouse this minute crying the news of you. If he finds you here, I scarce know what will happen."

"But I must see him," I insisted. "Surely he did n't say he would n't receive his relatives."

"No, that he did n't," the clerk replied, with something of relief in his tone. "He said not a word of relatives, male or female, and I vow, miss, you are the first I 've ever seen, to know it, though I have heard that Madam Roberts, the fashionable Madam Roberts, is his sister."

"Aye, that 's true," I told him. "And has she never been here?"

"Not since my time, and that 's three years come next September," the young man informed me.

"Well, I mean to see him," I said, determined now to go through with the matter, but by no means encouraged at the outlook. Evidently this uncle of mine was a peculiar person and the help I had half expected from him seemed scarce likely to be given me; but I had no intention now of being frightened off without seeing him.

And see him I did. While the young man, with wrinkled brows, was puzzling his head over the problem I presented, a small door in the rear of the room was flung open and a large, gray-haired man entered with something of a rush. He fronted me as he came in and stopped abruptly, glaring at me from under shaggy brows, his face wrinkling into a scowl. I returned his look, and, though he gazed fiercely enough, there was a light in his eyes that led me to hold my own steady. That this was my uncle I had not the least doubt, for he bore a great resemblance to my father, except that he was older and somewhat stooped in figure.

With an anxious feeling, I waited for him to speak; but instead, he walked to a table under the small window and, seating himself, picked up some documents that were lying there. The young man, in the meantime, after a rather helpless glance in my direction, had turned back to his desk, and for a few moments there was silence in the place, save for the scratching of his quill pen.

Presently my uncle looked over his shoul-

der, evidently to see if I was still there. Finding that I was, he turned away quickly, with a sort of nervous shake of his whole body.

"Horace," he said in a gruff voice, "I thought I saw something on the other side of the rail. I wish you would shoo it out, please."

"Yes, sir," said Horace, but he stared helplessly at me.

Evidently it was my turn to speak or to go out, and I did neither. The young man's face was so comical, the situation so absurd that, scarce knowing what I did, I laughed aloud, and the room was filled with the sound of it.

"'WELL, I MEAN TO SEE HIM,' I SAID . . . AND SEE HIM I DID"

"Horace!" shouted my uncle, still not looking in my direction, "are you going to shoo that as I told you, or must I leave my own office?"

"Neither," I cried, before Horace had a chance to answer. "I 've come to see my Uncle John and I 'm going to see him!"

"Uncle John!" exclaimed Mr. Abbott, in a loud voice, and then he twisted in his chair, searching me with a keen glance. "Why do you come here to seek your Uncle John?"

"Because this is his place of business," I returned.

"This is my place of business and none other's," he retorted fiercely.

"And you are my Uncle John," I declared; "and I do not hold your welcome as over warm to your niece's first visit."

He looked at me in amazement, his mouth opened as if to speak, but his surprise evidently was so great that for the moment he could find no words to utter.

"So you 're Augusta's daughter," he said at length, and I liked not the tone nor his manner of saying it, nor did I relish it now to be mistaken for my cousin Rosalie.

"Nay, I 'm naught of the kind!" I said emphatically. "No Tory am I, but the daughter of your brother William."

At that he rose to his feet, a flush of anger mantling his face.

"How dared he send you to me?" he cried sharply; but there was more than anger in the tone. Almost was I persuaded that there was something of anguish as well.

"He did not send me," I explained. "He thinks I am with my Aunt Augusta."

"And why are you not?" demanded my uncle.

"Because, sir," I said, "I like not the ways of that house, and, rather than set foot inside it again, I would go into the fields to find a bed."

I thought I detected a sudden twinkle in my uncle's eye as I said this, and I doubt not there was a flash of fire in my glance, seeing that the recollection of the treatment I had received brought with it a touch of anger I was at no pains to hide.

"What was the manner of her welcome to you?" he asked, with a somewhat sudden show of interest.

"She was smooth enough until I jumped not at her bidding, whereupon she locked me in my room on bread and water."

He gave a grunt, but there was naught in the expression of his face to indicate how his thoughts ran.

"It sounds like her," he mused. "Augusta hath not changed, it seems."

Again there was silence for a space. Uncle John sat with a scowl upon his brow and showed not the slightest sign of relaxing in my favor; but I fancied he was thinking back over days past, and, hoping that such recollections might soften him, I judged it best not to break in upon them.

"And what wouldst have me do?" he demanded at length, fastening his glance upon me once more.

"I would have you take me into your house until my father returns from France," I answered boldly. "It might be that you would not regret it, for mayhap in time we should become friends."

"Friends!" he burst out. "You and I?"

"Aye, and why not?" I returned.

"I am more used to dealing with enemies," he retorted, "and, to my thinking, there is more spice in that business than in flattering friends, who take advantage of one's good nature."

"Not of your good nature, I make sure," I could not help saying, and wished I had kept my tongue between my teeth. Truth to tell, I was not doing my cause a service by speaking so pertly; but it seemed he invited it, and in such emergencies I ever found that I was apt to say the wrong thing. However, he seemed not to take it amiss and gave another of his queer grunts, which I found later to be his substitute for a chuckle.

"'T is plain there 's Abbott blood in thee," he growled; "but let me say this, miss, I count not that an obligation. Were thy name Smith, I were more like to favor thee."

"In that case, I may go my way and trouble you no further, Uncle John," I replied, with some spirit, "for my blood is my sole claim on you."

"Aye, and prove me an unmannerly bear, as thy father hath doubtless told thee," he burst out wrathfully.

"Nay, my father hath said naught of you, sir," I answered. "Neither good nor bad of you have I heard from him."

"'T is scarce to be believed," he muttered to himself. "Hath he not told thee what manner of man he thought me?"

"I cannot recollect ever having heard your name pass his lips."

"Then what brought thee here?" he demanded. "I know Augusta sent thee not."

"This is what brought me," I answered, and held out to him the piece of paper which I still had in my hand.

He took it and glanced at the writing thereon with knitted brows. I expected he would ask how I came by it, but, to my surprise, he said naught on that score. Instead he handed it back without comment.

For a moment, there was silence, and I judged that my fate was being sealed. That there was a struggle going on in his twisted mind I could well understand from the little I had learned in the hour I had been in his office. And, curiously enough, I had grown anxious that he should take me in, so that chance would give me the opportunity to make friends with this great bear of an uncle who seemed so forbidding. In spite of his manner toward me and his harsh bearing, I liked him. Why, I could not have told, for in truth his words were calculated to anger rather than soothe me, yet there was something—

"I 'll give thee bed and board, child," he said, breaking in on my thoughts with ungracious speech, "but understand this: 't is not because I must, but because I choose."

"Thank you, Uncle," I returned. "I shall try not to bother you unduly."

"I 'll see to that," he answered grimly. "Now leave me. This is no place for females."

"And where shall I wait for you?" I asked.

"Go to my house and say I sent thee," he answered shortly.

"And where is your house, Uncle?"

"Ask the first person that meets thee in the street," he snapped, and turned again to his table. I started out, but he stopped me. "What is thy name?" he asked.

"Patty."

"Aye, it would be Patty," he murmured to himself. "It would be Patty." He repeated it softly again and again, lingering, I thought, over the name; but I saw plainly that I was forgotten and took my leave of him without further words.

On the street I looked about for some one to ask the way to my uncle's house, and there, from somewhere, came a small boy, who gazed up into my face with bright blue eyes that sparkled. Also I noted that his hair was red; but it seemed to go so well with his freckled face that it made no serious impression on my mind.

"Canst tell me where Mr. John Abbot lives?" I asked him.

He shook his head in the negative and pointed to his ears and then to his mouth. For a moment I did not understand; then, with a sharp feeling of pity, I realized that he wished to show me that he was deaf and dumb.

With such a barrier between us, I felt quite helpless; but glancing at his bright, intelligent face, I pointed to the sign above the door of my uncle's office and then toward the dwelling-houses back from the river.

With a grin and nod, he let me know I was understood, and, half dancing ahead, he motioned me to follow.

CHAPTER XII

I FIND A WELCOME

PILOTED by the deaf-and-dumb boy, who flitted ahead of us, we made our way along Front Street until we were past the business section and came upon the substantial dwellings erected by those merchants who chose to live near their counting-houses. The boy at length stopped before one of these, and I knew by his actions that we had reached my uncle's home.

"Thank you for showing us the way," I said to him, forgetting his infirmity; but the silver sixpence I held out to him he clearly understood. He took it with a wide smile and, touching his forelock, ran off. I looked after him for a moment, wondering if, were I so sorely afflicted, I could show as happy and cheerful a countenance.

The house before me was a fine brick structure of three stories and an attic a-top. The shutters of the windows were bowed, upstairs as well as down, and it had the look of being deserted. It differed from its neighbors in that it stood alone, with a garden space upon each side, and behind the high fence I could see the tops of trees and tall, growing shrubs.

I walked up the four or five steps before the wide doorway and sounded the knocker.

I could hear the echo of my summons resounding hollow, as if there was none inside to answer it; but therein I was mistaken, for I had not long to wait ere the door was opened and I was confronted by a pleasant-faced young woman with a child of four or more holding her free hand.

This surprised me, for Uncle John's antipathy to women had led me to expect a man-servant; but I smiled at her, hardly knowing how to begin, and she smiled back invitingly.

"Are you Mr. Abbott's housekeeper?" I asked at last, still feeling a little awkward.

"Nay, miss, I 'm her daughter," the woman answered. "Is it Mrs. Brisket you 'll be wishing to see?"

"If she 's my uncle's housekeeper, I would like to see her," I replied. "I 'm coming here to live for a time."

The woman opened her eyes as if she could not believe me.

"You be comin' here to live, miss?" she said in a tone of astonishment. "I fear some one hath misdirected you. This can never be the right house."

"Yes, it is," I returned; "my uncle told me—"

"Your uncle, miss? Mr. Abbott?" she had interrupted me, her eyes growing still rounder in amazement.

"Your surprise is not to be wondered at," I admitted, "but 't is all settled, and I want to go in."

"Excuse me, miss," she blurted out. "I pray you to enter. My wits be all astray. In sooth, I 'm that put about I don't quite know what I 'm sayin'."

She drew back, holding the door wide, and Jinny and I went into the broad hallway.

"This way, miss." The woman ushered me into a great room filled with pieces of furniture made of rich mahogany or nutwood that shone like burnished metal in the somber light admitted through the bowed shutters.

"Pray be seated, miss, till I call my mother," the woman went on, but she made no move to leave me. Evidently, there was something important that she still wished to know.

"I ask your pardon," she stammered, as I sat down, "but you said Mr. Abbott was your uncle; yet you are not Miss Rosalie Roberts. Her I know by sight, and I cannot dare to think—"

"No, I 'm Patty Abbott. My father is Mr. Abbott's brother," I explained, as clearly as I could, and the effect of my words was immediate.

With an exclamation of delight, the woman turned and rushed out of the room, calling at the top of her voice,

"Mother! Mother! 'T is Mr. William's daughter, and she 's come here to live!"

I heard the words repeated and echoed through the house as the young woman hastened to the back with her news. Then another voice answered, and shortly there was the sound of hurrying steps. And all the while the little girl stood beside the door and looked at me with unwinking eyes. I had not had time to make friends with her ere her mother ran in, accompanied by an older woman. For an instant they both stood upon the threshold and stared at me as if unable to believe their own eyes. And I stared back, for the sight of the housekeeper brought a warmth to my harried feelings. She was fifty or more, I should judge, with a round, kindly face set with fine wrinkles at the corner of her eyelids; her cheeks were rosy and she was of an ample figure; yet was there a certain quickness about her movements more suggestive of youth than age. Her hair was graying, and was pulled straight back from her forehead in a way to give her a look of extreme neatness.

But it was not of these things that I thought, rather of the kindly, motherly expression with which she regarded me, and I felt my heart go out to her. Here was one to whom I might turn for sympathy in sorrow, and yet find a good friend to share my joys.

She came into the room almost timidly. It seemed as if she were afraid it would all prove a dream and that I might vanish from her sight. I rose to my feet and went toward her.

"You 'll forgive me, miss, but 't is a great surprise and pleasure you 've brought to us. Is it true that you are Master Willy's child?" She was almost pathetic in her eagerness to believe, yet could not credit it.

"Yes, my father is Mr. William Abbott, of Haddonfield in the Jerseys."

"And is it true, what Sarah says, that you be comin' here to live?"

"Yes, for a time, an you 'll have me," I answered with a smile.

She came to me and took my hands, looking deep into my eyes.

"Did you never hear your father speak of Martha, dearie?" she asked wistfully.

"Why, yes, of course," I answered, recollection coming to me. "Did n't you play together when you were children?"

"Did he never speak of the time when I was no bigger than Jane there?" she went on, pointing to the child by the door. "I fell into the well at Springhill, and Master Willy, your father, miss, not much bigger, saved me with a rope, holding me up, and nigh dragged in himself, the while he shouted for help. Has he never spoke of that?"

"To be sure he has," I answered, though, indeed, the incident was never more than a passing tale to me. "Often, when we were near the well, he has told me of it and bade me have a care. 'T is in the lower pasture."

"Aye, to be sure," said Martha, "and what a long while agone to seem so real to me! You see, miss, I was born at Springhill. My mother came over from England with your grandfather and grandmother. She married on the farm, as I did when I grew up. Brisket, my man, miss, he was overseer at Springhill till your grandfather died. Then, miss, all changed, and Brisket and I came with your Uncle John, he bein' the oldest. This is my daughter Sarah and her daughter Jane Craig. Brisket has gone, and I 'm a cross old woman with my heart in the past; but I never expected to see this day. Mayhap your coming, miss, will— It makes me hope something I 've not done these twenty years."

"I hope you 're going to like me, Mrs. Brisket," I said, and there were tears in my eyes, for she spoke in so soft and gentle a voice that the sorrow of years seemed to be in it and it touched my heart.

"Already I love you, miss, for yourself and for the promise you bring," she replied; and then, as if coming back to the present, she asked, a thought anxiously: "What of Mr. John? Did you see him? Did he, himself, say you were to live here? How came it, miss? For 't is scarce understandable after all that hath happened."

I began my tale, but had only started it when Mrs. Brisket interrupted.

"Do you mean you went to his counting-house, miss?" she inquired incredulously.

"To be sure," I said. "I knew no otherwhere to go."

"And did he see you? But 't is certain he must have." Mrs. Brisket answered her own question. "Go on, dearie, and tell me all about it."

She listened to the end and then shook her head. "It seems scarce credible; but now that you 're here, we 'll see that you stay, whether he repents or not."

"Is he like to change his mind?" I asked anxiously, not pleased with such a prospect.

"The whole happening is so strange that I know not what to think," the housekeeper answered. "For twenty years he hath shut himself away from every one, save only those with whom he hath business. An agent from London, a captain of one of his ships, such like bodies, are all who have entered these doors in a score of years. But come, Miss Patty, we 'll show you where you 're to sleep."

"I must be goin', Mother," said the younger woman. "I only come to visit, miss," she went on, in explanation to me. "'T is lonesome for Mother, and she likes to play with Jane."

"Aye, thou hadst best be goin', Sarah," her mother replied. "She 's married to a cooper, miss, Craig by name, and they have a small place of their own out a way beyond the edge of the town."

Mrs. Craig left us, and Mrs. Brisket telling Jinny to go into the kitchen, we two ascended the broad stairs to the second floor and up again to the third, where I was shown into a front room, a fine, spacious chamber. It was furnished with a great four-post mahogany bed, a well-fitted dressing-table, and a press for clothes. All were fine, substantial pieces, but this last was carved most beautifully.

"Whence came these things, Mrs. Brisket?" I asked. "The house seems filled with wonderful treasures."

"I doubt if there be a house in the city like it; nor in the colonies, neither," she told me. "This was your grandfather's town house, and all here came from England, of the very best. In his day it was the center of all that was fashionable in Philadelphia. And now, dearie, where are your boxes?" she ended.

"They are at my Aunt Augusta's house," I replied, and told her something of my having been there on a visit.

"We can send for them," she suggested, seeing that there was a hesitation in my manner.

"I 'm not sure that is best, Mrs. Brisket," I said, frankly. "To tell the truth, I like not my Aunt Augusta and would as lief she did not know where I am."

"She was ever one to have her own way," Mrs. Brisket commented, under her breath; and I felt certain she had no great love for my aunt even though she was born an Abbott. But at the moment the housekeeper held her tongue upon her private opinion. "Howsomever, gear you must have and that at once. Will you go and buy what is needful for the time being? There is an abundance of money in the house. For all your uncle's queer ways, there is no lack of gold here, nor is he one to pinch pennies."

"Nay, I have coin for my needs," I answered, "and in truth I should like to go a-shopping. Wilt come with me, Mrs. Brisket?"

She beamed upon me so that I saw how greatly she was pleasured by the invitation.

"Let me but get my bonnet and shawl and we will fare forth at once, else we shall be too late," she said importantly.

We went out shortly thereafter and sought the shops whither Rosalie had already taught me the road, and it was indeed a pleasure to see Mrs. Brisket's old face brighten as we made our way from store to store. 'T is ever a joy to females to gaze upon silks, satins, and fine linens, and I scarce remember one at any age who was not ready to set forth upon such an expedition.

A few things I had need of at once, and I also bought materials so that Jinny could at least sew me up a night-rail for the present emergency. Other such necessities to make me comfortable for a few days we sent home by the draper's clerk, and as Mrs. Brisket knew a reliable sewing-woman, we planned work enough to last for a month.

Back once more in the house, I started Jinny to stitching, and myself distributed what I had bought in the wide, empty drawers of the press and dressing-table, where a scent of lavender still lingered, putting a garment here and another there to make the place seem as if it were really lived in; but they were vastly too few to occupy the space at my disposal. Then and there I promised myself that before many days were passed I should have bought a deal of finery to fill those drawers.

Mrs. Brisket pottered about, asking questions and bubbling over with the joy of having me there.

"'T is a great day, miss," she repeated again and again. "I little thought I should live to see it."

She talked to me unendingly of my uncle,

for whom she cherished an abundant admiration, insisting that he was good and generous, with the softest of hearts under his crabbed exterior.

"None could have a better master!" she exclaimed. "Though there 's little he 's interested in outside his counting-house. I might feed him on scraps and he 'd scarce know it. And, miss, he cares naught for the money after he 's made it. He 'd spend with both hands had he the chance. As 't is, the gold piles up, I know. If he but had a daughter, now," she ended with a sigh.

"Are daughters so very extravagant?" I asked, laughing.

"Nay, 't is not that alone I was thinking of," she explained. "It is some one to love he 's needin', miss. That 's what has been lackin' in his life, and I 've the hope he 's found it now."

Her meaning was plain enough, and I answered that I hoped so, too; but in the first weeks that were to follow, there was scant evidence that my uncle had picked me to open his heart.

I saw him again that day at dinner. He came into the house almost on the run and went straight to the dining-room. Mrs. Brisket had warned me and I was ready in my place at the stroke of the clock. He entered, clapped eyes on me with an expression of surprise, as if my presence was very unexpected, then, seeming to recollect, gave his characteristic grunt.

"Huh! Found the place, did you?"

"Yes, Uncle, and I like it," I answered pleasantly.

He looked at me under his beetling brows and grunted again.

We began the meal, Jinny waiting upon the table, which change my uncle seemed not to note, and for fully ten minutes, I should judge, I waited for him to speak. At last, growing tired of it, I thought I would break through the silence myself.

"You have n't asked about the family, Uncle," I suggested.

"Don't want to hear about them," he retorted, without raising his eyes from his plate.

"But surely you want to know that I have a brother," I persisted.

"Oh, you have a brother, have you?" he said gruffly.

"Yes, and a fine fellow he is. I hope to see him soon, and I want you to know him."

"I don't want to know him," came the positive reply. "He 's in need of bed and board, too, I suppose."

"No, he 's with the army," I returned, amused.

"Which army?" he demanded instantly.

"Mr. Washington's, to be sure. And you should be interested in him because he 's your only nephew."

"Just because he 's my nephew is no reason why I should waste any interest on him," my uncle said, after a moment's thought.

"Why, yes, it is, Uncle," I began.

"I say it is n't!" he broke out. "Why should I care for anybody because the same blood runs in our veins? Fiddlesticks' ends!"

"All the same, you 'd like Val. He 's much nicer than I am, and you—"

"What has that to do with it?" he questioned. "You are n't here because I like you."

I chuckled. He was gruff and blunt and not very polite, a good deal like a cross bear; but somehow he did n't seem at all terrifying to me.

"No," I made reply, "the boot is on the other foot. I 'm here because *I* like *you*."

To this he vouchsafed no answer by so much as a look, and we sat in silence again for a time, till once more I broke it with a remark about our armies. He cut in upon my speech and put an end to that topic.

"I care naught for politics," he cried, glaring at me. "It is only fools who kill each other to settle an argument, and I like not fools."

"Art a Quaker then, Uncle?" I asked innocently.

"Nay, I 'm not that either. Thou 'lt scarce find me turning the other cheek to be smitten." He seemed to explode as he said the words.

"Then what are you, Uncle?" I persisted.

"I seem to be the victim of a pert young miss," he retorted. And I perforce was constrained to be quiet, seeing that I was somewhat in accord with this opinion. Thus ended my first meal with Uncle John.

I went to bed that night certain no girl in all the world was as lonely as I. My thoughts went out to Father on the seas, and I wondered should I ever see him again. Oh, how I longed for Springhill, where I had passed such happy years! But I did not sob myself to sleep. Uncle John, for all his gruffness, was like to my father, and I was already scheming to earn his friendship.

(*To be continued*)

MOON MAGIC

By ELSIE WILLIAMS CHANDLER

THE Moon, a great, fat, jolly fellow, peeped in the nursery window.

"Ha! Ha!" said he, softly, for he saw three tousled little heads on three soft little pillows on three white little beds—all in a row.

"Hi! Hi!" he laughed in great glee. And all the little mice and all the big cats and the wind in the trees and the stars in the sky all stood still and watched, for they knew the Jolly Old Moon was working magic. If ever, when he is just *exactly* full, just *exactly* as the clock strikes midnight, he beams upon any little persons, then he works magic and turns those little persons into really and truly fairies, really and truly! The little mice knew he was working magic that very minute, and the big cats knew it and the wind knew it and the stars knew it and now *you* know it.

"Ho! Ho!" he called aloud, like waves roaring on a beach, and *his magic was working!* Up woke the three little persons, right in the very middle of the night—the dark, dark night. The Jolly Old Moon, well pleased, went chuckling on his way. The mice went scampering on their way and the cats went after the mice and the wind began blowing through the trees again and the stars marched on through the sky.

Tommy, the First Fairy, said, "I believe I have wings!" and began to wiggle his shoulder. Mary, the Second Fairy, cried out, "I *have* wings—two of them!" and began to wiggle *her* shoulders. And Bill, a very fat little Third Fairy, echoed, "Me, too!" and began to wiggle *his* shoulder. Then the three brand-new little fairies gleefully shouted, "Let 's fly!" And they flew. First Tommy flew; then Mary flew; then Bill flew.

They were ever so much littler than when the Jolly Old Moon had peeped in the nursery window, oh, lots littler! about as big as—as—well, as the Gingerbread Boy. One by one they lit on the bureau, to have a look at their wings, and they joined hands and danced a happy jig around the fairy pool—of course, *you* would call it a hand-mirror, but it was really and truly a fairy pool.

Fairy Tommy said, "Let 's go to the kitchen and get something to eat." Agreed! All flew to the Cookie Jar. Alas! They could n't budge the plate on top.

Just at that very moment the attic mouse came squeaking by. He was the cunningest little silver-gray mouse you 'most ever saw. His name was Mr. Poke-his-nose-in-the-cheese, and he had a very long, shiny, slippery, beautiful tail which followed him wherever he went. He was well acquainted with fairies and elves and *very* friendly. "Where are your wands?" quoth he. Fairy Tommy and Fairy Mary sent the littlest

"EACH HAD A COOKIE, AND SO DID MR. POKE-HIS-NOSE-IN-THE-CHEESE HAVE A COOKIE"

Third Fairy straight up to the nursery to find it,—no, *them*,—for surely every fairy should have a wand. In the excitement of trying their wings, they never even thought of wands.

Before the Littlest Fairy had gone, he was back! He carried three little slender wands, about as thick as the whiskers of a cat, each tipped with a teeny, weeny, twinkly star. You see, it was his wand which brought him back before he was gone. That 's magic! And they each had a cookie, and so did Mr. Poke-his-nose-in-the-cheese have a cookie.

And then they began exploring and fluttering and swooping from room to room. First, of course, they flew to Mother. Poor, tired little Mother! They kissed her cheeks and smoothed back her hair, so that she smiled in her sleep. They waved their wands, and she straightway dreamt that she had three good little children who always minded her, and never, never said, "I won't," or, "I can't," and always remembered their manners. Happy Mother!

They flew about Daddy. He was muttering restlessly in his sleep about collar-buttons and dollars. So they waved their wands, and he at once began to dream happily of mountains and oceans and Mother, and the three little fairies began to hunt for the collar-buttons and dollars. They could n't find the dollars; but Fairy Mary found one collar-button under the chiffonier,—oh, way

"FIRST, OF COURSE, THEY FLEW TO MOTHER"

under!—and another one behind the rocking-chair,—oh, way behind! Fairy Tommy found one under the edge of the pin-tray, and another stuck in the whisk-broom; and the

"AWAY SAILED THE BALLOON, UP AND UP"

Bill Fairy found one under the rug, away under the bed.

They took the chiffonier collar-button and the rocking-chair collar-button and the pin-tray collar-button and the whisk-broom collar-button and the rug collar-button and put them all right in front on the top of the chiffonier; just where Daddy would see them the first thing in the morning when his eyes would pop open (and nearly pop out, too, perhaps!)—five little collar-buttons, all in a row.

What great fun it was to fly about! They flew to Mother's work-table. Fairy Tommy waved his wand over all the barn-door tears, and they were instantly and neatly turned into patches. Fairy Mary touched her wand to the big, ever so big, heap of stockings bulging and spilling over the mending basket like bread dough over the big yellow bowl, and instantly the holes, great big, yawning holes and little bits of tiny holes, all were darned, crisscross, just so, and the stockings all paired and rolled into soft little balls, all by themselves. More magic! And the Bill Fairy wiggled his wand at the button-bag, and instantly all the proper buttons flew to just where buttons should be.

With wings quivering, they poised mid-air a moment, thinking. Of course, fairies *think*, or they would n't always be doing so many thoughtful things. Off they darted like dragonflies for Cook's room. On the way, the fat Bill Fairy fell into a pail of water, really and truly water. He splashed about and had a fine time and got very wet. It would n't be any fun to fall into a pail of water if you did n't get wet, very, very wet, drippy wet, even for fairies; but, being a fairy, as soon as he splashed out, he was perfectly *dry*. More magic!

So Fairy Tommy accidentally fell in, and Fairy Mary accidentally fell in, and when they joyously splashed out, *perfectly dry*, they all danced a joyous jig about the delectable pail, and off they flew to Cook's room.

Cook was snoring,—yes, she was,—dreadfully loud, almost enough to scare even fairies; but our three little valiant sprites waved their wands all at once, and Cook instantly rolled over and began to dream beautifully.

The three little fairies thought it would be a wonderful adventure to explore the great, black outdoors. So up the chimney they flew. They wanted to find the Jolly Old Moon and go with him. They spied a cloud boat, away up in the sky, all set to sail for the Moon.

Now little fat brother had yesterday tied his balloon to a hollyhock stalk and there it was, straining at anchor, wishing, too, to go with the Jolly Old Moon, his very own twin brother. So down flew the Fairies Three and perched on top of the airy balloon, and Fairy Tommy cut the string. Away sailed the balloon, up and up and up, nearer and nearer and nearer the cloud boat, and just as it touched the cloud boat—BANG!!!

"Pancakes for breakfast! Get up, little dears!" And there, in the nursery doorway, was Mother, smiling and clapping her hands.

"Oh," said Tommy-once-a-fairy, wiggling his shoulders, "where are my wings?"

"My wings are all gone!" wailed Mary-once-a-fairy, wiggling *her* shoulders.

"Mine, too!" cried Bill-once-a-fairy, and he opened his mouth wide and howled.

"Never mind! There are pancakes for breakfast!" they all shouted together.

"Oh," grieved Tommy, a little boy again, "if only I had my wand, we 'd all be dressed and eating pancakes this very minute."

"Well," said Mary, a little girl again, "if I keep my hands going every second, it will be *almost* as good as a fairy wand."

"That 's so," agreed Tommy.

"Perhaps," suggested Mary, "if we just *think* and keep doing *thoughtful* things, like real fairies, we can be fairies just the same, without any magic wand—*day fairies*."

"Yes!" shouted Tommy.

"Me, too!" chimed Bill.

And don't *you* think it would be fun to play fairies?

"'IF ONLY I HAD MY WAND,' GRIEVED TOMMY, 'WE 'D ALL BE DRESSED AND EATING PANCAKES THIS VERY MINUTE'"

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK

A WIRELESS TYPEWRITER

BOYS interested in radio, airplanes, and typewriters—and to-day there is hardly an American boy who does not desire to experiment in one way or another with one of these outfits—will like to hear about the new teletype, or wireless typewriter, recently perfected by Uncle Sam's naval authorities. This curious machine, which looks for all the world like an ordinary typewriter, can be used for either receiving or sending messages in the airship in flight or at the ground station. Typewriting away up above the

U. S. Navy Photograph

THE WIRELESS TYPEWRITER RECEIVES AND SENDS MESSAGES

clouds, while the ghostlike hand of radio duplicates the letters on the keyboard at a station many miles away and actually prints the message, is the latest miracle of science.

As a result of this new invention, naval aircraft, henceforward, will have a better means of communication than that offered by either the radio-telegraph or the radio-telephone. It does away with the necessity for sending messages in code, and it eliminates the chances of error. The teletype presents great commercial possibilities. Cross-country airplane passenger-service is assured, and a company is now organizing the service from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The teletype will permit of sending messages —reports on the stock market, business conditions, current events, sporting news, and the like—to persons traveling in the planes. The typewriter in the airplane will receive and print these messages, while it also can be used in sending dispatches to the different ground stations or depots of the aërial road.

The sending instrument of the teletype has an alphabetical keyboard operated by hand, like that of the average typewriter. Each key is connected to the radio installation in the plane, and when a letter is struck on the keyboard, a radio impulse is sent out from the antennæ of the plane and is received at the ground station. When the letter A is struck on the keyboard in the plane, the radio energy speeds to the receiving instrument on the ground and causes the same letter to print on the recording paper. This process is repeated until the entire message is sent.

The early investigations necessary to develop the teletype were conducted at Washington, where experts of the Bureau of Standards worked with the radio specialists of the United States Navy. The original messages were sent from the Naval Air Station at Anacostia to the laboratories of the Bureau of Standards, a distance of nine miles. The newspaper writers who write about aquatic sports, boat-races and swimming, canoe and sailing regattas, naval manœuvres, sham battles, and the like will find the teletype of great convenience. By its use they can send their stories directly from the scene of sport to their editorial offices without the delay of telephoning or telegraphing the information to headquarters.

GEORGE H. DACY.

SOME ANIMALS OF THE PHILADELPHIA ZOO

MOST of us who have visited the great zoölogical gardens in America, and wondered at the many beautiful and strange creatures brought together from every part of the world, can hardly have failed to notice that, of all the varied types exhibited, the large members of the cat family, or *Felidæ* come in for a large share of interest and admiration.

This is certainly true at the Philadelphia Zoo, where were taken the remarkable photographs which we reproduce here, for on any

pleasant day the lion house is crowded to its full capacity at feeding-time, when the lions, tigers, leopards, and smaller felines receive their daily ration of meat. And well do these magnificent animals know when that hour approaches. They are up and awake, pacing their indoor cages. It is then that

© Arthur H. Fisher

"LIONS GROW LAZY AND GENTLE IN CAPTIVITY"

the visitor sees them at their best, for as they glide about the enclosures, often bounding over the backs of their cage-mates, all their beauty of form and grace of movement come into play; and when the keeper at last appears, and they snatch their meat with angry snarls, one gets a vivid impression of what they truly are in their jungle homes.

One good meal a day is all they receive, as, deprived of their natural amount of exercise, these creatures cannot begin to digest the amount of flesh they would consume in their wild state, nor do they require it.

Wild animals are not nearly as savage as is generally supposed, and accidents are few even among trainers of performing animals. Many lions and tigers, as well as leopards, develop a remarkable degree of affection for their attendants; in fact, it is the exception, rather than the rule, for these creatures not to take readily to captivity, if handled with kindness and sympathy.

The late Carl Hagenbeck, the founder of the greatest wild-animal business in the world, and who, previous to the European War, furnished the bulk of the animals to the zoölogical gardens both here and abroad, used to relate many tales of his experiences with lions and tigers, and of their remarkable affection and memories for people. One very unusual story is of a lion which was much attached to him, and which he sold to the Bronx Zoölogical Park in New York City. Years after, when on a visit to the park, he told the director that he thought the animal would remember him. Dr. Hornaday would not believe it. They went to the cage, where several people were admiring the beast. The lion stared at his former owner with a strange, interested expression, as much as to say, "Where have I seen that man before?" Then Hagenbeck spoke to him, calling him by name, and the great beast leaped to his feet and came purring to the bars to be stroked and petted.

A tigress at the Philadelphia gardens, the former cage-mate of the fine tiger shown in the illustration, was for years thought by her keeper to be particularly wicked and treacherous. One day she met with a severe injury, and it was necessary to treat her wound daily. The sympathetic care and attention that her keeper bestowed on her changed her whole attitude, and she became quite tame and seemed to enjoy any caresses he gave her.

Lions, as a rule, are wont to grow very lazy and gentle in captivity, and become as easily handled as a big dog, if treated kindly. This is true, of course, chiefly with animals that are taken young, or those born in captivity; for these beasts, if captured and taken from

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A TIGER IN THE PHILADELPHIA ZOO

their wild surroundings after they have reached maturity, never acquire more than a superficial polish at the best, no matter how carefully they are trained. It is such ani-

mals that frequently bring disaster to their trainers, and a bad name to their kind.

A marked exception to those animals who accept their captivity without protest is the

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"THE OUNCE, OR SNOW-LEOPARD, HAS AN UGLY TEMPER"

ounce, or snow-leopard. Our splendid specimen, when photographed in the gardens at Philadelphia, was living up to her heritage and promised well to display her ugly temper for many years to come. Living high up in

© Arthur H. Fisher

A RARE BLUE BEAR FROM TIBET

the snow-clad mountain-ranges of Asia, the ounce is provided with a thick protection of hair. Good examples seldom find their way into zoölogical collections, and Philadelphia has been particularly fortunate in being able to display this fine cat.

Zoölogical societies acquire animals in strange ways sometimes, but nothing could be stranger than the manner in which this rare blue bear of Tibet, along with his mate, came into the possession of the Philadelphia Gardens. Among the last shipment of large animals from Germany, after the outbreak of the war, was a large number of Russian brown-bear cubs. When they landed in New York, the superintendent of the Philadelphia Zoo went to the ship and purchased two of the cubs, selecting them out of the lot on account of their peculiar appearance.

Not long after their arrival, and when they had gained considerably in size, it was discovered that they were not Russian brown bears at all, but the rare blue bear of Tibet, a variety never before exhibited in America. And it is doubtful if they have ever been shown alive in any European collection. So, by merest chance, the Philadelphia gardens, by acquiring these gentle bruins, made one of the most important additions to their collection. ARTHUR H. FISHER.

FEEDING PLANTS BY THE BREATH OF THE FURNACE

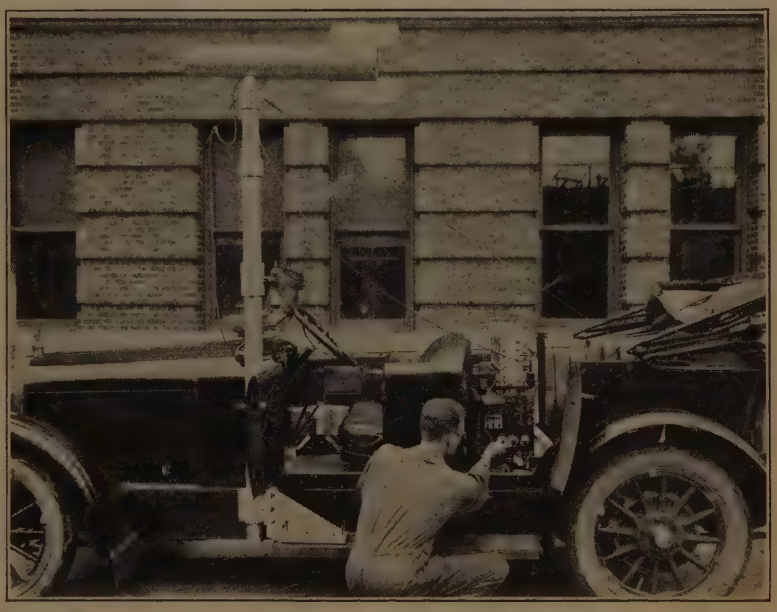
WHEN you burn a piece of wood—even a match, for instance—it first turns black, because the more inflammable portions of it have been consumed, leaving behind, in the form of charcoal, the black carbon which it contains. But if you continue to hold the piece of charcoal in a hot flame, the carbon itself will be burned away, leaving behind only the feathery white ashes which consist of the mineral element in the wood. It is this same black carbon which forms the chief part of the coal which warms our houses and drives the myriad engines on our railroads and in our industrial works. This same useful element, carbon, is part of our own bodies and of those of animals, and it is this element which keeps us warm through its slow combustion in our lungs. When carbon, in the form of coal or charcoal, burns, it unites rapidly with the oxygen of the air, for which it has a strong affinity, forming an invisible gas called carbonic-acid gas or, better, carbon dioxide. When the carbon in our bodies burns, it unites slowly, instead of rapidly, with the oxygen of the air, forming the same gas, carbon dioxide, which we then breathe out.

Now it is a most interesting provision of

nature that this same carbon dioxide, which is exhaled by men and animals, is inhaled by plants. The latter have as great need of this gas in order to grow as animals have of oxygen. So there is a beautiful balance between plant life and animal life; for the plants not only inhale the carbon dioxide, which is a waste product of animal life, but they exhale the oxygen which is so necessary to animal life. In other words, the plants break up the carbon dioxide and keep the carbon to help build their own tissues while they set free the oxygen, thus purifying the atmosphere.

At the present time, the atmosphere contains ordinarily only about .03 per cent. of carbonic-acid gas; but at an earlier period in the geological history of the earth, there was a much larger amount, and the vegetation of the period grew to enormous size. It was this vegetation which formed the great coal deposits which our age is so dependent upon both for heat and for energy. This luxuriance of vegetation was directly dependent, in large measure, upon the increased amounts of carbon dioxide available to the plants. The thought suggested itself, therefore, that a more luxuriant growth might be secured by an artificial supply of this gas to vegetation. But as we have seen, the carbon dioxide in the air comes chiefly from two sources—from the breath of animals and from the burning of coal and other fuel. It is obvious, therefore, that it will be especially plentiful in blast-furnaces, which consume thousands of tons of coal.

With this in mind, a European scientist in a large manufacturing district set to work to design a suitable process for recovering the carbon dioxide belched forth by the smoke-stacks of the great furnaces, and then purifying it from sulphur and other constituents which might be injurious to plant life. Having succeeded in this, he proceeded to put his theories to the test both in greenhouses and outdoors. The purified carbon dioxide was pumped into pipes running through the greenhouses from end to end and provided with holes at suitable intervals, or into pipes surrounding gardens or fields. The results were truly amazing. For example, a leaf of a castor-oil plant in a greenhouse thus supplied grew to be over a yard in diameter, while the largest leaf in a similar plant not so treated was only about half as big. Again, the weight of cucumbers produced on a vine in the first greenhouse was seventy per cent. more than in a vine not so treated, and the color was a much richer green; while tomatoes showed a corresponding increase of no less than 174 per cent. The results were equally remarkable in plants grown outdoors, since there was an increase of 100 per cent. in barley, 150 per cent. in spinach, and 300 per cent. in potatoes; the latter also ripen more quickly under the influence of this food from the furnace. M. TEVIS.



THE TEST-CAR USED IN TAKING THE DOUBT OUT OF AUTOMOBILE PERFORMANCE

TAKING THE DOUBT OUT OF AUTOMOBILE PERFORMANCE

IF you met a fleet of curious automobiles, like the one shown in the accompanying photograph, as you bowled over the roads in your touring-car, would n't you stop and stare and wonder what the unusual contraptions on the cars might be? That is just what the passers-by did along the Virginia and West Virginia roads, where one of the government test-cars rigged out in this manner recently

traveled. "It must be a new kind of a periscope," said some. "Looks like a motor-car radio-set," remarked others.

The unusual automobile is only a test-car used by Uncle Sam in finding out the facts and figures about automobile-engine performance. Previously, it has been impossible to tell just what was going on in all parts of the engine when the machine was traveling along the highway. The government engineers have worked for many months trying to invent recording devices that would take the mystery out of what was going on in the engine. They finally have developed apparatus which will do this work.

It consists of a delicate camera, which is fastened on the floor-boards of the car below the driver's seat, and is used to make pictures of the flow of gasoline and the consumption of this fuel. In the rear of the car is placed an intricate apparatus known as a multiple recorder. It has sixteen electrical pens, which automatically keep tab on sixteen distinct and separate operations of different parts of the motor-car engine. These pens chart the results of their activities on a roll of paper which moves under them at a constant speed. This roll of paper is run by a tiny six-volt motor. The funny-looking affair that is bolted to the running board and extends above the top of the car like a smoke-stack is a double-tubed venturi, which is used for recording the speed of the car through the air. It keeps track of the condition of the air which enters the carburetor.

The new appliances can be used for testing the engine of any four-passenger or larger automobile. It takes about two days to install the devices on a car and test it out. The novel testing accessories promise to revolutionize certain features of engine construction.

GENE DAY.

PLANTS IN SPLINTS

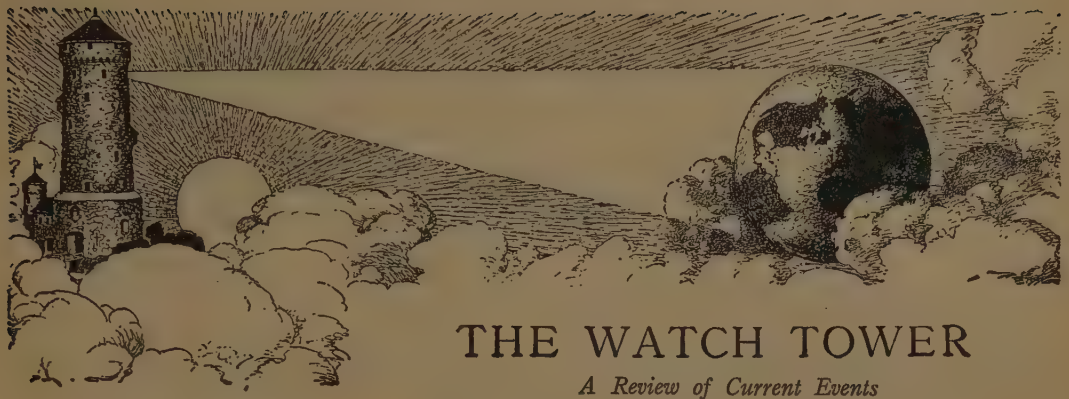
IT seems strange to think of a plant being put into splints, very much in the same way as the surgeon fixes up a broken bone. Yet this plan is often followed in the modern garden. From one cause or another, a bough becomes broken, although the parts are not actually severed. Frequently this is due to the weight of the fruit. In this case, money will be lost if something cannot be done to repair the injury. Again, a gust of wind may snap a branch that, for some reason or other, the grower is particularly anxious not to lose. It is here that the practice of putting a plant in splints becomes useful. First of all, the expert gently straightens out the bent portion. This has to be done with great care so as, if possible, to avoid a complete fracture. Then he takes two splints—lengths of wood a little wider than the branch and long enough to allow several inches above and below the break—and binds them in place, not too tightly, or it would hamper the circulation of the sap. When the splints are well adjusted, cotton wool is tucked into any exposed parts about the fracture. In this manner the action of the air is excluded as far as possible.

THIS PLANT HAD A FRACTURED STEM

A SPLINT SOON SET IT RIGHT

There is nothing for the grower to do now but to see that the splints remain in place. If the matter has been looked after promptly, there is no reason why the growth above the break should not go on steadily. Finally, the wound is so completely healed that the place where the break took place is as strong as any other part of the plant. Indeed, in some cases the limb is found able to stand more strain than before.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

OUR WAR ANNIVERSARY

ON April 6, 1917, the United States declared war against Germany. At that time, England, France, and Belgium had been in the field two years and eight months, and the end of the war was a year and seven months in the future—though no one, at the time, made that precise forecast.

The entrance of America was decisive. It took just so long to get our resources in materials and men mobilized and organized, and to fit our armies into the military plan of the Allies. As soon as our weight began to be felt and the fighting qualities of our Yankee doughboys to be recognized by the Germans, it came to be merely a matter of time until the invading German hosts were stopped.

Six years have passed since we entered the war; four years and five months, since the armistice. Only two months ago we welcomed home the last of the Army of Occupation, the so-called "Watch on the Rhine."

The soberness of 1917, the exaltation of 1918, the excitement of the times of the Peace Conference, the bewilderment that followed and the struggle to get "back to normalcy" are now things of the past. We are not back to where we were in 1914, but we are "out of the wilderness." We can see the road.

In fact, we can see several roads, and it is not easy to be sure just which is the best for us. That is the problem to-day. But it is a gain to be able to see two or three possible ways open before us, instead of a pathless confusion.

We must be sure that everything possible is being done for the wounded or disabled veterans. We must find a way to adjust labor conditions, so that another year will not find us all tied up in railroad and coal-mine strikes. And we must be as helpful to the rest of the world as we can, while preserving our independence and protecting our own welfare.

On this sixth anniversary of our entrance into the Great War, we can look back with a good deal of satisfaction, and forward with a good deal of assurance.

DESCENDANTS OF THE FIRST AMERICANS

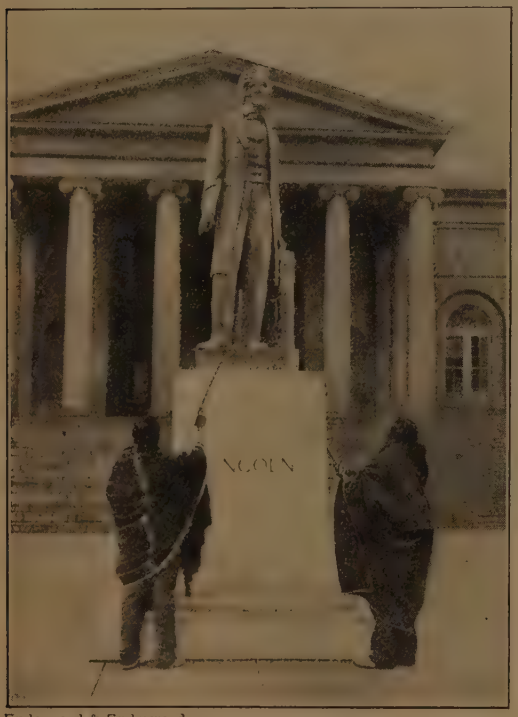
WHEN Lincoln was President, some representatives of the Pueblo Indians called on him in Washington, and to each chief in the party he gave a silver-headed cane. Those same canes were carried, in February, by another party of Pueblo chiefs visiting the Great White Father. They went to the nation's capital to ask President Harding to protect them against proposed laws which they believed would deprive them of part of their ancient tribal territory in New Mexico.

Great tracts of land belonging to these Indians, the property of their fathers back to the time before white men came to America, have been settled by Americans who have developed orchards and alfalfa farms. These settlers want to have their title to the lands confirmed, so that the holdings may belong legally and permanently to themselves and their descendants.

The Pueblos are descendants of the builders of an ancient civilization, that of the Mayas. In 1680 the King of Spain made them grants of land—their own land, to be sure! Just before 1860 the United States Congress confirmed these grants. When the papers were ready, the chiefs—or governors, as they are more properly to be called—went

to Washington to receive the documents from President Lincoln.

Then, after the Civil War, the squatters began to move into the country. In some instances they bought the lands from the Indian owners—though these owners had no right, under the terms of the Government deeds, to sell. In other cases the lands were



Underwood & Underwood

PUEBLO CHIEFS BEFORE LINCOLN'S STATUE IN WASHINGTON

simply taken without so much as an "If you please" or "Thank you."

In February two bills were before Congress, both offered as a solution of the Pueblo land problem. One, the Bursum bill, met with opposition on the ground that it would take away from the Indians some 60,000 acres to which they had perhaps a better title than those occupying the land, without giving them a chance to defend their claims. The other bill called for the appointment of a commission to investigate individual disputes as to ownership.

Senator Bursum defended his bill, saying that some of the so-called squatters are descendants of men who settled in the country before the Pueblos made their agreement with our Government. The advocates of the Jones bill made their principal argument rest on the assertion that the Indians ought at least to have an opportunity to present a case in regard to each parcel of land.

It seems that, as is almost always sure to be the fact in a dispute, there are two sides to the question. Both the Indians and the white folk have a right to consideration of the merits of their claims.

The Pueblo dispute calls for steady justice, and readers of THE WATCH TOWER will always be glad to see justice rendered to the Red Men.

THE BOY SCOUTS' BIRTHDAY

IN February the Boy Scouts of America celebrated a birthday anniversary. The organization is thirteen years old.

Some of the Scouts' daddies must have wished it were thirty instead of thirteen. When they were boys, there was nothing like the Scouts for them.

Scouting is the best fun in the world. It is also admirable for the training it gives in outdoor living, for its cultivation of alertness, understanding of nature, and that courtesy and considerateness which are part of the true gentleman's equipment.

Scouting teaches a boy to take orders, and so prepares him for the responsibility of giving them. It preserves the virtues of the American manhood of pioneer days, and so makes boys fit for leadership in these later times, when the tests are different, though the qualities needed for success in life are essentially what they always have been and always will be.

But readers of THE WATCH TOWER know these things at least as well as we do. The special point we wish to make is this: if you want to know just what Scouting is worth to an American boy, ask your father what he would have thought of it if he could have had it, twenty or thirty years ago!

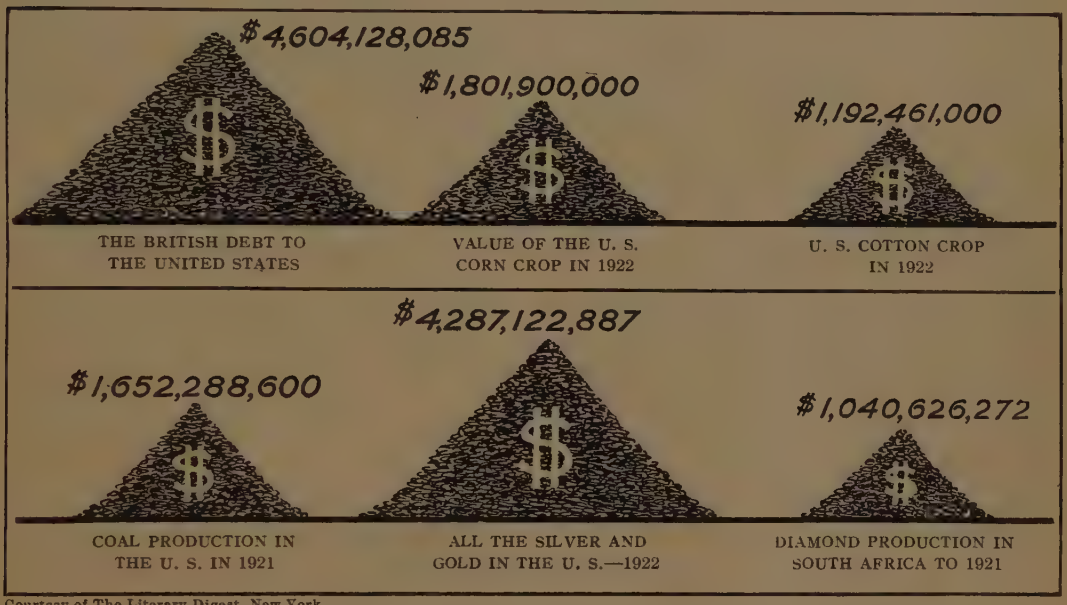
WAR DEBTS

ENGLAND deserves credit for her readiness to start paying back the money she borrowed from us during the war. The United States deserves credit for giving liberal terms of payment. And the settlement of the matter will be good for both countries and helpful in the restoration of business confidence throughout the world.

England has sixty-two years in which to pay off the loans, totalling (as of December 15, 1922) $4,604,128,085. The payments begin with a small one of $23,000,000, and

increase to a very large final instalment of $175,000,000.

France was worried when the arrangement was announced, because she thought that England, undertaking such payments, would call upon France for payment of the amounts she had borrowed from the British. France sticks to the idea that the war costs were incurred in a common cause, and ought not to be held on an ordinary business basis.


$4,604,128,085
$1,801,900,000
$1,192,461,000
THE BRITISH DEBT TO THE UNITED STATES
VALUE OF THE U. S. CORN CROP IN 1922
U. S. COTTON CROP IN 1922
$4,287,122,887
$1,652,288,600
$1,040,626,272
COAL PRODUCTION IN THE U. S. IN 1921
ALL THE SILVER AND GOLD IN THE U. S.—1922
DIAMOND PRODUCTION IN SOUTH AFRICA TO 1921

Courtesy of The Literary Digest, New York

SOME OTHER ITEMS WHICH HELP US TO REALIZE THE SIZE OF THE BRITISH DEBT

One French writer even referred to them as "accounts of blood." But it is better to have these things settled as business matters.

TURKEY AND THE POWERS

AFTER the Lausanne Conference broke up with the Turks refusing to sign the treaties, affairs between Turkey and Europe settled down to a period of renewed uncertainty. The Turks ordered the European warships out of Smyrna harbor, and the reply was a very firm note refusing to obey any such order and warning the Turks that any action against the ships would be mighty poor business for the Turks.

Ismet Pasha, Kemal's representative at Lausanne, went back to Angora, to report, and the Nationalist Government began to discuss the peace terms.

The Allies made some mistakes in their dealings with the Turks, but the Turks made a much more serious error in forgetting that they had been defeated in the Great War, and that France and England are not left helpless by the disaster that befell Greece.

LET 'S ALL BE PATIENT!

ONE friend of ST. NICHOLAS wrote to the editor criticizing something THE WATCH TOWER had said about the troubles between the Allies and the Turks. Some one in Canada protested that we had been not quite fair to England on that question.

A lady in Ohio writes that we should not say, as we did, that the prohibition war goes "merrily" on, and that it is wrong to speak of "wets" as "liberal." Finally, because we said that "it is not fair to judge Italian politics by American practices," an esteemed friend in Vermont remonstrated with us on the ground that we seemed to be encouraging slaughter and pillage!

Of course, the last thing in the world we of THE WATCH TOWER want to do is to be unfair, or to say a word that might be interpreted as approval of violence. We try to write a story, in monthly instalments, of what goes on all over the world, a fair and fearless, but impartial, non-partisan story.

The few letters of complaint that have come to us have revealed special interest on the part of their writers in some limited phase of present-day disputes, making them some-

what unwilling to have the other side recognized.

Let 's all be patient with each other!

WHAT HAVE THE FASCISTI DONE?

A READER of THE WATCH TOWER writes that it is wicked for us to praise the Fascisti, who she seems to think are responsible for the

Wide World Photos

THE CHILDREN OF PREMIER MUSSOLINI

disorders through which Italy passed last year. So far is that from being true, that the followers of Mussolini deserve praise for saving their country from anarchy.

In February a communist conspiracy was discovered, of which the object was to overthrow the Fascisti power. The conspiracy was backed by Russian communists.

The Fascisti used methods that do not appeal to us as practical for this country, but which fit the romantic and chivalrous Italian character. It is true that Italy was headed for ruin when they stepped in and saved it.

Most of the active followers of Mussolini were, like himself, veterans of the war. The communists were destroying industry and establishing a reign of terror. The Fascisti opposed lawless violence with a threat of force, and won.

In place of the slogan of the French Revolution, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," the Fascisti have this: "Concord, Discipline, Work." We cannot see anything very wicked in that! The Italians are solving their own problems in their own way, and it seems to us a good, safe, and profitable one—for Italy.

FRANCE IN THE RUHR

IN mid-February, affairs in the Ruhr district, where France was collecting forfeits on German reparations, were rather badly confused. The great industrial region, where the Germans are settled on the French side of the Rhine, had been cut off from the rest of Germany.

France went into the Ruhr with a complete plan of action in which every imaginable emergency had been provided for. With speed and efficiency, her soldiers and engineers threw their lines around the district and proceeded to reorganize its industry.

There were many clashes; that was inevitable. Workers were sullen and defiant. Attempts to embarrass the French by destroying machinery and railroad property had to be met. In the great manufacturing centers, like Essen, the tension became acute. On February 16 it was reported that French tanks had been moved into that city, where feeling ran alarmingly high.

United States Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania urged that the least America could do would be to preserve neutrality. Colonel Alvin Owsley, commander of the American Legion, argued that this country should openly help France. Some folks thought we should oppose France. The Government took no sides.

This one thing stood out clear from the confusion of report and opinion: that France was determined to bring Germany to its day of reckoning. France had come to the conclusion that Germany was deliberately defaulting, refusing to pay when she could pay, and doing all she could to embarrass the Allies. And she was resolved to get at the truth of the matter, and effect some sort of a positive and final settlement.

In February the situation was this: France might have to confront insurrection in the Ruhr, with a period of guerrilla warfare ahead; or she might be able to straighten things out and run the mines, factories, and

railroads without further violence. But at any rate, France was in the Ruhr to stay until Germany "came across."

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THE NOBEL PRIZE for the best work done in the promotion of peace was awarded to a woman, Miss Elsa Brandstrom, of Sweden. She is called "The Angel of Siberia," because of the work she did among war prisoners from 1914 to 1920. She has also written in behalf of peace among the nations. In February she came to this country to lecture. Once before the prize was awarded to a woman, the Austrian Baroness von Suttner, who wrote the book "Lay Down Your Arms."

Underwood & Underwood

FRENCH TROOPS ON THE WAY TO ESSEN

ONE more good piece of work was done by the League of Nations when it got eleven governments to guarantee payment of loans made to Austria. A preliminary arrangement for loans of $17,000,000 was made, and the plan was to provide for a series of loans totalling $150,000,000. Such loans will make it possible for Austria, which became almost bankrupt after the war, to revive her industries and regain her former prosperity. One more item on the bright side.

GENERAL KUROKI, Japanese soldier, who died on February 4, first became internationally famous when, in the war with Russia, in 1904, he made a forced march of two hundred miles and defeated the Russians in the battle of the Yalu River. In the battle of Liao-yang he defeated Kuropatkin and prevented the Russians from going to the relief of Port Arthur, besieged by the Japanese. In the battle of Mukden he commanded the right wing of the Japanese army, and his turning back of the Russian left is considered to have been the foundation of the Japanese victory, which gave them the Manchurian capital.

Underwood & Underwood

A SCENE IN THE OPEN-HEARTH WORKS OF THE KRUPP PLANT AT ESSEN

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE figures that about 50,000,000 bushels of potatoes, more than one-tenth of last year's crop, were wasted. The crop was so large that prices to the farmers were too low to make it worth their while to market the whole crop.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY ELLEN L. CARPENTER, AGE 16 (HONOR MEMBER)

THERE was no "conspiracy" among our LEAGUE boys and girls to overwhelm us with contributions this month. We feel certain of this, for they are too widely scattered over the country to be able to agree upon such a plan. Yet, unconsciously, they have showered us with an unusually large array of fine things. Our regret is that our space is not as generous as are our friends.

In this springtime budget, our prose writers show a familarity with history—Biblical, American, and natural. In addition, they have given us some delightful April fooling. Our artists, both of the brush and the camera, claim our admiration every time these pages are scanned, while the laureates of the LEAGUE have been "in clover," so to speak, with such a subject as "An April Day." April has always furnished the poet with a tuneful theme for his lyre, and here is a little song that sings itself:

AN APRIL DAY

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

OH, rain of April, beautiful and fleet,—
Let all the storms of all the seasons blow!—
How silently you come, on wingéd feet,
And touch my cheek with tears, as swift you go!
The budding trees are wrapt in silver mist:
Soft silver scarfs to all the branches cling;
While every leaf your tender lips have kissed
Is trembling with the radiance of spring.

Oh, sun of April, warm the fragrant earth,
Awaken all the daffodils to-day!
I see them dance in ecstasy and mirth—
A faëry host along the garden way.
While in the April dawn your golden light
Smiles on the meadow grass, the sparkling dew,
The mist recedes beneath your fingers bright,
And all the glory of the sky shines through!

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 277

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badges, **Lucy Coburn Sanborn** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Faith H. Poor** (age 16), New Jersey. Silver Badges, **Katherine Serrell** (age 14), New York; **Carrie Louise Alden** (age 11), Illinois; **Elizabeth Russell** (age 14), Delaware.

VERSE. Gold Badges, **Cicely Cushman Browne** (age 16), North Carolina; **Margaret Guthrie Trotter** (age 15), Ohio. Silver Badges, **Ruth Graham** (age 10), Pennsylvania; **Melba Tadlock** (age 13), Colorado.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badges, **Hope Nelson** (age 14), New Jersey; **Patricia Seaver Thomas** (age 13), California. Silver Badges, **Josephine A. Gregory** (age 14), Wisconsin; **Ruth Allen** (age 15), Illinois.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badge, **Frances E. Duncan** (age 13), Canada. Silver Badges, **John H. Rowe, Jr.** (age 16), Minnesota; **Margaret V. Atkins** (age 14), California; **Henry B. Kamin** (age 15), New York; **Edith Reeve** (age 16), Wisconsin.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold Badge, **Betsy Rosenheim** (age 15), Maryland. Silver Badge, **Betty Sproat** (age 14), Michigan.

BY JOHN H. ROWE, JR., AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

BY FRANCES E. DUNCAN, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1920)

"TAKEN THIS YEAR"

AN APRIL DAY

BY CICELY CUSHMAN BROWNE (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1919)

APRIL skies are clear and blue;
The fleecy clouds on high,
Blown by the breezes passing through,
Like snowy ships sail by.
The breeze is stirring in the trees,
And waves the tiny, new-born leaves.

The golden sunshine warms each nook,
And wakes the sleeping flowers.
It sparkles in the rippling brook,
And shines in leafy bowers.
A robin, sitting on the gate,
Is warbling love-songs to his mate.

But, hark! a sound, like pattering feet
Of elfin sprites, is heard:
The rain descends with footsteps fleet
And stills each joyful bird.
It washes clean the misty hills,
And dances with the daffodils.

And now there shines, through verdant limbs,
God's signal after showers:
The rainbow in the sky scarce dims
The rainbow of my flowers.
Who can resist in springtime, pray,
The glory of an April day?

A CONSPIRACY

BY LUCY COBURN SANBORN (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1922)

HAMAN, an Old Testament conspirator, was a mean, jealous man. He held a high position in the court of King Ahasuerus, and commanded everybody to bow to him. Mordecai, a Jew, would not pay him this homage. His refusal angered the proud officer, who determined to get even with him. Going to Ahasuerus, he said that a certain people were harmful to the kingdom. The king gave Haman permission to pass a decree condemning them to death. He did not know that he was ordering the destruction of the harmless Jews.

Queen Esther, one of the doomed race, was the favorite wife of Ahasuerus and a cousin of Mordecai, who asked her to plead for her people before Ahasuerus. After several days of fasting, Esther went, unbidden, before the king. Fortunately, he received her well. She asked Ahasuerus and Haman to attend a banquet. At this feast, she requested their presence at a second banquet. Haman became still haughtier at this favor, and when Mordecai again refused to bow before him, he decided to be rid of him, without waiting for the general massacre. He therefore erected a high gallows.

But that night the king, not being able to sleep, caused the records of his reign to be read to him. He found that Mordecai had once saved his life and had not been rewarded. Ahasuerus asked Haman what should be done to a man whom the king delighted to honor. Haman, thinking that *he* was the man the king had in mind, told what he would like done to himself. But Mordecai was thus honored.

At the second banquet, Esther revealed Haman's conspiracy, and the King ordered the traitor to be hung on the gallows which he had erected for Mordecai.

According to the custom of the country, Ahasuerus could not repeal his own act, but he passed a decree over it, and the Jews were saved.

"A GOOD MODEL." BY HOPE NELSON, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1922)

AN APRIL DAY

BY MARGARET GUTHRIE TROTTER (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1918)

THE morning dawns in cloud-flecked, golden skies.
Fresh greens and yellows greet the sun's strong light.
The glad spring wind, that gently breathes and dies,
Stirs through the branches in new leaves bedight.
Noon! and the sky forboding grows; the sun
Is quenched in wat'ry clouds, and all the earth
Is sad; a dismal downpour has begun
(Tears, after early April morning mirth).
The clouds are breaking, in the evening-time,
To let the last rays of the sun stream through.
A strange, clear light, as of some unknown clime,
Turns all the world to its soft, fairy hue.
A robin, shaking out his storm-wet wing,
Is singing in the scented air of spring.

A CONSPIRACY

(A True Story)

BY KATHERINE SERRELL (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THERE is on our lawn an old, rheumatic pear-tree, which has been debating for the last five years whether or not to die. In this tree, one summer, Mrs. Robin stuck together a very commendable nest, promptly placing three blue eggs therein.

One sad day she found an egg of strange hue in her nest. At the time she did not realize that Madam Cowbird, being too lazy to care for her own family, had placed it there, in hopes that the more industrious robin would rear it.

When the owner of the aforementioned home and three blue eggs perceived the egg, she became so indignant that she prepared to scratch it out; but such a motherly feeling crept into the little

red breast that she forbore, and covered it as though it were her own.

Some days later I passed under the tree and beheld a little bird—eyes closed, mouth open, and quaking to such an extent that I restored him to his home, after a struggle with a ladder! A few minutes later he was in the same plight, so, with humane patience, I restored him to his home again.

I believe we repeated this five times, until alas! on the morning of the next day, I found the little bird dead at the foot of the tree.

Later, one experienced in bird lore explained to me that it was the young cowbird, which probably crowded the robins so, and was so interested in his own welfare, that the exasperated mistress of the household had pushed him out.

Although I felt sorry for the hapless creature, I was thankful that a lazy bird's conspiracy to have her child raised in another home had failed.

"A GOOD MODEL." BY ROSAMOND LANE, AGE 15

A CONSPIRACY

BY KATRINA E. HINCKS (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

This story should really be called "Two Conspiracies," for Tommy and Dick Bronson, out behind the barn in earnest consultation, were not the only conspirators, that sunny morning, the day before April Fool's day.

"Dick, let 's catch a garter-snake, and put it in Aunt Martha's room," suggested nine-year-old Tommy, glancing around to make sure that the coast was clear.

"No, that won't do," objected his older brother, "They 're too hard to find. We must think of something better."

"I 've got it!" cried the inspired Tommy; and in a mysterious whisper, he poured out his plan. Then he hurried to get the china egg from its place in Mother's work-basket.

The china egg was almost a member of the family. All the Bronson babies had played with it in turn, because, as Mrs. Bronson said, "It was so nice and smooth and round, and they *could n't* swallow it."

In the kitchen, unaware of the plots against her, Aunt Martha was baking. She had just finished her pies and had two little rolls of dough left, when she had a sudden idea. With twinkling eyes, she molded the dough into two little saucer-pies, and put them into the oven.

The next morning as the eggs came on, the boys grew more and more excited. Tommy nudged Dick under the table, and Dick tried to look unconcerned as he passed Aunt Martha her egg, a smooth white one. Both looked on breathless, as she tapped it. Nothing happened. A harder tap. Then—

"April Fool!" shouted Tommy, and Aunt Martha joined in the laughter. It was the china egg!

"By the way," remarked Aunt Martha, casually, at lunch, "I made two pies for you boys yesterday, and, just to show that I forgive you, I 'll give them to you now."

The boys took their pies with whoops of delight. Each took a large round bite. Then each gave a yell. The tempting-looking pies were filled with —cotton!

And in their turn, the boys laughed with the rest, as Aunt Martha called out "April Fool!"

AN APRIL DAY

BY MURIEL DOE (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

An April day dawned fair and bright,
No trace was there of cloud at night;
The showers had ceased; the sky shone blue;
And past my door a bluebird flew!

He was a harbinger of spring—
I stopped my work to hear him sing.
He sang of hope and love to me
And of the happy days to be!

Through dewy meadows new with grass,
I searched for springtime as I passed;
And when I 'd crossed the sloping hills,
I found a patch of daffodils!

I heard the sound of laughing rills,
And once again the bluebird's trills;
And when I found some violets near,
I knew, in truth, that spring was here!

A CONSPIRACY

BY CARRIE LOUISE ALDEN (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

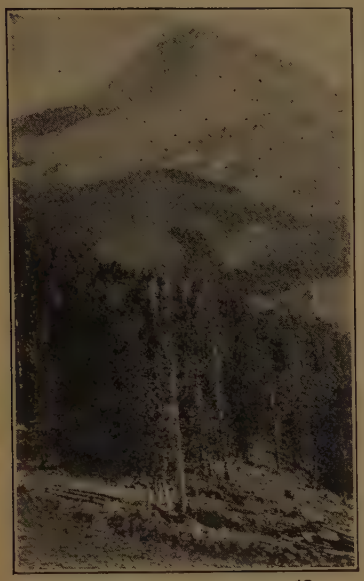
"Dear me!" said April. "How shall I ever get rid of that dreadful snow? It is so cold that the violets think it is still March, and the children will be disappointed if they cannot find them soon. I will ask the sun to melt the snow for me."

After April had told the sun about it, he said: "I would gladly help you if I could; but those clouds are in my way. If the wind will blow them away, I can help you."

April went to the wind and asked him to blow the clouds away. "Of course I 'll help you," said he.

So the wind blew the clouds away, the sun melted the snow, and the little violets woke up.

April, the sun, and the wind had all conspired to melt the snow and let the violets out, so that every one would know that it was spring.



BY QUITA WOODWARD, AGE 13

BY WALLACE GLEED TEARE, AGE 15

BY HENRY B. KAMIN, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE)

BY HELEN CLARKE SAYWARD, AGE 14

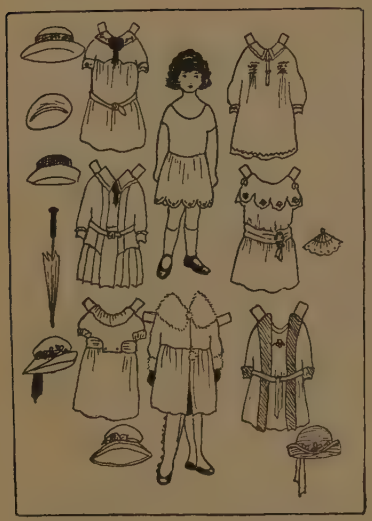
BY ESTELLE H. ROSENHEIM, AGE 11

BY RILE GOVIER, AGE 17

BY MARGARET V. ATKINS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

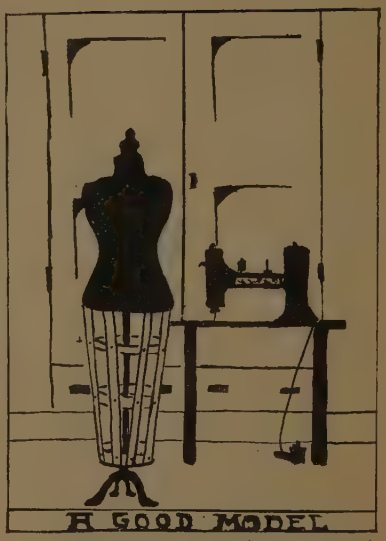
BY MARIAN JOHNSON, AGE 13

"TAKEN THIS YEAR"



"A GOOD MODEL." BY LALIA SIMISON, AGE 13

"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY BENTLEY B. STEGNER, AGE 13



BY RUTH ALLEN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

AN APRIL DAY

BY ELINOR N. COBB (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

THE sun was rising over the bay
As from the village my steps I turned
To where the wooded hillsides lay,
Whose peaks in ruddy glory burned.

It shone on the church's snow-white spire,
And lighted the trees' spring suits of green;
The bay's calm surface seemed floating fire;
The sunlight checkered the shades between.

I climbed the path till it entered the wood
Where the carpet of grass was with violets strewn,
The odors of spring were fresh and good
Where birch boughs swung in the breeze of noon.

Star-flowers lifted their faces white,
With jacks-in-the-pulpit and columbines gay.
The brooklet's waters ran free and bright
Where once it mute and frozen lay.

And in the glad hush of afternoon,
The rain came dropping from the sky,
Down where May's blossoms would open soon,
While birds winged blithely up on high.

So through the day I wandered on,
And hand in hand with nature moved,
Thankful that winter's cold was gone,
And free once more the world I loved.

A CONSPIRACY

BY ELIZABETH RUSSELL (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

IN the year of 1777 a conspiracy was formed, among whose members were the noted Generals Gates and Mifflin. The conspiracy became known as "the Conway cabal" after General Thomas Conway, its most earnest member.

The object of their plan was to urge the promotion of General Gates to a position higher than that of Washington.

General Gates, these men claimed, was a much more competent man for the position of commander-in-chief of the American forces than was Washington.

To prove these charges, they compared the victory of Gates at Saratoga with the defeat of Washington at Brandywine. In their correspondence, Washington was publicly assailed.

Washington was deeply hurt at these charges and once, when writing to a friend, he said that it was all very well for men beside a cozy fire, with plenty to eat and drink, to criticize; but that he, in Valley Forge, with those thousands of half-starved, ill-clad soldiers, had a different problem to solve.

Later, affairs became so complicated that Conway resigned from the army while General Gates and General Mifflin were removed from the Board of War, much to their chagrin.

The trickery and meanness was so apparent that the scheme had the effect of raising, rather than lowering, Washington in the estimation of the American people.

AN APRIL DAY

BY MARTHA BRAGAW (AGE 15)

OH, rainy day, I often ponder why
The poets all with sighs have called thee sad;
Although I 'm not a poet, even I
Know many reasons proving thou art glad.

To me, thou art a girl in robes of gray,
With drops of rain, like jewels, in thy hair;
And in each eye there gleams a tear, and they
Enhance thy beauty by their being there.

How can we look on thee as dark and sad?
Even the wondrous summer twilight 's gray.
The mocking-bird in somber tones is clad;
But all his songs are rollicking and gay.

Thou givest life to field and wood and plain,
And makest brooks and rivers faster flow.
Thou 'rt filled with deep, and yet exquisite, pain,
The which thy sunny sisters can not know.

If days of rain should cease, how could we keep
Our joy in warmth and wondrous sunshine bright?
On rainy days I shall not pause to weep—
Though dark without, within, I know, there 's light!

A CONSPIRACY

BY ELIZABETH SUSSMAN (AGE 14)

It was the eighteenth of April, 1775. Paul Revere, through his vigilance had learned that the British were to march to Concord that night, capture the ammunition there, and on the way take as prisoners the "two arch-rebels," John Hancock and Samuel Adams.

Immediate action was necessary. Revere hurried over to the house of his best friend, John Pulling. An idea had already taken root in his mind, and together the two conspirators worked out the plan which involved the fate of a nation. It was agreed that the news should be flashed abroad from the tower of the Old North Church, by means of lanterns—"one if by land and two if by sea."

To Pulling, this important task was entrusted.

When he saw the signals, Revere crossed the Charles River to Charlestown, borrowed a horse there, and galloped through the country, giving the alarm to the minute-men in the different villages, stopping at Lexington to warn Hancock and Adams.

He never reached Concord, for, when half-way there, he was captured by the British, though soon released. But the midnight message which he had started traveled on.

You know the rest—how the day was saved—saved by Paul Revere, through the plot which he conceived, and carried out the same night.

A CONSPIRACY

(*Founded on Fact*)

BY FAITH H. POOR (AGE 16)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1918*)

One evening, in the latter part of March, Father and I were sitting in the study, struggling with a knotty problem. It was the week before Easter, and as yet we had nothing to give Mother.

"Can't you think of *something?*" Father demanded, for the fiftieth time. "Have n't you heard her mention anything that she would like?"

I shook my head, vainly trying to recall the anything that would solve our problem.

Suddenly, Father chuckled and observed: "Easter comes on April Fool's day, you know."

"I don't see that that helps any," was my very optimistic rejoinder.

"But it does." And then Father told me of a remark that Mother had once made, when she was in the drug-store with him. When he finished, I was laughing too. It certainly would be a good joke on Mother.

Accordingly, we laid our plans, paid quite an expensive visit to the drug-store, and again repaired to the seclusion of the study, where we gloated over our purchases as we wrapped each one up separately. Then we set them up in a double row on the table, and laughed again at their varied sizes and shapes.

Easter morning came, and with it our grand array of jokes. Mother opened the first one and smiled. The second produced a grin; the third,

BY MARGARET JONES, AGE 13

BY EDITH REEVE, AGE 16
(SILVER BADGE)

BY EVELYN P. WAITE, AGE 14

"TAKEN THIS YEAR"

a laugh; and so on, until the seventeenth and last took its place beside the others on the mantlepiece.

I don't think that Mother will ever again say that she would like to have a can of every kind of talcum powder,—not in our hearing, at least!

"TAKEN THIS YEAR." BY DOROTHY BARBER, AGE 12

"AN APRIL DAY"

BY RUTH GRAHAM (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

THE breezes are calling, "Spring is here!"
And the hyacinth answers, "All right, my dear!"
The Easter lilies raise their heads;
The violets creep softly from their beds.

The daffodil is washing its hair
In the first rain of the season.
Little Miss Trillium smiles and gleams—
I wonder what is the reason.

The trailing arbutus lifts its eyes
To the fluffy white clouds in the deep blue skies;
And all the voices from far and near
Whispers softly, "Spring is here!"

"TAKEN THIS YEAR." BY RAPHAËL ANTOINE PEYRÉ, AGE 16 (HONOR MEMBER)

AN APRIL DAY

BY MELBA TADLOCK (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

AN April day! Who has not felt
A thrill to watch the last snow melt?
And paused, with eager, listening ear,
For faintest notes of robin dear.

An April day! Who has not seen
The grasses turn from brown to green?
And trees, from bare to leafy bowers
When touched by pleasant April showers.

An April day! Who has not sought
The flowers that Nature's hand has wrought?
And spots that once were somber gray
Are bright, bedecked in colors gay.

An April day! Who has not caught
A lesson from this little thought:
Our lives like winter, cold and dun,
Will bloom again in April's sun.

"A CONSPIRACY"

BY BETTY SEWALL (AGE 15)

IN the busy harbor of Boston lay a ship newly arrived from England. This ship carried a large supply of tea, which was too heavily taxed by the mother country, and for this reason lay in the bay untouched.

Late one night, when a hush had fallen over the busy little city of Boston, a party of men, dressed

BY JOSEPHINE A. GREGORY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

as Indians, quietly left a certain building and made their way to the harbor. When they arrived there, they went on board the ship with the cargo of tea. In a few minutes, many soft splashes could be heard in the still waters. Box after box made its way to the bottom of the bay. Swiftly, quietly the men worked; and when they had finished, each went quickly to his own home.

For a long, long time no one knew what had become of the valuable cargo, but finally the truth leaked out, and is now written down in the pages of American History as a curious conspiracy.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Margaret P. Colman
Marian Dale
Muffy Lord
Janet B. McAfee
Norma L. Sherburne
Katherine Kent Sturgiss
Virginia Cunningham
Esther R. Girton
Julie Fairy
Jane Coult
Barbara Bowne Keith
Elizabeth Merriam
Elizabeth Brainerd
Marion Moses
Margaret Smith
Elizabeth J. Burdell
Katharine Daniels
Mariana Werve
Fannie Blank
Allyn Gordon
Lucille Ackerman
Hildegarde Matterer
Elizabeth Evans Hughes

VERSE

Walter C. Green
Margaret Humphrey
Eloise R. Lehnert
Aline Fruhanf
Georgene Stowers
Mary-Jane Pollock
Virginia H. Davis
Marucci Capuzzi
Helen Price
Edna B. Florence
Velma Bell
Catherine Crook
Sylvia Schiff
Alice Freedman
Kate Elliot Turner
Rosalis Van der Stucken
Clarence Peterson
Warren Stone
Elmira Horning
Jean Valentiner
Regina Wiley
Eleanor Blum
Angelica Gibbs

DRAWINGS

Beatrice R. Parvin
Elizabeth F. Flinn
Marjorie Barter
Helen M. Hager

Emily W. Reed
Margaret W. Buck
Sallie G. Moon
Dorothy Hallock
Gertrude Kanthak
Nina Abrecht
Laura Margaret Haley
Robert Rodgers
Edith Catherine Reid
Lois Gilbert
Virginia Snedeker
Mary Symonds Brewster

PHOTOGRAPHS

Phyllis Jacob
Katharine Atkins
Arthur S. Muchmore
Sterling Casterlin
Bertha Agnes Bessey
James C. Perkins, Jr.
Madeleine Wilkinson
Alice Miller
Del Ismay
Harriet Dow
Mary T. Shepard
Helen C. Furer
Lucia G. Martin
Susan L. Mandel
A. Spaulding Rogers
Margaret Crane
Mary H. Roberts
Elisabeth L. Hamilton
Elizabeth Brooks
Gertrude Pearson
Mary Louise Davison
Catherine Margolis
George R. Kennaday
Dorothy Chadwell
Elsa Just
E. Romney Wheeler
Virginia Boyd
Jean M. Paterson
William Boulton Bates
Joy Reeve
Lillian O. Cook
Carol Hallstrom
Christine S. Miller
Mary B. McIver
Ruth Skogland
Elizabeth Ferguson

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Blanche Holland
Elizabeth Johnston
Esther R. Knobles
Margaret Gott
Laura Strunk
Charlotte E. Lavietes
Catherine Shedd
Alice Laster
John Sampson
Evelyn Curtner
Elnora Rodenbaugh
Elisa de Arteaga
Susan B. Hall
Marian Ruth Ballin
Frances Burton
Helen Fisher
Janet M. Lowrie
Elizabeth S. Edwards
Sarah Pearson
Eunice M. Tompkins
Sylvia Meredith
Anita Lily Sadler
Ruth Hinchliff
Therese Stein
Robert Oliver Johnson
Ada Culbreth
Luna Bard
Elna A. Whitney
Jeanette Traudt
Dorothy Dobyns
Dorothy Lambert
Helen Felton
Lucy Alsop Wight
Margie Peters

VERSE

Jennie Gussow
William Shapard
Dorothy Ogle
Irene Levine
Lucille Hutton
Emil Supko
Isabelle Popenoe
Esther Pruden Walcott
Marguerite Boies
Annie Kaminer
Dorothy Suhl
Helen Margaret Sweeney
Ruth Pressinger
Helen Ann Rork
Betty Raisler

DRAWINGS

Eleanor Cooper
Harriett Weaver
Marion Louise Radu
Emily Prim
Carolyn Crissey
Ruth Press
Rhoda Blossom
Jane E. Giquette
Robert Galbraith
R. Rosenthol
Henrietta Goldberg
Margaret Hearn
Winifred Louise Caldwell
Carolyn Perry
Polly Olcott
Katharine Rathbone
Jane Ellen Irwin
Grace R. Herman
Ruth Whitten
Denice Harriett Greene
Gwendolyn Thomas
Kathryn Eshleman
Florence G. Chase

PHOTOGRAPHS

Richard B. Jeffry
Susan T. Emlen
Janet Wood
Josephine Gibbs
Amy Arbogast
Mary Huntington
Miriam Lewis
Margaret Proctor
Marian Cooley
Virginia Larkum
Edith Callaghan
Barbara Curtis
John L. Connet
Frances Kennedy
Eugenia Stafford
Frederica Kleiber
Alice Winston
Mary M. Hunt
Marcella Hoffmann
Florence C. Rock
Helen Blackwood
Marjorie Dyer
Florence R. Binswanger
Carolyn Drennan
Foster Palmer
Ford Bentley
George H. Smith
Patricia Woodward
Thomas L. Pearson

PUZZLES

John S. Davenport
Margaret Lemkau
Kathryn Hanna
M. Willard Messler
Mary Abby Hurd
Marie Sauer
Virginia C. Rodney
Carlan F. Messler
Ruth Whittimore
Margaret M. Cole
Betty Frank
Dorothy Clenny
Madeleine Gooch
Eleanor B. Church
Jean R. Guiterman
Betsy Wilder
Richard B. Evans
Katherine Ross
Charlotte V. Kitchin
Ruth D. Alpert
Martha von Briesen

"A GOOD MODEL." BY PATRICIA SEAVER THOMAS, AGE 13 (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON SEPTEMBER, 1922)

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and now is widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 281

Competition No. 281 will close May 1. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for August. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"A Song of the Trees."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"What Happened in Camp."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not develop and print their pictures themselves. Subject, **"A Prize of the Camera."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"An Unusual Caller,"** or **"A Heading for August."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

PORTEVELO, ECUADOR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My mother gave you to me for a whole year as a birthday present. I like you so well that she says she will get you for me next year also. I would have bought you with my own money if she had n't said she would get you for me.

You have to go on a long trip before you can reach us. First you have to take an ocean trip to Guayaquil; then you have to take a one-day trip on a river boat; after all that, you have to go two days on mule-back to a little gold-mining town. When you have got there, you have at last reached me.

Both my brother and I have our own horses. My brother's horse is named Brownie; and mine is named Julio, pronounced Huleo. Julio is Spanish for July.

Your faithful reader,
NORMAN KELLOGG (AGE 11).

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having read THE LETTER-BOX for three years, I decided to write to it and tell the readers of this splendiferous magazine who have never been to Hollywood, a little about it.

Every one imagines Hollywood to be entirely different from the real community. I know from experience, because, before we moved here from New York, I thought I should see nothing but studios lining the boulevards, and famous "movies" in grease-paint walking and riding up and down. My, what a shock I received when I drove up Hollywood Boulevard! On both sides were modern stores and theaters, palm-bordered residence districts, where nestled pretty little Spanish bungalows, and everywhere a sense of lively enterprise.

Hollywood's beauty comes somewhat from the background of hills; and, if you are an ambitious hiker, the most wonderful view imaginable is obtained from the top of any ridge. Los Angeles, with its buildings and factories, is easily visible, and all Hollywood seems like a picture. The Pickford-Fairbanks studio is seen, with the wonderful castle-set looming up on the "lot" like a bit of old England, and there are many other interesting pieces of architecture all over the community.

If every reader of ST. NICK could imagine the real Hollywood, the continental trains would be overflowing!

From your Hollywood friend,
MAXINE CUSHING (AGE 13).

POTTSTOWN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for nearly fifteen years in our family. Each year and each month your dear magazine gets more thrilling. I believe by now the magazine would come here by itself, if there were no one to send it. Many of my friends take you and think you are as wonderful as I do.

I thought you might want to know about my school, as it is open-air. In winter, when it is quite cold, we put on fleece-lined boots and suits. We surely look funny, but we are very warm. The school is about half a mile away and we ride our bicycles to school, except when there is snow, and then we walk or go in a car.

One morning, just before school, who should arrive but dear ST. NICHOLAS; but much to my dismay, I could not open it till after I came home. You can imagine the morning I spent in school!

Your loving reader,
ISABEL HEALY.

PERU, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you for nearly two years at school. We, the eighth grade of Central School, enjoy reading the letters of other children, and thought we would like to write one, too. We took a vote, and I was chosen to do the writing. I enjoy reading the continued stories, and also the others. I have read so many that I have really no favorites, but like them all.

I seem to imagine that you are a person and not a magazine, because you tell so many interesting and helpful things.

Our city is situated on a hill overlooking the Illinois River. Beyond is a large slough. I thought perhaps you would like to hear about our skating-rink. This slough affords an ideal place for skating. It is about a quarter of a mile from town.

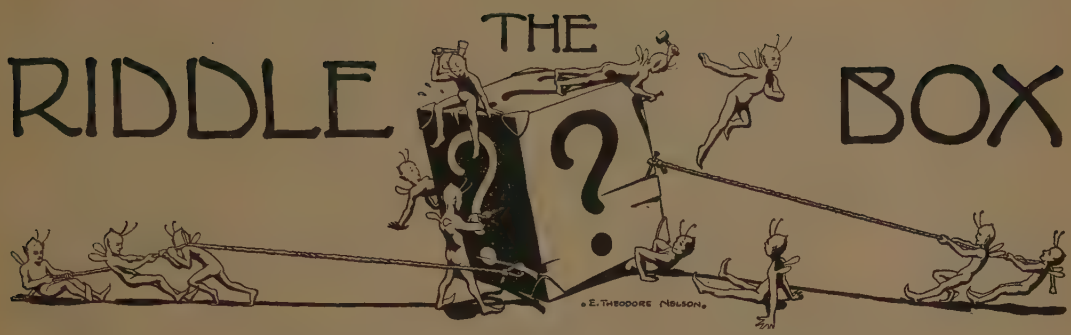
The Community Skating Club have built a shelter-house over there, and have lighted the entire rink with electric lights. The lights signal every night at nine-thirty that there is only another half-hour of sport, and at ten sharp they are extinguished. We boys and girls like to skate after school, so we must get our lessons and behave; then we won't have to remain after school-hours.

Your faithful reader,
HAROLD BAKER (AGE 14).

CULLOWHEE, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about the beautiful surprise my brother gave us Christmas. He is teaching electrical engineering and radio, in the State College, Raleigh, North Carolina, and has just completed the third largest broadcasting station in the United States, his boys making many of the instruments. He came home for a week during the holidays, and brought with him one of his large radio receiving-sets. Every night we heard the beautiful Christmas music in the large churches in Pittsburgh, the sermons, lectures, anthems, and carols. Then he picked up the music in Louisville, Kentucky, Schenectady, New York, Cleveland, Ohio, Birmingham, Alabama, College Park, Georgia, and Newark, New Jersey. It was so beautiful to us, because we live on a large farm in the country and do not hear all the beautiful music. It is so wonderful, and we could hear all so distinctly, even the big clock at Arlington ticking, and would get the exact time at ten o'clock every night. My brother says this National Observatory clock at Arlington is forty feet under the ground. My brother was one of forty officers selected out of the A. E. F. to go to the Sorbonne and study radio after the war.

Your most devoted reader,
HANNAH JULIA COX (AGE 9).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

BROKEN COINS. Peso, ducat, franc, tael, dollar, thaler, sovereign, drachma, anna, rupee, lira, florin, ruble, peseta, piaster, eagle.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Crab. 2. Rare. 3. Area. 4. Beak. II. 1. Grab. 2. Race. 3. Ache. 4. Beer. III. 1. Knot. 2. Nave. 3. Oval. 4. Tell. IV. 1. Rust. 2. Utah. 3. Sane. 4. They.

FRENCH CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Napoleon.

METAMORPHOSES. 1. Chin, chip, ship, shop, stop, step. 2. Bird, bind, wind, wine, wise, wish, fish. 3. Cook, cork, core, fore, fire. 4. Beat, seat, slat, slap. 5. Bed, beg, bog, cog, cot. 6. Dog, dot, cot, cat. 7. Cool, coot, coat, boat, beat, heat. 8. Camp, carp, cart, part, pert, pent, bent. 9. Path, pate, pane, lane. 10. Bay, bey, bee, see, sea. 11. wind, wand, want, wait, wain, rain. 12. Head, lead, lean, loan, loon, loot, foot.

DIAMOND. 1. T. 2. Hit. 3. Tiger. 4. Ten. 5. R.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Give us the man who sings at his work."

SOME FAMOUS GREEKS. Initials. Socrates. From 1 to 9, Aristotle; 10 to 14, Plato; 15 to 24, Alcibiades. Cross-words: 1. Sandals. 2. Obtrude. 3. Censure. 4. Raining. 5. Abstain. 6. Trefoil. 7. Epistle. 8. Scrolls.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Schubert; finals, Serenade. Cross-words: 1. Sacks. 2. Cable. 3. Humor. 4. Unite. 5. Baron. 6. Extra. 7. Rabid. 8. Title.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS. 1. Fan-tas-tic, Sat. 2. Nar-rat-ion, Tar. 3. Acc-ept-ing, Pet. 4. Alb-atr-oss, Art. 5. Hem-sti-tch, 'Tis. 6. Pre-par-ing, Rap. 7. Pes-sim-ist, "Ism." 8. Flu-ctu-ate, Cut. 9. For-ekn-own, Ken. Initials, St. Patrick.

PI.

O fickle and uncertain March
How could you have the heart,
To make the tender crocuses
From their beds untimely start?
Those foolish, unsuspecting flowers,
Too credulous to see
That the sweet promises of March
Are not May's certainty.

ZIGZAG. Henry Cabot Lodge. Cross-words: 1. Heritage. 2. Legacies. 3. Renounce. 4. Intruder. 5. Berrying. 6. Rejoiced. 7. Ice cream. 8. Tom Thumb. 9. Position. 10. Reunited. 11. Legalize. 12. Lemonade. 13. Indolent. 14. Ignorant. 15. External.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than April 27 and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 669) and give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were duly received from Irvine Hart Rutledge—June Meredith Hinman—Gertrude R. Jasper—M. Wengren and C. Nichols—"Three R's"—J. F. Davis—John T. Nolan—Kemper Hall Chapter—Priscilla and her Mother.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were duly received from Helen H. McIver, 9—Elizabeth Tong, 9—Eleanor Thomas, 9—Esther H. Nash, 8—Helen A. Moulton, 7—Jay Lincoln Leyda, 7—John S. Davenport, 6—E. and C. Castles, 5—Sally E. Pickle, 4—Eleanor B. Church, 4—Janet Aitken, 3—Kingsley Kahler, 3—Rosemary Baur, 3—Mary A. Hurd, 3—Katherine Ross, 2—Helen Dickerson, 2—Barbara Spring, 2—K. M. Rogers, 1—P. Morgan, 1—D. C. Robinson, 1—S. Greaves, 1—G. Rorke, 1—J. Morris, 1—M. Meigs, 1—M. Sutherland, 1—L. Patrick, 1—H. McClellan, 1—E. Gieseler and Mother, 1—Lois E. Springer, 1—F. C. Harriman, 1—P. Dudley, 1—B. J. Hendricks, 1—V. Chachareff, 1.

CHARADE

My *first* is useful when we write;
My *second's* never out;
My *third's* a nickname sometimes heard;
My *fourth*, a note, no doubt.
Can you not guess my *whole*, as yet?
On every side but one it's wet.

VIRGINIE CLARK (age 15), *Honor Member*.

ENDLESS CHAIN

(*Gold Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first word described to make the first two letters of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the twenty-seventh word will be the first two letters of the first word. The words are of unequal length.

1. A missive. 2. A mistake. 3. Beautiful. 4. A beverage. 5. Enthusiastic. 6. A small quadruped. 7. Atrocious. 8. The time, fixed by usage, when a bill of exchange is payable. 9. A small, crawling creature. 10. Fanciful. 11. To refer. 12. To speak pompously. 13. An idol. 14. Real. 15. Courage. 16. One long exercised in any service. 17. To make a satisfactory response or return. 18. Before. 19. To deduct from. 20. To confess. 21. A South American animal. 22. A wooden hammer. 23. To engrave by the use of acids. 24. Burnt wood. 25. A sacred structure. 26. A healing liquid. 27. A means of lighting.

BETSY ROSENHEIM (age 15).

DIAMOND

1. In target. 2. A common verb. 3. High in rank. 4. A useful organ. 5. In target.

ELEANOR CHURCH (age 12), *League Member*.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of seventy letters and form a quotation from Shakespeare.

My 67-58-50-42-54 is a subject. My 3-9-52 is the French for "word." My 12-29-34-47-38 is a servant to *Richard II*. My 62-10-30-56-35-43-55 is a poetic word for hair. My 57-68-14-40-25-60-36 is a duke in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. My 26-15-63-48-44-21-11 is a character in *Richard III*. My 13-7-28-45-66 is a daughter of King Lear. My 19-31-22-8-69-16-23 was a Scotch general. My 64-18-6-32-24-51 is a girl who tried a case in court. My 49-2-70-20-65 was a young man enamored of the daughter of a rival family. My 46-4-59-41-53-37 is where both families lived. My 17-5-39-33-27-61-1 made up their story.

MONA MORGAN (*Honor Member*).

Twelve objects are shown in the above picture and the same syllable may be prefixed to each object. What are the twelve new words?

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE

One word is concealed in each couplet.

1. I 'd take a cab in half an hour
   If I could pick a pinkish flower.
2. If you could do so fine a trick,
   You 'd take a cab, O, very quick.
3. With yellow coat and yellow fur
   And yellow bow I envy her.
4. To seize and hold a gorgeous gain,
   Caproni vied with many a 'plane.
5. It soars aloft; I am afraid
   To enter it I need your aid.

NORA H. HARRISON (age 15), *League Member.*

ADDITIONS AND SUBTRACTIONS

EXAMPLE: Wheel − heel + age − e + on. ANSWER: Wagon.

1. Oil − il + rag − a + and − d = ?
2. Pan − an + in − n + ant − t + on − n = ?
3. Victory − ory + row − w + lamp − mp = ?
4. Sack − ck + axle − ale + orb − rb + sylph − syl + one = ?
5. Vile − le + on − n + limp − mp + don − do = ?
6. Desk − esk + ruby − by + camel − cael = ?
7. Cat − at + shell − sh + only − nly = ?
8. Tom − om + crate − cate + omelet − elet + bat − at + one = ?
9. Bath − th + pan − pa + joke − ke = ?
10. Frank − rank + luck − ck + crate − cra = ?
11. Chip − hip + lark − k + fin − f + meet − me = ?
12. Gas − as + quite − qte + tune − une + star − st = ?

ELINORE MURPHY (age 10), *League Member.*

NOVEL ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a great writer, and another row of letters will spell certain of his books.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A drain to carry off water. 2. Angry. 3. Competitor. 4. Periods of time. 5. Pungent. 6. Sings with spirit and liveliness. 7. To entertain with food or drink, as an expression of regard. 8. A famous old country. 9. Tears. 10. To destroy. 11. To wish for eagerly. 12. Open to view. 13. Discourses. 14. To eat a little of.

BETTY SPROAT (age 14).

ZIGZAG

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag—beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter—will spell the name of the President who inaugurated the "spoils system."

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A relative. 2. An annoying little insect. 3. Commanded. 4. To try judicially. 5. A beautiful animal. 6. Turned or twisted toward one side. 7. To annex. 8. A measure of length. 9. A contest of speed in any line. 10. That which happens to a person. 11. The quantity of medicine given at one time. 12. A young animal. 13. The middle or body of a church.

BETTY SARGENT (age 13), *League Member.*

AN ELIZABETHAN PUZZLE

*	.	.	20	56	52	28	
*	10	.	31	11	47	.	
*	57	.	19	49	35	.	
*	.	42	55	61	9	26	
*	1	.	12	.	39	.	
*	5	23	.	32	17	.	
*	.	.	38	.	.	29	
*	7	.	51	53	.	.	
*	36	15	60	46	.	22	
*	43	40	.	2	.	59	
*	.	25	.	.	18	3	
*	.	.	16	27	.	.	
*	.	54	.	34	.	13	
*	30	45	48	.	.	37	
*	21	.	6	.	.	.	
*	.	.	50	.	.	4	
*	.	14	.	44	41	.	
*	58	8	.	24	33	.	

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To whine. 2. To bend. 3. Fidelity. 4. A large animal. 5. To fancy. 6. Stern. 7. A sovereign. 8. To stifle. 9. Chronicle. 10. Skill. 11. Relations. 12. Obvious. 13. A vegetable. 14. Faultless. 15. A rudiment. 16. An early spring flower. 17. To withdraw. 18. Graceful.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will spell an Elizabethan dramatist. The letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 20, spell one of his plays; from 21 to 28; from 29 to 34; from 35 to 41; from 42 to 47; from 48 to 52; and from 53 to 61 will each spell a character in the play.

GEORGE E. UTTERBACK (age 16), *Honor Member.*

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